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# McClure's magazine

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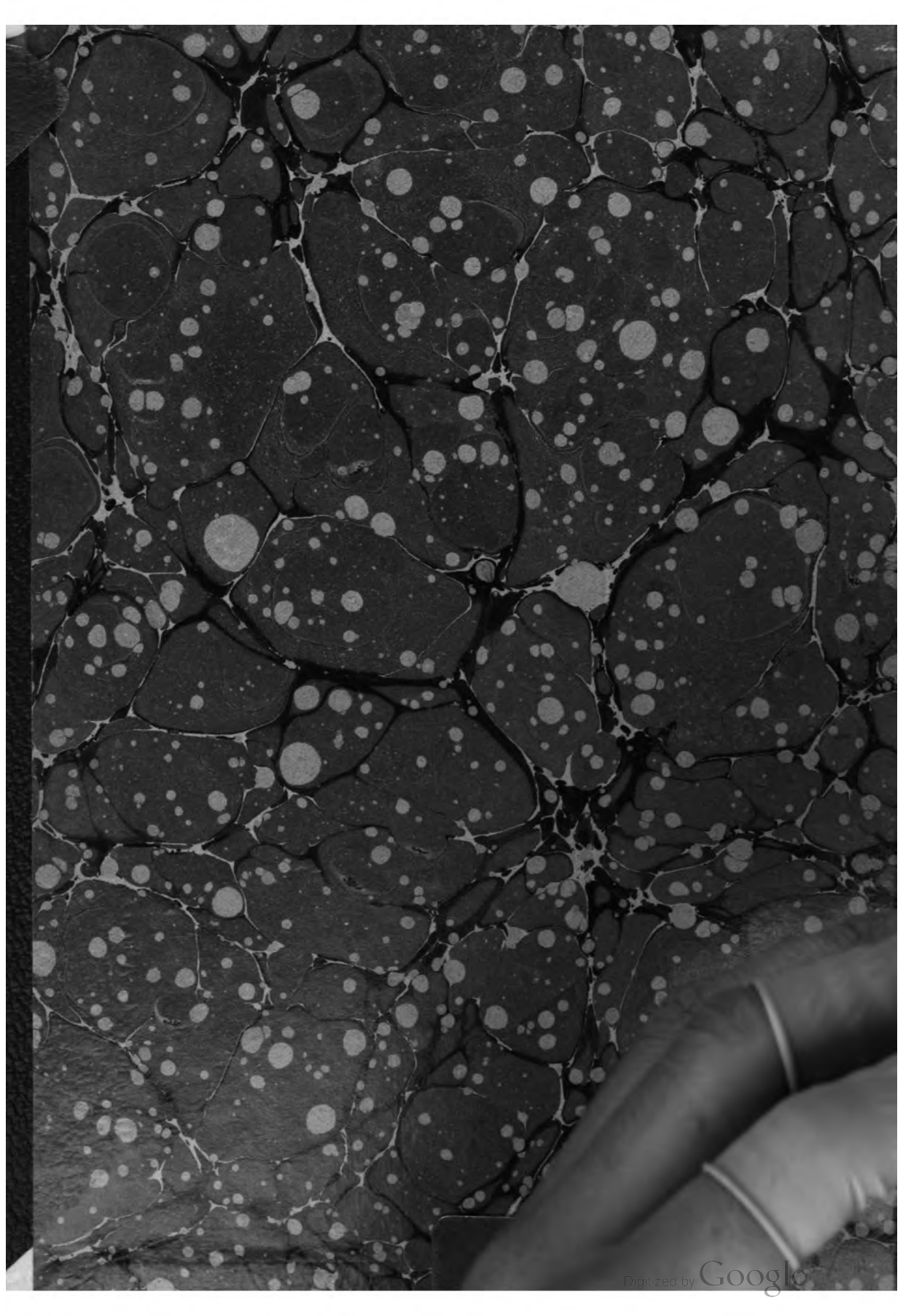
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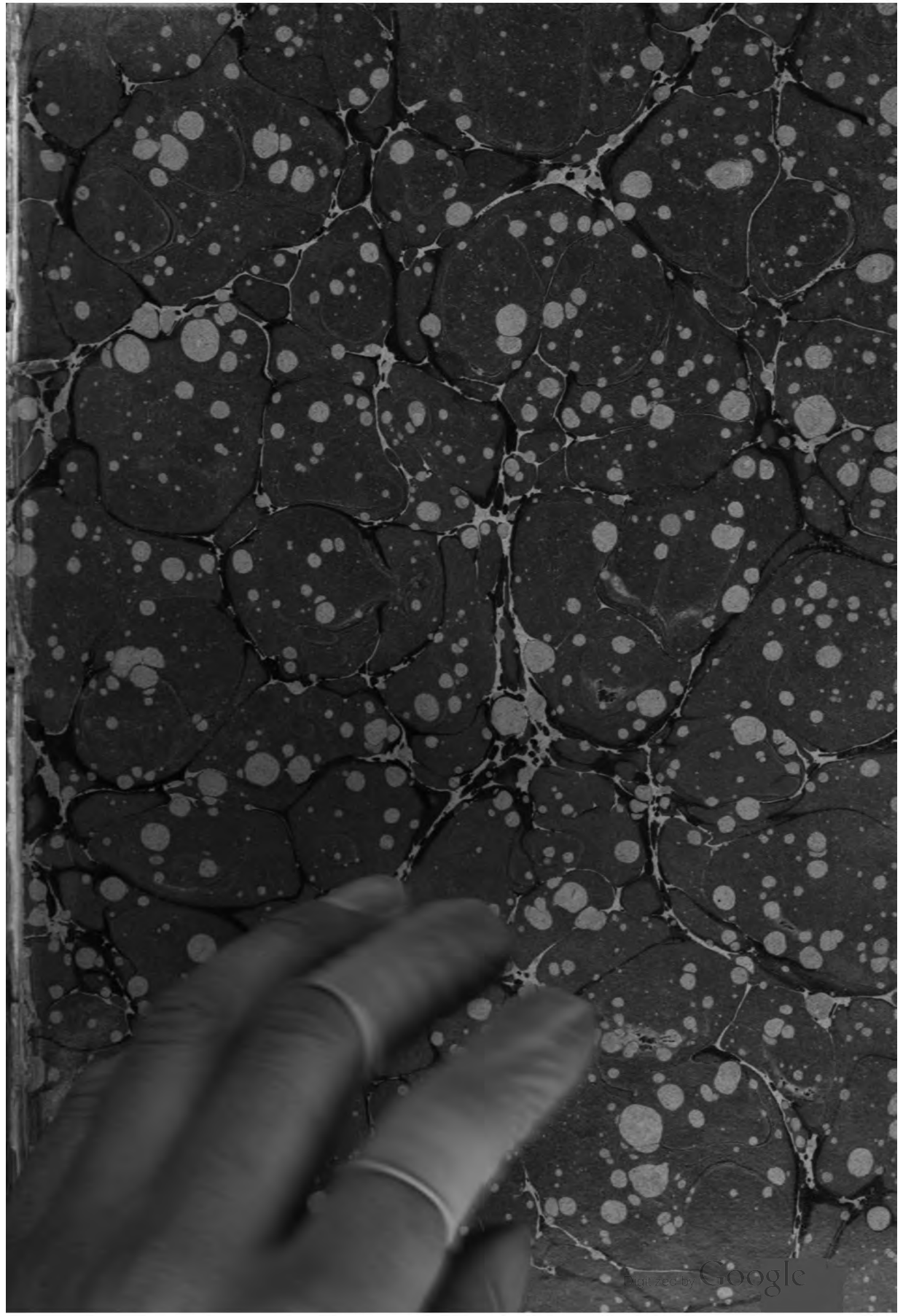
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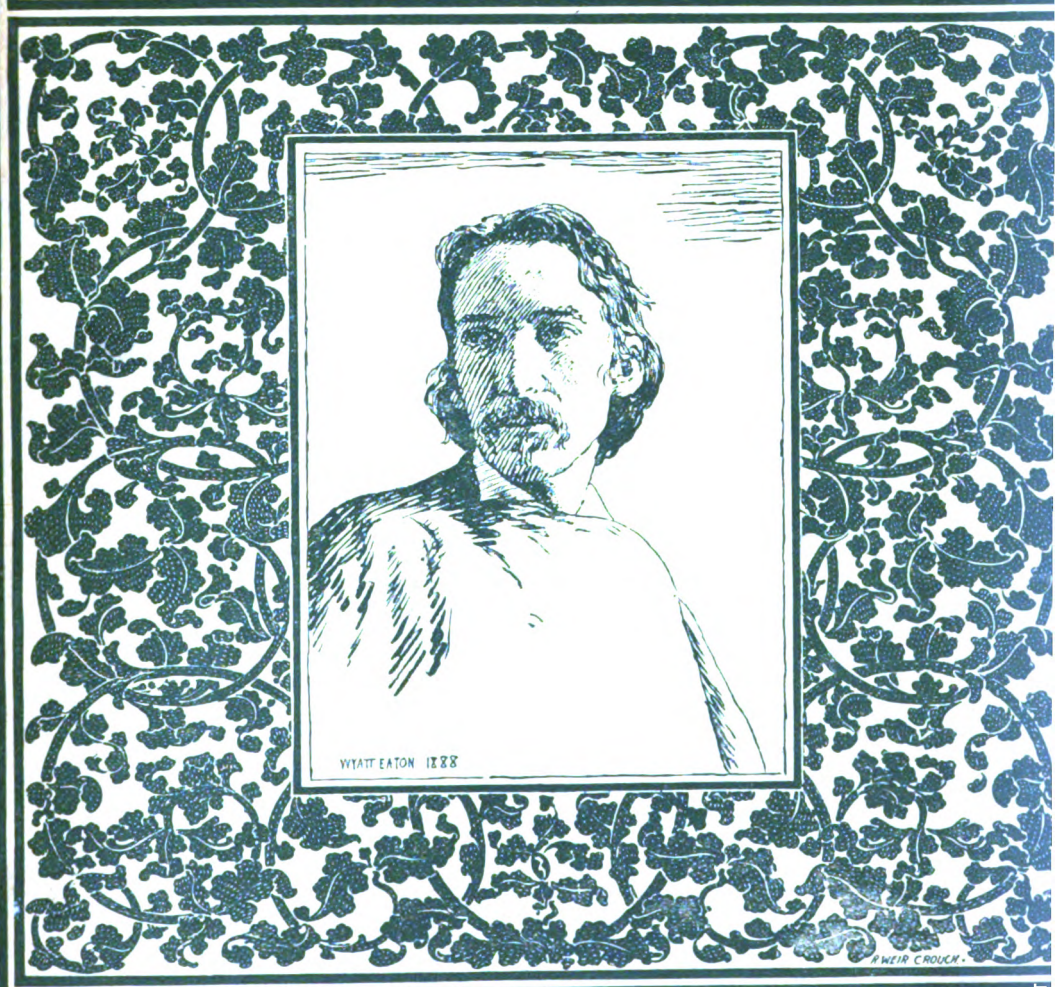


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ILLUSTRATED

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## Volume VIII

## NOVEMBER, 1896, to APRIL, 1897

THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

NEW YORK AND LONDON

1897

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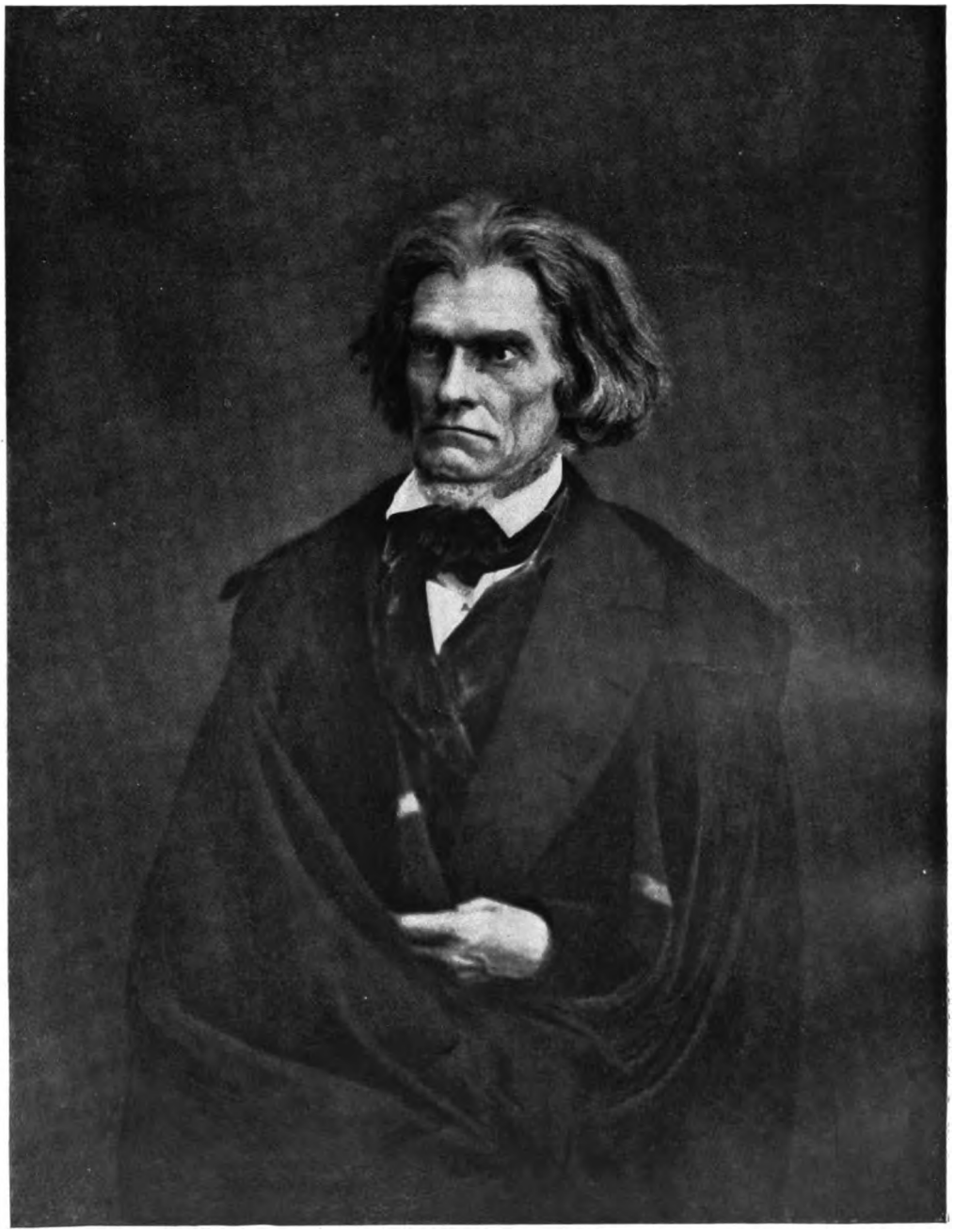

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

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# McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1896. No. 1.


## THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN AMERICA.

By Mrs. D. T. Davis.

WHILE in Paris in the spring of 1839, engaged in securing a patent on his telegraphic apparatus, Professor S. F. B. Morse became deeply interested in what he heard of the brilliant experiments of M. Daguerre, whose genius and perseverance had just brought to perfection one of the most important and astonishing discoveries of the age. An artist, as well as a scientist, Professor Morse was naturally anxious to hear more of this new art of painting with sunbeams, especially as he himself had made experiments to ascertain if it was possible to fix the image of the *camera obscura*, and had given the matter up as impracticable.

Having completed all arrangements in regard to his telegraph, Professor Morse had already made his plans to leave Paris for home, when, in conversation with the American Consul, Mr. Robert Walsh, he one morning remarked, "I do not like to go home without first having seen Daguerre's results." The consul thought the matter might be easily arranged, and suggested that Professor Morse invite M. Daguerre to see his telegraphic apparatus, in return for which courtesy M. Daguerre would doubtless invite Professor Morse to see his pictures.

The plan was, of course, entirely successful. Morse and his marvellous scientific achievements were already matters of European reputation, and M. Daguerre naturally lost no time in responding to the distinguished request. Immediately following this exchange of civilities, Professor Morse had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful results of the new discovery at the Diorama, where M. Daguerre had his laboratory, and where he gave frequent exhibitions of his pictures to the foremost scientific men of the day.

These pictures, the extreme beauty of which had surprised and delighted all who beheld them, bore no resemblance to anything that had been theretofore known; and the striking mystery about them was that they should have been produced by a clever manipulation of the forces of nature rather than by the artist's pencil. Except in the absence of color, they presented, on a highly polished plate, absolutely perfect images of the objects represented. In fact, such was their perfection and fidelity, that, on examining them by microscopic power, details were discovered which were not perceivable to the naked eye in the original object, but which, when searched for with optical instruments, were found in complete accordance with those of the picture. The pictures were mostly views of streets, boulevards, and buildings, those of the Louvre and Notre Dame being especially fine. Interiors, still life, groups of plaster casts, and other works of art were also most successfully treated by the new process. Daguerre had not succeeded in making portraits as yet, and he told Professor Morse that he doubted if it could be done.

Professor Morse's enthusiasm over these daguerreotypes was scarcely less than that which he felt for his beloved telegraph. He wrote concerning them, that the exquisite minuteness of the delineation could not be described; that no painting or engraving ever approached them; and that the impressions of interiors were Rem-

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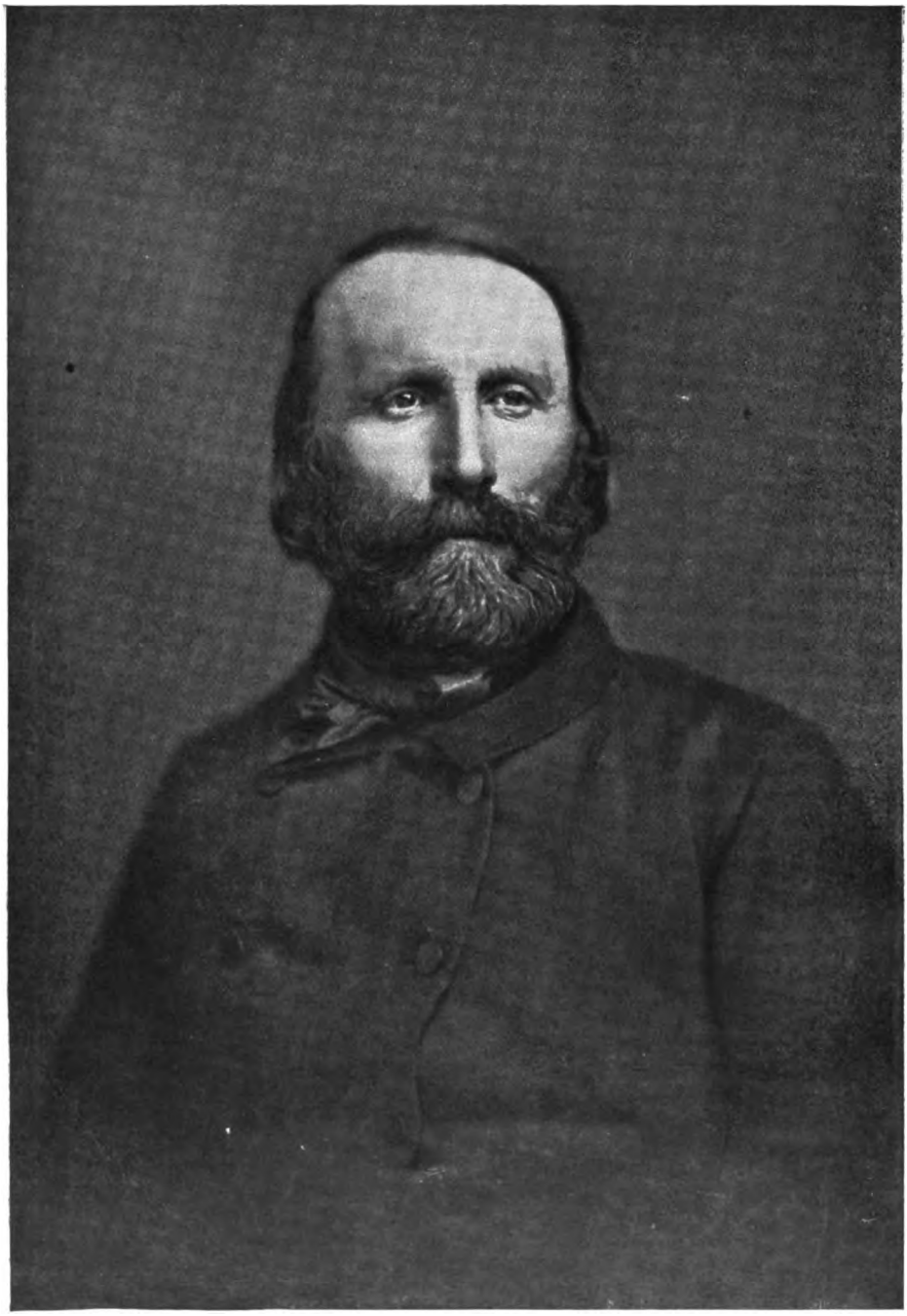

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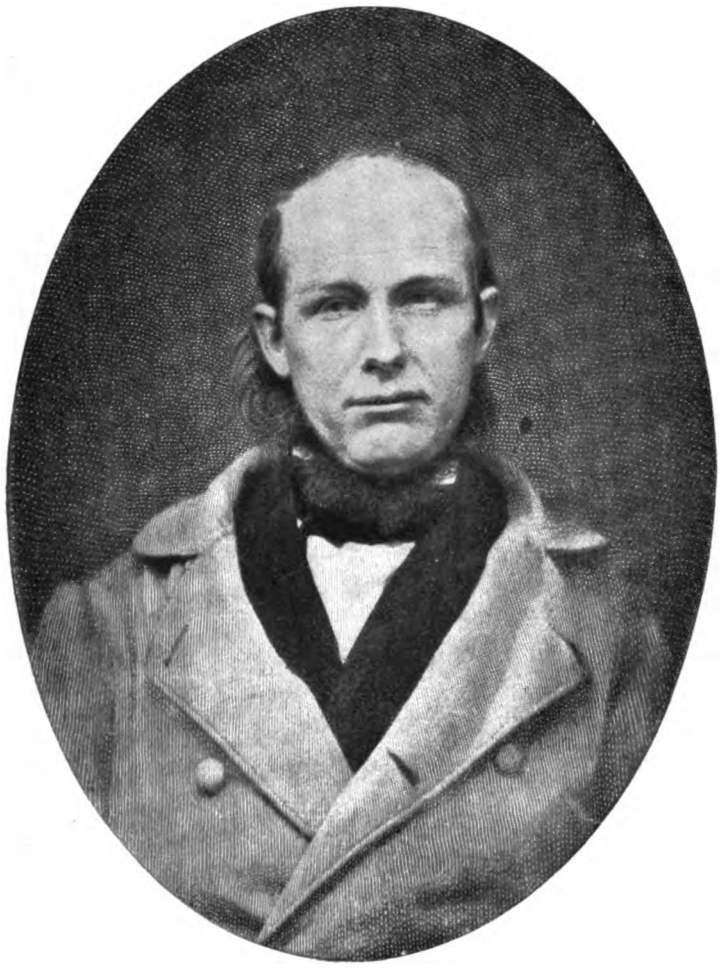

HORACE GREELEY.

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

brandt perfected. Unfortunately, the very next day, while Daguerre was with Professor Morse, witnessing the operations of his telegraph, the Diorama burned to the ground with all the beautiful specimens that Professor Morse had seen there the day before.

Professor Morse had been obliged to content himself with the mere sight of these charming exponents of the new art, as M. Daguerre was keeping the process a profound secret until such a time as it should be definitely decided whether or not the French Government would purchase the invention and make it a royal gift to the civilized world,—a point then under consideration.

There was a loud demand from the scientific public for an explanation of the discovery. For many years the search for a method of fixing the image of the *camera obscura*—an instrument known for nearly two centuries—had been diligent and persistent. The most important experimentation latterly had been that done in France by Niepce and Daguerre. For at least fifteen years Niepce, in entire ignorance of what Daguerre and other scientists had been doing, had been vainly endeavoring to catch the images of the *camera obscura*, when, in 1829, he met Daguerre, and they decided to reveal to each other the secrets of their individual methods and share alike in whatever material benefits might accrue.

On the recommendation of Daguerre, Niepce substituted iodine for the varnish which he had evolved, after years of experiment, to use on the silver plate. This film of iodine, which failed in the hands of Niepce, became the foundation of Da-

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BAYARD TAYLOR.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

guerre's success, and having once obtained a material so sensitive to the action of light, the French artist overcame all other difficulties with which he had been surrounded. In the midst of these interesting researches Niepce died, in 1833, and his son afterwards succeeded to the partnership. He, however, pursued his father's process, without making any essential improvements, while Daguerre brought his own to such perfection that, after twenty years of unceasing labor, he was enabled to enter upon a life of continued triumph.

No sooner were Daguerre's pictures exhibited than scientific men the world over hastened to examine them, and it is safe to say that no previous discovery had awakened a more universal interest. Journals and periodicals were given up to exploiting the subject, and certain issues were delayed, in order to obtain more complete accounts of the famous "sun pictures." As an invention it was ranked in importance with the steam engine, and the most exaggerated panegyrics from poet and scientist alike were the order of the day.

M. Arago, the famous astronomer whose great discoveries on light entitled him to the confidence of the inventor, was intrusted with Daguerre's secret, and with that ardent devotion to science and to the interest of its cultivator which so often and splendidly characterizes scholars, he resolved that while France had the honor of so great a discovery, it should also have

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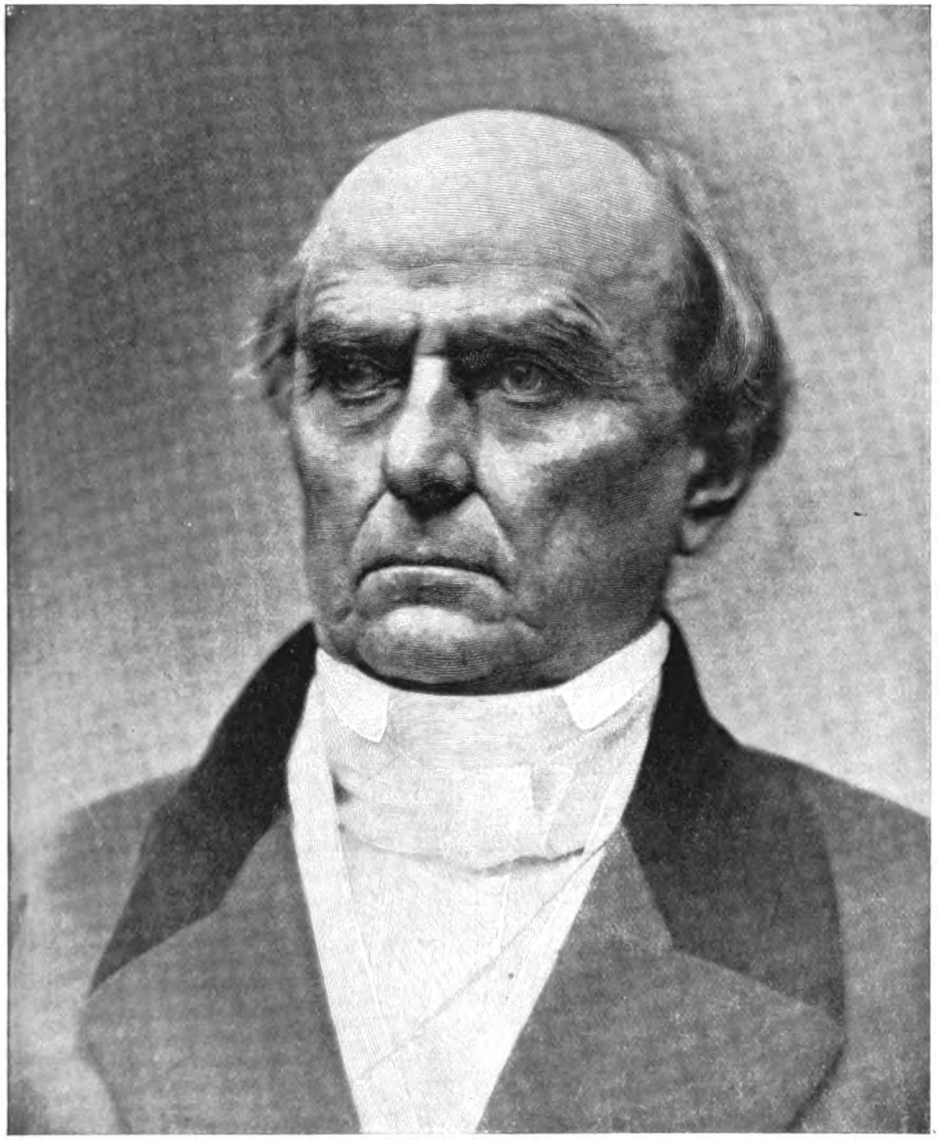

DANIEL WEBSTER.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

the higher glory of rewarding and honoring the discoverer and of making the discovery a present to the entire world; and he succeeded in persuading the French Government to give Daguerre an annual pension of 6,000 francs ($1,200) and Niepce one of 4,000 francs ($800) on condition that they publish their process.

The bill received the unanimous assent of both houses, and was signed by King Louis Philippe on the 15th of June, 1839. So great was the public interest in the event that when, in August, 1839, Arago published the discovery, in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, every place was taken two hours before the time announced for the reading to begin, and upwards of 200 persons who could not obtain admittance remained in the courtyard of the Institute.

As soon as the resolution to purchase the invention and make it public had been passed by the French Chamber, Daguerre hastened to put Professor Morse, who in the meantime had returned to America, in possession of all the knowledge necessary

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to manipulate the delicate process, and the professor lost no time in beginning to experiment practically with the art. His brothers Sidney E. and Richard C. Morse had a room with a glass roof erected on the roof of their new building at the northwest corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, New York, and in this "palace of the sun," as they called it, made an American home for the new art. Until this room was ready for occupancy, Professor Morse continued his experiments with great success at the University of New York, in Washington Square. His first entirely successful picture was a view of the Unitarian Church, from the window on the staircase of the third story of the University. This was taken in September, 1839, and was without doubt the first daguerreotype ever taken in America. The time of exposure was fifteen minutes.

By the time Morse was fairly started, the process as published in Paris had reached the United States. Arago had read his paper to the Academy of Sciences in August, and the first published description of the Daguerre process which came to us was the summaries of this address published in the London newspapers. The Paris journals soon arrived with the paper in full, which was, of course, at once translated; and at the same time came the descriptive letters of the Paris correspondents.

These descriptions were so clear that any one could follow them, and hundreds were doing so, when in the fall of 1839 a teacher direct from M. Daguerre himself arrived in New York, M. François Gouraud by name. M. Gouraud, having come over expressly to give lectures on the process, brought with him the most improved French apparatus, as well as many pictures made by the master and his followers. These pictures were placed on exhibition, and on opening day the *élite* of the city were invited to view them. All who saw them were enraptured. Philip Hone wrote a long paragraph in his diary on the marvel of the discovery. "It appears to me not less wonderful," said he, "that light should be made an active operating power in this manner than that some such effect should be produced by sound; and who knows whether, in this age of invention and discoveries, we may not be called upon to marvel at the exhibition of a tree, a horse, or a sheep produced by the human voice muttering over a metal plate, prepared in the same or some other manner, the words 'tree,' 'horse,' and 'sheep.' How greatly ashamed of their ignorance the bygone generations of mankind ought to be!"

The "Knickerbocker" — Washington Irving's magazine—came out with nearly two pages of its December number devoted to the daguerreotype. "We have seen the views taken in Paris by the daguerreotype," the editor says, "and have no hesitation in avowing that they are the most remarkable objects of curiosity and admiration in the arts that we ever beheld. Their exquisite perfection almost transcends the bounds of sober belief. Let us endeavor to convey to the reader an impression of their character. Let him suppose himself standing in the middle of Broadway, with a looking-glass held perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reflected the street, with all that therein is, for two or three miles, taking in the haziest distance. Then let him take the glass into the house, and find the impression of the entire view, in the softest light and shade, vividly retained upon the surface. This is the daguerreotype. The views themselves are from the most interesting points of the French metropolis. Who would throw up their business and their dinners, on a voyage to see Paris or London, when one can sit in an apartment in New York and look at the streets, the architectural wonders, and the busy life of each crowded metropolis?"

A few months later the "Knickerbocker," in commenting again on the daguerreotype, pronounced it "an instrument destined ultimately, we believe, to be the companion of every man of taste, *particularly in his travels*"—a prophecy which we now see fulfilled in the later photograph.

M. Gouraud had little trouble in carrying through his course of lectures. Many people attended them, and he fitted out a large number with apparatus for the practice of what he had been teaching. In March, 1840, he went to Boston, and his season there was very successful. Finally he published a pamphlet: "A Description of the Daguerreotype Process, or a Summary of M. Gouraud's Public Lectures, according to the principles of M. Daguerre; with a description of a provisory method for taking Human Portraits."

This "provisory method" of taking portraits was not a simple method, as one can see from Gouraud's directions for preparing the room and the subject: "In the first place, you will begin by preparing a room exposed to the sun, the southeast

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J. FENIMORE COOPER.

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

if possible. You will give to this room the form of a truncated pyramid lying down, of which the base will be the whole breadth of the window—which window you will make as large as possible, and extending from the floor to the ceiling. The floor, the ceiling, and the two sides of the room should be plastered with the whitest kind of lime plaster. Those who cannot dispose a room in this manner, can fix the sides of the room with sheets, or other cloth of perfect whiteness. The focus of the room must be covered with a tapestry of white cotton, with knotted or raised figures, which is designed from the drapery. Those are always agreeable to the

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eye, and should always be shown in interior views. The chair on which the person sits must be of yellow wood. The person, if a man, must be dressed in a clear gray coat; pantaloons of a little deeper hue; a vest of a fancy ground,—yellow, orange, if possible,—with figures of a color to make a contrast; the whiteness of the shirt contrasting with a cravat of a gray ground either a little less dark or more deep than the coat. The toilet of a lady should be of the same shades, and in all cases black must be constantly avoided, as well as green and red."

M. Gouraud was not by any means the first person to attempt portraits in the United States. Notwithstanding the sceptical attitude of Daguerre in regard to the application of the art to living objects, Morse soon began to experiment with portraits, though it is interesting to note that in all his early attempts the subject's eyes are closed, that being considered one of the conditions essential to success. Morse's first experiments were with his daughter, taken singly or in a group with her young friends, in the full sunlight, with the eyes closed. The time of exposure was from ten to twenty minutes. He soon after made arrangements to experiment with his eminent friend and colleague, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio on the top of the University, and here Professor Draper claims to have made the first successful portrait ever made in America. This distinction is, however, often accredited to Mr. E. A. Wolcott, who was working along the same lines. Neither possessed any knowledge of the labors of the other, but results similar in character were arrived at by each operator, under slightly differing circumstances. Before M. Gouraud left for America a method had been found for taking the eyes fairly well, and it was this he applied in his lessons.

To realize to-day what the discovery meant, one must recall the means of portraiture then in existence; the brush, the pencil, and the engraver's tools were all of them. And as the operation of these depended on a skilful human hand, the product was limited and correspondingly expensive. The daguerreotype, however, was comparatively inexpensive, and any one could use the process who would give it attention. The simplicity of the operation, the mystery as well as the beauty of the result, the endless opportunity it offered—all this appealed to the ingenuity and imagination of young Americans of the intelligent class, and far and near they fell to daguerreotyping.

The way in which intelligent young men put the description of the process to test at once is charmingly told in a private letter to the author of this article by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale:

"My classmate and near friend, Mr. Samuel Longfellow (who died last year), and I were both much interested, and he repeated Talbot's experiments at once. I took from my window in Massachusetts Hall a picture of the college library—Harvard Hall—opposite me. The camera was a little camera made for the convenience of draughtsmen, with a common lens of an inch and a quarter. We were delighted, because, in a window of the building which 'sat for us,' a bust of Apollo 'came out' so distinctly as it did. It came out dark brown—all the lights and shades being marked. . . .

"The French Government paid Daguerre a handsome sum for his invention, and the whole detail was at once published in the 'Journal des Debats.' My father published the 'Boston Daily Advertiser,' so that he received the 'Debats' regularly, and my mother at once translated this article for the 'Advertiser.' You will find it a few weeks after the official publication in Paris. I now have the machine, or part of it, which I made, with my cousin, the late Mr. Francis A. Durivage, a well-known *litterateur* of New York, from these descriptions.

"Daguerre sent agents all over the world, or they came with his authority. François Gouraud came to Boston, and brought letters to my father. Mr. Francis Colby Gray, a leader in affairs of art in Boston, one of the directors of Harvard College, interested himself greatly in Gouraud, and arranged for him a class which met in the sacred precincts of the Massachusetts Historical Society. To say this in the Boston of that day, was as if you said the class met in the queen's private apartments at Windsor. Gouraud imported the apparatus and sold it. He had specimens of Daguerre's work, two of which, I believe, I still own. He arranged, I think, in Connecticut, for the manufacture of plates.

"M. Gouraud was impecunious, and I suspect that my father used to lend him money. I wish now that he had bought apparatus instead. Instead of that, we youngsters had to make our apparatus, and did. Mr. Durivage and I made at

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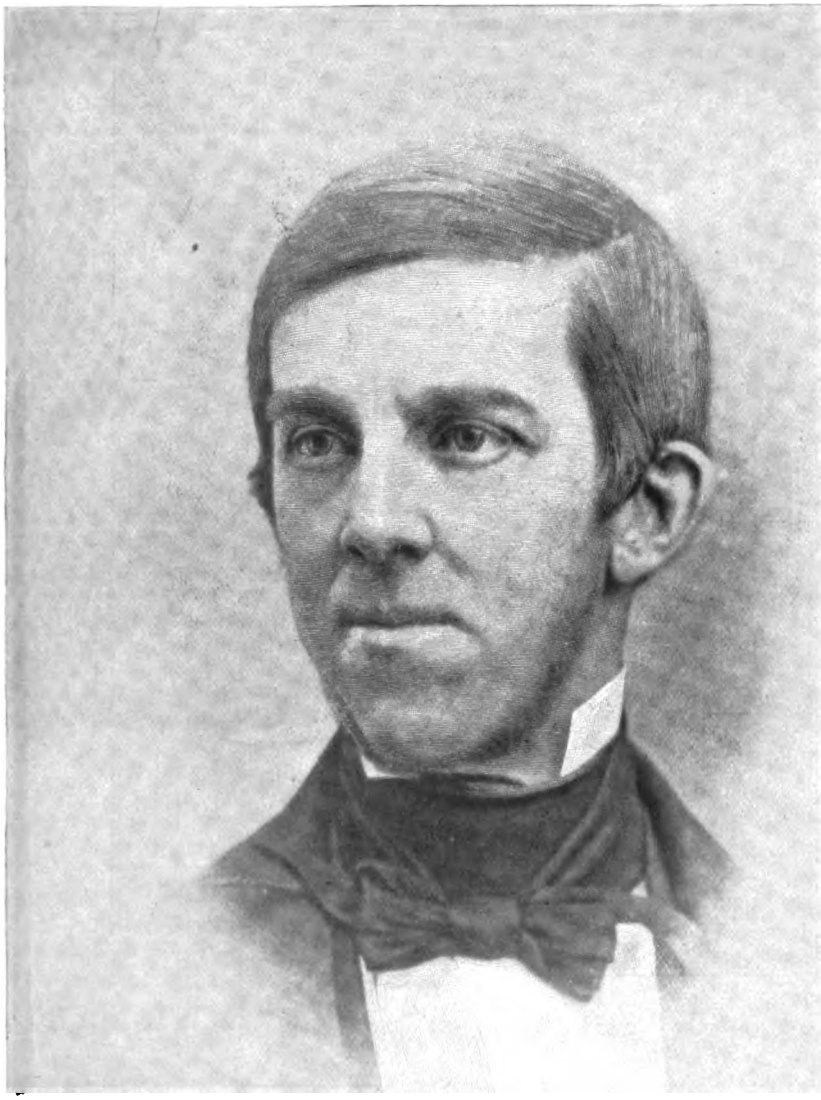

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

least two sets, one of which I have a print of still.

"My first picture was of the church of which, queerly enough, I became a minister sixteen years after. It must have been in 1840 that, as soon as my work as a teacher in the Latin School stopped, I ran up to the corner of Castle Street and Washington Street, where we had borrowed a room. I prepared my plates a little larger than this sheet. I adjusted the camera, and then went on to the church and stood—eight minutes expired, I think—while my cousin took off the lens and put it on. I have often said, and I think it is true, that this was the first photograph of a man in Boston. I think Dr. Draper had taken many before this in New York. I am very sorry that I have not this plate. But plates cost us two dollars each. I was impecunious, as I have said, and after I had shown it to my friends, it took its turn under pumice stone and putty, and was ready for another picture.

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LOUIS KOSSUTH.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

"This picture may have been a special portrait of myself. Early in the business I sat with a mirror in my hands, in full sunshine. The mirror threw up the sun from below to abate the shadows. I sat in this light *five minutes*. The picture came out a capital portrait of my hair, ears, and *chin*. Alas! I had tipped my head too far back, and all that appeared were my projecting eyebrows and the orifices of both nostrils (no mouth, alas!), and the chin from below taking its place. So far as I know, this was the first portrait proper any of us ever attempted."

The commercial possibilities of the new invention were at once evident, and with Yankee shrewdness scores of young men learned the new art as a business. Morse and Draper themselves first gave the hint. As soon as it was known that they were making daguerreotypes many young men flocked to them for instruction. When they began to make portraits everybody wanted to sit. As both men had spent considerable money in experimenting with the process, they decided, finally, to charge for instruction and for portraits until they had recovered the outlay. But this was only for a short time, and as soon as the day of experiment was over, both took up other work.

By the end of 1840 the methods were sufficiently improved to justify practising them as a means of livelihood. Numerous galleries were opened in the cities, and the travelling-car penetrated into all parts of the country. By November, 1841, there were six studios in Boston, and a larger number in New York.

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EDWARD EVERETT.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

The interest and curiosity of the general public in regard to these pictures painted by nature's own hand is not to be described. A small frame containing a half dozen pictures exhibited at door or window was constantly surrounded by crowds of eager spectators, and the guesses hazarded as to the method of their production were interesting to a degree. Families vied with one another as to which could show the most finely executed and elaborately finished portraits, and the collection of daguerreotypes on the ubiquitous centre table formed the leading topic of conversation at social gathering and casual call.

At first nearly all pictures were taken by side windows. The first skylight was erected at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, New York, on the top of the Granite Building, still standing there; and soon thereafter "skylight pictures" became a distinguished feature in the advertisements of the day.

Monday was looked upon as the best day for business, a fact owing almost wholly to the Sunday night courtship, the first outcome of which was the promise to exchange daguerreotypes. No less sure than Monday itself came the gentleman escorting his sweetheart. He selected the most expensive cases, and paid for both pictures. And it was a happy man in these instances that put the maiden's picture into his pocket, for he knew there was but one "counterfeit presentment" of her in existence, and he had it.

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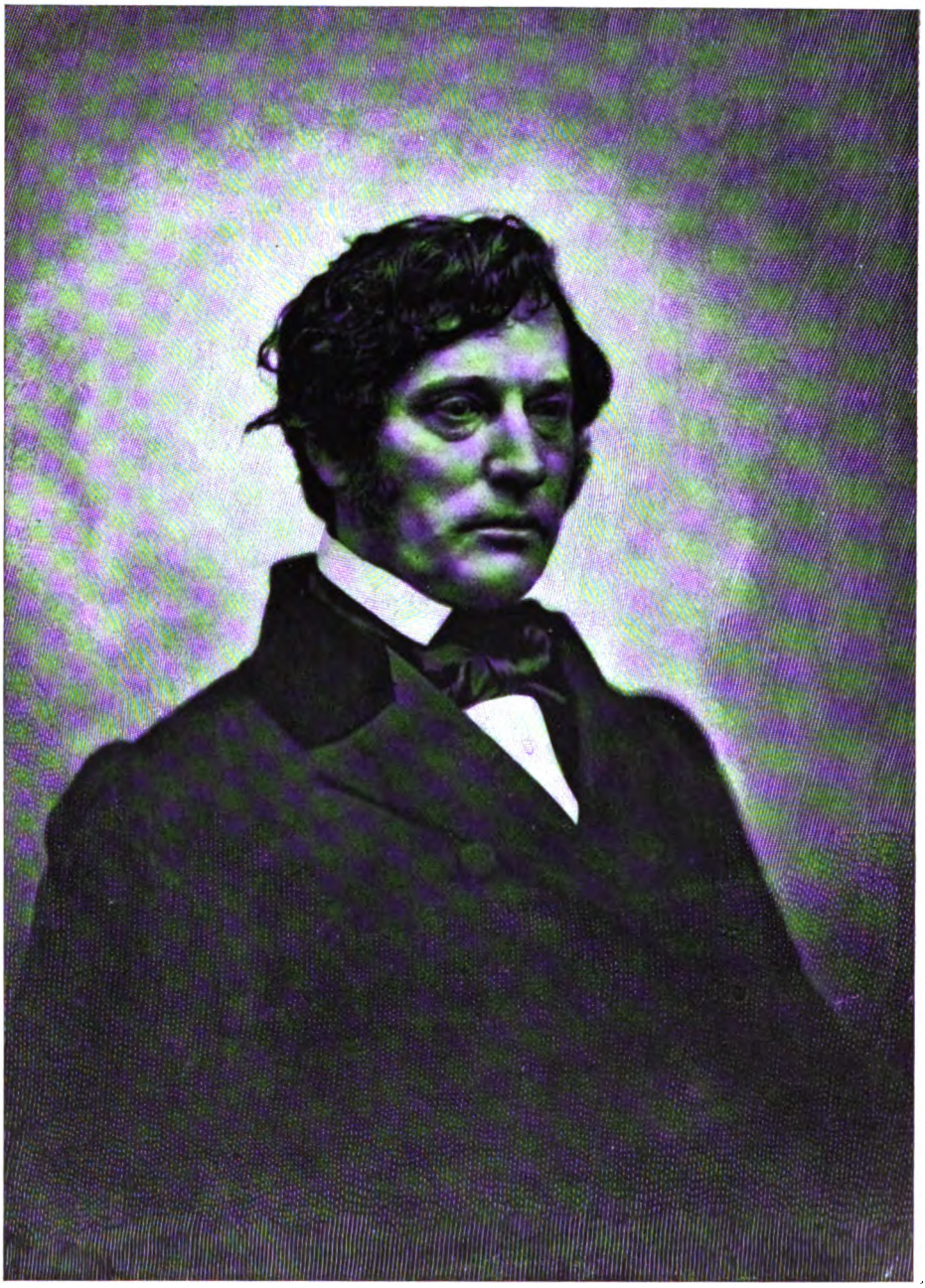

CHARLES SUMNER.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

The discreet daguerreotyper was never without his bit of sticking-wax to keep wing-shaped ears from standing out, nor his wads of cotton, called "plumpers," to fill out the hollow cheeks.

The discovery of gold in California was a great boon to the daguerreotyper, as every embryo miner embarking for the golden shore must have several portraits taken to leave with his family and friends. And whether he was going across the Isthmus or around the Horn, he must be

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JENNY LIND.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

pictured with his entire kit—kettle, frying-pan, knife, fork, cup, pick-axe, shovel, and the invariable two revolvers in his belt. He must also carry with him pictures of parents, wife, children, and friends, destined often to become his sole companions in his rough mountain cabin, from which he would hardly part for all the gold in California.

Within eleven years from the time of the discovery, American daguerreotypers were the acknowledged leaders of the world, and numbered over 10,000. At the World's Fair in London in 1851 they were awarded the first prize for their unparallelled exhibition; and it was a common thing in England, France, and Germany to advertise to take daguerreotypes by the American process. Indeed, the best daguerreotypers in both London and Paris were Americans, Mayal and Thompson respectively.

The time of exposure had been reduced to a few seconds, and the price had settled into a regular scale of from one dollar and a half to fifteen dollars, depending upon the size—which varied from the locket size to thirteen by fourteen inches—and the case. The most ordinary size was two and three-quarters by three inches, the price for it varying from two to three dollars.

Some of the early daguerreotypers attained a national, even world-wide, reputation for the noble contributions they made, not only to the art, but to the history of the country. Conspicuous among such is the late M. B. Brady, a full record of whose life would read like a romance.

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His first studio was located in New York, in Fulton Street, at that time one of the principal thoroughfares. He afterwards moved to Broadway, near Prince Street; and, later still, "Brady's Famous National Gallery," at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, became widely known. He had also a studio in Brooklyn, and in 1860 opened a branch gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, which he finally made his headquarters. In 1861 Washington was thronged with men who were helping to make the history of America. Mr. Brady was far-seeing enough to realize this, and aimed to secure portraits of the most distinguished. In consequence he soon made his Washington gallery a celebrated rendezvous. He also sent out wagons for photographic use, which followed the army from place to place.

In the early days Gurney enjoyed no less reputation than Brady, and his daguerreotypes are still considered the finest specimens of the art in existence. Meade Brothers were distinguished as having, in the second story of the Astor House, the most spacious galleries in New York, and enjoyed the further distinction of being the only daguerreotypers in the world who had taken a portrait of Daguerre himself. Bogardus, Powelson, and Rickwell were also among the many well-known New York daguerreotypers of the early day, while Hale and French, Whipple and Black, Plum, and Southworth and Hawes were influential in giving Boston a leading position in the new art.

One of the earliest of the Boston galleries still exists, a dusty relic of the 40's. Any one who will take the trouble to climb three flights of stairs, at 19 Tremont Row, will find there the original studio of Southworth and Hawes, opened in 1841, and still presided over by Mr. Hawes, now a white-haired man of nearly ninety. In the old days, when this studio was opened, Tremont Row was the centre for the artists of the city. Here fully one-third of the portrait painters of Boston lived; here, too, were most of the sculptors, several engravers, and a goodly number of art-supply stores. In the building where Southworth and Hawes took their quarters, Greenough and Story both had studios, and in this same building Harriet Hosmer worked. All of the fraternity up and down the Row were deeply interested in the new discovery and were constant visitors at the gallery. Traversing Tremont Row to-day one would not dream that it had ever harbored skilled craftsmen and artists. Traffic and noise have crowded from it every sign of the finer pursuits of life. The most melancholy of commercial undertakings monopolize it—cheap bargain stores, employment bureaus, sweater shops. One remnant only of its former life remains, the ancient daguerreotype studio at the top of No. 19. Here are a half-dozen rooms furnished with ancient apparatus and appointments, and cluttered with the daguerreotypes and photographs of a half century of active work. For fifty-four years Mr. Hawes has practised his art in this place. Here have come to him for portraits the great men and women of his day in every profession and art—Webster and Pierce, Garrison and Sumner, Wendell Phillips and Jenny Lind, Charlotte Cushman and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mr. Hawes has in the specimens of his work an almost complete gallery of the eminent residents of Boston in the 40's and 50's, and of the prominent people who visited the city in the same period. The collection is of rare historical interest, and should be kept intact in some Boston museum, though it is doubtful if any one else would give it the reverent care that its white-haired owner does. Mr. Hawes has also a number of daguerreotypes made recently, for he is one of the few operators who remain loyal to the old process, and he would gladly see it take its place again as a method of portraiture. There are signs, too, that it may do this. During the last year there has been, indeed, a distinct revival of interest in the daguerreotype in this country. And with the much better knowledge we now have of all the scientific and mechanical principles involved, it could hardly be taken up again as a serious pursuit without being carried to even finer execution than it formerly attained.

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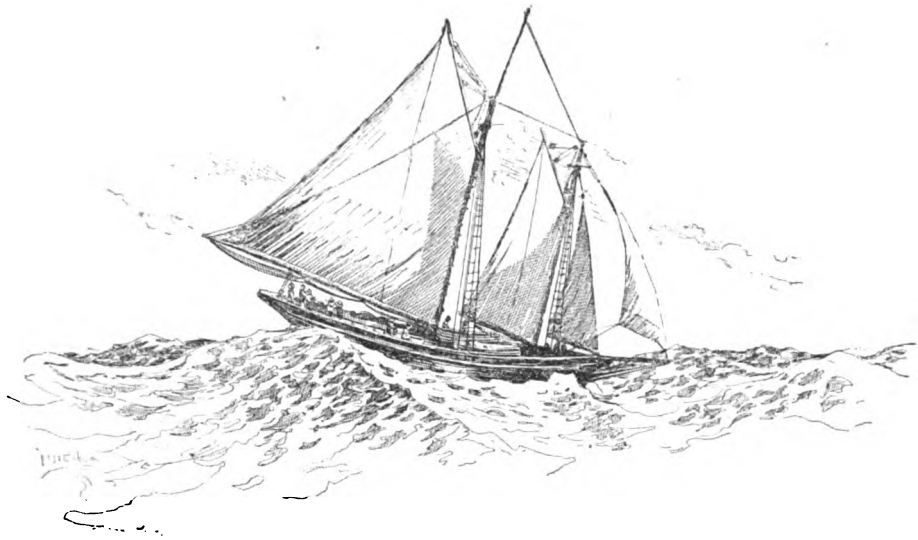

# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

THE weather door of the smoking-room had been left open to the heavy North Atlantic fog, as the big liner rolled and lifted through the greasy seas, whistling to warn the fishing-fleet.

"That Cheyne boy's the biggest nuisance aboard," said a man in a frieze overcoat, shutting the door with a bang. "He isn't wanted here. He's too fresh."

A white-haired German reached for a sandwich, and grunted between bites: "I know der breed. Ameriga is full of dot kind. I dell you you should imbort ropes' ends free under your dariff."

"Pshaw! There isn't any real harm to him. He's more to be pitied than anything," said a man from New York, as he lay at full length along the cushions under the wet skylight. "They've dragged him around from hotel to hotel ever since he was a kid. I was talking to his mother this morning. She's a lovely lady, but she don't pretend to manage him. He's going to Europe to finish his education."

"Education isn't begun yet." This was a Philadelphian, curled up in a corner. "That boy gets two hundred a month pocket-money, he told me. He isn't sixteen either."

"Railroads, his father, ain't it?" said the German.

"Yep. That and mines and lumber and shipping. Built one place at San Diego, the old man has; another at Los Angeles; owns half a dozen railroads, half the lumber on the Pacific slope, and lets his wife spend the money," the Philadelphian went on, lazily. "The West don't suit her, she says. She just tracks around with the boy and her nerves, trying to find out what'll amuse him. Florida, Adirondacks, Lakewood, Hot Springs, New York, and round again. He isn't much more than a second-hand hotel clerk now. When he's finished in Europe he'll be a holy terror."

"What's the matter with the old man attending to him personally?" said a voice from the frieze ulster.

"Old man's piling up the rocks. Don't want to be disturbed, I guess. He'll find out his error a few years hence. Pity, because there's a heap of good in him if you could get at it."

"Mit a rope's end, mit a rope's end," said the German.

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Once more the door banged, and a slight, slim-built boy about fifteen, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, leaned in over the high footway. His pasty yellow complexion did not show well on a person of his years, and his look was a mixture of irresolution, bravado, and very cheap "smartness." He was dressed in a cherry-colored blazer, knickerbockers, red stockings, and bicycle shoes, with a red flannel cap at the back of the head. After whistling between his teeth, as he eyed the company, he said in a loud, high voice: "Say, it's thick outside. You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around. Say, wouldn't it be great if we ran down one?"

"Shut the door, Harvey," said the New Yorker. "Shut the door and stay outside. You're not wanted here."

"Who'll stop me?" he answered deliberately. "Did *you* pay for my passage, Mister Martin? Guess I've as good right here as the next man."

HARVEY.

He picked up the dice from a checker-board and began throwing, right hand against left.

"Say, gen'elmen, this is deader'n mud. Can't we make a game of poker between us?"

There was no answer, and he puffed his cigarette, swung his legs, and drummed on the table with rather dirty fingers. Then he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them.

"How's your mamma this afternoon?" a man said. "I didn't see her at lunch."

"In her stateroom, I guess. She's most always sick on the ocean. I'm going to give the stewardess fifteen dollars for looking after her. I don't go down more'n I can avoid. It makes me feel mysterious to pass that butler's pantry place. Say, this is the first time I've been on the ocean."

"Oh, don't apologize, Harvey."

"Who's apologizing? This is the first time I've crossed the ocean, gen'elmen, and, except the first day, I haven't been sick one little bit. *No*, sir." He brought down his fist with a triumphant bang, wetted his finger and went on counting the bills.

"Oh, you're a high-grade machine, with the writing in plain sight," the Philadelphian yawned. "You'll blossom into a credit to your country if you don't take care."

"I know it. I'm an American—first, last, and all the time. I'll show 'em that when I strike Europe. Pff! My cig's out. I can't smoke the truck the steward sells. Any gen'elman got a real Turkish cig on him?"

The chief engineer entered for a moment, red, smiling, and wet. "Say, Mac," cried Harvey cheerfully, "how are we hitting it?"

"Vara much in the ordinary way," was the grave reply. "The young are as polite as ever to their elders, an' their elders are e'en tryin' to appreciate it."

A low chuckle came from a corner. The German opened an old cigar-case and handed a skinny black cigar to Harvey.

"Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young frient," he said. "You vill dry it? Yes? Den you vill be efer so happy."

Harvey lit the unlovely thing with a flourish: he felt that he was getting on in grown-up society.

"It would take more'n this to keel me over," he said, not knowing that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling "stogy."

"Dot we shall bresently see," said the German. "Where are we now, Mr. Mactonal?"

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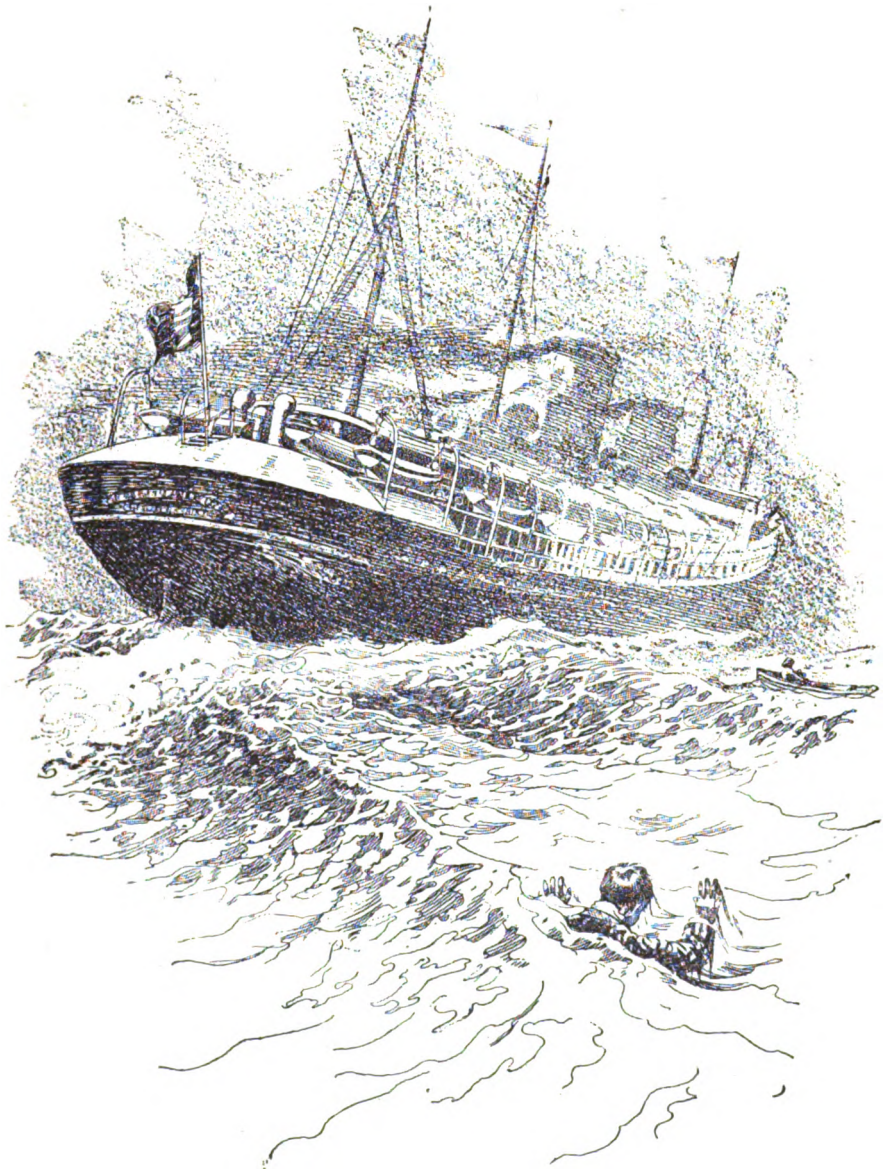

"THEN A LOW, GRAY MOTHER-WAVE SWUNG OUT OF THE FOG, TUCKED HARVEY UNDER ONE ARM, SO TO SPEAK, AND PULLED HIM OFF AND AWAY TO LEEWARD."

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"Just there or thereabouts, Mr. Schaefer," said the engineer. "We'll be on the Grand Bank to-night; but in a general way o' speakin', we're all among the fishing-fleet now. We've shaved three dories an' near skelped the boom off a Frenchman since noon, an' that's close sailin', ye may say."

"You like my 'stogy,' eh?" the German asked, for Harvey's eyes were full of tears.

"Fine, full flavor," he answered through shut teeth. "Guess we've slowed down a little, haven't we? I'll skip out and see what the log says."

"I might if I vhas you," said the German.

Harvey staggered over the wet decks to the nearest rail. He was very unhappy; but he saw the deck-steward lashing chairs together, and as he had boasted before the man that he was never seasick, his pride made him go aft to the second-saloon deck at the stern, which was finished in a turtle-back. The deck was deserted, and he crawled to the extreme end of it by the flag-pole. There he doubled up in limp agony, for the Wheeling "stogy" joined with the surge and jar of the screw to sieve out his soul. His head swelled; sparks of fire danced before his eyes; his body seemed to lose weight, while his heels wavered in the breeze. He was fainting from sea-sickness, and a roll of the ship tilted him over the rail on to the smooth, white lip of the turtle-back. Then a low, gray mother-wave swung out of the fog, tucked Harvey under one arm, so to speak, and pulled him off and away to leeward; the green closed over him, and he went quietly to sleep.

He was roused by the sound of a dinner-horn such as they used to blow at a summer-school he had once attended in the Adirondacks. Slowly he remembered that he was Harvey Cheyne, drowned and dead in mid-ocean, but was too weak to fit things together. A new smell filled his nostrils; wet and clammy coldnesses ran down his back, and he was helplessly full of salt water. He opened his eyes, and perceived that he was still on the top of the sea, for it was running round him in silver-colored hills, and he was lying on a pile of half-dead fish, looking at a broad human back clothed in a blue jersey.

"It's no good," thought the boy. "I'm dead, sure enough, and this thing is in charge."

He groaned, and the figure turned its head. He could see a pair of little gold rings hidden in curly black hair.

"Aha! You feel some pretty well now?" it said. "Lie still so we trim better."

With a swift jerk he sculled the flickering boat-head on to a foamless sea that lifted her twenty full feet only to slide her into the glassy pit beyond. But this mountain-climbing did not interrupt blue-jersey's talk. "Fine good job, *I* say, that I catch you. Eh, wha-at? Better good job, *I* say, your boat not catch me. How you come to fall so?"

"I was sick," said Harvey; "sick, and couldn't help it."

"Just in time I blow my horn, and your boat she yaw a little. Then I see you come all down. Eh, wha-at? I think you are cut into baits by the screw, but you dreeft—dreeft to me, and I make big fish of you; so you shall not die this time."

"Where am I?" said Harvey, who could not see that life was particularly safe where he lay.

"You are with me in the dory—Manuel my name, and I come from schooner 'We're Here' of Gloucester. I live to Gloucester. By and by we go to supper. Eh, wha-at?"

He seemed to have two pairs of hands and a head of cast-iron, for not content with blowing through a big conch shell, he must needs stand up to it, swaying with the sway of the boat, and send a grinding, thuttering shriek through the fog. How long this entertainment lasted, Harvey could not remember, for he lay back terrified at the sight of the smoking swells. He fancied he heard a gun and a horn and shouting. Something bigger than the dory, but quite as lively, loomed alongside. Several voices talked at once, and he was dropped into a dark, heaving hole, and they gave him something hot, and took off his clothes, and he fell asleep.

When he waked he listened for the first breakfast-bell on the steamer, wondering why his stateroom was so small. Turning, he looked into a narrow, triangular cave, lit by a lamp hung against a huge square beam. A three-cornered table within arm's reach ran from the angle of the bows to the foremast. At the after end, behind a well-used Plymouth stove, sat a boy about his own age, with a flat, red face and a pair of twinkling, gray eyes. He was dressed in a blue jersey and high rubber boots. Several pairs of the same sort of foot-wear, an old cap, and some worn-out woollen socks lay on the floor, and black and yellow oilskins swayed to and fro beside the bunks. The whole place was packed as full of smells as a bale is of cotton. The oilskins had a peculiarly close flavor of their own which made a sort of background to the smells of fried fish, burnt

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grease. paint, pepper, and stale tobacco; but these again were all hooped together by one encircling smell of ship and salt water. Harvey saw with disgust that there were no sheets on his bed-place. He was lying on a piece of dingy ticking full of lumps and nubbles. Then, too, the boat's motion was not that of a steamer. She was neither sliding nor rolling, but rather wriggling herself about in a silly, aimless way, like a colt at the end of a halter. Water-noises ran by close to his ear, and beams creaked and whined about him. All these things made him grunt despairingly and think of his mother.

"Feelin' better," said the boy, with a grin. "Hev some coffee?" He brought a tin cupful and sweetened it with molasses.

"Isn't there any milk?" said Harvey, looking round the dark double tier of bunks as if he expected to find a cow there.

"Well, no," said the boy. "Ner there ain't likely to be till 'baout mid-September. 'Tain't bad coffee. I made it."

Harvey drank in silence, and the boy handed him a plate full of pieces of fried pork which he ate ravenously.

"I've dried your clothes. Guess they've shrunk some," said the boy. "They ain't our style much—none of 'em. Twist round a piece back an' forth an' see ef you're hurt any."

Harvey stretched himself in every direction, but could not report any injuries.

"That's good," the boy said heartily. "Fix yerself an' go on deck. Dad wants to see you. I'm his son—Dan, they call me—an' I'm cook's helper an' everything else aboard that's too dirty for the men. There ain't no boy here 'cep' me since Otto went overboard—an' he was only a Dutchy, an' twenty year old at that. How d'you come to fall off in a dead flat ca'am?"

"'Twasn't a calm," said Harvey, sulkily. "It was a gale, and I was seasick; guess I must have rolled over the rail."

"There was a little common swell yes'day an' last night," said the boy. "But ef thet's your notion of a gale—" He whistled. "You'll know more 'fore you're through. Hurry! Dad's waitin'."

Like many other unfortunate young people, Harvey had never in all his life received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanations of the advantages of obedience and the reasons for the request. Mrs. Cheyne lived in fear of breaking his spirit, which, perhaps, was the reason that she herself walked on the edge of nervous prostration. He could not see why he should be expected to hurry for any man's pleasure, and said so. "Your dad can come down here if he's so anxious to talk to me. I want him to take me to New York at once. It'll pay him."

Dan opened his eyes, as the size and beauty of this joke dawned on him. "Say, dad," he shouted up the foc'sle hatch. "He says you kin slip down an' see him ef you're anxious that way. Hear, dad?"

The answer came back in the deepest voice Harvey had ever heard from a human chest: "Quit foolin', Dan, and send him to me."

Dan sniggered, and threw Harvey his warped bicycle shoes. There was something in the tones on the deck that made the boy dissemble his extreme rage and console himself with the thought of gradually unfolding the tale of his own and his father's wealth on the voyage home. This rescue would certainly make him a hero among his friends for life. He hoisted himself on deck up a perpendicular ladder, and stumbled aft, over a score of obstructions, to where a small, thick-set, clean-shaven man with gray eyebrows sat on a step that led up to the quarter-deck. The swell had passed in the night, leaving a long, oily sea, dotted round the horizon with the sails of a dozen fishing-boats. Between them lay little black specks, showing where the dories were out fishing. The schooner, with a triangular riding-sail on the mainmast, played easily at anchor, and except for the man by the cabin roof—"house," they call it—she was deserted.

"Mornin'—Good afternoon, I should say. You've nigh slep' the clock around, young feller," was the greeting.

"Mornin'," said Harvey. He did not like being called "young feller;" and, as one rescued from drowning, expected sympathy. His mother suffered agonies whenever he got his feet wet, but this man did not seem excited.

"Naow let's hear all abaout it. It's quite providential, first an' last, fer all concerned. What might be your name? Where from (we mistrust it's Noo York), an' where bound (we mistrust it's Europe)?"

Harvey gave his name, the name of the steamer, and a short history of the accident, winding up with a demand to be taken back immediately to New York, where his father would pay anything anyone chose to name.

"H'm," said the shaven man, quite unmoved by the end of Harvey's speech. "I can't say we think special of any man, or boy even, that falls overboard from that kind o'

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packet in a flat ca'am. Least of all when his excuse is that he's seasick."

"Excuse!" cried Harvey. "D'you suppose I'd fall overboard into your dirty little boat for fun?"

"Not knowin' what your notions o' fun may be, I can't rightly say, young feller. But if I was *you*, I wouldn't call the boat which, under Providence, was the means o' savin' ye', names. In the first place, it's blame irreligious. In the second, it's annoyin' to my feelin's—an' I'm Disko Troop o' the 'We're Here' o' Gloucester, which you don't seem rightly to know."

"I don't know and I don't care," said Harvey. "I'm grateful enough for being saved and all that; but I want you to understand that the sooner you take me back to New York the better it'll pay you."

"Meanin'—haow?" Troop raised one shaggy eyebrow over a suspiciously mild blue eye.

"Dollars and cents," said Harvey, delighted to think that he was making an impression. "Cold dollars and cents." He stuck one hand into a pocket, and threw out his stomach a little, which was his way of being grand. "You've done the best day's work you ever did in your life when you pulled me in. I'm all the son Harvey Cheyne has."

"He's bin favored," said Disko, dryly.

"And if you don't know who Harvey Cheyne is, you don't know much—that's all. Now turn her around and let's hurry."

Harvey had a notion that the greater part of America was filled with people discussing and envying his father's dollars.

"Mebbe I do, an' mebbe I don't. Take a reef in your stummick, young feller. It's full o' *my* vittles."

Harvey heard a chuckle from Dan, who was pretending to be busy by the stump-foremast, and the blood rushed to his face. "We'll pay for that too," he said. "When do you suppose we shall get to New York?"

"I don't use Noo York any. Ner Boston. We may see Eastern Point abaout September, an' your pa—I'm real sorry I hain't heerd tell of him—may give me ten dollars efter all your talk. Then o' course he mayn't."

"Ten dollars! Why, see here, I—" Harvey dived into his pocket for the wad of bills. All he brought up was a soggy packet of cigarettes.

"Not lawful currency, an' bad for the lungs. Heave 'em overboard, young feller, an' try agin."

"It's been stolen!" cried Harvey, hotly.

"You'll hev to wait till you see your pa, to reward me, then?"

"A hundred and thirty-four dollars—all stolen," said Harvey, hunting wildly through his pockets. "Give them back."

A curious change flitted across old Troop's hard face. "What might you have been doin' with one hundred an' thirty-four dollars, young feller?"

"It was part of my pocket-money—for a month." This Harvey thought would be a knock-down blow, and it was—indirectly.

"Oh! One hundred and thirty-four dollars is only part of his pocket-money for one month only! You don't remember hittin' anything when you fell over, do you? Crack agin a stanchion, less say? Old man Hasken o' the 'East Wind'"—Troop seemed to be talking to himself—"he tripped on a hatch an' butted the mainmast with his head—hardish. 'Baout three weeks afterwards, old man Hasken he would hev it that the 'East Wind' was a commerce-destroyin' man-o'-war, an' so he declared war on Sable Island because it was Bridish, an' the shoals run aout too far. They sewed him up in a bed-bag, his head an' feet appearin', fer the rest o' the trip, an' now he's to home at Essex playin' with little rag dolls."

Harvey choked with rage, but Troop went on consolingly, "We're sorry fer you. We're very sorry fer you—an' so young. We won't say no more abaout the money, I guess."

"Course you won't. You stole it."

"Suit yourself. We stole it ef it's any comfort to you. Naow, abaout goin' back. Allowin' we could do it, which we can't, you ain't in no fit state to go back to your home, an' *we've* jest come on to the Banks workin' fer our bread. *We* don't see the ha'af of a hundred dollars a month, let alone pocket-money; an' with good luck we'll be ashore again somewheres about the first weeks o' September."

"But—but it's May now, and I can't stay here doin' nothing just because you want to fish. I *can't*, I tell you!"

"Right an' jest; jest *an'* right. No one asks you to do nothin'. There's a heap as you *can* do, for Otto he went overboard on Le Have. I mistrust he lost his grip in a gale we f'und there. Anyways he never come back to deny it. *You've* turned up, plain, plumb providential for all concerned. I mistrust, though, there's ruther few things you kin do. Ain't thet so?"

"I can make it lively for you and your men when we get ashore," said Harvey, with a vicious nod, murmuring vague threats

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about "piracy," at which Troop almost—not quite—smiled.

"Excep' talk. I'd forgot that. You ain't asked to talk more'n you've a mind to aboard the 'We're Here.' Keep your eyes open, an' help Dan to do ez he's bid, an' sechlike, an' I'll give you—you ain't wuth it, but I'll give—ten an' a ha'af a month; say thirty-five at the end o' the trip. A little work will kind o' ease up your pore head, an' you kin tell us all abaout your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards."

"She's on the steamer," said Harvey, his eyes filling with tears. "Take me to New York at once."

"Poor woman — poor woman! When she has you back she'll forgit it all, though. There's nine of us on the 'We're Here,' an' ef we went back naow—it's more 'n a thousand mile—we'd lose the season. The men they wouldn't hev it, even ef I wuz agreeable."

"But my father would make it all right."

"He'd try. I don't doubt he'd try," said Troop, "but a whole season's catch is eight men's bread; an' you'll be better in your health when you see him in the fall. Go forward an' help Dan. It's ten an' a ha'af a month, ez I said, an', o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us."

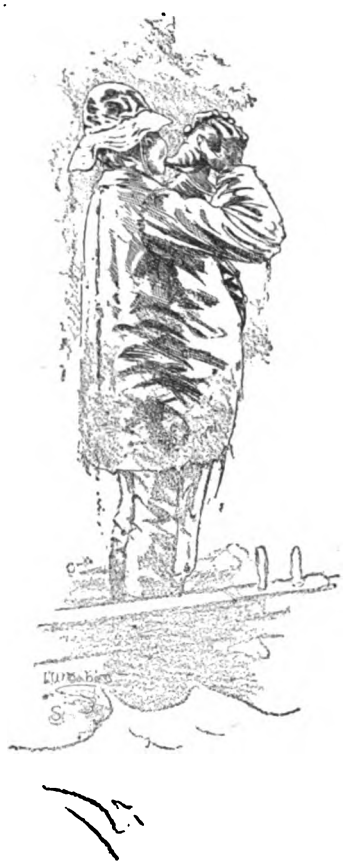
"Do you mean that I am to clean pots and pans and things?" said Harvey.

"An' other things. You've no call to shout, young feller."

"I won't! My father will give you enough to buy this dirty little fish-kettle"—Harvey stamped on the deck—"ten times over, if you take me to New York safe; and—and—you're in a hundred and thirty by me anyway."

"Ha-ow?" said Troop, the iron face darkening.

"How? You know how, well enough. On top of all that, you want me to do menial work"—Harvey was very proud of that adjective—"till the fall. I tell you I will not. You hear?"



"HE MUST NEEDS STAND UP TO IT, SWAYING WITH THE SWAY OF THE BOAT, AND SEND A GRINDING, THUTTERING SHRIEK THROUGH THE FOG."

Troop regarded the top of the mainmast with deep interest for awhile, as Harvey harangued fiercely all around him in the afternoon light.

"Hsh!" he said at last. "I'm figurin' out my responsibilities in my own mind. It's a matter o' jedgment."

Dan stole up and plucked Harvey by the elbow. "Don't go to tamperin' with dad any more," he pleaded. "You've called him a thief two or three times over, an' he don't take that from any livin' bein'."

"I won't!" Harvey almost shrieked, and still Troop meditated.

"Seems kinder unneighborly," he said at last, his eye travelling down to Harvey. "I don't blame you, not a mite, young feller, nor you won't blame me when the bile's out o' your systim. Be sure you sense what I say? Ten an' a ha'af fer second boy on the schooner—an' all f'und—for to teach you *an'* fer the sake o' your health. Yes or no?"

"No!" said Harvey. "Take me back to New York or I'll see you—"

He did not exactly remember what followed. He was lying in the scuppers, holding on to a nose that bled, while Troop looked down on him serenely.

"Dan," he said to his son, "I was sot agin this young feller when I first saw him, on account o' hasty jedgments. Never you be led astray by hasty jedgments, Dan. Naow I'm sorry for him because he's plumb distracted in his upper works. He ain't responsible fer the names he's give me, nor fer his other statements—ner fer jumpin' overboard, which I'm abaout ha'af convinced he did. You be gentle with him, Dan, 'r I'll give you twice what I've give him. Them hemmeridges clears the head. Let him sluice it off!"

Troop went down solemnly into the cabin, where he and the older men bunked, leaving Dan to comfort the luckless heir to thirty millions.

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## CHAPTER II.

"I WARNED ye," said Dan, as the drops fell thick and fast on the dark, oiled planking. "Dad ain't noways hasty, but you fair earned it. Pshaw! there's no sense takin' on so." Harvey's shoulders were rising and falling in spasms of sobbing. "I know the feelin'. First time dad laid me out was the last—and that was my first trip. Makes ye feel sickish an' lonesome. *I* know."

"It does," moaned Harvey. "That man's either crazy or drunk, and—and I can't do anything."

"Don't say that to dad," whispered Dan. "He's set agin all liquor, an'—well he told me *you* was the madman. What in creation made you call him a thief? He's my dad."

Harvey sat up, mopped his nose, and told the story of the missing wad of bills. "I'm not crazy," he wound up. "Only—your father has never seen more than a five dollar bill at a time, and *my* father could buy up this boat once a week and never miss it."

"You don't know what the 'We're Here' 's worth. Your dad must hev a pile o' money. How did he git it? Dad sez loonies can't shake out a straight yarn. Go ahead."

"In gold mines and things, West."

"I've read o' that kind o' business. Out West, too? Does he go around with a pistol on a trick-pony, same ez the circus. They call that the Wild West, and I've heard that their spurs an' bridles wuz solid silver."

"You *are* a chump!" said Harvey, amused in spite of himself. "My father hasn't any use for ponies. When he wants to ride he takes his car."

"Haow? Lobster-car?"

"No. His own private car, of course. You've seen a private car some time in your life?"

"Slatin Beeman he hez one," said Dan, cautiously. "I saw her at the Union Depot in Boston, with three niggers hoggin' her run." [Dan meant cleaning the windows.] "But Slatin Beeman he owns 'baout every railroad on Long Island, they say; an' they say he's bought 'baout ha'af Noo Hampshire an' run a line-fence round her, an' filled her up with lions an' tigers an' bears an' buffalo an' crocodiles an' such all. Slatin Beeman he's a millionnaire. I've seen *his* car. Yes!"

"Well, my father's what they call a multi-millionnaire; and he has two private cars. One's named for me, the 'Harvey,' and one for my mother, the 'Constance.'"

"Hold on," said Dan. "Dad don't ever let me swear, but I guess *you* can. 'Fore we go ahead, I want you to hope you may die if you're lying."

"Of course," said Harvey.

"Thet ain't 'nuff. Say, 'Hope I may die if I ain't speakin' truth.'"

"Hope I may die right here," said Harvey, "if every word I've spoken isn't the cold truth."

"Hundred an' thirty dollars an' all?" said Dan. "I heard ye talkin' to dad, an' I looked you'd be swallered up, same's Jonah."

Harvey protested himself red in the face. Dan was a shrewd young person along his own lines, and ten minutes' questioning convinced him that Harvey was not lying—much. Besides, he had bound himself by the most terrible oath known to boyhood, and yet he sat, alive, with a red-ended nose, in the scuppers, recounting marvels upon marvels.

"Gosh!" said Dan at last from the very bottom of his soul when Harvey had completed an inventory of the car named in his honor. Then a grin of mischievous delight overspread his broad face. "I believe you, Harvey. Dad's made a mistake fer once in his life."

"He has, sure," said Harvey, who was meditating an early revenge.

"He'll be mad clear through. Dad jest hates to be mistook in his judgments." Dan lay back and slapped his thigh. "Oh, Harvey, don't you spile the catch by lettin' on."

"I don't want to be knocked down again. I'll get even with him, though."

"Never heerd any man ever got even with dad. But he'd knock ye down again sure. The more he was mistook the more he'd do it. But, gold mines *and* pistols—"

"I never said a word about pistols," Harvey cut in, for he was on his oath.

"Thet's so; no more you did. Two private cars, then, one named fer you an' one fer her; an' two hundred dollars a month pocket-money, all knocked into the scuppers fer not workin' fer ten an' a ha'af a month! It's the top haul o' the season." He exploded with noiseless chuckles.

"Then I was right?" said Harvey, who thought he had found a sympathizer.

"You was wrong; the wrongest kind o' wrong! You take right hold an' pitch in 'longside o' me, or you'll catch it, an' I'll catch it fer backin' you up. Dad always gives me double helps 'cause I'm his son, an' he hates favorin' folk. Guess you're kinder mad at dad. I've been that way

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time an' again. But dad's a mighty jest man; all the fleet says so."

"Looks like justice, this, doesn't it?" Harvey pointed to his outraged nose.

"Thet's nothin'. Lets the shore blood outer you. Dad did it for yer health. Say, though, I can't have dealin's with a man that thinks me or dad or anyone on the 'We're Here' 's a thief. We ain't any common wharf-end crowd by any manner o' means. We're fishermen, an' we've shipped together for six years an' more. Don't you make any mistake on *that!* I told ye dad don't let me swear. He calls 'em vain oaths, and pounds me; but ef I could say what you said about your pap an' his fixin's, I'd say that about your dollars. I dunno what was in your pockets when I dried your kit, fer I didn't look to see; but I'd say, using the very same words ez you used jest now, neither me nor dad—an' we was the only two that teched you after you was brought aboard—knows anythin' about the money. Thet's *my* say. Naow?"

The blood-letting had certainly cleared Harvey's brain, and maybe the loneliness of the sea had something to do with it. "That's all right," he said. Then he looked down confusedly. "Seems to me that for a fellow just saved from drowning I haven't been over and above grateful, Dan."

"Well, you was shook up and silly," said Dan. "Anyway, there was only dad an' me aboard to see it. The cook he don't count."

"I might have thought about losing the bills that way," Harvey said half to himself, "instead of calling everybody in sight a thief. Where's your father?"

"In the cabin. What d' you want o' him again?"

"You'll see," said Harvey, and he stepped, rather groggily, for his head was still singing, to the cabin steps, where the little ship's clock hung in plain sight of the wheel. Troop was busy in the chocolate and yellow painted cabin with a note-book and an enormous black pencil, which he sucked hard from time to time.

"I haven't acted quite right," said Harvey, surprised at his own meekness.

"What's wrong naow?" said the skipper. "Walked into Dan, hev ye?"

"No; it's about you."

"I'm here to listen."

"Well I—I'm here to take things back," said Harvey, very quickly. "When a man's saved from drowning—" he gulped.

"Ey? You'll make a man yet ef you go on this way."

"He oughtn't begin by calling people names."

"Jest an' right—right an' jest," said Troop, with the ghost of a dry smile.

"So I'm here to say I'm sorry." Another big gulp.

Troop heaved himself slowly off the locker he was sitting on and held out an eleven-inch hand. "I mistrusted 'twould do you sights o' good; an' this shows I weren't mistook in my judgments." A smothered chuckle on deck caught his ear. "I am very seldom mistook in my judgments." The eleven-inch hand closed on Harvey's, numbing it to the elbow. "We'll put a little more gristle to that 'fore we've done with you, young feller; an' I don't think any worse of ye fer anythin' thet's gone by. You wasn't rightly responsible. Go right abaout your business an' you won't take no hurt."

"You're white," said Dan, as Harvey regained the deck.

"I don't feel it," said he.

"I didn't mean that way. I heard what dad said. When dad allows he don't think the worse of any man, dad's give himself away. He hates to be mistook in his judgments too. Ho! ho! Onst dad *has* a judgment, he'd sooner dip his colours to the Bridish than change it. I'm glad it's settled right eend up. Dad's right when he says he can't take you back. It's all the livin' we make here—fishin'. The men'll be back like sharks after a dead whale in ha'af an hour."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"Supper, o' course. Don't your stummick tell you? You've a heap to learn."

"Guess I have," said Harvey, dolefully, looking at the tangle of ropes and blocks overhead.

"She's a daisy," said Dan, enthusiastically, misunderstanding the look. "Wait till our mainsail's bent, an' she walks home with all her salt wet. There's some work first, though." He pointed down into the darkness of the open main-hatch between the two masts.

"What's that for? It's all empty," said Harvey.

"You an' me an' a few more hev got to fill it," said Dan. "That's where the fish goes."

"Alive?" said Harvey.

"Well, no. They're so's to be ruther dead an' flat an' salt. There's a hundred hogshead o' salt in the bins; an' we hain't more'n covered our dunnage to now."

"Where are the fish, though?"

"In the sea they say; in the boats we pray," said Dan, quoting a fisherman's prov-

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erb. "You come in last night with 'baout forty of 'em."

He pointed to a sort of wooden pen just in front of the quarter-deck.

"You an' me we'll sluice that out when they're through. 'Send we'll hev full pens to-night! I've seen her down ha'af a foot with fish waitin' to clean, an' we stood to the tables till we was splittin ourselves instid o' them we was so sleepy. Yes, they're comin' in naow." Dan looked over the low bulwarks at half a dozen dories rowing towards them over the shining, silky sea.

"I've never seen the sea from so low down," said Harvey. "It's fine."

The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows. Each schooner in sight seemed to be pulling her dories towards her by invisible strings, and the little black figures in the tiny boats pulled like clockwork toys.

"They've struck on good," said Dan, between his half-shut eyes. "Manuel hain't room fer another fish. Low ez a lily-pad in still water; ain't he?"

"Which is Manuel? I don't see how you can tell 'em 'way off, as you do."

"Last boat to the south'ard. He f'und you last night," said Dan, pointing. "Manuel rows Portugoosey; ye can't mistake him. East o' him—*he's* a heap better'n he rows—is Pennsylvania. Loaded with saleratus by the looks of him. East o' him—see how pretty they string out all along—with the humpy shoulders—is Long Jack. He's a Galway man inhabitin' South Boston, where they all live mostly, an' mostly them Galway men are good in a boat. North, away yonder—you'll hear him tune up in a minute—is Tom Platt. Man-o'-war's man he was on the old "Ohio"—first of our navy, he says, to go araound the Horn. He never talks of much else, 'cept when he sings, but he has fair fishin' luck. There! What did I tell you?"

A melodious bellow stole across the water from the northern dory. Harvey heard something about somebody's hands and feet being cold, and then:

"Bring forth the chart, the doleful chart,
See where them mountings meet!
The clouds are thick around their heads,
The mists around their feet."

"Full boat," said Dan, with a chuckle. "If he gives us 'O Captain' it's toppin' full, sure enough."

The bellow continued:

"And naow to thee, O Capting,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they shall never bury me
In church or cloister gray."

"Double game for Tom Platt. He'll tell you all about the old 'Ohio' to-morrow. See that blue dory behind him? He's my uncle—dad's own brother—an' ef there's any bad luck loose on the Banks she'll fetch up agin Uncle Salters, sure. Look how tender he's rowin'. I'll lay my wage and share he's the only man stung up to-day—an' he's stung up good."

"What'll sting him?" said Harvey, getting interested.

"Strawberries mostly. Punkins sometimes, an' sometimes lemons an' cucumbers. Yes, he's stung up from his elbows down. That man's luck's perfectly paralyzin'. Naow we'll take a holt o' the tackles an' hist 'em in. Is it true what you told me jest now, that you never done a hand's turn o' work in all your born life? Must feel kinder awful, don't it?"

"I'm going to try to work anyway," Harvey replied, stoutly. "Only it's all dead new."

"Lay a holt o' that tackle, then. Behind ye!"

Harvey grabbed at a rope and long iron hook dangling from one of the stays of the mainmast, while Dan pulled down another that ran from something he called a "topping lift," as Manuel drew alongside in his loaded dory. The Portuguese smiled a brilliant smile that Harvey learned to know well later, and with a short-handled fork began to throw fish into the pen on deck. "Two hundred and thirty-one," he shouted.

"Now give him the hook," said Dan, an' Harvey ran it into Manuel's hands. He slipped it through a loop of rope at the dory's bow, caught Dan's tackle, hooked it to the stern-becket, and clambered into the schooner.

"Pull!" shouted Dan, and Harvey pulled, astonished to find how easily the dory rose.

"Hold on, she don't nest in the crosstrees!" Dan laughed; and Harvey held on, for the boat lay in the air above his head.

"Lower away," Dan shouted, and as Harvey lowered, Dan swayed the light boat with one hand till it landed softly just behind the mainmast. "They don't weigh nothin' empty. Thet was right smart fer a —— passenger. There's more trick to it in a sea way."

"Ah ha!" said Manuel, holding out a brown hand. "You are some pretty well

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"'EXCUSE!' CRIED HARVEY. 'D'YOU SUPPOSE I'D FALL OVERBOARD INTO YOUR DIRTY LITTLE BOAT FOR FUN?"

now? This time last night the fish they fish for you. Now you fish for fish. Eh, wha-at?"

"I'm—I'm ever so grateful," Harvey stammered, and his unfortunate hand stole to his pocket once more, but he remembered that he had no money to offer. When he knew Manuel better the mere thought of the mistake he might have made would cover him with hot uneasy blushes in his bunk.

"There is no to be thankful for to *me!*" said Manuel. "How shall I leave you dreeft, dreeft all around the Banks? Now you are a fisherman—eh, wha-at? Ouh! Auh!" He bent backwards and forwards stiffly from the hips to get the kinks out of himself.

"I have not cleaned boat to-day. Too busy. They struck on queek. Danny, my son, clean for me."

Harvey moved forward at once. Here was something he could do for the man who had saved his life.

Dan threw him a swab, and he leaned over the dory, mopping up the slime, clumsily, but with great good will. "Hike out them foot-boards; they slide in them grooves," said Dan. "Swab 'em an' lay 'em down. Never let a foot-board jam. Ye may want her bad some day. Here's Long Jack."

A stream of glittering fish flew into the pen from a dory alongside.

"Manuel, you take the tackle. I'll fix the tables. Harvey, clear Manuel's boat. Long Jack's nestin' on the top of her."

Harvey looked up from his swabbing at the bottom of another dory just above his head.

"Jest like the Injian puzzle-boxes, ain't they?" said Dan, as the one boat dropped into the other.

"Takes to ut like a duck to water," said Long Jack, a grizzly-chinned, long-lipped

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Galway man, bending to and fro exactly as Manuel had done. Disko in the cabin growled up the hatchway, and they could hear him suck his pencil.

"Wan hunder an' forty-nine an' a half—bad luck to ye, Discobolus," said Long Jack. "I'm murderin' meself to fill your pockuts. Slate ut for a bad catch. The Portugee has bate me."

Whack came another dory alongside, and more fish shot into the pen.

"Two hundred and three. Let's look at the passenger!" The speaker was even larger than the Galway man, and his face was made curious by a purple cut running slantways from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

Not knowing what else to do, Harvey swabbed each dory as it came down, pulled out the foot-boards, and laid them in the bottom of the boat.

"He's caught on good," said the scarred man, who was Tom Platt, watching him critically. "There are two ways o' doin' everything. One's fisher-fashion—any end first an' a slippery hitch over all—an' the other's—"

"What we did on the 'Ohio'!" Dan interrupted, brushing into the knot of men with a long board on legs. "Git out o' here, Tom Platt, an' leave me fix the tables."

He jammed one end of the board into two nicks in the bulwarks, kicked out the leg, and ducked just in time to avoid a swinging blow from the man-o' war's man.

"An' they did that on the 'Ohio,' too, Danny. See?" said Tom Platt, laughing.

"Guess they was swivel-eyed, then, fer it didn't git home, and I know who'll find his boots on the main-truck ef he don't leave us alone. Haul ahead! I'm busy, can't ye see?"

"Danny, ye lie on the cable an' sleep all day," said Long Jack. "You're the hoight av impidence, an' I'm persuaded ye'll corrupt our supercargo in a week."

"His name's Harvey," said Dan, waving two strangely shaped knives, "an' he'll be worth five of any Sou' Boston clam-digger 'fore long." He laid the knives tastefully on the table, cocked his head on one side, and admired the effect.

"*I* think it's forty-two," said a small voice overside, and there was a roar of laughter as another voice answered, "Then my luck's turned fer onct, 'caze I'm forty-five, though I be stung outer all shape."

"Forty-two *or* forty-five. I've lost count," the small voice said.

"It's 'Penn' an' Uncle Salters caountin' catch. This beats the circus any day," said Dan. "Jest look at 'em!"

"Come in—come in!" roared Long Jack. "It's wet out yondher, children."

"Forty-two, ye said." This was Uncle Salters.

"I'll count again, then," the voice replied meekly.

The two dories swung together and bunted into the schooner's side.

"Patience o' Jerusalem!" snapped Uncle Salters, backing water with a splash. "What possest a farmer like you to set foot in a boat beats me. You've nigh stove me all up."

"I am sorry, Mr. Salters. I came to sea on account of nervous dyspepsia. You advised me, I think." The men looked down with deep enjoyment on the skirmish.

"You an' your nervis dyspepsy be drowned in the Whale-hole," roared Uncle Salters, a fat and tubly little man. "You're comin' down on me agin. *Did* ye say forty-two or forty-five?"

"I've forgotten, Mr. Salters. Let's count."

"Don't see as it *could* be forty-five. *I*'m forty-five," said Uncle Salters. "You count keerful, Penn."

Disko Troop came out of the cabin. "Salters, you pitch your fish in naow at once," he said in the tone of authority.

"Don't spile the catch, dad," Dan murmured. "Them two are on'y jest beginnin.'"

"Mother av delight! He's forkin' them wan by wan," howled Long Jack, as Uncle Salters got to work laboriously; the little man in the other dory counting a line of notches on the gunwale.

"That was last week's catch," he said, looking up plaintively, his forefinger where he had left off.

Manuel nudged Dan, who darted to the aftertackle, and leaning far overside slipped the hook into the stern rope as Manuel made her fast forward. The others pulled gallantly and swung the boat in—man, fish, and all.

"One, two, four—nine," said Tom Platt, counting with a practised eye. "Forty-seven. Penn, you're it!" Dan let the aftertackle run and slid him out of the stern on to the deck amid a torrent of his own fish.

"Hold on," roared Uncle Salters, bobbing by the waist. "Hold on, I'm a bit mixed in my caount."

He had no time to protest, but was hove inboard and treated like "Pennsylvania."

"Forty-one," said Tom Platt. "Beat by a farmer, Salters. An' you sech a sailor, too!"

"'Twern't fair caount," said he, stumbling

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out of the pen; "an' I'm stung up all to pieces."

His thick hands were puffy and mottled purply white.

"Some folks will find strawberry-bottom," said Dan, addressing the newly-risen moon, "ef they hev to dive fer it, seems to me."

"An' others," said Uncle Salters, "eats the fat o' the land in sloth an' mocks their own blood-kin."

"Seat ye! Seat ye!" a voice Harvey had not heard called from the foc'sle. Disko Troop, Tom Platt, "Long" Jack, and Salters went forward on the word. Little Penn bent above his square deep-sea reel, which was in tangled confusion. Manuel lay down full length on the deck; and Dan dropped into the hold, where Harvey heard him banging with a hammer.

"Salt," he said, returning. "Soon as we're through we git to dressing down. You'll pitch to dad. Tom Platt an' dad they stow together, an' you'll hear 'em arguin'. We're second ha'af, you an' me an' Manuel an' Penn—the youth an' beauty o' the boat."

"What's the good of that?" said Harvey. "I'm hungry."

"They'll be through in a minute. Snff! She smells good to-night. Dad ships a good cook ef he *do* suffer with his brother. It's a full catch to-day, ain't it?" He pointed at the pens piled high with cod. "What water did ye hev, Manuel?"

"Twenty-fife father," said the Portuguese sleepily. "They strike on good an' queek. Some day I show you, Harvey."

The moon was beginning to walk on the still sea before the elder men came aft. The cook had no need to cry "second half." Dan and Manuel were down the hatch and at table ere Tom Platt, last and most deliberate of the elders, had finished wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Harvey followed Penn, and sat down before a tin pan of cod's tongues and sounds, mixed with scraps of pork and fried potato, a loaf of hot bread, and some black and powerful coffee. Hungry as they were, they waited while "Pennsylvania" solemnly asked a blessing. Then they stoked in silence till Dan drew breath over his tin cup and demanded of Harvey how he felt.

"Most full, but there's just room for another piece."

The cook was a huge, jet-black negro, and, unlike all the negroes Harvey had met, did not talk, contenting himself with smiles and dumb-show invitations to eat more.

"See, Harvey," said Dan, rapping with his fork on the table, "it's jest as I said. The young an' handsome men—like me an' Pennsy an' you an' Manuel—we're second ha'af, an' we eats when the first ha'af are through. They're the old fish; and they're mean an' humpy, an' their stummicks has to be humored; so they come first, which they don't deserve. Ain't that so, doctor?"

The cook nodded.

"Can't he talk?" said Harvey in a whisper.

"Nuff to git along. Not much o' anything we know. His natural tongue's kinder curious. Comes from the innards of Cape Breton, he does, where the farmers speak home-made Scotch. Cape Breton's full o' niggers whose folk run in there durin' aour war, an' they talk like the farmers—all huffy-chuffy."

"That is not Scotch," said "Pennsylvania." "That is Gaelic. So I read in a book."

"Penn reads a heap. Most of what he says is so—'cep' when it comes to a caount o' fish—eh?"

"Does your father just let them *say* how many they've caught without checking them?" said Harvey.

"Why, yes. Where's the sense of a man lyin' fer a few old cod?"

"Was a man once lied for his catch," Manuel put in. "Lied every day. Fife, ten, twenty-fife more fish than come he say there was."

"Where was that?" said Dan. "None o' aour folk."

"Frenchman of Anguille."

"Ah! Them West Shore Frenchmen don't count anyway. Stands to reason they can't count. Ef you run acrost any of their soft hooks, Harvey, you'll know why," said Dan, with an awful contempt.

> "Always more and never less,
> Every time we come to dress,"

Long Jack roared down the hatch, and the "second ha'af" scrambled up at once.

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramplings and rumblings where Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt water lay at his feet.

"You pitch to dad an' Tom Platt down the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't

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cut yer eye out," said Dan, swinging down. "I'll pass salt below."

Penn and Manuel were knee deep in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, a basket at his feet, and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the tub.

"Hi!" shouted Manuel, stooping to the fish, and bringing one up with a finger under its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it on the edge of the pen; the knife-blade glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on either side of the neck, dropped at Long Jack's feet.

"Hi!" said Long Jack, with a scoop of his mittened hand. The cod's liver dropped in the basket. Another wrench and scoop sent the head and offals flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulwarks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and open, splashed in the tub, sending the salt water into Harvey's astonished mouth. After the first yell, the men were silent. The cod moved along as though they were alive, and long ere Harvey had ceased wondering at the miraculous dexterity of it all, his tub was full.

"Pitch!" grunted Uncle Salters, without turning his head, and Harvey pitched the fish by twos and threes down the hatch.

"Hi! Pitch' em bunchy," shouted Dan. "Don't splatter! Uncle Salters is the best splitter in the fleet. Watch him mind his book!"

Indeed, it looked a little as though the round uncle were cutting magazine pages against time. Manuel's body, cramped over from the hips, stayed like a statue; but his long arms grabbed the fish without ceasing. Little Penn toiled valiantly, but it was easy to see he was weak. Once or twice Manuel found time to help him without breaking the chain of supplies, and once Manuel howled because he had caught his finger in a Frenchman's hook. These hooks are made of soft metal, and are rebent after use; but the cod very often get away with them to be hooked again elsewhere; and that is one of the many reasons the Gloucester boats despise the Frenchmen.

Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone—a steady undertune to the "click-nick" of the knives in the pen, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, dropped liver and flying offal; the "caraaah" of Uncle Salters's knife scooping away backbones, and the flap of wet, opened bodies falling into the tub.

At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest; for fresh, wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached with the steady pitching. But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly.

"Knife oh!" shouted Uncle Salters at last. Penn doubled up, grasping among the fish, Manuel bowed up and down to supple himself, and Long Jack leaned over the bulwarks. The cook appeared, noiseless as a black shadow, gathered up a mass of backbones and heads, and retreated.

"Blood-ends for breakfast an' head-chowder," said Long Jack, smacking his lips.

"Knife oh!" repeated Uncle Salters, waving the flat, curved splitter's weapon.

"Look by your foot," cried Dan below.

Harvey saw half a dozen knives stuck in a cleat in the hatch combing. He dealt these round, taking over the dulled ones.

"Water!" said Disko Troop.

"Scuttle-butt's forward an' the dipper alongside. Hurry, Harve," said Dan.

He was back in a minute with a big dipperful of stale brown water which tasted like nectar, and loosed the jaws of Disko and Tom Platt.

"These are cod," said Disko. "They ain't Damarskus figs, Tom Platt, nor yet silver bars. I've told you that every single time sence we've sailed together."

"A matter o' seven seasons," returned Tom Platt coolly. "Good stowin's good stowin' all the same, an' there's a right an' a wrong way o' stowin' ballast even. If you'd ever seen four hundred ton o' iron set into the—"

"Hi!" With the yell from Manuel the work began again, and never stopped till the pen was empty. The instant the last fish was down, Disko Troop rolled aft to the cabin with his brother. Manuel and Long Jack went forward. Tom Platt only waited long enough to slide home the hatch ere he too disappeared. In half a minute Harvey heard deep snores in the cabin, and he was staring blankly at Dan and "Pennsylvania."

"I did a little better that time, Danny," said Penn, whose eyelids were heavy with sleep. "But I think it is my duty to help clean."

"Wouldn't hev your conscience fer a thousand quintal," said Dan. "Turn in, Penn. You've no call to do boy's work. Draw a bucket, Harvey. Oh, Penn, dump

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these in the gurry-butt 'fore you sleep. Kin you keep awake that long?"

Penn took up the heavy basket of livers, emptied them into a cask with a hinged top lashed by the foc'sle; then he too dropped out of sight in the cabin.

"Boys clean up after dressin' down, an' first watch in ca'am weather is boy's watch on the 'We're Here.'" Dan sluiced the pen energetically, unshipped the table, set it up to dry in the moonlight, ran the red knife-blades through a wad of oakum, and began to sharpen them on a tiny grindstone, as Harvey threw offal and backbones overboard under his directions.

At the first splash a silvery-white ghost rose bolt upright from the oily water and sighed a weird whistling sigh. Harvey started back with a yell, but Dan only laughed. "Grampus," said he. "Beggin' fer fish-heads. They up-eend thet way when they're hungry. Breath on him like the doleful tombs, hain't he?" A horrible stench of decayed fish filled the air as the pillar of white sank, and the water bubbled oilily. "Hain't ye never seen a grampus up-eend before? You'll see 'em by hundreds 'fore ye're through. Say, it's good to hev a boy aboard again. Otto was too old, an' a Dutchy at that. Him an' me we fought consid'ble. Wouldn't ha keered fer thet ef he'd hed a Christian tongue in his head. Sleepy?"

"Dead sleepy," said Harvey, nodding forward.

"Mustn't sleep on watch. Git up an' see ef our anchor-light's bright an' shinin'. You're on watch now, Harve."

"Pshaw! What's to hurt us? Bright's day. Sn—orrr!"

"Jest when things happen, dad says. Fine weather's good sleepin', an' 'fore you know mebbe you're cut in two by a liner, an' seventeen brass-bound officers, all gen'elmen, lift their hand to it that your lights was aout an' there was a thick fog. Harve, I've kinder took to you, but ef you nod onct more I'll lay inter you with a rope's end."

The moon, who sees many strange things on the Banks, looked down on a slim youth in knickerbockers and a red jersey, staggering around the cluttered decks of a seventy-ton schooner, while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked, after the manner of an executioner, a boy who yawned and nodded between the blows he dealt.

The lashed wheel groaned and kicked softly, the riding-sail slatted a little in the shifts of the light wind, the windlass creaked, and the miserable procession continued. Harvey expostulated, threatened, whimpered, and at last wept outright, while Dan, the words clotting on his tongue, spoke of the beauty of watchfulness and slashed away with the rope's end, punishing the dories as often as he hit Harvey. At last the clock in the cabin struck ten, and upon the tenth stroke little Penn crept on deck. He found two boys in two tumbled heaps side by side on the main hatch, so deeply asleep that he actually rolled them to their berths.

*(To be continued.)*

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LOVE IN IDLENESS. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

# ALMA-TADEMA AND HIS HOME AND PICTURES.

By Ethel Mackenzie McKenna.

THE house inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema is situated in St. John's Wood, a locality much patronized by artists, most of whom, while desirous of living in London and of being in the centre of the life of the great metropolis, yet are anxious to get as far away as possible from the dust and smoke of the city. It is more like an enchanted palace than a London house, and but for the neat, white-aproned, essentially prosaic parlor-maid, you feel as if you had stepped into fairy-land as the garden door closes behind you. The glass-covered pathway stretches in a curve towards the house, either side banked with brilliant colored flowers, while the floor is paved with specially designed tiles which form the letters L. A. T. quaintly intertwined. The iron supports of the glass roof also bear the name of the master of the place. As the path sweeps round to the front door, the bank of flowers breaks on the right hand and discloses a marble basin, into which a fountain splashes and plays. Above the door, which is bordered with some fine bronze work, is the friendly greeting *Salve*, here more than a mere formality. And as the portals fly open in response to a resounding knock from the wonderful bronze knocker, the eye is dazzled by a flight of gleaming steps of exquisitely polished brass, which rise to the studio door. On the door hangs a superb brass shield, a gift from the sculptor George Simmonds, who executed it especially for his friend. This entrance to the artist's sanctum, however, is not the one that is ordinarily used.

Turning to the left from the entrance hall we are in a huge, domed conservatory, with palms rising high above the head and ferns and exotics growing luxuriantly on every side. Beyond is another hall, where, from the mantel, the words of Richard II., "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends," speak a cheering welcome. This hall is one of the features of the house, if a house where everything is a work of art can be said to have any special features. It is panelled some five feet high with white enamelled wood, and each narrow panel bears a signed painting by some celebrated artist. The subjects are widely diversified: one artist has chosen a corner of the house itself for his picture; another contributes an exquisite nude figure; a third shows a glimpse of tempest-tossed sea, in striking contrast to which are a calm, peaceful landscape and a branch of delicately tinted apple-blossoms. The owner himself has added a ribbon-like

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LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph taken for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by Fradelle and Young, London.

frieze of the flowers he loves so well, aglow with life and color, which gives a perfect finish to the hall. In one corner is a little niche filled with flowers and curios, which show particularly well against a background of exquisitely painted tiles, a bit of Mrs. Tadema's work. The floor is paved with tiles designed by Mr. Tadema and expressly made in Naples.

A wide staircase leads upwards to the chief studio, the balustrade hung with gorgeous embroideries from Japan. Under an arched doorway is the entrance to Mrs. Tadema's studio, the subdued tones of which are in striking contrast to the greater part of the house. Mrs. Tadema's devotion to everything Dutch is a compliment to her husband, and here, in her own studio, she is surrounded by the quaint old Dutch objects that she loves to paint. The high windows, with their leaded panes of white and faintly-tinted, old stained glass, occupy nearly the whole of one side of the room, while the wide open fireplace takes up another. The greater part of the room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling was beautifully arranged, under Mr. Tadema's directions, to utilize some very fine old Dutch carving.

The entrance from the hall is through a screen of carved oak arches. Another door in the panels leads, through a passage lined with old Delft tiles whereon is depicted a Dutch canal scene, to the library, while a diminutive oaken staircase rises to the cosiest of anterooms, almost entirely filled by a huge, carved, four-post bedstead. Here Mrs. Tadema rests when she is tired; and certainly nothing could be more inviting than the pile of huge bro-

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MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

cade cushions heaped on the coverlet of antique embroidery, with a beautiful old curtain to shield the light from weary eyes. Here, too, are the Dutch cradle and the old press which have figured in many of Mrs. Tadema's paintings, while a curious brass basin and tap replace the conventional wash-hand stand.

The studio itself is filled with blue china and curios of every description, while the cosey old chairs are upholstered in embroideries and brocades whose colors are softened and subdued by age. A wonderful bird-cage hangs from the ceiling, brass bowls stand on the chimney-piece, things of interest and beauty catch the eye on every side, and Mr. and Mrs. Tadema are fain to pardon those who stare open-eyed at all these treasures.

Passing through the library we come to the dining-room, a long room one side of which is panelled with oak and has a fitted oaken sideboard. The walls are hung with golden paper, and the chief pictures are Mr. Tadema's own portraits of his wife and youngest daughter. The dining-table, like

MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

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MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN. THE SAME ENTRANCE IS SHOWN AS IN THE PICTURE JUST PRECEDING.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

everything else in the room, is of original design, is long and very narrow, and affords no place for elaborate table decorations. The window looks into the garden, and even here the genius of the owner has been at work, and has transformed the commonplace "plot" of the neighboring places to a really effective scene. A series of pillars and arches in graceful iron work border one side and the end of the lawn, flowering creepers climbing lovingly from one to another, while on the third side are spreading trees, from the branches of which a hammock hangs invitingly. At the end is also a pool of water, with a fountain, surrounded by a deep band of brilliant yellow flowers.

From the side of the dining-room another flight of brass steps leads once more to the great studio, but it is broken by a little atrium decorated in the Pompeian style. There are long lounges, and bookshelves laden with interesting volumes bound in the most original way. Some of these volumes are priceless collections of notes and manuscripts, many of them are very old, all of them are of great interest. Opposite the bookshelves is a long, high desk, whereat Mr. Tadema stands and personally indites all his correspondence. In a corner is a marble basin lit by a skylight, and it was here that the artist contrived to see the shower of roses for his "Heliogabalus" picture, by having them

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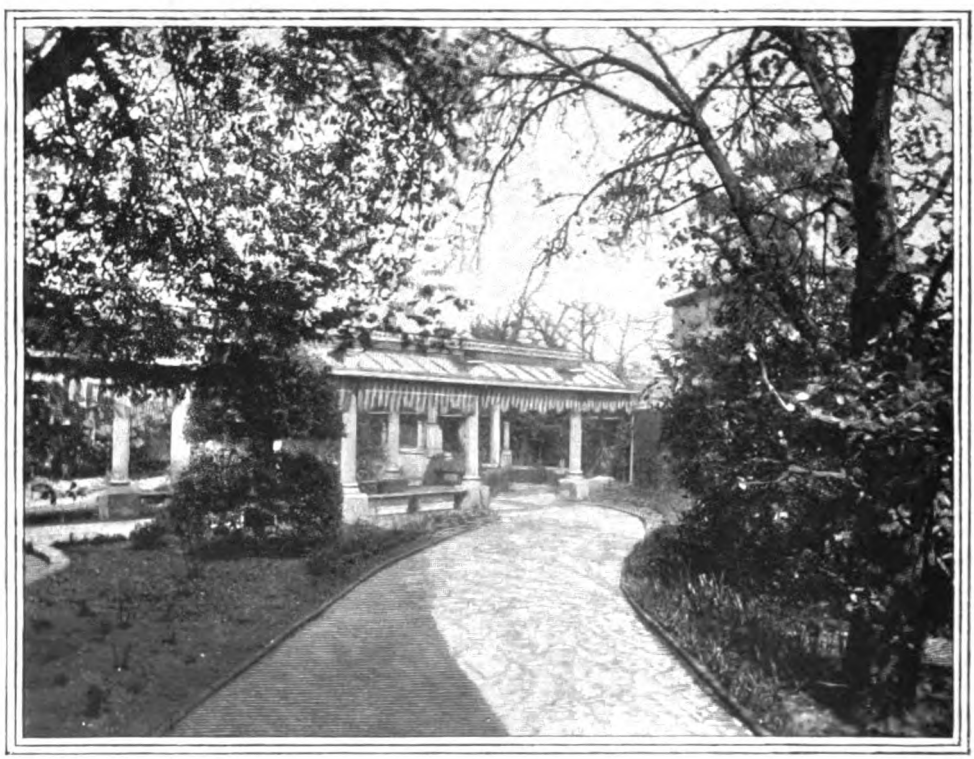
thrown from above to the marble floor. As if in memory of that perfumed rain dried rose-leaves still lie scattered on the edge of the basin, faintly scenting the air. An alcoved recess leads to the gallery of the studio, while mounting the brass steps at the farther corner you pass into the great studio.

Of all rooms in the house this is, of course, the one most stamped with the individuality of the artist as he reveals it to the public in his work. He himself speaks of his house as a series of backgrounds to his pictures, and it is naturally in his studio especially that he has provided himself with suitable surroundings. The room has more than one entrance, but only one small door is visible; the others are merely panels, which are usually concealed by the wall into which they slide, rich curtains breaking the outline of the opening. The great domed roof is overlaid with silver; the floor is exquisitely inlaid with parquet designed by Mr. Tadema. Facing the great window, with its clear north light, is the apse, surmounted by the inscription, *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*. It is lined with cushioned seats and hung with gorgeous old red velvet embroidery which once decorated the palace of some Venetian noble. The delicate coloring has faded from a portion of the work, and one would suppose that it is the oldest piece of all; but it is not so. Not having enough of the drapery for his purpose, Mr. Tadema had the design copied and materials dyed to match the antique. But while the old dyes have withstood the light for many a score of years, the new have already lost their brilliant hues.

Two brass steps lead to another recess, over which there is a wonderful window where the light filters dimly through Mexican onyx and delicately veined, transparent marble. Here stands the piano, a marvel of satinwood inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and silver. The inside of the lid is lined with vellum, and thereon are inscribed the autographs of all the famous musicians, and their name is legion, who have played on, or been accompanied by, the piano.

The walls of the studio are lined with beautiful woods and matchless marbles, while the gallery which runs along one side is ornamented with classic scenes in



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

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PORTRAIT OF ALMA-TADEMA'S DAUGHTER, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

bronze. Here and there quaint little legends are introduced into the decoration, such as "As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life." A little anteroom is devoted to paints and brushes, and the great easel stands on the polished floor, facing the wide window. The room is full of treasures, but to do justice to all it contains I should need a pen as brilliant as the paintbrush of the owner.

Laurens Alma-Tadema was born at Dronryp, in Holland, on January 8, 1836. His father died when he was barely four years old, and his childhood was one of many deprivations and but simple pleasures. His mother, to whom he was very deeply attached, was a woman of strong character, and when she was left with a family of small children, only the two youngest of whom were her own, and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, she bore herself with energy and courage. Laurens was the darling of her heart, but she refused to allow herself to be convinced of his genius, fearing, no doubt, the glamour of her partiality. Circumstances had made her extremely practical, and she would not listen

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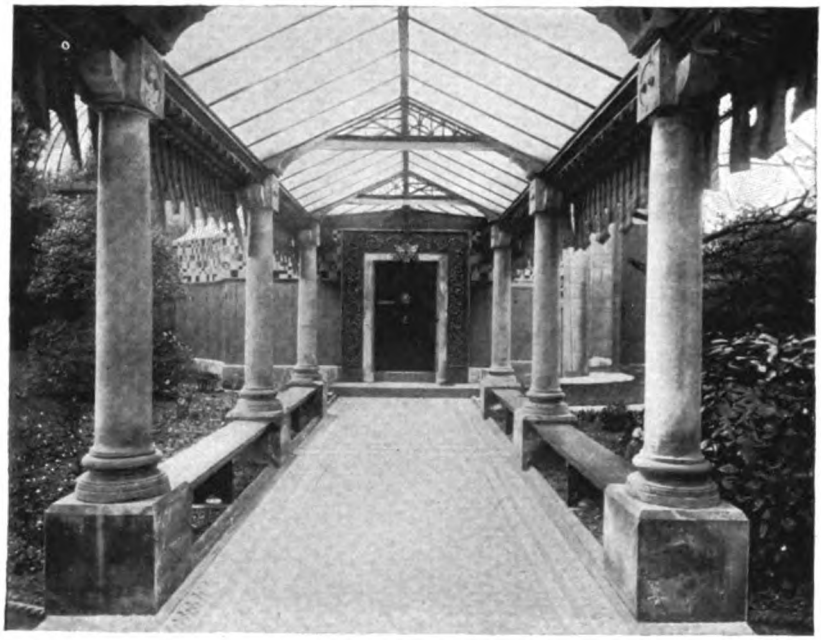
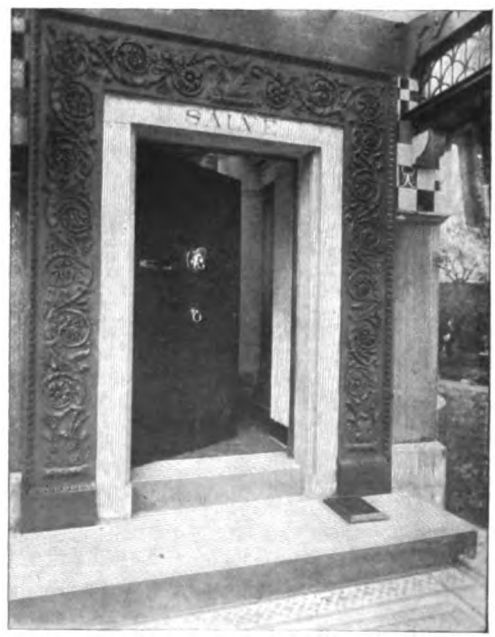


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

to the prayers of her son that he might study art. It was decided that he should be made a lawyer, and he did his utmost to submit cheerfully to the career which maternal love had marked out for him, although every moment he could steal from work was devoted to drawing and sketching, and his tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of his passion for art.

Tadema was educated at the public school at Leeuwarden, but the routine of his work there was intensely irksome to him, and among all his studies the only one that appealed to him was Roman history. He induced his mother to wake him at daybreak every morning — by means of jerking a string fastened to his big toe—and worked at his drawing with untiring energy till it was time for school. In 1856, when he was only fifteen, without having ever received proper tuition, he sent a portrait of his sister to one of the Dutch galleries, which was duly accepted and hung. But the struggle between the inborn passion of the lad and the desire to do what he regarded as his duty to his mother was more than his health could bear. His strength gave way completely, and the doctors who attended him gave it as their verdict that his days were numbered. Anxious that his few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, his mother's resolution at last gave way, and young Tadema was given his heart's desire. The fierce struggle was over, and under the new conditions he soon regained his health; for though the future still held many difficulties, they



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

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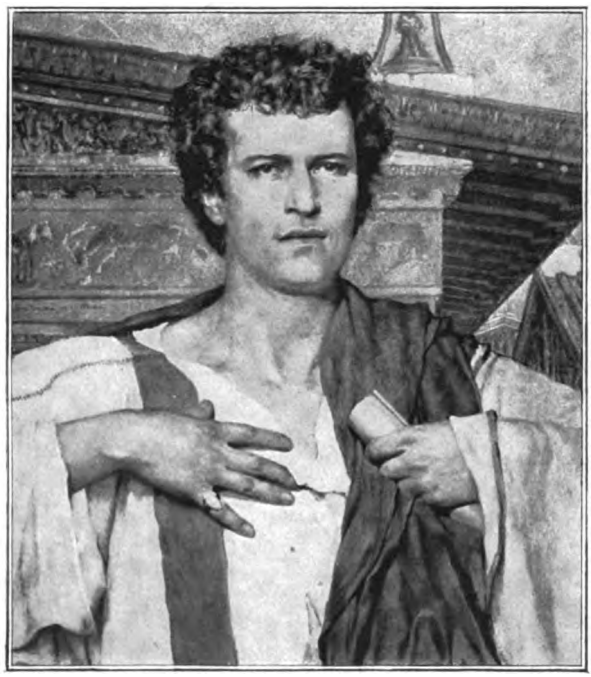
melted before the invincible determination of the young genius. But Holland was not to have the glory of training her brilliant son, for, strange as it is to tell, the student failed to obtain admission into the Dutch schools, and he decided to go to Antwerp, where he entered the Art Academy and studied under Wappers. He labored without ceasing to make up for the time he had lost, but none of his work of this time remains, for he destroyed everything that he felt did not attain to the standard of excellence he had raised for himself.

After leaving the art school, the young artist entered the studio of the great historical painter of Belgium, Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on Tadema's work. While yet but twenty-three years of age, he assisted Leys in painting the frescoes of the Antwerp Guildhall.

About this time Tadema's mother and sister gave up their home in Leeuwarden to join the young painter at Antwerp. But the happiness of having the mother he idolized near him was only to endure for a short time; four years later she passed away. It was then that Mr. Tadema married. His wife, a French lady, died in 1869, leaving two daughters. At her death Mr. Tadema went to England with his children and took up his residence in London, becoming a naturalized British subject a few years later. In 1871 he married Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose striking features and wonderful red gold hair we have admired in so many of Tadema's pictures, and whose clever painting would have made the name of Tadema well known, even if it had not been illumined by the genius of her distinguished husband. In 1876, when Mr. Tadema was spending the winter in Rome, studying antique art and architecture with an energy characteristic of him, he received the news of his election to the associateship of the Royal Academy. This was followed in 1883 by the title of Royal Academician. He is represented in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House by "The Way to the Temple," but it is by no means one of the finest specimens of his work. Recognitions of Mr. Tadema's greatness have come to him from every part of the world, and there is scarcely a country that has not bestowed honors upon him.



THE ACTOR BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

Mr. Tadema is one of the neatest of men; his studio is always the picture of order; no spot of paint has ever fallen upon the parquet; never does a paintbrush lie neglected upon the floor, and his brushes are like new in their absolute cleanliness. So particular is he on this point that even his artist daughter is scarcely to be trusted with the labor of cleaning them. "*Père* always says I make the handles greasy," she laughingly tells you; "he can't bear any one to wash them but himself."

Mr. Tadema's work is always fraught with sadness to his friends, for each of his pictures is the grave of many others. He never makes sketches, and could we but peel the paint in layers off each completed painting, we should find many a change of scene. The procession of springtime, in one of his later works, once moved under a wonderful domed ceiling. But it did not satisfy the artist, who had a feeling for the blue sky, and the ceiling was painted out, to the bitter chagrin of many friends.

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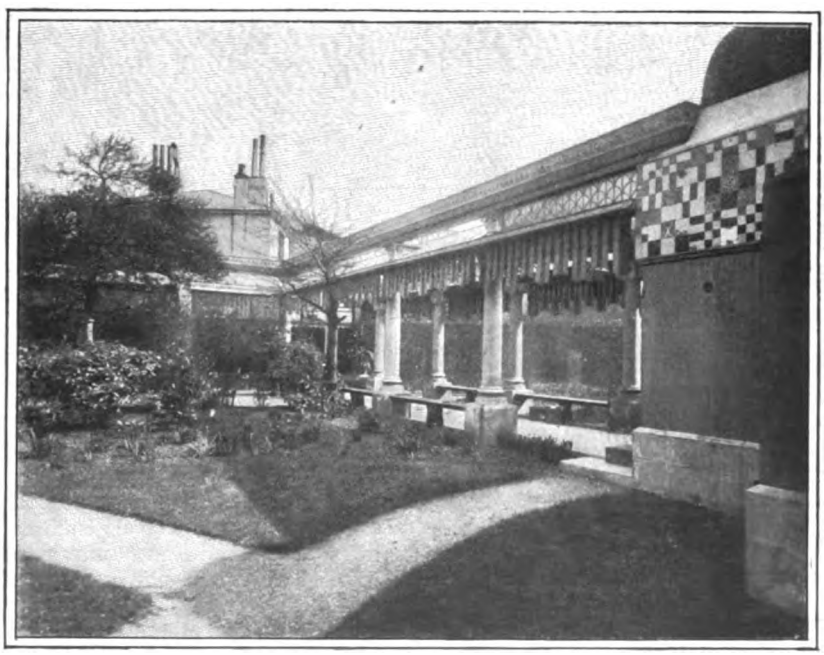
VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S GARDEN.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

Nor would they cease their lamentations at the destruction of this exquisite piece of work till Mr. Tadema promised that they should see it again, and it was to this promise that the painting "Unconscious Rivals" owes its origin. The ceiling was painted once more, and the two girls were inserted as a subject.

Mr. Tadema is very strongly against the idea that art students should travel and study the works of the great masters. They should wait till they are artists, he says. Then they will be better able to understand and profit by the masterpieces they see. Mr. Tadema himself has not travelled a great deal, and has, curiously enough, never visited Greece or Egypt, the countries he so loves to paint, and which his brush brings so vividly before us. He has sometimes been reproached with a want of imagination and sentiment, a criticism which much annoys him, for he is by no means lacking in either. One of his bits of sentiment relates to the number seventeen, which he declares has always been a lucky one for him. His wife, he will tell



ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AND THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

you, was seventeen when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was seventeen; his present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in 1886. He had then been in possession of the house for three years, and throughout those three years he had been designing and making plans and sketches for rebuilding. It was on November 17th that he and his family first took up their residence there. He laughs at himself for this superstition; but it is evident that his holding to it is not wholly a joke.

With the knowledge that Mr. Tadema's paintings number over three hundred, without taking into consideration those which he so ruthlessly destroyed in his youth, it is not surprising to learn that he is an indefatigable worker. I remember questioning him once as to his favorite amusement. "Painting," he smilingly replied. Every moment of daylight spent away from his easel is regretted. In the evening he rests, or possibly plays a game of billiards, at which he is an adept. He cannot read much, for his eyes are very sensitive and easily grow tired, but he loves his books, and many a pleasant hour is spent in arranging and classifying them. Then there is his correspondence, which takes a good deal of time, for all his letters are written by his own hand. Even his daughters are not allowed to help him much, though they, like their father and mother, are hard-working people. The elder, Miss Laurens Alma-Tadema, is almost as busy with her pen as her father with his brush. Her novel, "The Wings of Icarus," is well known, and she has written a biography of Madame Eleonora Duse, of whom she is a warm friend and admirer, and with whom she spent several months in Italy, in order to collect material for the work. All the family are ardent lovers of the drama, but it is an enjoyment in which Mr. Tadema can indulge but sparingly. For when he goes to the theatre, he throws his whole soul into the play, as he does into everything that interests him, and he finds that the excitement, the bright lights, and brilliant colors combine to affect his eyes and to render him unfit for work next day. On several occasions he has made designs for scenery and dresses for some special dramatic production.

Mr. Tadema is the most genial of men, and he and Mrs. Tadema are extremely

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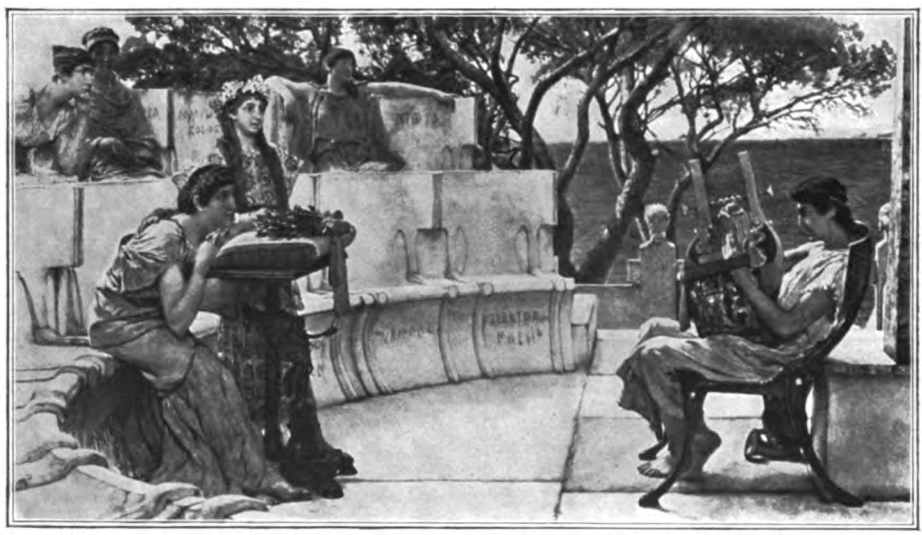
hospitable. Evidently his is not that phase of the artistic temperament which can only work in certain moods and cannot bear to meet the eye of a fellow-man when in the mood for work. The desire to work is chronic with him, but he does not allow it to interfere with his social duties.

Mrs. Tadema is always at home to her friends on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Tadema does not follow the example of so many husbands and absent himself from his wife's receptions, but is just as genial and full of welcome as she. On the Mondays there is only tea and gossip, but gossip of art, music, the drama, and of all things interesting. Mrs. Tadema receives in her studio, and after chatting with her for a while and drinking a cup of tea, her friends move upwards to the larger studio to talk with their host and to enjoy his work. And here is one of the points on which husband and wife differ: while Mr. Tadema's pictures are always open for the delight of his friends, Mrs. Tadema's work is put carefully out of sight, for she does not like to have it viewed while in course of development.

The evening receptions, which are quite as informal as the afternoon "at homes," but which are, as a rule, more numerously attended, are held in the larger studio. Music and recitations given by the most famous votaries of their arts are often heard. Paderewski, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Duse, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, have all assisted in entertaining Mr. Tadema's guests. But there is no pre-arrangement, and while sometimes the brightest stars may combine in an irresistible programme, occasionally conversation unaccompanied is perforce the order of the evening.

Although one may not perhaps go so far as to paraphrase the familiar aphorism and say, Show me a man's house and I will tell you what he is; nevertheless, there is no doubt that a man influences his surroundings with as much force as they influence him, and a great deal of a man's character may be gathered from the home he has made for himself. And in the case of Alma-Tadema the inference is in the highest degree gracious and agreeable.



SAPPHO. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

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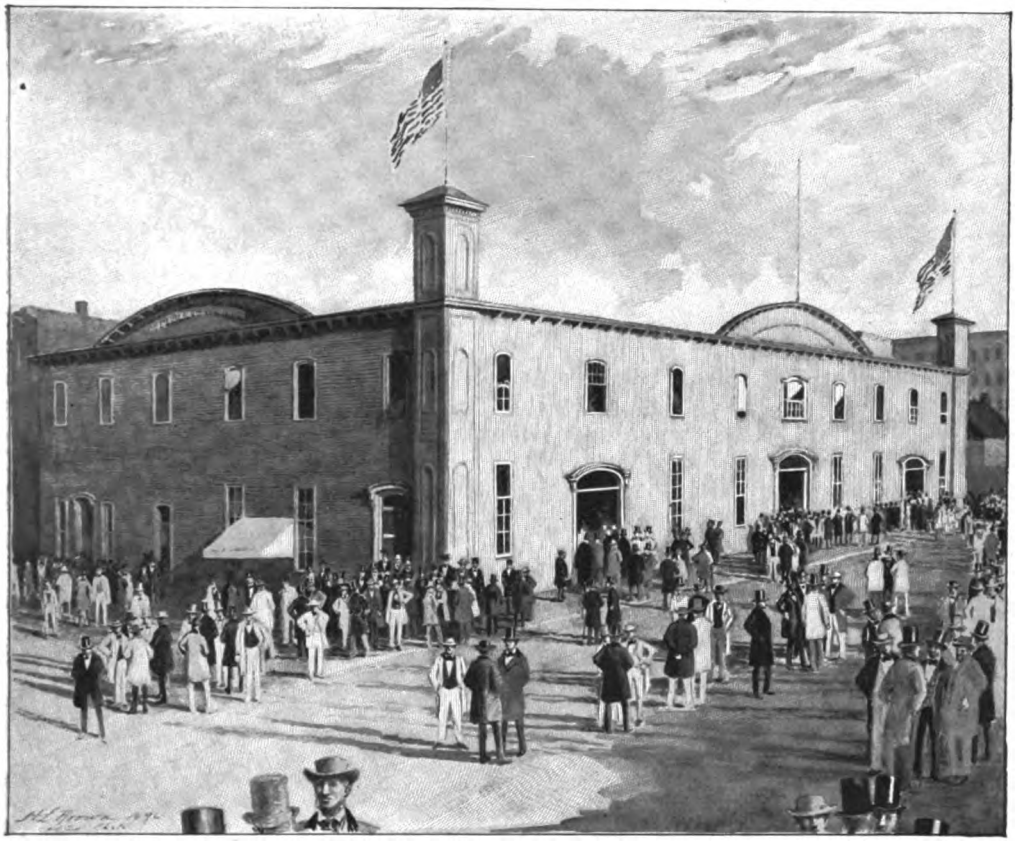

THE "WIGWAM," CHICAGO—THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860 WAS HELD.

# THE STORY OF LINCOLN'S NOMINATION IN 1860.

## BASED ON THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE MEN WHO WERE MOST INSTRUMENTAL IN SECURING THE NOMINATION.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

THE possibility of Abraham Lincoln becoming the Presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1860 was probably first discussed by a few of his friends in 1856. The dramatic speech which in May of that year gave him the leadership of his party in Illinois,* and the unexpected and flattering attention he received a few weeks later at the Republican national convention,† suggested the idea; but there is no evidence that anything more was excited than a little idle speculation. The impression Lincoln made two years later in the Lincoln and Douglas debates kindled a different feeling. It convinced a number of astute Illinois politicians that judicious effort would make Lincoln strong enough to justify the presentation of his name as a candidate in 1860 on the ground of pure availability.

One of the first men to conceive this idea was Jesse W. Fell, a local politician of Bloomington, Illinois. During the Lincoln and Douglas debates Fell had been travelling in the Middle and Eastern States. He was surprised to find that Lincoln's speeches attracted general attention, that many papers copied liberally from them, and that on all sides men plied

*See McClure's Magazine for September, 1896.

† Lincoln received 110 votes on the first ballot for the nomination to the Vice-Presidency at the national convention held in Philadelphia in June 1856.

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him with questions about the career and personality of the new man. Before Fell left the East he had made up his mind that Lincoln must be pushed by his own State as its Presidential candidate. One evening, soon after returning home, he met Lincoln in Bloomington, where the latter was attending court, and drew him into a deserted law-office for a confidential talk.

"I have been East, Lincoln," said he, "as far as Boston, and up into New Hampshire, travelling in all the New England States, save Maine; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana; and everywhere I hear you talked about. Very frequently I have been asked, 'Who is this man Lincoln, of your State, now canvassing in opposition to Senator Douglas?' Being, as you know, an ardent Republican and your friend, I usually told them we had in Illinois *two* giants instead of one; that Douglas was the *little* one, as they all knew, but that you were the *big* one, which they didn't all know.

"But, seriously, Lincoln, Judge Douglas being so widely known, you are getting a national reputation *through him*, and the truth is, I have a decided impression that if your popular history and efforts on the slavery question can be sufficiently brought before the people, you can be made a formidable, if not a successful, candidate for the Presidency."

"What's the use of talking of me for the Presidency," was Lincoln's reply, "whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others, who are so much better known to the people, and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Republican party? Everybody knows them; nobody scarcely outside of Illinois knows me. Besides, is it not, as a matter of justice, due to such men, who have carried this movement forward to its present status, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse, and hard names? I really think so."

Fell continued his persuasions, and finally requested Lincoln to furnish him a sketch of his life which could be put out in the East. The suggestion grated on Lincoln's sensibilities. He had no chance. Why force himself? "Fell," he said, rising and wrapping his old gray shawl around his tall figure, "I admit that I am

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860.

After a drawing in "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

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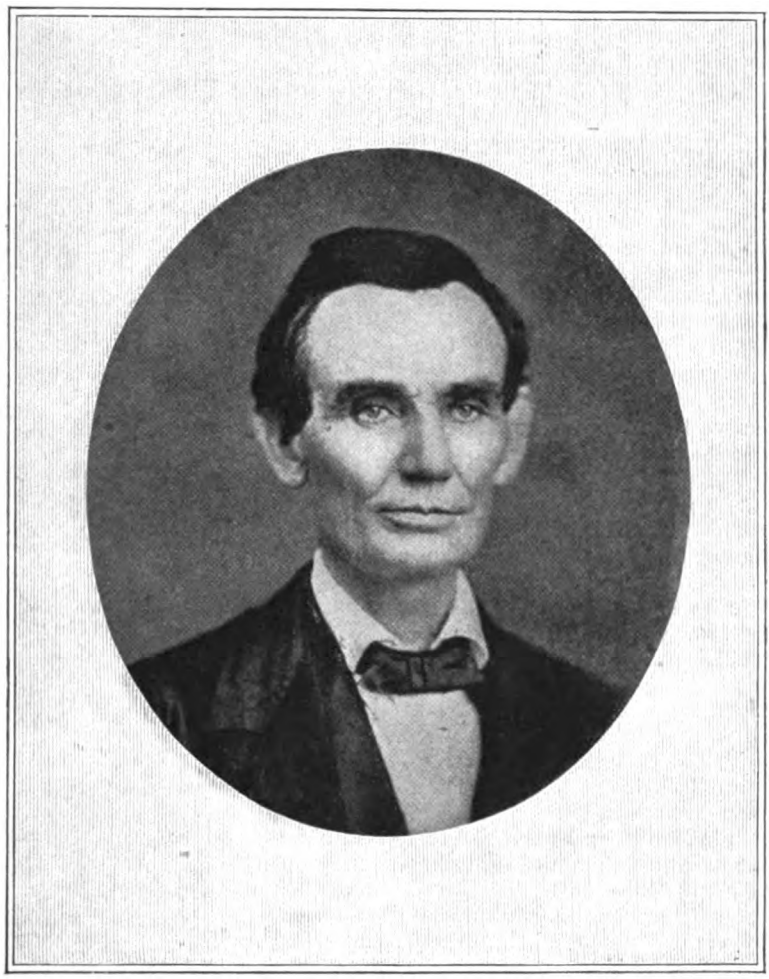

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1853.

From an ambrotype owned by Mr. Hilyard of Superior, Nebraska, and taken at Danville, Illinois, as a gift to his father.

ambitious and would like to be President. I am not insensible to the compliment you pay me and the interest you manifest in the matter; *but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States.* Besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else; and, as Judge Davis says, '*it won't pay.*' Good night." And he disappeared into the darkness.

Lincoln's defeat in November, 1858, in the contest for the United States Senatorship, in no way discouraged his friends. A few days after the November election, when it was known that Douglas had been reëlected senator, the Chicago "Democrat," then edited by "Long John" Wentworth, printed an editorial, nearly a column in length, headed "Abraham Lincoln." His work in the campaign then just closed was reviewed and commended in the highest terms. "His speeches," the "Democrat" declared, "will be recognized for a long time to come as the standard authorities upon those topics which overshadow all others in the political world of our day; and our children will read them and appreciate the great truths which they so forcibly inculcate, with even a higher appreciation of their worth than their fathers possessed while listening to them.

"We, for our part," said the "Democrat" further, "consider that it would be but a partial appreciation of his services to our noble cause that our next State Republican convention should nominate him for governor as unanimously and enthusiastically as it did for senator. With such a leader and with our just cause, we would

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sweep the State from end to end, with a triumph so complete and perfect that there would be scarce enough of the scattered and demoralized forces of the enemy left to tell the story of its defeat. And this State should also present his name to the national Republican convention, first for President and next for Vice-President. We should say to the United States at large that in our opinion the Great Man of Illinois is Abraham Lincoln, and none other than Abraham Lincoln."

All through the year 1859 a few men in Illinois worked quietly but persistently to awaken a desire throughout the State for Lincoln's nomination. The greater number of these were lawyers on Lincoln's circuit, his life-long friends, men like Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, and Judge Logan, who not only believed in him, but loved him, and whose efforts were doubly effective because of their affection. In addition to these were a few shrewd politicians who saw in Lincoln the "available" man the situation demanded; and a group represented by John M. Palmer, who, remembering Lincoln's magnanimity in throwing his influence to Trumbull in 1854, in order to send a sound anti-Nebraska man to the United States Senate, wanted, as Senator Palmer himself put it, to "pay Lincoln back." Then there were a few young men who had been won by Lincoln in the debates with Douglas, and who threw youthful enthusiasm and conviction into their support.

The work which these men did at this time cannot be traced with any definiteness. It consisted mainly in "talking up" their candidate. They were greatly aided by the newspapers. The press, indeed, followed a concerted plan that had been carefully laid out by the Republican State Committee in the office of the Chicago "Tribune."

To give an appearance of spontaneity to the newspaper canvass it was arranged that the country papers should first suggest Lincoln's name. Joseph Medill, then, as now, of the "Tribune," and secretary of the committee, says that a Rock Island paper opened the campaign. On May 4, 1859, the "Central Illinois Gazette" came out for Lincoln, and one by one, at diplomatic intervals, other papers followed.

Lincoln soon felt the force of this effort in his behalf. Letters came to him from unexpected quarters, offering aid. Everywhere he went on the circuit, men sought him to discuss the situation. In the face of an undoubted movement for him he quailed. The interest was local; could it ever be more? Above all, had he the qualifications for President of the United States? He asked himself these questions as he pondered a reply to an editor who had suggested announcing his name, and he wrote: "I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

This was in April, 1859. In the July following he still declared himself unfit. Even in the following November he had little hope of nomination. "For my single self," he wrote to a correspondent who had suggested the putting of his name on the ticket, "I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause, and for this object I shall labor faithfully

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Seward's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860, which finally nominated Lincoln, by William M. Evarts of New York. On the first ballot he received 173½ votes, on the second 184½, on the third 180; 234 votes were necessary for a choice.*

SALMON P. CHASE.

Chase's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860 by D. K. Cartter of Ohio. On the first ballot he received 49 votes, on the second 42½, on the third 24½.

* The portraits on this and page 47 are all from photographs by Brady, now in the war collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

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SIMON CAMERON.

Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania presented Cameron's name to the Chicago convention. On the first ballot he received 50½ votes. On the second ballot his name was withdrawn, although two votes were cast for him. He received no votes on the third ballot.

EDWARD BATES.

F. P. Blair of Missouri nominated Mr. Bates in the Chicago convention. He received on the first ballot 48 votes, on the second 35, and on the third 22. At Lincoln's inauguration as President in March, 1861, Bates became a member of his cabinet, as did also three other of his competitors for the nomination in the convention of 1860—Seward, Chase, and Cameron.

in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judgment of the party shall assign me a different position."

The last weeks of 1859 and the first of 1860 convinced Lincoln, however, that, fit or not, he was in the field. Fell, who as corresponding secretary of the Republican State Central Committee had been travelling constantly in the interests of the organization, brought him such proof that his candidacy was generally approved of, that in December, 1859, he consented to write the "little sketch" of his life now known as Lincoln's "autobiography."

He wrote it with a little inward shrinking, a half shame that it was so meagre. "There is not much of it," he apologized in sending the document, "for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me. If anything be made out of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material."

By the opening of 1860 Lincoln had concluded that, though he might not be a very promising candidate, at all events he was now in so deep that he must have the approval of his own State, and he began to work in earnest for that. "I am not in a position where it would hurt much for me to not be nominated on the national ticket," he wrote to Norman B. Judd, "but I am where it would hurt some for me to not get the Illinois delegates. . . . Can you help me a little in your end of the vineyard?"

The plans of the Lincoln men were well matured. About the first of December, 1859, Medill had gone to Washington, ostensibly as a "Tribune" correspondent, but really to promote Lincoln's nomination. "Before writing any Lincoln letters for the 'Tribune,'" says Mr. Medill in his "Reminiscences," "I began preaching Lincoln among the Congressmen. I urged him chiefly upon the ground of availability in the close and doubtful States, with what seemed like reasonable success."

On February 16, 1860, the "Tribune" came out editorially for Lincoln, and Medill followed a few days later with a ringing letter from Washington, naming Lincoln as a candidate on whom both conservative and radical sentiment could unite, and declaring that he now heard Lincoln's name mentioned for President in Washington "ten times as often as it was one month ago." About the time when Medill was writing thus, Norman B. Judd, as member of the Republican National Committee, was executing a manœuvre the importance of which no one realized but the Illinois politicians. This was securing the convention for Chicago.

As the spring passed and the counties of Illinois held their conventions, Lincoln found that, save in the north, where Seward was strong, he was unanimously recommended as a candidate at Chicago. When the State convention met at Decatur on May 9th and 10th, he received an ovation of so picturesque and unique a character that it colored all the rest of the campaign. The delegates were in session when Lincoln came in as a spectator and was invited to a seat on the platform. Soon after, Richard Oglesby, one of Lincoln's ardent supporters, asked that an old

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From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

HORACE GREELEY.

In the Republican national convention of 1860 Horace Greeley sat as the alternate of an absent delegate from Oregon. He had failed to be chosen a delegate from his own State (New York), through the opposition of the Seward men. As editor of the New York "Tribune," it was supposed, until a short time before the convention, that he would support Seward for the nomination to the Presidency, but he turned against Seward on the plea that he could not be elected. In the convention he labored ardently for Bates.

JESSE W. FELL.

Mr. Fell, a Pennsylvanian by birth, settled in Bloomington, Illinois. Here he became acquainted with Lincoln, who was frequently in the town during court terms. He was one of the first Republicans of the State; he first introduced Lincoln's name in Pennsylvania as a candidate for the Presidency, and it was to him that Lincoln addressed his well-known autobiography.

Democrat of Macon County be allowed to offer a contribution to the convention. The offer was accepted, and a curious banner was borne up the hall. The standard was made of two weather-worn fence-rails, decorated with flags and streamers, and bearing the inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE RAIL CANDIDATE

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in 1830 by Thos. Hanks and Abe Lincoln — whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County.

A storm of applause greeted the banner, followed by cries of "Lincoln! Lincoln!" Rising, Lincoln said, pointing to the banner, "I suppose I am expected to reply to that. I cannot say whether I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure I have made a great many just as good."* The speech was warmly applauded, and one delegate, an influential German and an ardent Seward man, after witnessing the demonstration, turned to his neighbor and said, "Seward has lost the Illinois delegation."† He was right; for when, later, John M. Palmer, at present United States Senator and the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President, brought forth a resolution that "Abraham Lincoln is the choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the Presidency, and the delegates from this State are instructed to use all honorable means to secure his nomination by the Chicago Convention, and to vote as a unit for him," it was enthusiastically adopted.

INDIFFERENCE OF THE EAST TO LINCOLN.

While the politicians of Illinois were thus preparing for the campaign, the Re-

*Congressman John Davis of Kansas, who was present at the Decatur convention and took down Mr. Lincoln's words, has courteously allowed us the use of his notes.

†Mr. George Schneider of Chicago, at that date editor of the "Staats Zeitung," and now president of the National Bank of Illinois.

From a photograph by I. H. Bonsall, Army Photographer, Cincinnati, Ohio; loaned by General Palmer's son.

GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER.

From a photograph taken in 1863. Mr. Palmer was born in Kentucky in 1817, and removed to Illinois in 1832. Here he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1840. Although an active Democrat, he revolted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and joined the anti-Nebraska branch of his party. In 1854 he was one of the five men in the State legislature who secured the election of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate. He was chairman of the first Republican State convention held in Illinois, and a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1856; and he contributed no little to the nomination of Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. He served throughout the war, and was raised for gallant conduct to the rank of Major-General. He has since served as Governor of Illinois and United States Senator, and he is now the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President.

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publicans of the East hardly realized that Lincoln was or could be made a possibility. In the first four months of 1860 his name was almost unmentioned as a Presidential candidate in the public prints of the East. In a list of twenty-one "prominent candidates for the Presidency in 1860," prepared by D. W. Bartlett and published in New York towards the end of 1859, Lincoln's name is not mentioned; nor does it appear in a list of thirty-four of "our living representative men," prepared for Presidential purposes by John Savage, and published in Philadelphia in 1860.* The most important notice at this period of which we know was a casual mention in an editorial in the New York "Evening Post" on February 15th. The "Post" considered it time for the Republicans to speak out about the nominee at the coming convention, and remarked: "With such men as Seward and Chase, Banks and *Lincoln*, and others in plenty, let us have two Republican representative men to vote for." This was ten days before the Cooper Union speech and the New England tour, which undoubtedly did much to recommend Lincoln as a logical and statesmanlike thinker and debater, though there is no evidence that it created him a Presidential following in the East, save, perhaps, in New Hampshire. Indeed it was scarcely to be expected that prudent and conservative men who knew little of him, save as he had exhibited himself in the Lincoln and Douglas debates and in the Cooper Union speech, would conclude that, because he could make a good speech, he would make a good President. They knew him to be comparatively untrained in public life and comparatively untried in large affairs. They naturally preferred a man who had a record for executive statesmanship.

From a photograph by Tandy, Lincoln, Illinois; loaned by W. O. Paisley.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY.

Richard J. Oglesby was born in Kentucky in 1824. Left an orphan at the age of eight years, he removed to Illinois, and there learned the carpenter's trade. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar, but his practice of the law was interrupted by service in the Mexican War and three years of mining in California. Returning to Illinois, he became influential in politics. It was he who suggested to Lincoln's stepbrother, John D. Johnston, bringing the rails into the State convention at Decatur in 1860. He served with honor in the Union army until 1864, when he resigned, and in November of that year was elected governor of his State. He was in Washington at the time of Lincoln's assassination. He continued to serve as governor until 1869, and he has served several terms since. From 1873 to 1879 he was United States Senator.

Up to the opening of the convention in May there was, in fact, no specially prominent mention of Lincoln by the Eastern press. Greeley, intent on undermining Seward, though as yet nobody perceived him to be so, printed in the New York weekly "Tribune"—the paper which went to the country at large—correspondence favoring the nomination of Bates and Read, McLean and Bell, Cameron, Frémont, Dayton, Chase, Wade; but not Lincoln. The New York "Herald" of May 1st, in discussing editorially the nominee of the "Black Republicans," recognized "four living, two dead, aspirants." The "living" were Seward, Banks, Chase, and Cameron; the "dead," Bates and McLean. On May 10th "The Independent," in an editorial on "The Nomination at Chicago," said: "Give us a man known to be true upon the only question that enters into the canvass—a Seward, a Chase, a Wade, a Sumner, a Fessenden, a Banks." But it did not mention Lincoln. His most conspicuous Eastern recognition before the convention was in "Harper's Weekly" of May 12th, his face being included in a double page of portraits of "eleven prominent candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination at Chicago." Brief biographical sketches appeared in the same number—the last and the shortest of them being of Lincoln.

## PREPARING FOR THE CONVENTION.

It was on May 16th that the Republican convention of 1860 formally opened at Chicago, but for days before the city was in a tumult of expectation and preparation. The audacity of inviting a national convention to meet there, in the condition in which Chicago chanced to be at that time, was purely Chicagoan. No other city

* These pamphlets are found in the admirable Lincoln collection of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia.

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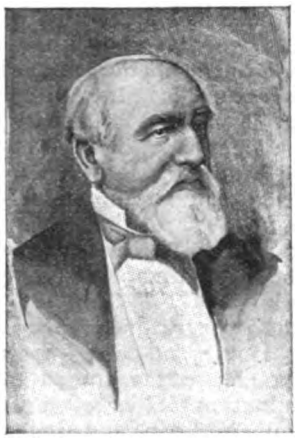

NORMAN B. JUDD.

A New Yorker by birth, Norman B. Judd moved to Illinois in 1836, when twenty-one years of age, and there began practice of the law. In 1844 he was elected to the State Senate, where he served for sixteen consecutive years. Prominent as the attorney of several railroads, he frequently called in Lincoln as an associate. From the beginning of the anti-Nebraska agitation he was active in politics, and he did much to bring about Lincoln's nomination in 1860. In 1861 he was appointed minister to Prussia. He served in the forty-second and forty-third Congresses, and was afterwards collector of customs at Chicago. He died in 1878.

would have risked it. In ten years Chicago had nearly quadrupled its population, and it was believed that the feat would be repeated in the coming decade. In the first flush of youthful energy and ambition the town had undertaken the colossal task of raising itself bodily out of the grassy marsh, where it had been originally placed, to a level of twelve feet above Lake Michigan, and of putting underneath a good, solid foundation. When the invitation to the convention was extended, half the buildings in Chicago were on stilts; some of the streets had been raised to the new grade, others still lay in the mud; half the sidewalks were poised high on piles, and half were still down on a level with the lake. A city with a conventional sense of decorum would not have cared to be seen in this demoralized condition, but Chicago perhaps conceived that it would but prove her courage and confidence to show the country what she was doing; and so she had the convention come.

But it was not the convention alone which came. Besides the delegates, the professional politicians, the newspaper men, and the friends of the several candidates, there came a motley crowd of men hired to march and to cheer for particular candidates,—a kind of out-of-door *claque* which did not wait for a point to be made in favor of its man, but went off in rounds of applause at the mere mention of his name. New York brought the greatest number of these professional applauders, the leader of them being a notorious prize-fighter and street politician,—"a sort of white blackbird," said Bromley,—one Tom Hyer. With the New York delegation, which numbered all told fully 2,000 Seward men, came Dodworth's Band, one of the celebrated musical organizations of that day.

While New York sent the largest number, Pennsylvania was not far behind, there being about 1,500 persons present from that State. From New England, long as was the distance, there were many trains of excursionists. The New England delegation took Gilmore's Band with it, and from Boston to Chicago stirred up every community in which it stopped, with music and speeches. Several days before the convention opened fully one half of the members of the United States House of Representatives were in the city.* To still further increase the throng were hundreds of merely curious spectators whom the flattering inducements of the fifteen railroads centring in Chicago at that time had tempted to take a trip. There were fully 40,000 strangers in the city during the sitting of the convention.

The streets for a week were the forum of this multitude. Processions for Seward, for Cameron, for Chase, for Lincoln, marched and counter-marched, brave with banners and transparencies, and noisy with country bands and hissing rockets. Every street corner became a rostrum, where impromptu harangues for any of a dozen candidates might be happened upon. In this hurly-burly two figures were particu-

* Boston "Herald," May 15, 1860, Chicago correspondence.

LEONARD SWETT.

Born in Maine in 1825, it was not until 1849, after he had served through the Mexican War, that Leonard Swett settled in Bloomington, Illinois, where he began practice of the law. He travelled the Eighth Circuit with Lincoln until the latter was elected to the Presidency. Mr. Swett took an active part in the anti-slavery agitation in Illinois, aided in Lincoln's nomination in 1860, and was a trusted adviser of Lincoln's throughout the period of the civil war.

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larly prominent: Tom Hyer, who managed the open-air Seward demonstration, and Horace Greeley, who was conducting independently his campaign against Seward. Greeley, in his fervor, talked incessantly. It was only necessary for some one to say in a rough but friendly way, "There's old Greeley," and all within hearing distance grouped about him. Not infrequently the two or three to whom he began speaking increased until that which had started as a conversation ended as a speech.

In this half-spontaneous, half-organized demonstration of the streets, Lincoln's followers were conspicuous. State pride made Chicago feel that she must stand by her own. Lincoln banners floated across every street, and buildings and omnibuses were decorated with Lincoln emblems. When the Illinois delegation saw that New York and Pennsylvania had brought in so many outsiders to create enthusiasm for their respective candidates, they began to call in supporters from the neighboring localities. Leonard Swett says that they succeeded in getting together fully 10,000 men from Illinois and Indiana, ready to march, shout, or fight for Lincoln, as the case required.

CHAIR OCCUPIED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860. IT WAS THE FIRST CHAIR MADE IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Reproduced from "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Not only was the city full of people days before the convention began, but the delegations had organized and actual work was in progress. Every device conceivable by an ingenious opposition was resorted to in order to weaken Seward, the most formidable of the candidates. The night before the opening of the convention a great mass meeting was held in the Wigwam. The Seward men had arranged to have only advocates of their own candidate speak. But the clever opposition detected the game, and William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, who was for Lincoln or for Wade, got the floor and held it until nearly midnight, doggedly talking against time until an audience of 12,000 had dwindled to less than 1,000.

One of the first of the delegations to begin activities was that of Illinois. The Tremont House had been chosen as its headquarters, and here were gathered almost all the influential friends Lincoln had in the State. They came determined to win if human effort could compass it, and men never put more intense and persistent energy into a cause. Judge Davis was naturally the head of the body; but Judge Logan, Leonard Swett, John M. Palmer, Richard Oglesby, N. B. Judd, Jesse W. Fell, and scores more were with him. "We worked like nailers," says Governor Oglesby to-day, in talking over the struggle.

The effort for Lincoln had to begin in the Illinois delegation itself. In spite of the rail episode at Decatur, the State convention was by no means unanimous for Lincoln. "Our delegation was instructed for him," wrote Leonard Swett to Josiah Drummond,* "but of the twenty-two votes in it, by incautiously selecting the men, there were *eight* who would have gladly gone for Seward. The reason of this is in this fact: the northern counties of this State are more overwhelmingly Republican than any other portion of the continent. I could pick twenty-five contiguous counties giving larger Republican majorities than any other adjacent counties in any State. The result is, many people there are for Seward, and such men had crept upon the delegation. They intended in good faith to go for Lincoln, but talked despondingly, and really wanted and expected finally to vote as I have indicated. We had also in the north and about Chicago a class of men who always want to turn up on the winning side, and who would do no work, although their feelings were really for us, for fear it would be the losing element and would place them out of favor with the incoming power. These men were dead weights. The centre and south, with many individual exceptions to the classes I have named, were warmly for Lincoln, whether he won or lost.

"The lawyers of our circuit went there

*This letter, written by Mr. Swett on May 27, 1860, to Josiah Drummond of Maine, is one of the best documents on the convention. It was published in the New York "Sun" of July 26, 1891, and is in O. H. Oldroyd's recent work. "Lincoln's Campaign."

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determined to leave no stone unturned; and really they, aided by some of our State officers and a half dozen men from various portions of the State, were the only tireless, sleepless, unwavering, and ever vigilant friends he had."

The situation which the Illinois delegation faced, briefly put, was this: the Republican party had in 1860 but one prominent candidate, William H. Seward. By virtue of his great talents, his superior cultivation, and his splendid services in anti-slavery agitation, he was the choice of the majority of the Republican party. It was certain that at the opening of the convention he would have nearly enough votes to nominate him. But still there was a considerable and resolute opposition. The grounds of this were several, but the most substantial and convincing was that Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey all declared that they could not elect Seward if he was nominated. Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Henry S. Lane of Indiana, candidates for governor in their respective States, were both his active opponents, not from dislike of him, but because they were convinced that they would themselves be defeated if he headed the Republican ticket. It was clear to the entire party that Pennsylvania and Indiana were essential to Republican success; and since many States with which Seward was the first choice held success in November as more important than Seward, they were willing to give their support to an "available" man. But the difficulty was to unite this opposition. Nearly every State which considered Seward an unsafe candidate had a "favorite son" whom it was pushing as "available." Pennsylvania wanted Cameron; New Jersey, Dayton; Ohio, Chase, McLean, or Wade; Massachusetts, Banks; Vermont, Collamer. Greeley, who alone was as influential as a State delegation, urged Bates of Missouri.

Illinois's task was to unite this opposition on Lincoln. She began her work with a next-door neighbor. "The first State approached," says Mr. Swett, "was Indiana. She was about equally divided between Bates and McLean.* Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were spent upon her, when finally she came to us unitedly, with twenty-six votes, and from that time acted efficiently with us."

With Indiana to aid her, Illinois now succeeded in drawing a few scattering votes, in making an impression on New Hampshire and Virginia, and in persuading Vermont to think of Lincoln as a second choice. Matters began to look decidedly cheerful. On May 14th (Monday) the New York "Herald's" last despatch declared that the contest had narrowed down to Seward, Lincoln, and Wade. The Boston "Herald's" despatch of the same day reported: "Abe Lincoln is looming up to-night as a compromise candidate, and his friends are in high spirits." And this was the situation when the convention finally opened on Wednesday, May 16th.

* Mr. Joseph Medill, who has very kindly annotated Mr. Swett's letter for us, says that half the Indiana delegation had been won for Lincoln on the ground of availability before the convention met.

### THE WIGWAM.

The assembly-room in which the convention met was situated conveniently at the corner of Market and Lake Streets. It had been built especially for the occasion by the Chicago Republican Club, and in the fashion of the West in that day was called by the indigenous name of Wigwam. It was a low, characterless structure, fully 180 feet long by one hundred feet wide. The roof rose in the segment of a circle, so that one side was higher than the other; and across this side and the two ends were deep galleries. Facing the ungalleried side was a platform reserved for the delegates —a great floor 140 feet long and thirty-five feet deep, raised some four feet from the ground level, with committee-rooms at each end. This vast structure of pine boards had been rescued from ugliness through the energetic efforts of the committee, assisted by the Republican women of the city, who, scarcely less interested than their husbands and brothers, strove in every way to contribute to the success of the convention. They wreathed the pillars and the galleries with masses of green; hung banners and flags; brought in busts of American notables; ordered great allegorical paintings of Justice, Liberty, and the like, to suspend on the walls; borrowed the whole series of Healy portraits of American statesmen—in short, made the Wigwam at least gay and festive in aspect. Foreign interest added something to the furnishings; the chair placed on the platform for the use of the chairman of the convention was donated from Michigan, as the first chair made in that State. It was an arm-chair of the most primitive description, the seat dug out of an immense log and mounted on large rockers. Another chair, one made for the occasion, attracted a great deal of attention. It was

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constructed of thirty-four kinds of wood, each piece from a different State or Territory, Kansas being appropriately represented by the "weeping willow" as a symbol of her grief at being still excluded from the sisterhood of States.* The gavel used by the chairman was more interesting even than his chair, having been made from a fragment of Commodore Perry's brave "Lawrence."

Into the Wigwam, on the morning of the 16th of May, there crowded fully 10,000 persons. To the spectator in the gallery the scene was vividly picturesque and animated. Around him were packed hundreds of women, gay in the high-peaked, flower-filled bonnets and the bright shawls and plaids of the day. Below, on the platform and floor, were many of the notable men of the United States—William M. Evarts, Thomas Corwin, Carl Schurz, David Wilmot, Thaddeus Stevens, Joshua Giddings, George William Curtis, Francis P. Blair and his two sons, Andrew H. Reeder, George Ashmun, Gideon Welles, Preston King, Cassius M. Clay, Gratz Brown, George S. Boutwell, Thurlow Weed. In the multitude the newspaper representatives outnumbered the delegates. Fully 900 editors and reporters were present, a body scarcely less interesting in its *personnel* than the convention itself. Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Murat Halstead, Isaac H. Bromley, Joseph Medill, Horace White, Joseph Hawley, Henry Villard, A. K. McClure, names so familiar to-day, all represented various journals at Chicago in 1860, and in some cases were active workers in the caucuses. It was evident at once that the members of the convention—some 500 out of the attendant 10,000—were not more deeply interested in its proceedings than the mere spectators, whose approval and disapproval, quickly and emphatically expressed, swayed, and to a degree controlled, the delegates.

Wednesday and Thursday mornings were passed in the usual opening work of a convention. While officers were formally elected and a platform adopted, the real interest centred in the caucuses, which were held almost uninterruptedly. Illinois was in a frenzy of anxiety. "No men ever worked as our boys did," wrote Mr. Swett; "I did not, the whole week, sleep two hours a night." They ran from delegation to delegation, haranguing, pleading, promising. But do their best they could not concentrate the opposition. "Our great struggle," says Senator Palmer, "was to prevent Lincoln's nomination for the Vice-Presidency. The Seward men were perfectly willing that he should go on the tail of the ticket. In fact, they seemed determined that he should be given the Vice-Presidential nomination. We were not troubled so much by the antagonism of the Seward men as by the overtures they were constantly making to us. They literally overwhelmed us with kindness. Judge David Davis came to me in the Tremont House, greatly agitated at the way things were going. He said: 'Palmer, you must go with me at once to see the New Jersey delegation.' I asked what I could do. 'Well,' said he, 'there is Judge Hornblower, a grave and venerable judge, who is insisting that Lincoln shall be nominated for Vice-President and Seward for President. We must convince the judge of his mistake.' We went; I was introduced to Judge Hornblower, and we talked about the matter for some time. Judge Hornblower praised Seward, but he was especially effusive in expressing his admiration for Lincoln. He thought that Seward was clearly entitled to first place and that Lincoln's eminent merits entitled him to second place. I listened for some time, and then said: 'Judge Hornblower, you may nominate Mr. Lincoln for Vice-President if you please. But I want you to understand that there are 40,000 Democrats in Illinois who will support this ticket if you give them an opportunity. We are not Whigs, and we never expect to be Whigs. We will never consent to support two old Whigs on this ticket. We are willing to vote for Mr. Lincoln with a Democrat on the ticket, but we will not consent to vote for two Whigs.' I have seldom seen Judge Hornblower's indignation equalled. Turning to Judge Davis he said: 'Judge Davis, is it possible that party spirit so prevails in Illinois that Judge Palmer properly represents public opinion?' 'Oh,' said Davis, affecting some distress at what I had said, 'oh, Judge, you can't account for the conduct of these old Locofocos.' 'Will they do as Palmer says?' 'Certainly. There are 40,000 of them, and, as Palmer says, not one of them will vote for two Whigs.' We left Hornblower in a towering rage. When we were back at the Tremont House I said: 'Davis, you are an infernal rascal to sit there and hear Hornblower berate me as he did. You really seemed to encourage him.' Judge Davis said nothing, but chuckled as if he had greatly enjoyed the joke. This incident is illustrative of the

* Boston "Atlas and Bee," May 22, 1860.

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kind of work we had to do. We were compelled to resort to this argument—that the old Democrats then ready to affiliate with the Republican party would not tolerate two Whigs on the ticket—in order to break up the movement to nominate Lincoln for Vice-President. The Seward men recognized in Lincoln their most formidable rival, and that was why they wished to get him out of the way by giving him second place on the ticket." *

The uncertainty on Thursday was harrowing, and if the ballot had been taken on the afternoon of that day, as was at first intended, Seward probably would have been nominated. Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania all felt this, and shrewdly managed to secure from the convention a reluctant adjournment until Friday morning. In spite of the time this manœuvre gave, however, Seward's nomination seemed sure; so Greeley telegraphed the "Tribune" at midnight on Thursday. At the same hour the correspondent of the "Herald" (New York) telegraphed: "The friends of Seward are firm, and claim ninety votes for him on the first ballot. Opposition to Seward not fixed on any man. Lincoln is the strongest, and may have altogether forty votes. The various delegations are still caucusing."

It was after these messages were sent that Illinois and Indiana summoned all their energies for a final desperate effort to unite the uncertain delegates on Lincoln, and that Pennsylvania went through the last violent throes of coming to a decision. The night was one full of dramatic episodes, of which none, perhaps, was more nearly tragic than the spectacle of Seward's followers, confident of success, celebrating in advance the nomination of their favorite, while scores of determined men laid the plans ultimately effective for his overthrow. All night the work was kept up. "Hundreds of Pennsylvanians, Indianians, and Illinoisans," says Murat Halstead, "never closed their eyes. I saw Henry S. Lane at one o'clock, pale and haggard, with cane under his arm, walking as if for a wager from one caucus-room to another at the Tremont House. In connection with them he had been operating to bring the Vermonters and Virginians to the point of deserting Seward."

In the Pennsylvania delegation, which on Wednesday had agreed on McLean as its second choice and Lincoln as its third, a hot struggle was waged to secure the vote of the delegation *as a unit* for Cameron until a majority of the delegates directed otherwise. Judge S. Newton Pettis, who proposed this resolution, worked all night to secure votes for it at the caucus to be held early in the morning. The Illinois men ran from delegate to caucus, from editor to outsider. No man who knew Lincoln and believed in him, indeed, was allowed to rest, but was dragged away to this or that delegate to persuade him that the "rail candidate," as Lincoln had already begun to be called, was fit for the place. Colonel Hoyt, then a resident of Chicago, spent half the night telling Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania what he knew of Lincoln. While all this was going on, a committee of twelve men from Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa were consulting in the upper story of the Tremont House. Before their session was over they had agreed that in case Lincoln's votes reached a specified number on the following day, the votes of the States represented in that meeting, so far as these twelve men could effect the result, should be given to him.

The night was over at last, and at ten o'clock the convention reassembled. The great Wigwam was packed with a throng hardly less excited than the members of the actual convention, while without, for blocks away, a crowd double that within pushed and strained, every nerve alert to catch the movements of the convention.

The nominations began at once, the Hon. William M. Evarts presenting the name of William H. Seward. The New Yorkers had prepared a tremendous *claque*, which now broke forth—"a deafening shout which," says Leonard Swett, "I confess, appalled us a little." But New York in preparing her *claque* had only given an idea to Illinois. The Illinois committee, to offset it, had made secret but complete preparations for what was called a "spontaneous demonstration." From lake front to prairie the committee had collected every stentorian voice known, and early Thursday morning, while Seward's men were marching exultantly about the streets, the owners of these voices had been packed into the Wigwam, where their special endowment would be most effective. The women present had been requested to wave their handkerchiefs at every mention of Lincoln's name, and hundreds of flags had been distributed to be used in the same way. A series of signals had been arranged to communicate to the thousands without the moment when a

* Interview with Senator Palmer for McClure's Magazine.

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roar from them might influence the convention within. When N. B. Judd nominated Lincoln this machinery began to work. It did well; but a moment later, in greeting the seconding of Seward's nomination, New York out-bellowed Illinois. "Caleb B. Smith of Indiana then seconded the nomination of Lincoln," says Mr. Swett, "and the West came to his rescue. No mortal ever before saw such a scene. The idea of us Hoosiers and Suckers being outscreamed would have been as bad to them as the loss of their man. Five thousand people at once leaped to their seats, women not wanting in the number, and the wild yell made soft vesper breathings of all that had preceded. No language can describe it. A thousand steam whistles, ten acres of hotel gongs, a tribe of Comanches, headed by a choice van-guard from pandemonium, might have mingled in the scene unnoticed."

As the roar died out a voice cried, "Abe Lincoln has it by the sound now; let us ballot!" and Judge Logan, beside himself with screeching and excitement, called out: "Mr. President, in order or out of order, I propose this convention and audience give three cheers for the man who is evidently their nominee."

The balloting followed without delay. The Illinois men believed they had one hundred votes to start with; on counting they found they had 102. More hopeful still, no other opposition candidate approached them. Pennsylvania's man, according to the printed reports of that day, had but fifty and one half votes; Greeley's man, forty-eight; Chase, forty-nine; while McLean, Pennsylvania's second choice, had but twelve. If Seward was to be beaten, it must be now; and it was for Pennsylvania to say. The delegation hurried to a committee-room, where Judge Pettis, disregarding the action of the caucus by which McLean had been adopted as the delegation's second choice, moved that, on the second ballot, Pennsylvania's vote be cast solidly for Lincoln. The motion was carried. Returning to the hall the delegation found the second ballot under way. In a moment the name of Pennsylvania was called. The whole Wigwam heard the answer: "Pennsylvania casts her fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln." The meaning was clear. The break to Lincoln had begun. New York sat as if stupefied, while all over the hall cheer followed cheer.

It seemed but a moment before the second ballot was ended, and it was known that Lincoln's vote had risen from 102 to 181. The tension as the third ballot was taken was almost unbearable. A hundred pencils kept score while the delegations were called, and it soon became apparent that Lincoln was outstripping Seward. The last vote was hardly given before the whisper went around, "Two hundred and thirty-one and one-half for Lincoln; two and one-half more will give him the nomination." An instant of silence followed, in which the convention grappled with the idea, and tried to pull itself together to act. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was the first to get his breath. "Mr. President," he cried, springing on his chair and stretching out his arm to secure recognition, "I rise to change four votes from Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln."

It took a moment to realize the truth. New York saw it, and the white faces of her noble delegation were bowed in despair. Greeley saw it, and a guileless smile spread over his features as he watched Thurlow Weed press his hand hard against his wet eyelids. Illinois saw it, and tears poured from the eyes of more than one of the overwrought, devoted men as they grasped one another's hands and vainly struggled against the sobs which kept back their shouts. The crowd saw it, and broke out in a mad hurrah. "The scene which followed," wrote one spectator,* "baffles all human description. After an instant's silence, as deep as death, which seemed to be required to enable the assembly to take in the full force of the announcement, the wildest and mightiest yell (for it can be called by no other name) burst forth from 10,000 voices which we ever heard from mortal throats. This strange and tremendous demonstration, accompanied with leaping up and down, tossing hats, handkerchiefs, and canes recklessly into the air, with the waving of flags, and with every other conceivable mode of exultant and unbridled joy, continued steadily and without pause for perhaps ten minutes.

"It then began to rise and fall in slow and billowing bursts, and for perhaps the next five minutes these stupendous waves of uncontrollable excitement, now rising into the deepest and fiercest shouts, and then sinking like the ground swell of the ocean into hoarse and lessening murmurs, rolled through the multitude. Every now and then it would seem as though the physical power of the assembly was exhausted and

* Editorial in the Boston "Traveller" of May 23, 1860.

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that quiet would be restored, when all at once a new hurricane would break out, more prolonged and terrific than anything before. If sheer exhaustion had not prevented, we don't know but the applause would have continued to this hour."

Without, the scene was repeated. At the first instant of realization in the Wigwam a man on the platform had shouted to a man stationed on the roof, "Hallelujah; Abe Lincoln is nominated!" A cannon boomed the news to the multitude below, and 20,000 throats took up the cry. The city heard it, and one hundred guns on the Tremont House, innumerable whistles on the river and lake front, on locomotives and factories, and the bells in all the steeples, broke forth. For twenty-four hours the clamor never ceased. It spread to the prairies, and before morning they were afire with pride and excitement.

### HOW LINCOLN RECEIVED THE NEWS.

And while all this went on, where was Lincoln? Too much of a candidate, as he had told Swett, to go to Chicago, yet hardly enough of one to stay away, he had ended by remaining in Springfield, where he spent the week in restless waiting and discussion. He drifted about the public square, went often to the telegraph office, looked out for every returning visitor from Chicago, played occasional games of ball, made fruitless efforts to read, went home at unusual hours. He felt in his bones that he had a fighting chance, so he told a friend, but the chance was not so strong that he would indulge in much exultation. By Friday morning he was tired and depressed, but still eager for news. One of his friends, the Hon. James C. Conkling, returned early in the day from Chicago, and Lincoln soon went around to his law office. "Upon entering," says Mr. Conkling, "Lincoln threw himself upon the office lounge, and remarked rather wearily, 'Well, I guess I'll go back to practising law.' As he lay there on the lounge, I gave him such information as I had been able to obtain. I told him the tendency was to drop Seward; that the outlook for him was very encouraging. He listened attentively, and thanked me, saying I had given him a clearer idea of the situation than he had been able to get from any other source. He was not very sanguine of the result. He did not express the opinion that he would be nominated." *

But he could not be quiet, and soon left Mr. Conkling, to join the throng around the telegraph office, where the reports from the convention were coming in. The nominations were being reported, his own among the others. Then news came that the balloting had begun. He could not endure to wait for the result. He remembered a commission his wife had given him that morning, and started across the square to execute it. His errand was done, and he was standing in the door of the shop, talking, when a shout went up from the group at the telegraph office. The next instant an excited boy came rushing pell-mell down the stairs of the office, and, plunging through the crowd, ran across the square, shouting, "Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated!" The cry was repeated on all sides. The people came flocking about him, half laughing, half crying, shaking his hand when they got it, and one another's when they couldn't. For a few minutes, carried away by excitement, Lincoln seemed simply one of the proud and exultant crowd. Then remembering what it all meant, he said, "My friends, I am glad to receive your congratulations, and as there is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news, you must excuse me until I inform her." He slipped away, telegram in hand, his coat-tails flying out behind, and strode towards home, only to find when he reached there that his friends were before him, and that the "little woman" already knew that the honor which for twenty years and more she had believed and stoutly declared her husband deserved, and which a great multitude of men had sworn to do their best to obtain for him, had at last come.

Thirty-six hours later Lincoln received the committee sent by the convention to notify him formally of his selection as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States; but before that time the whole country knew of his nomination, and the North and West were ringing with the stirring chorus:

"Hurrah for our cause—of all causes the best!
Hurrah for old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!"

* Interview with Mr. Conkling for McClure's Magazine.

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# HERR DOLLE'S DIAMONDS.

By Herbert Keen.

WE received one day an addition to our circle at Elvira House in a Mr. Booth that proved a decided acquisition. He conducted himself with the grave decorum of a quiet elderly gentleman of studious tastes and methodical habits, and he and I soon became very good friends. But he always maintained the most absolute reserve respecting his former avocation. He let it be understood that he had retired from business, but I noticed that he usually absented himself for some hours daily, as though he still had some kind of occupation; and occasionally, he went out of town for a day or two ostensibly to attend race meetings. This hobby, of which he made no secret, might have created a prejudice against most men, but in the case of Mr. Booth it was merely regarded as an amiable idiosyncrasy, for it was impossible to suspect him of the mildest dissipation. Sometimes, as he sat in his accustomed arm-chair in the smoking-room, enjoying his after-dinner cigar, and listening with quiet attention to the conversation around him, I used to wonder what the history of this innocent-looking, little, gold-spectacled, bald-headed gentleman, with the scrupulously neat and spotless attire and benevolent aspect, could have been.

Among our guests at that time was a certain Herr Victor Dolle, a Dutch gentleman, who lived in Amsterdam and came over pretty frequently to this country on business connected with his trade of a diamond cutter and polisher. He had resided at Elvira House on many previous occasions, and had gained universal esteem, for he was an amiable, good-natured giant of a man, looking more English than foreign, and speaking our language with singular fluency and correctness.

One day Herr Dolle started by an early train on a flying visit to Birmingham, and I was preparing to depart to the city at the usual hour, when Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office, and, in an agitated voice, requested me to come in. I found her very pale and upset; in fact, almost hysterical. The door of a large safe which stood in a corner of the room was open, and the contents lay scattered in a confused heap upon the floor.

"Mr. Perkins, I have been robbed!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, trembling in every limb, as she closed and locked the door.

"Burglars!" I exclaimed.

"No; at least, I think not," she added, hastily. "The safe has apparently not

"MRS. NIX STOPPED ME AS I PASSED THE DOOR OF HER OFFICE."



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been tampered with. It was locked when I opened it just now. The key acted perfectly. And yet something has been abstracted!"

I glanced round in consternation, and, as I did so, I observed upon her writing-table a bank "paying-in" book lying open, and on top of it two or three checks, some bank-notes, and gold.

"It is not money that I have lost," said Mrs. Nix, following my gaze. "If it were, it would be my own, and wouldn't so much matter."

"What is it, then?" I inquired.

"A small parcel intrusted to me by Herr Dolle on the day of his arrival. It contained, I suppose, diamonds or precious stones. He has been in the habit of asking me to take charge of such things while staying here, to avoid carrying them about. For aught I know the contents of the parcel may have been worth hundreds—nay, thousands of pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, distractedly.

"My dear madam," I said, soothingly, seeing that she was beside herself with agitation, "you must keep calm and tell me how it all happened. When did you last see the parcel?"

I took her hand as I spoke and conducted her to an easy-chair, into which she sank in a half-fainting condition. After a brief pause, she said:

"On Tuesday, the day he arrived, Herr Dolle, with my permission, placed the parcel in the corner of that second shelf. To-day being Saturday, I have received payment of several accounts, your own among others. I went to the safe just now to get my 'paying-in' book in order to send the money to the bank. Suddenly I thought of Herr Dolle's parcel, which I had almost forgotten. It has disappeared."

"Are you sure?" I asked, incredulously.

"I have turned everything out of the safe on to the floor," she said, despairingly.

"Perhaps you have overlooked it. What size was it?" I inquired.

"Oh, quite small! Not larger or much thicker than an envelope folded longways across. You know the sort of little paper parcel that Herr Dolle carries diamonds in? It fits into his pocket-book."

I remembered having been shown, on several occasions, by Herr Dolle, little parcels of diamonds such as Mrs. Nix described. They had generally been done up in neat packages of drab paper folded like a needlecase, but rather larger, with an inner lining of tissue in which the gems reposed. Obviously, a parcel of such small dimensions might easily get mislaid among other articles, and I tried to reassure Mrs. Nix by asseverating my belief that this was what had happened. Though the poor lady shook her head despondently, I at once set to work to replace in the safe, one by one, the books and documents she had taken out of it. There were two or three account-books, some miscellaneous papers, a check-book, a number of counterfoils of old checks, but, unfortunately, a careful scrutiny convinced me that Herr Dolle's packet had not slipped into any unsuspected fold or insinuated itself between the leaves of a book, as I had hoped.

"I suppose you are quite sure that you have never given back the packet to Herr Dolle?" I said, as I reluctantly abandoned the search.

"Quite certain. I have been expecting to be asked for it."

"And you found the safe securely locked?" I inquired, as I tried the key.

"Yes."

"Have you ever parted with the key?"

"Not for a single instant. I always carry my keys about with me," said Mrs. Nix.

"What does Major Nix think about it?"

I declare that when I asked this question I was not conscious of any sequence of ideas in my mind; yet, as I uttered the words, I wished them unspoken, for Mrs. Nix flushed painfully, while I suddenly realized that her husband, sharing her apartment, was the only person who might have obtained access to the key without her knowledge.

"I have not mentioned the subject to anyone yet. Besides, the major was not even aware that the parcel existed," she added, indignantly.

I felt embarrassed and confused, for I suddenly realized the true cause of the poor lady's agitation. The loss of the parcel was, of course, serious enough; but when one reflected that circumstances pointed to the major as the possible thief, the situation became painfully complicated.

"What is to be done?" inquired Mrs. Nix, nervously.

"It is a matter for the police," I said, awkwardly.

"No, Mr. Perkins, that is impossible," said Mrs. Nix, confronting me with an air

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of desperate resolution. "Scandal must be avoided. I cannot have the police called in. And yet the parcel must be found. What am I to say to Herr Dolle? What shall I do?"

I reflected a moment, feeling, indeed, quite at a loss what to advise in the peculiar circumstances, and then, by a sort of inspiration, I exclaimed:

"There is a gentleman here, Mr. Booth, who I think has had experience in these matters. Will you authorize me to consult him?"

My suggestion, being totally unexpected, received a somewhat reluctant acquiescence, but I felt immensely relieved at the prospect of sharing the responsibility of advising Mrs. Nix in this delicate affair with some one whose judgment I instinctively knew could be relied upon. I therefore left Mrs. Nix with strict injunctions not to breathe a word of the loss, even to her husband, at present, while I hastened to seek for Mr. Booth.

I found him smoking his morning cigar over his particular copy of the "Times," and though I burst in upon him without preface or apology, and related bluntly what had occurred, he manifested neither surprise nor confusion at my consulting him, but immediately proceeded to ask me pertinent questions in a brisk, matter-of-fact way.

"The major is too big a fool to meddle with diamonds. If it had been money, now—" A slight shrug of the shoulders significantly conveyed Mr. Booth's estimate of poor Mrs. Nix's husband, as he rose from his seat at the conclusion of my narrative. "Let us come and look at the safe," he added.

"I am glad you don't suspect the major, for his wife's sake," I remarked.

MARTHA STAINES.

"He may have had an accomplice, but we needn't tell *her* so," he replied, as we passed out of the room.

Our hostess was, by this time, a little calmer, and as we entered her sanctum, she was hurriedly filling in, on the leaf of the "paying-in" book, particulars of the money to be despatched to the bank. She received Mr. Booth with a slight access of her habitual stateliness, which betrayed her nervous apprehensions.

"My dear madam, permit me to congratulate you on your wise determination to refrain from sending for the police," he said, with unusual geniality.

"You think it is unnecessary?" said Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Unnecessary and undesirable," replied Mr. Booth, rather to my astonishment. "What you want, of course, is to recover the missing property. The police, on the other hand, would care less about that than to bring some person to justice—probably the wrong person—causing, in any case, scandal and annoyance."

"That is what I thought," said Mrs. Nix, in a tone of heartfelt relief.

"Exactly, and you were quite right. Now, let us consider the facts of the case," added Mr. Booth, turning to the safe. "This is where the parcel was placed?"

"Yes."

"On this shelf here, as I understand from Mr. Perkins. I won't trouble you to repeat what you told him. I shall have a question or two to ask you presently."

He spoke in a pre-occupied manner, while closing the door of the safe and manipulating the key. The latter he examined carefully, carrying it to the light and scrutinizing the wards through a small magnifying glass which he produced from his pocket.

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"Now," said Mr. Booth, having apparently satisfied himself that the key had not been tampered with, "let us have a little rehearsal of what took place when Herr Dolle arrived. To begin with, what were you doing?"

"I was seated at the table as I am now, and I was—yes, I remember!—I was just commencing to fill in a slip with particulars of the money I was about to send to the bank," said Mrs. Nix.

"Ah! Then that will fix the date. May I look?" inquired Mr. Booth, taking up the "paying-in" book, which lay upon the table, and turning over the leaves. "It was on the 13th?"

"Yes."

"And I see you sent the money to the bank by a messenger or servant," said Mr. Booth, carelessly, as he laid down the book.

"How do you know that?" inquired Mrs. Nix in surprise.

"Only because the counterfoil was initialled by the bank clerk who received the money, which is generally done when a messenger is employed," said Mr. Booth.

"Yes, I sent by Martha Staines."

"That elderly woman with spectacles—a sort of housekeeper?" inquired Mr. Booth.

"Yes; but surely you don't suspect her! She has been with me for many years. I am sure she is quite honest," said Mrs. Nix, warmly.

"No, I don't suspect her, for a very good reason which I will tell you presently," answered Mr. Booth, smilingly. "Well, you were engaged as you said when Herr Dolle arrived? He came in here?"

"I went out to meet him in the hall, recognizing his voice. He followed me into this room, and stayed talking for some moments. I resumed my seat at the desk here, and presently I went on filling up the 'paying-in' slip, while he talked."

"Ah," ejaculated Mr. Booth.

"The fact is, I was very busy, and Herr Dolle always has so much to say," said Mrs. Nix, smiling. "Presently he produced the little parcel, and asked me to allow him to put it inside the safe, which was open."

MAJOR NIX.

"Well?"

"I, of course, consented, and I particularly looked round at his request, and saw him place it on the shelf there," said Mrs. Nix, emphatically.

"And then?" queried Mr. Booth.

"Then he left, after talking a few minutes longer."

"What did he talk about in those few minutes?" asked Mr. Booth, quickly.

"Really, I can't remember," said Mrs. Nix, impatiently. "I'm afraid I didn't listen very attentively."

Mr. Booth glanced at me as though our hostess's last answer possessed some significance, but I entirely failed to grasp his meaning. He smiled at my perplexity, and turned again to Mrs. Nix.

"Did you lock up the safe directly he left?" he asked.

"Yes—at least—no; not immediately. I rang for Martha. When she came we checked my figures in the 'paying-in' book with the money, which we placed in a little paper bag—you know the kind!"

"One of these," said Mr Booth, producing from a bundle which stood in a corner of the safe a brown paper bag supplied by the bank.

"Yes, and—and that's all; Martha took the bag and the 'paying-in' book to the bank, while I shut the safe and went about my other duties."

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"And now for the only really important question," said Mr. Booth, briskly. "When you shut the safe, are you sure Herr Dolle's parcel was there?"

"Quite sure. I saw him place it there."

"But did you really see it? Could you swear that you locked it up in the safe? Because," added Mr. Booth, laughingly, "I'm prepared to wager my head against a china orange, as the saying is, that when you locked the safe the parcel wasn't there!"

"Where was it, then?" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, in bewilderment.

"In Herr Dolle's pocket!"

"No!" we both exclaimed.

"I say 'yes,' and it is a fact which can be verified the moment he returns from Birmingham," he added, smiling at our undisguised incredulity. "Depend upon it that, after placing the parcel on the shelf there, he changed his mind and took it up again. You were busy, Mrs. Nix, and didn't notice what he said. Try and remember!"

"You—may be right, of course," murmured Mrs. Nix, evidently anxious to be convinced in spite of secret misgivings.

"Of course I'm right—eh, Perkins?" said Mr. Booth, glancing meaningly at me.

"Your theory seems a little far-fetched," I replied, half involuntarily.

Mrs. Nix looked distressed at my reply, and Mr. Booth darted at me a momentary glance of annoyance.

"What a fellow you are, Perkins!" he exclaimed, good-humoredly, the instant after. "You refuse to allow me the credit of an intelligent deduction from bare facts! You force me to disclose the trick which I carry up my sleeve and to discount my own cleverness!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Last night Herr Dolle showed me, in my own room, a parcel of diamonds precisely like the one we have been talking about," said Mr. Booth, gravely.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix.

"But he didn't say—" I commenced, rather hotly.

"He didn't say it was the identical parcel," interposed Mr. Booth, quickly, "because, naturally, it never occurred to me to ask the question; but I'm convinced in my own mind that it was. If Perkins likes to risk a sovereign, I'll take his bet that Herr Dolle confirms my theory."

"It would be worth a sovereign," I said, more, in truth, from obstinacy than from conviction.

"Done, then," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Oh, Mr. Booth, I am so much obliged to you. You have relieved my mind of a great anxiety," exclaimed Mrs. Nix, evidently carried away by my companion's assurance. "Come in!" she added, quickly, in response to a knock at the door.

It was the old housekeeper, Martha, a tall, gray-haired woman in spectacles of such strong magnifying power that they made her dim eyes look unnaturally large. Nevertheless, she was obviously as blind as a bat, for she peered into the room in a short-sighted manner and appeared startled at seeing us.

"MR. BOOTH . . . SILENTLY HELD OUT HIS HAND FOR MY SOVEREIGN."

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"Beg pardon, ma'am. I only wished to ask if I am to go to the bank?" she said.

"I shall be passing, Mrs. Nix," I interposed, desirous of making amends for any uneasiness I might have caused.

"Oh! thank you. Never mind, Martha, to-day," said Mrs. Nix.

"H'm! Hardly a safe messenger," remarked Mr. Booth, as Martha withdrew. "Honest enough, no doubt, but getting old, and might easily be robbed."

He was strolling to the door as he spoke; I paused only while Mrs. Nix placed in a paper bag the coins, notes, and checks, and then followed him into the hall. When we were alone, he looked at me rather queerly.

"So you don't believe in my theory, Perkins?" he laughed.

"I don't know what to believe," I replied, puzzled by his manner.

"Ah! you are beginning to waver, I see. Do you want to hedge?"

"No; it is a bet," I answered.

Mr. Booth laughed quietly and returned to the smoking-room, while I, feeling somewhat unreasonably irritated, put on my hat and started for my office. I was annoyed because Mr. Booth had seemed to suggest that I was endeavoring to foster suspicion against Major Nix, whereas nothing had been farther from my thoughts. But when I came to reflect upon what had passed, I realized that I had no cause of complaint against him, and that my resentment was really due to vexation with myself for having involuntarily assumed an attitude calculated to disturb our hostess's peace of mind. As for Mr. Booth's theory, a few moments' consideration convinced me that it was possibly correct; and it could, as he had pointed out, easily be put to the test, for Herr Dolle was due back the same evening.

I called in at Mrs. Nix's bank as I passed along Oxford Street, and paid in the money and checks which she had intrusted to me. I had rendered her this small service on two or three previous occasions, and was known to the clerks there. It was in those days a small branch establishment, with a very modest staff. There was only one cashier, if I remember rightly; at all events, I was attended to by a young fellow whose face was familiar to me, though I did not know his name.

"Anything happened to the old lady who generally comes here?" he inquired, carelessly, as I handed over my charge.

"Mrs. Staines is all right. Mrs. Nix asked me to pay in the money, as I happened to be passing," I replied.

"All well at Elvira House?" he asked, glancing through the checks.

"Yes."

"And the major?"

"Major Nix is quite well," I answered, as I turned away.

"I suppose you heard that he lost a good bit of money over the Leger," he remarked, lowering his voice.

"I am not in the major's confidence," I replied, annoyed at the news on the poor wife's account.

"Oh! all right. Then you needn't say I told you," rejoined the cashier, with a vindictive laugh.

It seemed to me, from his tone, that the young man bore some grudge against Major Nix, and was not unwilling to do him an injury by spreading the news. I resolved, therefore, not to gratify him by repeating what he had told me, but, at the same time, the information caused me some uneasiness. If Mr. Booth's theory about the missing parcel should prove delusive, here was a piece of intelligence which might, of itself, suffice to arouse suspicion against the major.

I was a good deal disturbed by this discovery, which had the effect of arousing uncomfortable misgivings in my mind. When I returned to Elvira House in the evening, I told Mr. Booth in confidence what I had learnt. To my surprise, however, he seemed already aware of Major Nix's misfortune, and, after listening to my story, he quietly produced a telegram.

"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.

"Did you send him a message, then?" I asked.

"Yes. Fortunately, Mrs. Nix remembered the name and address of his agents in Hatton Garden. From them I ascertained where a telegram to Birmingham would find him. I thought it better to put an end to Mrs. Nix's suspense at once," he added.

Herr Dolle's reply, despatched from Birmingham, was in these words: "Wire received. Parcel in my possession. Explain to-night."

"Have you told Mrs. Nix?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes. She is delighted, of course. "By the way," he added, carelessly, "Mrs. Nix doesn't wish her husband to know anything about it. Between ourselves she evidently doesn't trust him, and

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quite right too. She prefers he shouldn't know that her safe occasionally contains valuables."

"Well, it appears I owe you a sovereign," I replied, producing my purse.

"Better wait and learn the truth from Herr Dolle's own lips. His train arrives at eight o'clock," said Mr. Booth, laughingly.

I demurred to this delay in discharging my obligation, but my friend was good-humoredly obstinate, and it was not until later in the evening, after Herr Dolle's return, that he consented to receive it. When I adjourned to the smoking-room, after spending an hour or two in the drawing-room after dinner, I found Herr Dolle smoking stolidly in his usual corner by the fireplace, and at my entrance he rose and drew me aside.

"My friend," he said, in his slow, guttural accents, "you have lost your bet."

"So I understand," I replied.

"Mrs. Nix is a very stupid lady. It comes of doing two things at once. If she had listened to what I said, she would have saved herself much anxiety. I said to her, 'On second thoughts, my dear madam, I may be able to do business to-day with my little parcel;' and she replied 'Yes,' like that. How was I to know that she did not hear?"

"It was her own fault, of course," I remarked.

"I am sorry, but I should have been sorrier still if the parcel had been lost," he remarked.

"Were the contents valuable?" I inquired.

"Very valuable. I should have been a fool for my pains, Ja!" said Herr Dolle, nodding his head emphatically as he left me and returned to his chair.

An animated discussion was going on in the room, and our little colloquy excited no attention, except from Mr. Booth, who glanced at me with a self-satisfied smile, and silently held out his hand for my sovereign, which I immediately produced. The major, who was in great form that evening, and was apparently quite cheerful and indifferent about his recent losses, caught sight of this little episode, and exclaimed:

"HERR DOLLE, PICKING OUT THE DIAMONDS . . . EXAMINED THEM BENEATH THE GAS-LAMP."

"Hullo! Perkins is paying up! What is it? A bet?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Booth, quietly pocketing the coin. "A bet which Herr Dolle has decided in my favor."

"Eh? What was it? Tell us about it, Dolle," cried the major, who was quite in his element.

Herr Dolle looked a little disconcerted at being appealed to, for he turned red and glanced covertly at Mr. Booth. No doubt, he had, like myself, been warned not to reveal our secret to the major, and felt at a loss how to reply. But Mr. Booth relieved his embarrassment and my own by saying, promptly:

"Perkins doubted when I said that a diamond merchant could always recognize his own wares."

"Hang it all, one diamond is very like another. Given two stones of the same size and quality, and how the deuce could even an expert tell the difference?" shouted the major, in an argumentative tone.

"You don't often come across two stones which are exact counterparts," said Mr. Booth, glancing at the Dutchman.

"What I say is this," said Herr Dolle, slowly, "that I could always recognize

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stones which had been cut and polished by myself."

"Well, I shouldn't have believed it possible!" cried the major in his noisy way. "Now, I'll tell you fellows what happened once to a man I knew at Agra."

I forget now the details of the story, but though it led to a long argument, it failed to convince Herr Dolle, who, indeed, was evidently disinclined to discuss the point. I thought he looked worried and depressed, and shortly afterwards he got up, observing with a prodigious yawn that he was tired after his journey, and retired from the room. But Mr. Booth defended his own assertion with great pertinacity, and incidentally displayed an intimate acquaintance with traffic in precious stones, which he explained by saying that he had once visited Kimberley, where he had been initiated into most of the mysteries of the trade.

Looking back, I think I always had a sort of suspicion at the back of my head that we had not heard the last of Herr Dolle's parcel. But it is easy, from after knowledge of events, to claim credit for preternatural acuteness, and to speak quite honestly, I cannot recall to mind anything that happened for some days to make me suspect a private understanding between Herr Dolle and Mr. Booth. At all events, I must own to having been considerably startled by an incident which occurred about a week later.

We were alone one evening in the smoking-room, Herr Dolle, Mr. Booth, the major, and I, after the other guests had departed. It was pretty late, and Herr Dolle had just risen to knock the ashes out of his last pipe when the major, who had been fidgeting about in his chair and nervously twisting the ends of his moustache for some moments, suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, Dolle, you buy diamonds, don't you?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Herr Dolle, turning round with a startled look.

"A friend of mine owes me some money, but, like me, he is hard up," explained the major, reddening at the evident surprise which his inquiry had caused. "His mother died recently and left him some jewelry, including a diamond necklace. He has taken out the stones, and wishes to dispose of them."

While speaking, Major Nix lugged out of his trouser-pocket a little leather bag, from which he extracted a quantity of cotton wool. Carefully wrapped inside this were a dozen or more good-sized diamonds of extraordinary whiteness and brilliancy. Herr Dolle stared at the stones in amazement, and turned red all over his face and neck.

"May I look?" he grunted, after a pause.

Major Nix yielded up his treasure with increasing confusion, and Herr Dolle, picking out the diamonds one by one from their woolly bed, ranged them in rows on his broad palm, and examined them beneath the gas-lamp. Though he said nothing, I could see plainly that he was considerably startled and taken aback, and I noticed that Mr. Booth was vigilant and alert.

"I suppose they are real stones?" said Major Nix, apparently struck by the Dutchman's manner.

"Yes, they are real stones, but I shall not buy these. No!" said Herr Dolle, replacing the diamonds in the bag with stolid deliberation.

"Why not?" inquired the major.

"Because Herr Dolle prefers selling to buying, eh, Herr?" interposed Mr. Booth, briskly. "Besides, he is leaving England to-morrow."

"Yes. I am leaving England to-morrow," said Herr Dolle, rather sulkily, as he handed over the bag to Mr. Booth in obedience to a peremptory gesture from that gentleman.

"My friend can't wait—or rather, *I* can't," said Major Nix, with an uneasy laugh. "I suppose you can recommend me to some one in your line of business?"

"*I* can," said Mr. Booth, before the Dutchman could reply. "My friend Mr. Klenck of 187 Hatton Garden will treat you fairly on my introduction. I'll meet you there, if you like."

"Thanks," exclaimed the major, hurriedly making a note of the name and address on his shirt-cuff. "Shall we say to-morrow?"

"Any time that will suit your friend," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Eh? Oh! *He* won't want to come. He trusts me," returned the major.

"Mr. Klenck would not deal with an agent in a case like this. Besides, it would be better for your own sake that he should be present. By the bye, what is your friend's name?" inquired Mr. Booth, carelessly.

"I don't think I ought to say," replied Major Nix, pulling at his moustache, and looking embarrassed. "He particularly doesn't want his name to appear. You see it's a family matter."

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"I see," said Mr. Booth, dryly, as he quietly put the little bag in his pocket. "I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself, major. Your friend must turn up or there will be no business done."

Mr. Booth's words, and especially the significant action which accompanied them, threw the major in a great state of excitement and perturbation, and he indignantly protested that his friend's integrity was beyond suspicion. But, unable to resist the logical retort, he at length sullenly gave way, and, though he still refused to mention the name of his principal, he consented to bring him to Mr. Klenck's office at five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

With this arrangement the discussion ended, and I remarked that Herr Dolle, whose demeanor had at one time been rather mysterious, seemed relieved at the turn of events, and he resumed his habitual stolidity. We all left the apartment together, but on the landing outside my room, where Mr. Booth and I found ourselves alone, I unburdened my mind by whispering, eagerly:

"Those were Herr Dolle's diamonds, of course!"

"Yes," said Booth, quietly.

"How did the major come by them?" I inquired.

"We shall know to-morrow," said Mr. Booth, smiling at my excitement. "Would you like to meet us at Mr. Klenck's, and see what happens?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Very well. No. 187 Hatton Garden, third floor back, at five o'clock," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he passed on towards his room.

"One moment, Mr. Booth," I exclaimed, unable to restrain my curiosity. "You don't believe the major stole them?"

"I can't say anything till to-morrow," he replied, gravely.

With which he nodded "good-night" to me, and abruptly entered his room; and here I may remark that I learnt from subsequent experience that my friend always had a weakness for creating dramatic effects. I frequently accused him of this peculiar form of vanity, and though he defended himself by enlarging upon the danger of premature confidences in matters involving important issues, I am still of opinion that Mr. Booth carried this irritating reticence to undue limits from motives of self-glorification.

However, it was a harmless eccentricity at the worst, though on the present occasion it annoyed me exceedingly, for I was completely mystified by this extraordinary development. On the one hand, all the circumstances of the case pointed to Major Nix as the probable thief, even to the stolen diamonds being actually in his possession; on the other, it was impossible to believe he could be guilty when he had openly offered them for sale in his own house to the lawful owner. It was true that the story of the loss had been hushed up, and the major might have been dense enough not to suspect that the stones belonged to Herr Dolle; but even assuming this, his conduct had either been that of an innocent man or a lunatic.

Next morning Mr. Booth's reserve was more impenetrable than ever; and I did not see Herr Dolle, who had left the house before I came down. I had, therefore, no alternative but to control my impatience as best I could till the evening, when, punctually at the hour named, I presented myself at No. 187 Hatton Garden.

It was a dingy building, in which there were several sets of chambers, and after lingering for a few moments outside, waiting for Mr. Booth, it occurred to me that he might have entered, and I therefore ascended the stairs to Mr. Klenck's office. On reaching the third floor I opened a door which bore his name, my action being signalled by the sharp ring of a bell which answered to the turning of the handle. I found myself in a little square vestibule, partitioned off with glazed panelling, in which was a sliding window marked "Inquiries."

"Yes?" questioned a voice from the other side.

"Is Mr. Booth here?" I inquired.

The response was a "click" at my elbow, which revealed the opening of an inner door, through which I passed into a good-sized room. Here, seated at a table, busily engaged in writing, was my friend Booth, who saluted me with a cool nod and a silent intimation to close the door through which I had entered.

"Where is Mr. Klenck?" I inquired, perceiving that we were alone.

"He has been good enough to let me have the use of his office for half an hour. Mr. Klenck is Herr Dolle's agent," he added, without looking up from his writing.

This was a revelation to me, but seeing that Mr. Booth was occupied with his pen, I forebore to ask questions, and seated myself on a vacant chair opposite to him.

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I gazed around me with curiosity, and observed that the only furniture consisted of a couple of small tables covered with blue cloth and surrounded on three sides by a low wooden barrier, evidently designed to prevent small articles from being brushed off; a few chairs, and an enormous safe. I noticed also two sets of scales of fragile and delicate mechanism, with miniature weights, screened by a glass covering; some copper or metal scoops of various small sizes; some pairs of tweezers, and a jeweller's magnifying glass.

"Here they are," said Mr. Booth, suddenly, at the sound of footsteps on the landing outside. "Come in," he added, as the bell rang.

"Is Mr. Klenck in?" inquired the major's voice.

With a sly look at me, Mr. Booth jerked the handle of a small lever attached to the desk at which he was sitting, and Major Nix entered through the inner door, followed by a taller and younger man. Directly they appeared, Mr. Booth rose quickly, and, passing behind them, pushed to the inner door, which fastened with a catch.

"Well, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, briskly, as he returned to the table.

"Hullo! What are *you* doing here?" exclaimed the major, recognizing me with a start.

Noticing a similar movement of surprise on the part of his companion, I looked at the latter attentively, and, though he had evidently taken pains to disguise himself by muffling the lower part of his face in a comforter and keeping on his hat, which was pulled down over his brow, I perceived that it was the young cashier from Mrs. Nix's bank.

"You have a cold, sir?" remarked Mr. Booth, sarcastically, regarding the young man. "You wouldn't otherwise keep your hat on in a gentleman's office."

The person addressed muttered some unintelligible reply, while the major, who seemed suddenly to become vaguely conscious of something being amiss, inquired anxiously:

"Where is Mr. Klenck?"

"He has authorized me to transact this little business," said Mr. Booth.

"Well, this is my friend, and you've got the diamonds," said the major, sulkily.

"No, Herr Dolle has got the diamonds, because they were his property, and at the present moment they are in Amsterdam," said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"This is a trap!" cried the young man furiously, making a sudden movement towards the door, while the major dropped into a chair, open-mouthed.

"The door is locked," said Mr. Booth, indicating the lever by his side, "and no one can leave without my permission."

"Who are you? What's your name?" exclaimed the young man, excitedly.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Major Nix.

Mr. Booth seemed grimly amused at the consternation of his visitors, and for answer he commenced to read aloud from the document he held in his hand.

"*This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton, a clerk in the Oxford Street Branch of the Middlesex Bank.*"

"It's a lie! I—I only came here to oblige him," cried the young man, pointing to the major with a trembling hand.

"You mean that he stole the diamonds?" said Mr. Booth, looking up innocently.

"How do I know how he came by them?" exclaimed the young man, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"This is just as I expected," said Mr. Booth, glancing at me. "Keep quiet and listen," he added, sharply, to the major, who had risen furiously from his chair.

"*On the 13th inst.*," he went on, reading

"HERE, SEATED AT A TABLE, . . . WAS MY FRIEND BOOTH."

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"'HULLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' EXCLAIMED THE MAJOR."

from the document before him, "*Mrs. Nix's housekeeper came to the bank, bringing some gold, notes, and checks in a paper bag, which she handed to me over the counter.*"

"How do you know it was I?" interrupted the clerk, defiantly.

"Because the counterfoil of the 'paying-in' book bears your initials," replied Mr. Booth, quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the clerk, manifestly taken aback.

"*Inside the bag which she handed to me I found, in addition to the items mentioned in the 'paying-in' book, a small paper parcel which had evidently slipped in by mistake,*" resumed Mr. Booth, reading from his manuscript.

"I deny it!" cried the clerk, with an oath.

"I questioned the old woman quietly," said Mr. Booth, disregarding the interruption and addressing me, "and found out how it happened. She has no suspicion to this moment, but I elicited from her that, at Mrs. Nix's request, she fetched from the safe a small pile of gold and notes which she put into the bag. Among them, being near-sighted, she no doubt accidentally took up Herr Dolle's little parcel, unobserved by her mistress."

"I never knew Dolle had lost anything," interposed the major, hotly.

"No; I persuaded him—for various reasons—to keep it quiet," replied Mr. Booth, smiling at me.

"*When I found the parcel contained diamonds,*" he proceeded, reverting to the written statement, "*I kept the discovery to myself, and, hearing nothing further of the matter, I determined to appropriate them. I owed money, to Major Nix among others, for gambling debts, and I was hard pressed.*"

"*He* was pressing me," interposed the young man, half involuntarily.

"*My difficulty was how to get rid of them without exciting suspicion,*" read Mr. Booth, calmly. "*And at length I decided to employ Major Nix, thinking that if anything went wrong I could deny all knowledge of them, and that the circumstances of the case would bring suspicion on him.*"

"Which was the reason why you were careful to tell me he was in money difficulties," I interrupted, indignantly, addressing the young man, who winced at my words.

"*I therefore told him a cock-and-bull story, which he, like a fool, believed, and—bigger fool still—he undertook the business, in the hope of getting paid what I owed him.* That is the whole," added Mr. Booth, in conclusion.

"You expect me to sign that paper, I suppose," sneered the young man, though he was evidently cowed and overawed.

"No, I expect to have to hand you

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over to the police. I give you the chance, that's all," said Mr. Booth, laying down the document on the desk and rising from his chair.

"What if I sign it?" inquired the other, with sudden eagerness.

"Herr Dolle has left himself in my hands," replied Mr. Booth, meaningly. "He will return to prosecute if necessary; otherwise, you will be free to go. The only difficulty I feel is about your employers. They ought to be told."

"They've found out more than enough already, and I'm sacked. What does it matter what I sign! Here, give me the pen," he added, with a transparently assumed air of desperation, and, taking a hasty stride to the table, he dashed off his signature and handed the document to Mr. Booth.

"The door is open," said the latter, quietly, as he jerked the lever.

"What use are you going to make of the paper?" inquired the young man, evidently seized with a sudden apprehension.

"None, upon my honor," said Mr. Booth, folding it up and putting it in his pocket; "unless, indeed, I hear of your making any more libellous statements about Major Nix."

"I couldn't make the major out a greater blackleg than he is," said the young man, with a bitter laugh; and with this parting shot he hurried from the room, and slammed the door after him.

"Hi! Stop!" cried Major Nix, starting up with a great show of virtuous indignation.

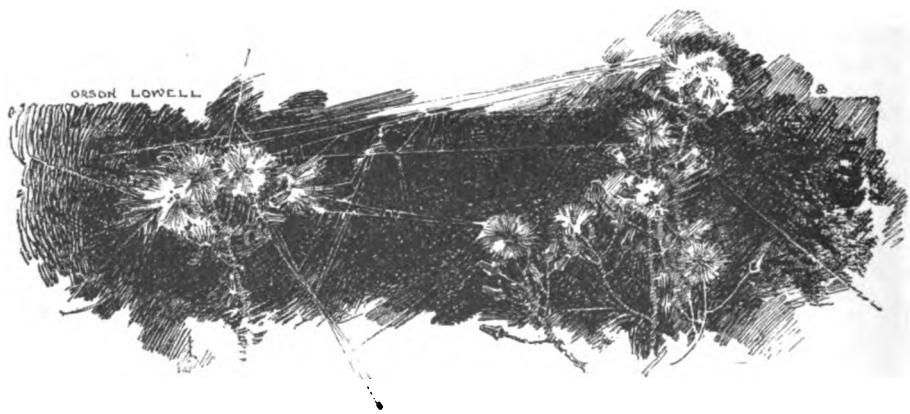
"Nonsense, Major," said Mr. Booth, severely. "Let the poor lad go. You've helped to bring him to this, you know."

"I!" protested the major, though he looked sheepish beneath Mr. Booth's steady regard.

"Oh, he is a bad lot—I know all about him. I don't mean to say that you've led him astray. But you've betted with him—you, a man of nearly twice his age! And let me tell you, my friend, that you were in a very tight place, though you little suspected it," he added, impressively. "But for my interference you would probably have found yourself in the dock over this business, with every chance of hearing a verdict of 'guilty' returned against you by an intelligent jury."

"I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure," murmured Major Nix, in a subdued tone.

"What I did was for your wife's sake, and not for yours," replied Mr. Booth, a little contemptuously. "I'm not sanguine enough to hope that this affair will be a warning to you, but it ought. Perkins," he said, turning to me to hide a smile which was evoked by the major's ludicrous affectation of injured innocence, "would you mind putting out that gas? I promised Mr. Klenck that I would lock the office up and hand the key to the housekeeper. We must get back or we shall be late for dinner."

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# TWO MODERN PRODIGALS.

## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By James F. McKay,

Author of "A Leap in the Dark," "Stella Grayland," and other stories.

TOM STANDISH and Chauncey Smith were chums at school. Tom went into the army and Chauncey into the church, and they drifted apart. Chauncey made a brilliant start in his first parish, but he resigned suddenly, and wandered about, then went out as missionary to the Oregons. Few knew that the cause of his going off the track was a certain Emily Varick.

Miss Varick was a young person of ideas; and when Chauncey expressed his great regard for her, she repulsed him with some scornful remarks about carpet knights and the need there was for men and women to do noble deeds before saying fine words.

Out West he met Frank Standish, but could get nothing from him about Tom. He did not succeed there, nor get on well with the other missionaries. Finally, he gave it up at short notice, and went straight back home to the old farm among the eastern hills. He left his baggage at the station, and walked home across lots, touched by every familiar stone and tree. It was haying-time, and he saw his father at the other end of a mown field. He took a stray fork and began heaping up the windrows, finding it pleasant that he could beat the man on the next row. The old man presently came down to see who it was, and Chauncey kept his head down and made the hay fly till his father stood close beside him. Then he dropped the fork and threw his arms across the bent shoulders, laughing with a sudden dimness in his eyes.

"This is honest work," he said. "I guess this is what I was made for."

The old folks were glad and sorry, but saw he was not to be questioned. He worked away and made it pleasant for them all that summer and fall, but he did not find it satisfying. In the middle of November he got a letter from Frank Standish which he showed to his mother, and he told her the story in a few words.

"I have just heard you are out of the woods," the captain wrote. "I know just the spot for you. Maberly is going to take a professorship, and they want a parson up at Standish. They pay pretty well, and you're just the man. There's work enough to satisfy you and the kind of work you ought to be at. I've spoken about you, and they want to see you. Come up and preach for them at Thanksgiving. We'll all be at home this year, and will make it pleasant for you. Did you know I had been getting engaged? She'll be there—come and see her. We'll depend on you."

The old folks talked it over that night, and they urged him to go, though they would miss him sadly. So he set to work on a Thanksgiving sermon. He threw it away several times and went to work out of doors again. But he saw it vexed the old people; they had expected great things of him. Everybody had, in fact; he had been a brilliant fellow at college, class poet and a forcible speaker. In the end, he finished his sermon and started for Standish, intending to stop over one train in the city on some business of his father's.

On the train he remembered that Dan Field lived at Preston on this road, and he looked out for him. Sure enough he saw him getting on the train. They sat together the rest of the way, and Chauncey found his friend's strong, laughing talk very pleasant to hear again. He told him where he was going, and they talked over the Standishes, Nelly's marriage to Colonel Haven, Parry's narrow escape from



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the Arctic, and the rest. Chauncey asked Field if he knew anything about Tom and why Frank would not speak of him. Then Field stopped laughing.

"No, they don't talk about Tom. Tom went to the bad. He got to be a lieutenant, and was out in New Mexico, acting captain and commissary of the post. He got into some scrape; there was a shortage in his accounts or something, and he was court-martialed and dismissed from the army in disgrace. Scott Jervis ran across him in New Orleans in a shirt and trousers and close down to the husks. Scott bought him a ticket and sent him home; and when he got to Standish they turned him out. He had dishonored them, and they shut the door in his face."

Chauncey made little reply to this, except by the expression on his face. Tom Standish had been the gentlest, nicest boy he knew; and he did not know how to make this story fit. Finally he asked Field if he knew where Tom was.

"Yes, I think he's about town. I used to get a glimpse of him, but he keeps on the shady side, and I haven't seen him in a long time. I hear about him occasionally, though, through a client of mine who keeps a place on the east side."

They talked about some other things, but Chauncey was absent and forgetful, and after a while asked Field for his client's address. Field wrote a few words on a card, and gave it to him. Just as they were shaking hands in the hubbub of the streets, Field said, "Remember me to Frank Standish; I suppose he told you he is going to marry Emily Varick."

A wave of the hand, and then he was gone. Chauncey drifted on with the human tide. When he remembered his father's business, it was too late for that day. He found he was tired out, and took a room at a cheap hotel near by. He threw himself on the bed, and lay there several hours without moving.

Finally he got up and went out into the streets again. It was night now, and he wandered into a riotous quarter, finding it congenial with his humor. He saw, on a lamp, the name of the street Field had written for him, looked up the number, and went in. He gave Field's card to the proprietor of the place; and the man looked at it and him; then said:

"I expect the man you want will be in here before long. I'll give you a hint when he comes."

A faintness had crept upon Chauncey; he forgot that he had not eaten anything since early morning. He sat down aside, where he could watch the door. Presently a man came in and stood speaking to some one near the entrance. Chauncey sat looking at him in a kind of a dream, in which the brilliant lights, the swinging doors, the coming and going, the loud talk of flashy, sharp-faced men, swam in a shifting scene. Something made him turn, and the keeper of the place caught his eye, and motioned with his thumb toward the door. He got up and met the new-comer half way. He was shabby and unkempt enough; but Chauncey was glad he was not like most of the people in the place, who were not shabby at least. He had to stare sharply to find the Standish look in the dull face, though, to tell the truth, Tom had always been a trifle dull.

"Well, Tom, I suppose you don't remember me," he said.

"Yes," he answered, without brightening, "I know you; you're Chauncey Smith."

Chauncey had not the slightest idea what he was going to do with him, but he said decidedly:

"Tom, come along with me. I want to talk to you."

Tom looked dogged as well as dull.

"I don't want to go with you. If you want to talk, we can do it here."

"All I've got to say," Chauncey replied, "is that I think you've had enough of this, and I want you to come out of it."

Tom simply refused, and Chauncey responded:

"Well, if you won't come with me, I'll go with you. I don't care much which."

There was a certain hardness and recklessness in Chauncey's manner that worked through to Tom's dulled perception and affected him more than any appeal would have done; and finding that he could not shake Chauncey off, he finally asked what he wanted of him, and let him take him away. Chauncey did not talk, but took him under his arm and walked him along with an impatient, almost fierce imperiousness that wielded the sway of natural right over Tom's milder spirit. He went into a clothing-store, pencilled on a scrap of wrapping-paper for the man to take Tom's measure in his eye, and pointed out what he wanted. His pocket-book was not very stout when he went in, and was lean when he came out, but he didn't care. He fetched the bundle away under one arm and Tom under the other. He went into some baths behind a barber shop, saying:

"Tom, I've been travelling all day and

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feel principally composed of cinders and engine-smoke. Let's have a wash-up."

He turned on the water for Tom, threw down the bundle, and told him to put on the things, shut him in, and went into the next place himself. He was waiting when Tom came out, and he told the barbers to do their worst by them both. Then he saw in a glass that Tom looked something like a Standish again. He brought him away, and took him up to his room, stopping at the office to write T. J. Standish on the register. Then he sat down opposite to Tom, and forgot all about him for a good while, though he seemed to be staring at him all the time.

"HE HAD TO STARE SHARPLY TO FIND THE STANDISH LOOK IN THE DULL FACE."

By and by this roused a certain resentment in Tom, and he spoke up angrily:

"Now, I'd like to know what you mean by all this."

Chauncey straightened up, and woke himself slowly to a remembrance of the situation. Then he said, with a deliberateness that showed the fiery temper behind it:

"Say that over again slow."

It was the perception of this something unnatural, something almost furious, behind Chauncey's words and manner, that made Tom passive in his hands. There had never been anything coarse about the Chauncey Smith that Tom had known, and now his whole manner and speech were rough. His talk had suddenly caught the flavor of the street, of the untamed, riotous world. He had chaffed and laughed harshly with the bath-keeper and the hotel clerk. Tom was shaken and stung by his scornful expression.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that a little soap and water can clean up a man who has been down in the mud for years?"

"No, I don't," Chauncey retorted. "I'll tell you what I suppose; I suppose any man is liable to slip and get down under foot and even roll into the gutter. But I didn't suppose until now that a man who had been brought up on soap and water would like mud well enough to be still and wallow in it until somebody came and pulled him out by the neck. I supposed that any one out of his teens must know that every man has his own way to make in this world, without much help from anybody else, and that any man who lies down in the street and whines for somebody to pick him up and push him along the straight road is a miserable fraud and failure."

He said more of the same sort, said it harshly and hotly, and with the emphasis of strong language. His words were harder than those Tom had met when he went home, but there was an underlying difference that Tom felt rather than saw. The few words he had met at home sent him away hard and desperate; Chauncey's unbridled reproaches broke him to pieces, doubled him up, and set him sobbing like a whipped child.

Chauncey kept still then, and did not interfere. But when Tom looked up, at length, he saw Chauncey bent forward, looking at him with his face between his hands. And from the face between his hands looked out a haggard misery.

"I *am* a failure," Tom complained,—"I ought to know. And I'm a fraud, too. I suppose you've heard of it, like everybody else. I lost the money playing cards; there wasn't anything else to do in that cursed hole. But they needn't have

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been so hard on me when I went home. It was Frank and Nelly that were the worst. Nelly said she'd rather have heard that I was dead, and Frank put me out. The old man was awfully cut up, but I think I could have made it up with him if I had seen him alone. And I know Kate was sorry; but she wasn't home. I've got the letter here that she wrote me; I've read it a hundred times, but I never answered it. Frank is no saint himself, as I know. He said I had disgraced them, and they disowned me forever. I said I would disgrace them then, and I guess I have. But I might have done worse yet if it hadn't been for Kate."

Chauncey still looked at him from between his hands.

"Don't mind me, Tom," he said; "I wasn't preaching at you so much as at myself. It's I that am the failure. I got turned out, too, and I haven't stood up against it any better than you. I've been racing and raving about the country for a couple of years, and haven't done a decent thing. And I'm the worst kind of a fraud. I'm on my way now to preach at Thanksgiving and tell the people all the things we've got to be thankful for, and there isn't a thing in the world that I'm thankful for myself. See here, Tom; I've got it in my pocket, all written out. Oh, it's beautiful! It shows you what great gains we've made, what blood and tears our liberty has cost, what noble characters and families generations of brave living have bred (like the Standishes, for example), and all the rest. And I don't care, to-night, if chaos comes again; I know the world is full of griefs too bitter for tears and wounds too deep to bleed. We're down in the ditch together, and it won't do any good for us to call names."

And so these two confessed poor sinners humbled and bemoaned themselves far into the night, and crept sick-hearted into bed as the dawn began to come in from the sea. The city was all bustle and sunshine when they rose from their unrefreshing sleep. They went down and ate breakfast together, then wandered aimlessly about the town. It brought back the memory of a holiday they had spent there as joyous boys; and they took the freak of going about to some of the same sights and shows, laughing as loudly as then, but with a different humor, as may be supposed.

So the day passed, and Chauncey showed no sign of proceeding on his journey. He had not named his destination, but had intimated that he was due farther north the night previous; and now it was the day before Thanksgiving. He had not gone into any particulars, but it had been borne in upon Tom that here was a keener spirit than his own, quite as likely as not to go to pieces in the strait it was in. Chauncey left the lead to him all day, and in the evening Tom told Chauncey it was time to go and get his things to take the night train.

So Chauncey went along with him, paid his bill, and they went up together to the northern train. Chauncey went to the ticket-office, and when he came back Tom held out his hand.

"I won't forget this," he said, his voice turning thick as he spoke. "You're the first one that hasn't despised me; you've done me a good turn. I'm going to do better."

Chauncey did not take his hand.

"I've got your ticket," he said. "I won't go unless you do."

Tom said there was no reason for his going; and Chauncey replied, then they wouldn't go. He did not know what he was going to do with Tom or with himself Quite probably he perceived vaguely that throwing the lead on Tom had a good effect; and he persisted in it, half recklessly, half purposely. That was characteristic of his doubting and subtilizing intellect. Tom argued, hesitated, then went with him as the gates were about to close. They arrived between three and four in the morning, and went to the nearest hotel. Chauncey had kept the tickets, and Tom took no notice and did not know where they were to.

On the previous morning Chauncey Smith had naturally been the subject of talk at the breakfast table in the Standish mansion. He had been expected the preceding night. Emily Varick was there. She had been a school friend of Kate's, and in that way became acquainted with Kate's brother, Captain Frank, whom she admired as one of the doers of heroic things and a handsome, courtly fellow personally. Frank was led to speak of his acquaintance with Chauncey in the far West and the rather singular kind of missionary he made.

"I used to think he was cut out for a soldier or trapper. He was a great rider and a splendid shot, and I don't think that he has any such thing as fear in his composition. I used to wonder at him; we never thought of him in that way in the old times. He used to be quite natty,

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"HE LAY AND GUARDED THAT PATH WITH A REPEATING RIFLE, AND DROPPED EVERY REDSKIN THAT SHOWED HIMSELF."

and his strong point was his head. There wasn't any white man out there the Indians were as much afraid of as Parson Smith. I saw him knock down one of the biggest braves, one day, with his naked hand. And when the Shanahan family were cut off by the hostiles, nobody else would go, because it seemed sure death, and it would have been sure death to any one else. Smith lodged the women in a sort of chamber which he beat down in the middle of a thicket, where there was only a path for one to come in at a time; and he lay and guarded that path with a repeating rifle, and dropped every redskin that showed himself, till he beat them off and gained time for the troops to come up. Yet he didn't seem to take much pleasure in anything; he was waspish in his temper and a kind of rough in his talk and dress. I used to think something had happened to him, but most likely he was only out of place."

They did not know that Emily Varick knew Chauncey Smith, and she said nothing; but there was no more interested hearer of this account of him, as may be supposed.

Chauncey and Tom came out of the hotel as the bell of the old church was ringing on Thanksgiving morning. Tom then first discovered that he was in the familiar old place, and it staggered him a good deal. They strolled along, looking about them silently, and came to the church door. Then Tom said:

"I won't go in now, but I'll wait for you. Maybe I'll come in by and by."

Chauncey hesitated, then went up the aisle and the pulpit stairs. The sexton

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came and asked him if he was Mr. Smith, saying they had given him up and an old resident minister was expected to preach. Chauncey told him to send the old gentleman up; and he presently came, shook hands, and asked if he should conduct the opening services, and Chauncey said he should like it. Then he saw the people gathering as in a dream. He saw the Standishes come down the aisle, each glancing up at him, and among them one who took his thoughts away from all the rest. The dream drifted on. Through it presently organ music rose and rolled; an anthem of many voices filled the house; the tones of prayer and scripture followed from the old gray-head beside him. And then he became aware that the people were waiting for him to speak.

The sermon he had prepared was in his pocket, and he took it out mechanically, but did not open it; all that fact and logic was simply impossible. The phrase came into his mind, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." And he began in a low voice that never became loud, but grew more and more distinct as it took hold of the people, and hushed them by its suppressed passion and conviction.

He alluded to the obvious causes for thankfulness, the undeniable gains of progress, our precious freedom and the great debt to the dead who wrought it out for us, and the honor and emulation we rightly show to those who personally represent their noble traditions of character and courage. He said that those who could uphold the heritage of honored names prospered only by the tenure of continued noble living, and not by any show of pride or state. He said that, after all, the individual life was the one essential thing, to which all the rest was but accessory; that in Job's day as in ours a man's life was a march from mystery to mystery, that still the earth is full of sorrow and sin, that the strength of the strongest is a breaking staff and the knowledge of the wisest but to see the vastness of the unknown. He said that all inventions and institutions came to nothing if they did not result in making men the more to do justice and love mercy and truth, and that perhaps justice between man and man, when all was considered, was not far removed from the charity that is not puffed up but suffers long and forgives as it hopes to be forgiven; that the mother who watches heart-sick, night after night, and hopes against hope, for the return of the prodigal to his right mind, reproaching him only by her wan face and tireless solicitude, does as much as another to bring him to feel the bitterness of feeding with the swine and to

"I AM NOT GOING TO MARRY CAPTAIN STANDISH."

save his soul and her own. And he closed with the quotation: "I say unto you, that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

The service drew to an end, and the congregation dispersed. The Standishes waited while the old minister spoke with Chauncey; and when they came down from the pulpit together, Captain Frank went forward to meet them. Kate Standish stood by her father in the aisle, tall, and strikingly like the gray-haired admiral with his straight and gracious dignity; and now there was a certain wistful regret in both their faces, and neither of them

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spoke. The place grew empty while they waited for Frank to come with Chauncey, and Frank's sister, Mrs. Haven, chatted with Miss Varick in an undertone. Kate's attention was attracted to a young man near the east door, partly hidden by a pillar against which he leaned, with his back toward them. Presently she moved slowly down the aisle, keeping her eyes upon the stranger. She came quite near him by degrees, then stood still regarding him until he turned his face, as if by a painful effort, without looking up. She went forward, came full in front of him; and then he raised his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, and threw her arms about his neck.

Chauncey had slipped out at the rear door, and Frank joined the family and came down the aisle with them. Astonished at Kate, they came near and found her sobbing on Tom's neck. Frank took hold of her arm and spoke sternly, commanding her to come away; but Tom straightened up then, put his arm about her, and faced the tall captain.

"Stand off," he said. "She is my sister as much as yours."

Frank had assumed a good deal of power in the family of late years, and his father had given way to him. But days like this always brought the old admiral bitter longings for his lost boy, which the words he had just heard had not made less; and he interposed now with a tremulous authority not to be gainsaid.

"Let her alone; it is her brother. He is my son; and if he has come back penitent, he shall not be turned away."

And Tom was penitent enough, and went home to his father's house, where all but Frank and Mrs. Haven received him with varying degrees of cordiality. Frank did not come to dinner at all, but had an interview with his father alone afterward, and then went and talked with Miss Varick. He told her how much he regretted this unfortunate affair on her account; said that his father had been wrought upon by the impertinent personalities of that fellow Smith and refused to hear reason; that it was, of course, very painful to him, but it was his duty as the future head of the family to protest in its honor by leaving the house. He was sorry to cut short her visit, but as his future wife, she would, of course, wish to leave with him, and he would accompany her to the city in the morning. To his surprise, Miss Varick dissented from these views and arrangements.

The captain, who was very angry, under a show of courtly bearing gave her the night to consider, and said he would take her answer in the morning as an intimation that she did or did not wish to continue their present relation.

Emily Varick did not sleep much that night. Early in the morning, Captain Frank sent her a ceremonious note, asking if she desired his escort into town; and she returned a more simple reply, to the effect that she was very sorry, but could not go with him that day. He read it and turned away, and ordered himself to be driven to the train alone.

Emily went into Kate's room and talked it over with her, both being much concerned, and some tears were shed on both sides. Kate told her friend more fully about Tom, and enlarged upon Chauncey's generous service, of which Tom had been talking to her. He had found him at the hotel again, and urged him to remain, and this morning had gone down to him with an invitation from the admiral. Tom came back alone, found Kate with Miss Varick, and told her that Chauncey sent his regrets, but said there were reasons personal to himself that made it impossible for him to come. Tom said he was going up to his father, and then would return to the hotel. Miss Varick turned to him then, and said:

"When you go back to the hotel, tell him that I wish him to come."

Tom looked his surprise, but bowed and went on up-stairs. Kate looked at Emily.

"Do you know Chauncey Smith?"

And Emily answered, "Yes."

Kate made no further inquiry except by a long, grave look in her face; but when Tom came up and told her Chauncey was below, she took Emily with her and went down. She walked straight across to Chauncey, gave him her hand, and said warmly:

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, and very grateful. I will go and tell my father. Here is some one you know."

She went out and shut the door. Chauncey did not move or speak until Emily came across and said, with embarrassment:

"I am glad you came. I wanted to say to you that I think you have acted a very generous and unselfish part in this affair, knowing, as you must, that you ran the risk of forfeiting an excellent position by doing and saying what you did. You must be glad now. And I wanted to say that I have heard of your noble bravery and de-

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votion in the West, and that—and that I—"

He stood looking down at her. After a pause, he said in a low tone:

"There is not a word of truth in all that."

She sat down then, and both were silent. After a while he asked:

"Would you mind if I tell you the truth?"

And she answered, "Yes, tell me."

"I went to the West on your account; I was restless at home, and I was restless and reckless out there. I earned the dislike of the missionaries, and was impatient and overbearing with the Indians. I didn't care for my life, and they thought me brave. I didn't care for anything but you. I did no good out there, and have been working as a farm-laborer this year, wasting the talents and education that were given me. On my way here I heard about Tom, and that you were going to marry Frank Standish. I was sorry about Tom, of course, but should not have done him any good if I had not been desperate myself. I could not have come here and preached as I intended, knowing about you. Tom did as much to bring me as I to bring him. In truth, I suppose it was my hunger to see you that brought us both."

"You should not talk so; if we analyzed motives in that way, all honor would disappear."

She turned away and stood by the window a little while, then came back part way.

"I think I said some foolish things to you, which I am afraid did you harm. I am very sorry, and want to do anything I can to repair the wrong. I am going to tell you something about myself, on the condition that you do not take me to mean anything more than exactly what I say, and that you say nothing in reply, but go away and get back to honest work at your vocation, and do not come to see me for a year. I am not going to marry Captain Standish."

Chauncey stood still, incapable, for a time, of taking in the meaning of those dozen syllables that changed the aspect and attitude of all the universe.

"I am sorry you are troubled," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You forget the condition," she returned.

"I did not agree to the condition. I have been selfish and blind, and I want you to say you forgive me. It was because I cared so much for you that I could not think of anything—I could not care for anything else in the world besides you. Don't you think you could forgive me for that?"

He was sufficiently serious, yet there was a suggestion of humor in his words that marked the returning sanity of his mind and made Emily laugh through quick-springing tears, stirred by the same obscure touch in the kindred fountains of sorrow and mirth. Then she got up quickly and went toward the door; but Chauncey followed and detained her.

"Emily," he pleaded, "a year is such a long time. If I get well to work before that, may I come and tell you? Say in six months?"

"Well," she answered, "I suppose you will have it your own way."

He took her hand from the knob and held it a moment tight in his own, looking at her earnestly. Then he opened the door for her, stood aside, and let her go away.

Tom went with him to the train at his departure, and they shook hands warmly yet soberly at parting. Tom thanked him again, and expressed his determination to redeem the past. And Chauncey said:

"I owe you at least as much as you owe me. We've climbed out of the ditch together, Tom. We haven't either of us got to the top of the hill or in sight of it yet, but the straight road lies before us, and we both know the taste of ditch water well enough not to want to roll in again if we can help it."

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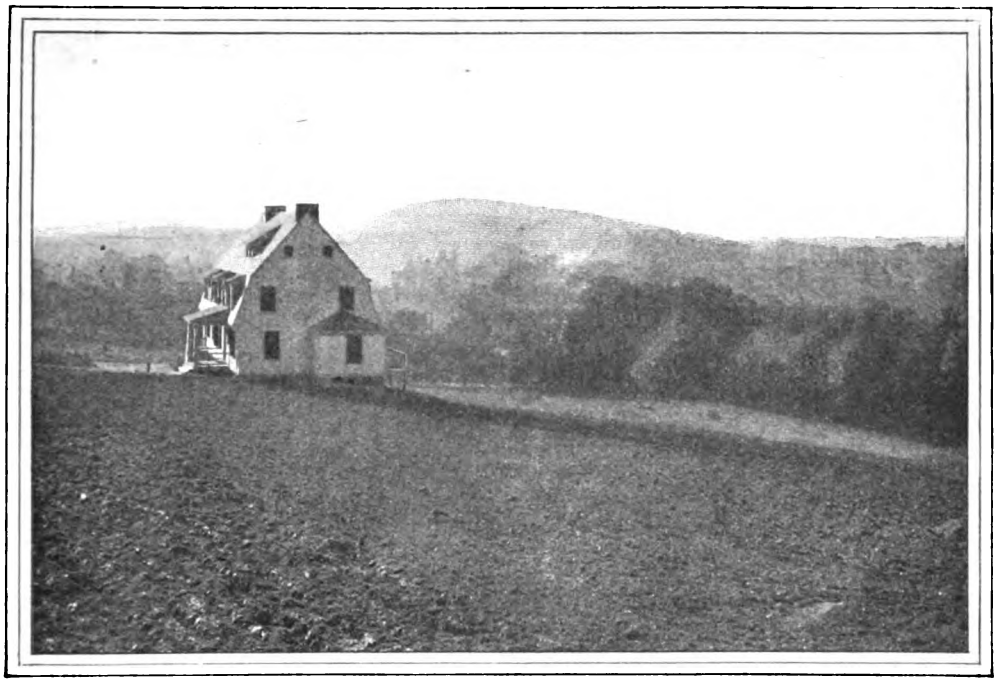

MR. AND MRS. WARD'S HOME AT NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

# A NOVELIST'S VIEWS OF NOVEL-WRITING.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

## AUTHORSHIP AND ACTIVE PHILANTHROPY.—MORAL PURPOSE IN FICTION.—THE WRITING OF SHORT STORIES.

A MAKER of books with any tendency towards the activities of moral reform may be at some peculiar disadvantages. As I look back upon the last twenty-five years of my own life, I seem to myself to have achieved little or nothing in the stir of the great movements for improving the condition of society which have distinguished our day. Yet I am conscious that these have often thrust in my study door and dragged me out into their forays, if not upon their battlefields. The grandfather who belonged to the underground railway and the grandfather of the German lexicon must have contended in the brain cells or heart cells of their unconscious descendant, as our ancestors do in the lives of all of us; for the reformer's blood and the student's blood have always had an uncomfortable time of it together in my veins.

It is almost impossible to understand, now, what it meant when I was twenty-five for a young lady, reared as I was on Andover Hill, to announce that she should forthwith approve and further the enfranchisement and elevation of her own sex. Seen beside the really great martyrdoms and dedications of the "causes" which throb through our modern life, this seems an episode only large enough to cause a smile. Yet I do not, to this hour, like to recall, and I have no intention whatever of revealing, what it cost me. In fact, it seems to have been my luck to stumble into various forms of progress to which I have been of the smallest possible use, yet for whose sake I have suffered the discomfort attending all action in moral improvements without the happiness of knowing that this was clearly quite worth while.



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The creed is short, though it has taken a long time to formulate it.

I believe in the life everlasting, which is sure to be; and that it is the first duty of Christian faith to present that life in a form more attractive to the majority of men than the life that now is.

I believe in women, and in their right to their own best possibilities in every department of life.

I believe that the methods of dress practised among women are a marked hindrance to the realization of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned or persuaded out of society.

I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated lives; and that, while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic is not morally second.

I believe that the urgent protest against vivisection which marks our immediate day, and the whole plea for lessening the miseries of animals as endured at the hands of men, constitute the "next" great moral question which is to be put to the intelligent conscience, and that only the educated conscience can properly reply to it.

I believe that the condition of our common and statute laws is behind our age to an extent unperceived by all but a few of our social reformers; that wrongs mediæval in character, and practically resulting in great abuses and much unrecorded suffering, are still to be found at the doors of our legal system; and that they will remain there till the fated fanatic of this undeveloped "cause" arises to demolish them.

I am uncertain whether I ought to add that I believe in the homœopathic system of therapeutics. I am often told by sceptical friends that I hold this belief on a par with the Christian religion, and I am not altogether inclined to deny the sardonic impeachment! When our bodies cease to be drugged into disease and sin, it is my personal impression that our souls will begin to stand a fair chance; perhaps not much before.

Too brief a creed! Yet still too short a life to practise it! But may the clover refuse to grow over my grave, and the flowers laid there by the dearest hands shrink from it, if I outlive the impulse of my heart to keep step with the onward movement of human life, and to perceive the battle afar off, charging when and where I can.

Justice Holmes, the son of our great poet, in a recent Decoration Day address, struck a pæan in praise of the "splendid carelessness of life" which war taught us. Give us such splendid carelessness in moral as in physical danger, and the world will spin fast towards the stars!

I have intimated that the claims of my study have interfered with the demands which social reform would otherwise have made upon my life. This is an inevitable fact, imperfectly to be understood except by people whose business is to stay in a study. There is a puzzled expression sometimes cast upon one by men and women—but especially by women—whom one holds in the highest honor, whose own existence is dedicated to the moral agitation of the platform and the convention and to the machinery of organization. Mine is not, nor has it ever been. My intellect may go with them, and my heart may throb for them, but my time and my vitality have always been distinctly the property of my ideals of literary art; ideals which are not the less imperious to me because I know better than any of my critics how impossible it has been for me to reach them, where they—

> "Swing like lamps in the Judgment Hall
> On the eve of the Day of the Last Awaking."

"Do not trouble her. She works in another way from ours," said Mrs. Livermore gently, one day, to some unknown agitator who was abusing rather than entreating me into the performance of some platform exhibition for the sake of the cause. I blessed the great woman who defended me from the small one, and I think of her words and manner gratefully to this day.

And this leads me to say, by the way—if I may spare a paragraph for the confession—that it is fortunate for the real usefulness and power of women in public address that their eminent success in this direction has never in the least depended upon my individual contributions to its history. In the course of my life I have made, indeed, the most conscientious and courageous efforts to defy my own temperament in this respect. I have read, and preached, and lectured; possibly I may have martyred myself in this manner fifteen or twenty times. The kindest of audiences, and my full quota of encouragement, have not, and has not, been able to supply me with the pluck required to add visibly to this number of public ap-

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pearances. Before an audience I am an abject coward, and I have at last concluded to admit the humiliating fact. The solid amount of suffering which I have endured on such occasions is as disproportionate as it is ridiculous. Once I was rash enough to pledge myself to deliver a short course of literary lectures before a coëducational university, where I was sure of that admiring and uncritical sympathy which young students give to a teacher to whom, for any reason, they feel at all drawn. For six disastrous weeks before this simple experience I dwindled with terror, day and night; and I came to that audience of boys and girls as if they had been a den of tigers and I a solitary disabled gladiator, doomed at their claws.

I contrived to live to the end of that "course of lectures," hiding my agonies with such hypocritical dissimulation that I was told their existence was not suspected by my audience. Whether the students were any wiser for that literary instruction I do not know; but I was. The inevitable miseries of life are enough, I said. I will never ornament them with the superfluous again. To the lecture bureaus and the charity entertainments of our elocutionary land I have since that occasion offered one monotonous reply: I am not a platform woman. Go thou in peace, but, I pray thee, have me excused.

Dr. Bushnell's strong and vicious phrase, "the reform against nature," which is so often misapplied in opposition to the higher interests of women, sometimes finds its fit survival; and I meekly suggest this as one of the contingencies which it seems created to cover. I glory in the success of a modest and high-minded woman in public address. I am proud of her to the last shrinking nerve in my own organization. She seems to me something phenomenal, to be admired in silent awe. But this is a reform against *my* nature; and I have retreated from the field.

I have said (to return to our interrupted thought) that the duties of a student and writer have often encroached upon my power to throw my life into moral reforms; but I am anxious to add that my interest in moral reforms has never, to my consciousness, encroached upon my power—such as that has been—to write, or upon those habits of study which are the key to the combination lock of all successful writing. On the contrary, I am distinctly aware that such sympathies with the moral agitations of our day as have touched me at all have fed, not famished, my literary work. I think that most writers who have trodden a similar path would say as much; but there is more involved in such testimony than would seem at first sight. Let me suspend the thought, however, while I allow myself a moment of more purely personal musing.

Upon reviewing the list of books which my long-suffering publishers of the eminent and friendly house which has borne with me for thirty years attribute to my pen, I find in the whole of it but one which is confessedly and componently written to further an ethical reform. This is a little pamphlet on the dress of women. It is nothing more nor less than a tract; and never claimed to be. A tract, though it spoke with the rhetoric of men, of artists, or of angels, and though it had compassed the circulation of a yellow novel or a spelling-book, is in no sense literature, nor even literary art; nor ever claims to be. No artist or artisan of the school of art for art's sake can be more acutely aware of axioms like these than his fellow-student who, from a diametrically opposite conception of the nature and province of literature, dips his pen now and then into the hot blood of some battle with skulking error which preachers and philanthropists and men of science have passed by upon the other side and left for the teller of tales or the singer of song to trouble himself wherewith.

If I am reminded how many of my stories have been written with an ethical purpose, that is quite another accusation, and one which I have not, from any point of view, the wraith of a wish to deny.

I have been particularly asked, in closing these papers, to say a few words about my own theory of literary art. However unimportant one's personal fraction of achievement may be, it is built upon theory of some kind; and the theory may be considered of as much or as little interest or value as the work achieved.

"I have never gone—I do not go—so deep as that," said one of our foremost novelists to me, many years ago, when I asked him why he did not handle some situation which had presented itself to me as peculiarly adapted to his strong and delicate pen. But he spoke gravely, and too thoughtfully for the lightness of his words. I was not surprised when, long afterwards, I noticed that he had become absorbed in some of the most serious of sociological questions, and that a book of

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his no longer held itself in graceful scorn apart from the study of the higher and the deeper laws which govern human life. But the phrase of his stayed by me. He would not go "so deep as that"? Yet this was no inditer of society verse, no builder of uproarious paragraphs, no dabbler in comedy, whose profession it was to make a man laugh after dinner, or a woman smile when she had sat down to cry. (Heaven preserve the lightsome race, for we need them when we can spare the tragic artist.) He of whom I speak was an artist in fiction; of dignity, versatility, and fame.

What manner of artist were he, I make bold to ask, who would not "go as deep as that"? Graceful, elaborate, subtle, ingenious, charming, he may be. Perfect, I suggest, he is not, and he cannot be; no, nor even complete in the artistic sense of the term, who refuses to portray life exactly as it is.

In a word, I believe it to be the province of the literary artist to tell the truth about the world he lives in: and I suggest that, in so far as he fails to be an accurate truth-teller, he fails to be an artist.

Now, there is something obviously very familiar about this simple proposition; and, turning to trace the recognition down, one is amused to perceive that here is almost the precise language of the school of writers to which one distinctly does not belong. Truth, like climate, is common property; and I venture to suggest that the issue between the two contending schools of literary art to-day is not so much one of fact as of form; or, perhaps I should rather say, not so much one of theory as of temperament in the expression of theory.

A literary artist portrays life as it is, or has been, as it might be, or as it should be. We classify him as the realist, the romanticist, or the idealist; though I am not sure but our classification is more defective than his ability to meet it. Separate, for instance, the first of these clauses from the formulation. Let us say, it is the duty of the artist in fiction to-day to paint life as it exists. With this inevitable observation who of us has any quarrel?

The quarrel arises when the artist defines his subject and chooses his medium. The conflict begins when the artist proffers his personal impression as to what life is. "Your work," said Hall Caine before the Century Club, "is what you are." Just here, I venture to suggest, lies the only important, uncontested field left in a too familiar war. Most of the controversy between our schools of art goes "firing wild," because it fails to perceive the true relations of this one simple feature of resistance.

We are all agreed, I submit, that we should picture life as it is. If I may return to the definitive words, our difference is not so much one of artistic theory as of the personal equation. Our book reveals what life is to us. Life is to us what we are. Mr. Howells, in his charming papers of last autumn on literary Boston, has given us some of the latest phrases of the school of art whose chief exponent in America he undoubtedly is. Of our great New Englanders—Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe—he says: "Their art was Puritan. So far as it was impressed . . . it was marred by the intense ethicism that pervaded . . . and still characterizes the New England mind. . . . They still helplessly pointed the moral in all they did. It was in poetry and in romance that they excelled. In the novel, so far as they attempted it, they failed. . . . New England yet lacks her novelist, because it was her instinct and her conscience to be true to an ideal of life rather than to life itself." Of the greatest of American novels, he concludes by saying that "it is an address to the conscience and not to the taste; to the ethical sense, not the æsthetical sense."

This is not the place, nor does it offer the space, in which to reply with anything which I should call thoroughness to such a view of the nature of art. But it seems to be the place for me to suggest, at least, as much as this:

Since art implies the truthful and conscientious study of life as it is, we contend that to be a radically defective view of art which would preclude from it the ruling constituents of life. Moral character is to human life what air is to the natural world—it is elemental.

There was more than literary science in Matthew Arnold's arithmetic when he called "conduct three-fourths of life." Possibly the Creator did not make the world chiefly for the purpose of providing studies for gifted novelists; but if He had done so, we can scarcely imagine that He could have offered anything much better in the way of material, even though one look the moral element squarely in the face and abide by the fact of its tremendous proportion in the scheme of things. The moral element, it cannot be denied,

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predominates enormously in the human drama. The moral struggle, the creation of character, the moral ideal, failure and success in reaching it, anguish and ecstasy in missing or gaining it, the instinct to extend the appreciation of moral beauty and to worship its Eternal Source—these exist wherever human being does. The whole magnificent play of the moral nature sweeps over the human stage with a force, a splendor, and a diversity of effect which no artist can deny if he would, which the greatest artist never tries to withstand, and against which the smallest will protest in vain.

Strike "ethicism" out of life, good friends, before you shake it out of story! Fear less to seem "Puritan" than to be inadequate. Fear more to be superficial than to seem "deep." Fear less to point your moral than to miss your opportunity. It is for us to remind you, since it seems to us that you overlook the fact, that in any highly formed or fully formed creative power the "ethical" as well as the "æsthetical sense" is developed. Where "the taste" is developed at the expense of "the conscience" the artist is incomplete. He is, in this case, at least *as* incomplete as he is where the ethical sense is developed at the expense of the æsthetic. Specialism in literary art, as in science, has its uses, but it is not symmetry; and this is not a law intended to work only one way.

It is an ancient and honorable rule of rhetoric, that he is the greatest writer who, other things being equal, has the greatest subject. He is, let us say, the largest artist who, other things being equal, holds the largest view of human life. The largest view of human life, we contend, is that which recognizes moral responsibility, and which recognizes it in the greatest way.

In a word, the province of the artist is to portray life as it is, and life *is* moral responsibility. Life is several other things, we do not deny. It is beauty, it is joy, it is tragedy, it is comedy, it is psychical and physical pleasure, it is the interplay of a thousand rude or delicate motions and emotions, it is the grimmest and the merriest motley of phantasmagoria that could appeal to the gravest or the maddest brush ever put to palette; but it is steadily and sturdily and always moral responsibility. An artist can no more fling off the moral sense from his work than he can oust it from his private life. A great artist (let me repeat) is too great to try to do so. With one or two familiar exceptions, of which more might be said, the greatest have laid in the moral values of their pictures just as life lays them in; and in life they are not to be evaded. There is a squeamishness against "ethicism" which is quite as much to be avoided as any squeamishness about "the moral nude in art" or other debatable question. The great way is to go grandly in, as the Creator did when He made the models which we are fain to copy. After all, the Great Artist is not a poor master; all His foregrounds stand out against the perspective of the moral nature. Why go tiptoeing about the easel to avoid it?

"Helplessly to point the moral" is the last thing needful or artistic. The moral takes care of itself. Life is moral struggle. Portray the struggle, and you need write no tract. In so far as you feel obliged to write the tract, your work is not well done. One of the greatest works of fiction ever given to the world in any tongue was "Les Misérables." Are those five books the less novels because they raised the mortal cry of the despised and rejected against the deafness of the world? By the majesty of a great art, No!

Did Victor Hugo write a tract? He told an immortal story. Hold beside it the sketches and pastels, the etchings, the studies in dialect, the adoration of the incident, the dissection of the cadaver, which form the fashion in the ateliers of our schools to-day!

It has seemed to me, to return to the personal question, that, so far as one is able to command attention at all, one's first duty in the effort to become a literary artist is to portray the most important, not altogether the least important, features of the world he lives in. The last thirty years in America have pulsated with moral struggle. No phase of society has escaped it. It has ranged from social experiment to religious cataclysm and to national upheaval. I suggest that even moral reforms, even civic renovations, might have their proper position in the artistic representation of a given age or stage of life. I submit that even the religious nature may be fit material for a work of art which shall not be refused the name of a novel *for that reason*. Such expressions of "ethicism" are phases of human life, are elements of human nature. Therefore, they are lawful material for any artist who chooses them, who understands them, and whose art is sufficient for their control. If he has sacrificed truth

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or beauty to didactics he is, in so far, no artist. But because he selects for his canvas, whether from mere personal aptitude or from a color sense which leads him to prefer the stronger values, the moral elements of life, he shall not *for that reason* be denied the name of artist. "Omit eternity in your estimate of area," said a great mathematician, "and your solution is wrong." Omit the true proportions of moral responsibility in your estimate of beauty, you who paint for "Art's sake," and your art is in error.

There is one form of fiction which, I think, is imperfectly understood by students and critics, to which, as it happens, I have given some special attention, and which is, therefore, peculiarly interesting to me. I mean the short story. The difficulties in the way of creating a good novel are sufficiently obvious. I question whether they are as severe as those in the case of the short story. The short story, in its present stage of evolution, is a highly developed piece of workmanship, and will, I think, yet become a far more exquisite one than we at present compass. A good short story is a work of art which daunts us in proportion to its brevity. It would not be easy for one who has not "served his time out" at this form of creation to understand the laws of construction involved in it and the rigidity of obedience demanded by them. Perhaps I ought fairly to say, in venturing to offer this assertion, that, personally, I make a very hard time of it over a short story. I do not know how to write one easily or quickly. "*Those things?*" said a friend to me once, and he a learned man, accustomed to study from fourteen to eighteen hours a day at his own profession. "Why, I supposed you got those off in a few hours!"

It has always taken me at least from a month to six weeks to finish a magazine story. I confess that I "toil terribly" over them. It makes little difference whether the *motif* comes in a blinding flash, or in a slow, insulated electric current: the construction and execution remain inexorable ideals, frowning above attention, patience, vitality, energy, until the work is done. One who honors this vehicle of thought is often ill with the strain before a magazine tale of forty pages of manuscript can be apparently completed. The work upon such a story is never done. Revision calls the vision to account in that iron exaction from one's self which is so much more remorseless than the exaction that any critic can make upon one.

Fortunately, perhaps, the editor calls for his copy, and the laboring pen must drop its loving task. The story goes to press. Then come the days and nights of wishing that it had stayed at home! Then the steady action of the brain, which has for weeks stiffened about the story, goes on till it meets the reaction awaiting all strenuous labor. I recast, remodel, retouch, destroy the whole thing a dozen times in my mind, and recreate it; scathing myself that I ever suffered it to leave the safe protection of the little pasteboard pad, held across the lap, on which I write. The proof-sheets come: at once a species of relief and of torment. The changes which can and which cannot be made in the text combat each other. No proof leaves the study without three revisions.

I look upon a short story, properly fitted for the higher magazines of our day, as one of the very finest forms of expression. No inspiration is too noble for it; no amount of hard work is too severe for it. It is my belief that there is a future for the short story, which all our experiments and achievements are building with a gradual and a beautiful architecture.

Is the natural growth of this way of telling a story in part a concession to the restlessness of our times, in which all men are driven by "the whip of the sky" and leisure is a lost art? Shall we sometime come to the point where people will no longer think themselves able to read books? Will the novel dwindle to the novelette (that dreariest of efforts to do a thing and not do it at the same time)? Will the scientific volume shrink to the essay in the last review? Will all the classics in fiction some day be short stories? Who can prophesy? Not I; and would not, if I could.

Perhaps the question oftenest asked of any writer by "the great unknown" of his readers is which of his own writings he personally prefers. It has always seemed to me rather a foolish question; for it is not of the slightest consequence what an author thinks about his own work: he may have his opinion as to what ought to be the best thing he has done; but his readers will decide for him what *is* the best—or the worst—that he has offered them.

"The public," Thackeray used to say, "is a jackass." With this great author-

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ity I feel forced to differ a little. On the whole, I have a profound respect for the sense of the reading public. If large numbers of intelligent people like a book —one may believe in one's soul that it is the poorest thing one has done—but one is forced to think that there was something worth while about it. If they dislike a book, I am more than ready to suspect that there is a reason for it, though I may labor under the personal delusion that it is my *chef-d'œuvre*.

Still, since there seems to be a widespread natural wish to know how authors discriminate among their own works, I do not know that it is any more unreasonable a demand to comply with than the mania for autographs.

And, by the way, if I may take a moment's recess from a subject which will not be the worse for a respite, this may be as good a place as any other in which to say that I have been reluctantly forced, for dear life, to decline the distribution of autographs by mail, except for the gratification of the sick and for charities. The demand having reached a point where I had no longer strength or time to comply with it, I was forced to adopt a course not at heart as ungracious as it may seem. Good Lord, deliver us from ten, twenty cards to an envelope! And preserve us from the crises when the autograph epidemic strikes a school or a college, like the measles, and runs through! When autograph bed-quilts and autograph aprons vie with autograph lamp-shades and autograph table-cloths, a writer who cannot command secretary, typewriter, or any aid whatever to the mechanical part of his profession, finds himself at bay. When, one day, I received a peremptory order from some remote and unknown individual for *autograph prayers*, I resorted to the protest of all overworked and underpaid laborers in our times—I struck.

To come back to our bisected paragraph: If I am to say for which of my short stories I have any especial preference, the list would be sadly brief—"The Madonna of the Tubs," perhaps, and "Jack, the Fisherman," "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," "The Bell of Saint Basil's," and possibly one other. These indicate to my aspiration the astral bodies of something which I should have liked to do, if I could have done it.

Among the books which I have written in the last twenty-five years there are too many which were cast in very early youth, when an unpractised pen and unformed ideas of art compassed nothing that I like to recall, or to have others remember. The stories known as "The Gates" series have a certain interest to me, for the reason that they continue to this day to find more readers than any or all other books I have written, and that in chronological proportion. "Beyond the Gates" and "The Gates Between" were written in maturer life than the first: I have a little tenderness for these two dreams of the life to be. "The Story of Avis" is a woman's book, and an author would care for it in proportion as she cared for her own sex. Perhaps, on the whole, I have written nothing which I should be so sorry to have seriously misunderstood, or am so glad to find friends for, as the last story: "A Singular Life."

This brings me to say, gladly, how much I owe, in the little share of the hard work of my times which I have done, to the picturesque, warm-hearted people of the sea, among whom I have spent the last twenty summers. The tide does not rise through my pen as it did through Celia Thaxter's—who, I think, seldom published a poem which did not contain an allusion to the sea; but I have neighbored the life of the coast too long not to feel myself a part of it. I am told that certain "material" in Gloucester is pointed out as the original of scenes or of characters in some of my stories; and I should like to take this opportunity to say that, while I may paint in the tints or outlines of rocks and beaches, downs and harbor, fleet and wharf, I never draw portraits of my neighbors or of my friends. They have taught me much, however, of a kind of knowledge of which it would be impossible for any writer to divest himself. I honor their courage, their generosity, their patience in hardship, and their pluck in overcoming it; and I like that something wild and salt in their natures akin to the winds and the waves in which they live. In so far as their qualities have washed up into my stories, the debt is distinctly mine. The story of "A Singular Life" came out of the depths of the sea and of a heart that has long loved the sea people. Bayard is my dearest hero.

Our Gloucester home itself has suffered a "sea change" within the last five years. The choice spot on the chosen side of the harbor became, in time, a Babel in which only those "who sleep o' nights" could rest. The tramp and the tongue of the summer army devastated Paradise. The wand of the house-mover—most startling

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of modern magicians—waved over the cottage; and to-day we find ourselves wafted from shore to farm: from stormy tides, both salt and human, we have come to anchor in—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

How confusing and bewitching is the experience, no one can divine who has not moved his house, and gone on living in it! Through windows which used to gaze on Norman's Woe and Boston Light and the tossing eastern shore, and the fleets champing at their roads like tethered seahorses at their bits, we look to see "the daisies dressed for the dance" with the clovers, and the cattle slowly winding across the downs beyond the rope-gate which—with the genuine native Gloucester instinct—we found ourselves quite naturally constructing out of the sheets of our fishing-boat, which we do not call a yacht, which tugs at her mooring off the pier, six minutes away. Beyond the door on which the spray used to dash in the autumn gales, lies the tapestry of the marshes, a vast Persian rug, unfolded in all the dull, deep shades that Oriental weavers love, against the feet of the cliffs —whose gray shoulders mark the fascinating foreground of the downs.

Happy the flitting that stirs from home to home, and never from home to hotel-life!

There is a hillside in the Garden City of Massachusetts where we have built the most modest of houses into the most luxurious of landscapes. All our splendor is outside. "Oh," said a shivering cockney, "these places where there is climate, and nothing else!" To such a visitor our "poem of places" might seem a view, and nothing else. But town life has not spoiled the whole of our day and generation; and enough remain who have eyes to see and nerves to feel the free horizon, the pure, electric air, the gracious sweep of hill and valley outline, the rose-garden of the sunrise, the conflagration of the sunset, the banner of the woods and meadows.

Poverty itself is rich in a country home: and plain New England comfort and economy we consider to be in princely circumstances. Our upholstery hangs in our silver birches and bronze chestnuts, our red oaks and olive pines. Our Wilton and Axminster lie in our clovers and snowdrifts. Our bric-à-brac shines on the boughs of our apple-trees when the blossom blushes. Our jewels blaze on the tips of our pine-fronds when the ice-storms glaze and the sun of the winter thaw is hot. Our galleries are filled with the masterpieces of May and of October, framed in quiet study windows whose moods we choose to fit with ours.

We can never quite want for society when our pine-groves talk; they have taught us their language, and we need no translator when the winds are abroad. The piano rings to the accompaniment of grand winter storms from which only the true country lover never shrinks; and the books on their shelves or tables turn loving faces to the readers who do not count the evenings dull in the society of these loyal and lifelong friends. The country-side without and the fireside within open the book of home together; and the word they read is Peace.

It is impossible for us to sing too loud the song of country life. For a student, we believe it to be the one way of living. Perhaps, to be just, I should say suburban life—since it is but twenty-five minutes from Boston to our door; and the world is always with us if we want it.

In point of fact, one may not want it very much. The distractions, the exhaustions, the savage noises, the demands of town life are, for me, mortal enemies to thought, to sleep, and to study; its extremes of squalor and of splendor do not stimulate, but sadden me; certain phases of its society I profoundly value, but would sacrifice them to the heaven of country quiet, if I had to choose between.

In this shelter of snow and silence we spend eager winters; for our hardest work, like that, perhaps, of most people of our calling, is done between October and June. Life seems to grow busier, I find, as middle age strikes step with one. "I have always been thinking," said a gentle, careworn woman to me once, "that the time would come when things would grow easier; it never has; perhaps it will yet." Perhaps it did; for she died that year.

But we, like so many others who think more of working than of dying, care only to push on steadily, wishing less for cessation of toil than for strength to keep at it; and for wisdom to make it worthy of the ideal of labor and of life which we believe to be the most precious gift of heaven to any soul. When one has gone as far as one can in search of it, will it come, like the father in the parable, though yet a great way off, to meet one, and shorten the remainder of the way?

The fog was breathing off Cape Ann

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when I put my pen to the first words of these broken recollections. The coast was hidden. The sea was calling. He asked grave questions. The fog is breathing over the inland rolling country as I write this closing page. The blue and purple mists of a soft November storm, that cannot make up its mind whether to stay or go, smoke far along the valley. The outlines of the woods and distance are blurred as if with an imperious brush. Half the meaning of the gentle scene is hidden. The sea is too many miles away to hear him. I am the one who does the calling, who asks the questions now. But strong silence answers me.

Since out of life we all learn a few things well, we find it natural to try to make them over to other lives; and we should choose for our telling, not the most brilliant lessons, but those that have been educative to ourselves—those that will make it easier to live, and more possible to live happily, and with the eyes focussed upon a true horizon.

Perhaps, in my honest soul, I am wondering if these fragments will have done as much as this for any reader of all the patient number.

But the mist is on the hills as on the valleys, and the outlines of the landscape all are hidden. I can see but a little way.

Is it the fog that reminds me? Perhaps! But that, or something else, drags out of my pen the poignant words of Zangwill, who said of a certain writer, that "he had concealed himself behind an autobiography." If one has done as much as that, perhaps one has met the chief conditions of the case.

# ASPIRATIONS—EXPLANATIONS.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," etc.

## ASPIRATIONS.

I HAD been telling Philippa March exactly how matters stood between Cousin Flo and myself.

"It's really a little awkward, you know," I ended, smiling.

"Awkward!" said Philippa, who had listened to me quite gravely. "Awkward, Mr. Vansittart? I call it disgusting." And her clear blue eyes flashed scorn.

Now I myself did not consider it exactly disgusting, so I said nothing more than,

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have mentioned it to you. But it seemed amusing in a way. Of course, it's a secret."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't like it known," observed Philippa, with meaning.

I sat smoothing my hat and smiling.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked, sharply. "Oh, I wonder how you and people like you" (by which she meant Cousin Flo) "can make a jest of it as you do!" And she began to walk up and down.

"A jest of what, Miss March?"

"Why, of—of—of love and so on, Mr. Vansittart."

"Oh! of love?" said I, meditatively, as I deposited my hat on the table.

"That's serious, surely, if anything in the world is? And you make fun of it all!"

"Well, it makes a fool of me," I pleaded.

Philippa gave me a look and walked about.

"You're quite right," said I. "It's—it's uncommon bad form. I shall tell Flo that—"

"You were just as bad yourself—worse."

"Why worse?"

"You were the man. You began it. You encouraged her."

Flo does not give the impression of needing encouragement, but I let that pass. In fact, I was much interested in Philippa's opinion.

"You're right," I said again. "It is a serious thing."

"It's a holy thing," said Philippa, from the middle of the room.

"It is," I agreed, meeting her earnest gaze. "With the right person, it is; with the wrong—"

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"It's a desecration," interrupted Philippa.

"I'm so glad I talked to you about it, Miss March. You take such a jolly—I mean, such a splendidly high view of it. You elevate the whole thing so." And I rose and joined Philippa, who was now standing on the hearth-rug, where the sun caught her hair through the drawing-room window.

"Have you read this?" asked Philippa, suddenly, taking three volumes from the mantel-piece. "It's simply magnificent."

"I don't think I have. What is it?"

"'Incomprehensa,'" answered Philippa. "By the author of 'Too Many by Half,' you know."

"What's it about?"

"A girl," said Philippa, with kindling eye, "who gave her whole life to— But what's the use of talking about it to you? You're laughing again."

"Upon my honor, I just screwed up my mouth because—because of the sun, you know."

"Gave her whole life to saving a man not in the least worthy of her."

"What a pity!" said I, trying to say the right thing.

"A pity! It's just that that's so splendid."

"Oh, yes, of course—in one point of view. Yes, it would be, Miss March."

"And he never understood her!"

"Liked some one else, did he?"

"Oh, no. He loved her—"

"Come, he had some good—"

"In his way," ended Philippa, with measureless disdain. "That made it worse."

I began to feel uncomfortable; yet I had another feeling. Philippa is wonderfully striking when she looks haughty and scornful.

"I shall read it," said I. "It's a fine idea. Pity things like that don't happen in real life! In real life nobody tries to help a fellow."

I think I achieved some pathos in this remark, for Philippa turned a softened glance upon me.

"He's just allowed," I continued, "to go on making an—making all sorts of blunders, I mean—and nobody cares enough to do anything."

"It's very hard to help some people," said Philippa, sadly.

"But what's her name—"

"Incomprehensa, Mr. Vansittart."

"Yes. Thanks. Incomprehensa tried, all the same."

"Yes, she did," said Philippa; and a pause followed.

"But a book's one thing and life's another," I observed, bitterly.

"It oughtn't to be," said Philippa, in a low voice; and she looked away towards the window. "I don't think it would be with—with everybody."

"A fellow feels, don't you know, Miss March, that he would be better if anybody took any interest in him, you know—I mean, sensibly—not all for a lark, as Flo does."

"She's not very serious herself, is she?" asked Philippa, with a slight, patient smile.

"That's the worst of it," said I. "So, of course, she's no use. I often feel that if I had some one to—well, at any rate, to talk to about such things—"

"What things, Mr. Vansittart?"

"Oh, well—oh, well— Come, you know what I mean, Miss March."

And Philippa said softly,

"Yes, I think I do, Mr. Vansittart."

"If," I resumed, "I might come and talk to *you* sometimes—"

"I—I'm often at home," murmured Philippa.

"And hear what you think about it, you know, and see your—I mean, hear your opinion."

"If you really think it would be any—"

"Oh, it would—no end, I assure you, Miss March. It would make me a different fellow—upon my word, it would. It would elevate me. I am sure it would elevate me like anything."

Philippa blushed—maybe only because I was implying a compliment to her moral worth. I continued to regard her with admiring eyes.

"It would make me very happy if I thought—" she said.

"And—and, Miss March," I interrupted, encouraged by her tone, "perhaps you might find there was some good in a chap, after all, and—"

"I'm sure I should, Mr. Vansittart."

"And then perhaps some day you might come to care for—"

I had got thus far (and, after all, it was most of the way) when Philippa suddenly drew back, and, flushing a fine color, asked in grand indignation,

"Have you forgotten your cousin, Mr. Vansittart?"

It was exactly what I had done. I had clean forgotten Flo.

"You must have, I think," she went

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"'HAVE YOU READ THIS?' ASKED PHILIPPA, SUDDENLY."

on, "or you would hardly venture to hint to me—"

"Look here, Miss March," I broke in, "it's all nonsense about Flo, you know. She doesn't half mean it, and I don't—"

"I understood that you had asked—"

"Well, so I did," I admitted in desperation. "I say, Philippa—I mean, Miss March—if I can square it with—"

"If you can *what?*"

"If I can honorably—"

"Not another word, please, Mr. Vansittart! How can I listen while your cousin—?" She broke off, turning away. But I took a step after her.

"If my cousin were not—" I began, in low, persuasive tones.

"Not another word, please," whispered Philippa.

"There it is!" I cried tragically. "I'm left to myself. You won't hold a finger out to me!"

Philippa did not do what I suggested in a literal sense, but she allowed me to see her profile instead of the back of her head.

"Please go away now," said she.

"I'll go," said I, "if—"

"No, no; go, please!"

"If you'll say one word to me!"

"One word?" I just heard from Philippa, as I leant my head forward to catch it.

"Yes, one word. Then I shall have strength to—to tackle—I—I mean to go like an honest man to Flo and—and do it, you know."

There was a pause. I stood expectant. At last Philippa spoke.

"I never thought of this," she said.

"Of course, you didn't," said I. As a matter of fact, I had not thought of it myself.

"I—I do think there's some good in you—a little."

"Ah, you're too—"

"Just a little, which under good influences—"

"Yours would be angelic!"

"Hush, hush!"

"Say one word," I implored.

And Philippa, her profile—which is a most admirable one—still presented to me, spoke the one word I asked.

"Perhaps," said Philippa.

I gave a cry of joy.

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"Now go," added Philippa.

As a gentleman I was bound to go. I took my hat and walked straight to the door, a smile of radiant happiness on my face. Just as I reached it, Philippa spoke again.

"Mr. Vansittart!"

"Yes?"

"You—you'll see your cousin soon?"

Somehow I felt less radiant. My smile vanished.

"Good-by," said Philippa.

"Good-by," said I, and I opened the door.

"Shall you see her to-night?" asked Philippa.

I paused a moment; then I said, "I'll try," and I shut the door.

I went downstairs whistling softly. Then I lit a cigarette. I wanted it. And I said, as I walked away,

"I wonder if I'm in a tight place."

For it seemed possible that I was. So I took the night to think it over.

## EXPLANATIONS.

IN the doorway I met Captain Worsley. The occurrence did not, at the moment, strike me as significant. I was engrossed with the prospects of the coming interview. How should I break to Flo that I had at last found my true haven, and that the nonsense between herself and me must end?

"THEN I LIT A CIGARETTE."

Flo was sitting on the sofa. I walked up to her with a shame-faced air.

"I've come to tell you something, Flo," said I, in a grave tone.

"Oh, bother! I'm busy," said Flo.

"But it's important. When you hear it—"

"Won't to-morrow do, Dick?"

"No," said I. I was wound up; I should probably be incapable of it to-morrow. "I have come, Flo, to beg your pardon for—"

"Oh, I didn't mind. I knew it was only your nonsense, Dick."

"My nonsense?" said I. "Oh, I don't mean that. I mean since that, Flo, you remember—"

"Look here, my dear boy," interrupted Flo, "I'm thinking about something *most* important—something I've got to make up my mind about, and I can't listen to you."

Upon this, being somewhat annoyed, I sat down, crossed my legs, and observed calmly:

"Well, I only came to tell you that I was in love with Philippa March."

Flo turned on me swiftly, her pre-occupation entirely vanishing.

"I thought you'd listen," I observed, complacently. "Yes, and it's all right, if I can square you. Hullo, Flo, you've done your hair different to-day! I rather like it that way."

Flo was staring at me with wide-open eyes. (I don't know whether I've mentioned that her eyes are brown; they are.)

"It's all right if—?" she repeated, as though she had not heard aright.

"If I can square you, you know," said I. "Because, you see, in my rooms the other day—"

"And you told that March girl?"

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"'S. W.,' SAID I, IN GLOOMY AND TRAGIC TONES."

"I think I must have, from what she said," I stammered, feeling rather guilty.

"And you came here by her advice—?"

"She thought it only fair to you," I said, hastily.

"To get rid of me?" ended Flo.

"Now, do be reasonable, there's a good girl," I urged, soothingly.

Flo wrose to her feet and walked to the writing-table.

"Excuse me a moment," said she, sitting down and taking a pen.

"Glad she takes it so coolly," said I to myself, and I fell to watching her as she wrote. Certainly I liked the new way of doing her hair; in fact, I preferred it to Philippa's way; there was a coquetry about it; Philippa's hair was severe. A chap doesn't always want bracing up.

"Read that," said Flo, rising and sweeping down on me with a written note in her hand.

So I read it. It was short. "Yes—— Florence." I turned it over in my hand.

"If," said Flo, with unlimited dignity, "you had not happened to call, I should have written to you in the course of this afternoon—"

"This note?" I asked, looking at it in a puzzled way.

"No, not that note. I should have written to release you from your promise to me."

"My dear Flo!" I said, radiant. "Then *that's* all right. How confoundedly lucky! Why, I've been making myself beastly unhappy, and feeling like a brute, when all the time there was nothing in it! Philippa will be awfully glad." And I beamed upon Flo.

"And to inform you," she continued,

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in the same cold voice, "of my engagement—"

"Hullo!" I cried, sitting straight up.

"To Captain Worsley."

"That beast!"

"Although you're my cousin, Richard, you have hardly the right—"

But I was not in the mood to listen. I was walking up and down the room. And I laughed bitterly.

"That's a girl all over!" said I. "You encourage me—hang it, you accept me—yes, you did practically; and then, without a word to me, you go and take a sweep like—"

"Well, and what did you do with Philippa March?" cried Flo, facing me in anger.

"I have come here, like a man, to—to—"

"Square me," suggested Flo.

"To arrive at an understanding with you. If you had claimed the fulfilment of my promise, I should have—I should have considered the matter, Florence."

"You're very good," said Flo, her nose in the air. "But, as you see, I don't claim it."

I looked at Flo. It was all over between us. I did not wish to part bad friends.

"You seem to have no regrets, Flo," I observed, a little ruefully.

"Really, I don't see why I should," said Flo.

"Oh, I know I'm not much of a chap," I confessed, humbly; "but with a girl who let me down easy, and didn't expect too much of me, you know—"

"Is that why you went to Philippa March?" asked Flo, suddenly.

"Who made allowances for me," I pursued, not noticing the interruption; "and didn't ask perfection of me—"

"Just what Philippa March *would* do," observed Flo, with conviction.

I paused in my walk. Flo sat down on the sofa. I sat down on the sofa.

There was a long silence. I was the first to break it.

"Well, I'm sure I hope you'll be happy with that fellow. He seems a glum sort of a dog, though."

"But he's so good, Dick!"

"I must say he's not over-amusing, Flo."

"There are better things than that, Dick."

"I mean one wouldn't call him clever."

"N—no. Perhaps not *clever*, Dick."

I turned round towards Flo.

"But, of course, all that's nothing if you love him," I observed.

"And you, of course, don't notice the little faults I see in Miss March?"

"Of course not."

"Yes—of course not."

After an interval, Flo said, laying a hand on my arm, "I'm so glad we're parting—"

CAPTAIN WORSLEY.

"It's all for the best," said I, gently touching Flo's hand.

"Parting friends, I was going to say, Dick. We shouldn't have got on well together."

"I expect we should have quarrelled, Flo."

"Of course, we should have had *some* good times—"

"Ripping!"

"Trotting about together, and staying on the river—"

"I say!"

"And running over to Paris—"

"By Jove!"

"And—and I don't think Percival—Captain Worsley—cares much about that sort of thing."

"I know it's poison to Phil—to Miss March."

There was a silence longer than any of the previous ones.

Then I said—and I must observe that I am not in the habit of doing it before ladies—I said:

"Oh, d——n!"

"Dick!" cried Flo.

I rose. I pointed to Flo's note, which lay on the table.

"Let's have it over," said I, sternly. "Put the beastly thing in an envelope."

Flo went to the writing-table.

"Address the beastly thing," I commanded.

Flo took quite a long while addressing

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it; for it must have been a full minute before she asked:

"Dick, is Jermyn Street W. or S. W.? I—I—I don't know."

"S. W.," said I, in gloomy and tragic tones.

"Thank you, Dick. I've done it now."

"Done it! I should think you have," I groaned. "So have I!"

"Will you post it?" asked Flo, and she stretched her hand out behind her, with the letter between her finger and thumb. But she kept her head the other way, and appeared to be studying the blotting-paper.

Well, I went and took the note, and I stole back to the hearth-rug.

Flo did not move.

"What a strange lottery is life!" I mused. "Who would have thought of Worsley being your husband!"

"Or Philippa March your wife!" came from the writing-table.

"It seems incredible," I murmured.

"Almost," came from the writing-table.

There was a nice bright fire in the grate. I stood and watched the jumping flame. Flo rose from the writing-table, and, crossing, stood by me; and we both watched the jumping flame.

"Do you remember," asked Flo presently, "how we used to tell fortunes from the fire?"

"Yes; and to see faces there?"

"Yes. I remember, Dick. I don't see anything there now."

"I should like to see something," said I.

"Would you? What?" asked Flo.

Now, as we happened to be standing, my hand, which held the captain's letter, was in immediate proximity to Flo's hand, which, as I chanced to observe, held her handkerchief.

"Very much indeed," said I, and I touched Flo's hand with the corner of the letter.

"Oh!" gasped Flo.

I advanced my hand (which, as I say, contained the letter) slowly towards the fire. Flo watched it with a fascinated gaze; she did not move. My hand hovered over the fire; a bright, sudden flash of flame blazed up triumphantly.

"Look, look! Now!" I cried. "What do you see there now?"

Flo turned to me with a swift smile under moist eyes.

"Why, you're—!" I cried.

"There's an eyelash in my eye," said Flo. "And, Dick, how silly you are! I shall have to write it again!"

"In the same way?"

There was yet another pause.

"I suppose," Flo then observed, "that nobody ever writes a letter twice in *quite* the same words, do they, Dick?"

I said they did not.

I went downstairs the happiest man alive. And, I pledge my word, it was not till I reached the corner of the street that the thought struck me, and I cried aloud, in dismay:

"By Jove, I haven't done it!"

In the course of talk one is so apt to forget things.

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# THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW-PLOWS.

## A TRUE STORY OF RAILROADING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "A Thousand-mile Ride on the Engine of a 'Flyer,'" etc.

SNOW-BUCKING with a pilot plow is dangerous business. However, there is very little of it to do in these days. Now a road that is able to accumulate a snow-drift is able to own a rotary plow or snow-excavator. These machines are as large as a coach, and as heavy as a locomotive. The front end is funnel-shaped, and instead of throwing the snow away it swallows it, and then spurts it out in a great stream like water from a hose at a fire. Inside the house or car there is a boiler as large as a locomotive boiler, with two big cylinders, to furnish power to revolve a wheel in the funnel-shaped front end. This wheel is like the wheel of a windmill, except that the fans or blades are made of steel and are quite sharp. As the plow is driven through the drifted snow by a locomotive —sometimes by two or three of them—the rapidly revolving wheel slices the snow from the hard bank, draws it into the steel chest, where the same rotary motion drives it out through a sheet-iron spout.

Once at Alpine Pass, on a summer branch of the Union Pacific, I saw one of these machines working in six feet of snow that had been there six months and was so hard that men walked over it without snowshoes. It was about the middle of May; the weather was almost warm at midday, but freezing at night. A number of railroad and newspaper men had gone up there, eleven thousand feet above the sea, to witness a battle between two rival excavators. The trial was an exciting one, and lasted three days. Master Mechanic Egan, whose guest I was, was director-general, and a very impartial director, I thought. The two machines were very similar in appearance; but instead of a wheel with knives, one had a great auger in front, the purpose of which was to bore into the snowdrift and draw the snow into the machine, as the chips are drawn from an auger-hole by the revolving of the screw. The discharging apparatus was similar in the two, and like that already described.

There was a formidable array of rolling-stock on the two sidings at the foot of the mountain where we had our car and where we camped nights. On one side track stood one of the machines, with three engines behind her; on another, the other, with the same number of engines. You could tell the men of the one from the men of the other, for the two armies dwelt apart, just as the Denver police kept clear of the State militia in Governor Waite's war.

It was perfectly natural for the men on the different machines to be loyal to their respective employers and a little bit jealous of the rival crew; but I was surprised to see how quickly that feeling extended to the crews of the half-dozen locomotives, all working for the same railroad company and in no way interested in the outcome.

On the morning of the first day of the trial, when the six engines came down the track from the coal-yards, a trainman stood at the three-throw switch, and gave a locomotive to each of the two machines alternately. They all knew where they belonged, and they kept the same place, each of them, until the battle was over.

There was no betting, but there was a distinct "favorite" from the start; and when the iron horses were all hooked up, the men on the "favorite" began, good-naturedly enough, to "josh" the other crew.

Mr. Egan decided that one of the machines should go forward, and when it stuck, stalled, or stopped, for any reason, should at once back down, take the siding, and give the other a chance.

It was nearly noon when the railway officers and the reporters climbed to the storm deck of the first machine, and the commander gave a signal to start. The whistle "off brakes" was answered by the six locomotives and the little engine that brought up the rear with the special train.

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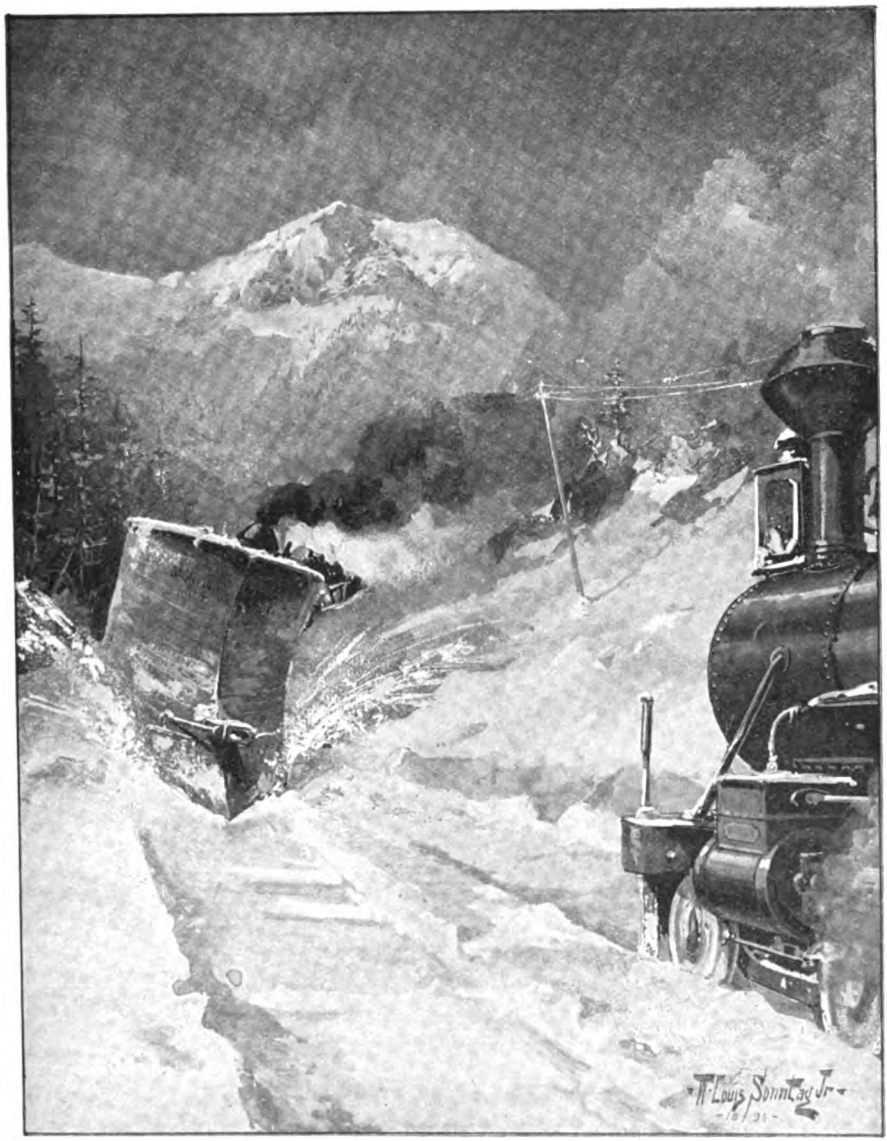

SNOW-BUCKING WITH A PILOT PLOW.

The hungry machine gathered up the light drifts which we encountered in the first few miles, and breathed them out over the tops of the telegraph poles. At a sharp curve, where there was a deep drift, the snow-plow left the track, and we were forced to stop and back out. The engineers looked sullen as they backed down to let the other crew pass, and the fresh men laughed at them. The snow was lighter now, so that instead of boring into it, the second plow only pushed it and piled it up in front of her, until the whole house was buried, when she choked up and laid down. Now the frowns were transferred to the faces of the second crew, and the smiles to the other.

For two days we see-sawed in this way, and every hour the men grew more sullen. The mad locomotives seemed to enter into the spirit of the fight; at least it was easy to imagine that they did, as they snorted, puffed, and panted in the great drifts. Ah, 'twas a goodly sight to see them, each sending an endless stream of black smoke to the very heavens, and to hear them scream to one another when about to stall, and to note with what reluctance they returned to the side track.

In the little town at the foot of the hill

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the rival crews camped at separate boarding-houses. This was fortunate, for it would not have been safe for them to live together. Even the enginemen, by the end of the second day, were hardly on speaking terms. Bob Stoute said that somebody had remarked that the two hundred and sixty-five wouldn't make steam enough to ring the bell. He did not know who had said it, but he did know that he could "lick" him. After supper that evening, when the "scrappy" engineer came out of Red Woods saloon, he broadened the statement so as to include "any 'rotary' man on the job, see?"

When we went into the field on the morning of the third day, not more than seven miles of snow remained between us and the mouth of the Alpine tunnel, where the race would end; for the tunnel was full of snow. All the forenoon the hot engines steamed and snorted and banged away at the great sea of snow that grew deeper and harder as we climbed. The track was so crooked that the plows were off the rail half the time; so that when we stopped for luncheon we had made less than three miles.

The least promising of the two machines was out first after dinner; and as the snow was harder up here, she bid fair to win great credit. She rounded the last of the sharp curves that had given us so much trouble, successfully. But as the snow grew deeper, she smothered, choked up, and stalled. Then even her friends had to admit that "she was not quite right," and the enginemen looked blacker than ever as they backed down and took the siding.

Up came the rival, every engine blowing off steam, the three firemen at the furnace doors, the engineers smiling and eager for the fray. As she turned into the tangent where the other had stalled, the leading locomotive screamed "off brakes," and every throttle flew wide open. Down, down, went the reverse levers, until every engine in the train was working at her full capacity. While waiting in the siding, the engineers had screwed their "pops," or relief valves, down so that each of the engines carried twenty pounds more steam than usual. There were no drifts now, but the hard snow lay level six feet deep. The track was as good as straight—only one long curve—and the pilots would touch timber line at the mouth of the tunnel. The road here lay along the side of the mountain, through a heavy growth of pine. The snow was granulated, and consequently very heavy. By the time they had gone a hundred yards, a great stream of snow was flowing from the spout out over the telegraph wires, over the tops of the small spruces and pines, crashing down through their branches until the white beneath them was covered with a green carpet of tree twigs. On and on, up and up, the monster moguls pushed the plow. Higher and higher rose the black smoke; and when the smoke and the snow came between the spectators and the sun, which was just now sinking behind the hill, the effect was marvellously beautiful. Still on they went through the stainless waste, nor stopped nor stalled, until the snow-plow touched the tunnel-shed.

The commander gave a signal to "back up;" and with faces wreathed in smiles and with their machine covered with cinders, snow, and glory, the little army drifted down the hill. The three days' fight was at an end, and the Rotary was the victor.

But I started to write about pilot plows and old-time snow-bucking—when we used to take out an extra insurance policy and say good-by to our friends as we signed the call-book. On a mountain division of a Western road, some ten years ago, I had my first experience in snow-bucking. For twenty-four hours a pilot plow and flanger had been racing over the thirty miles of mountain, up one side and down the other. As often as they reached the foot of the hill they received orders to "double the road."

It was Sunday afternoon when the caller came for me. Another engine had been ordered out to help push the snow-plow through the great drifts, that were getting deeper and deeper every hour. Ten miles out from the division station, at the foot of the mountain proper, we side-tracked to wait the return of the snow-plow.

The hours went by, the night wasted away, Monday dawned, and no news of the snow brigade. All we could learn at the telegraph office was that they were somewhere between Shawano and the top of the hill, — presumably stuck in the snow. All day and all night they worked and puffed, pushed and panted; but to no purpose. Now, when they gave up all hope of getting through, they attempted to back down; but that was equally impossible. The heavy drifts in the deep cuts were not to be bucked away with the rear end of an engine.

Tuesday came, and found us still watching and waiting for the snow-plow. Other

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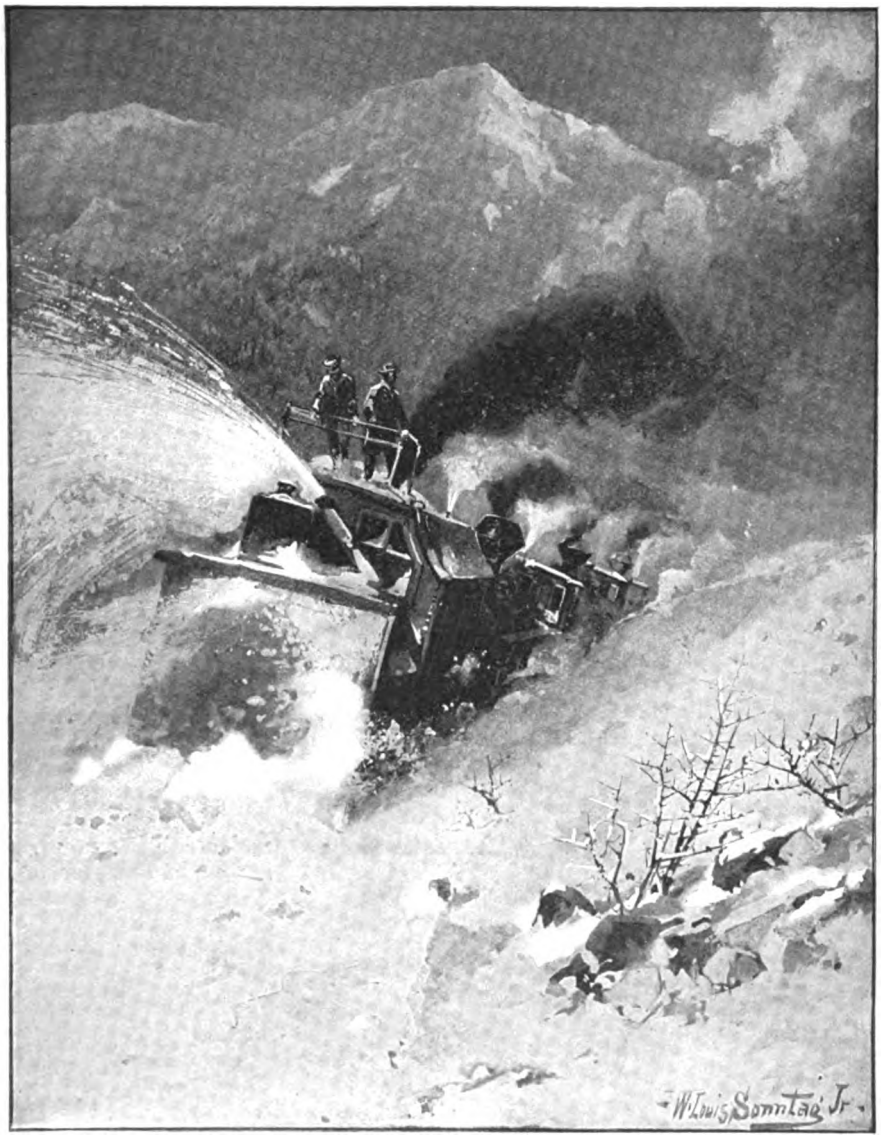


THE MODERN ROTARY SNOW-PLOW.

engines came up from the division station with a work-train and a great army of trackmen with wide shovels. A number of railroad officers came, and everybody shovelled. We had no plow on our side of the hill, and had to buck with naked engines. First we tried one, then two, then three coupled together. The shovellers would clear off a few hundred yards of track, over which we would drive at full speed. As our engine came in contact with a great drift, all the way from eight to eighteen feet deep, she would tremble and shake as though she was about to be crushed to pieces.

Often when we came to a stop, only the top of the stack of the front engine was visible. The front windows of the cabs were all boarded up to prevent the glass from being smashed. For three or four days the track was kept clear behind us, so that we could back out and tie up at night where there was coal and water. All this time the snow kept coming down, day and night, until the only sign of a railroad across the range was the tops of the telegraph poles. Toward the last of the week we encountered a terrific storm—almost a blizzard. This closed the trail behind us, and that night

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we were forced to camp on the mountain side. We had an abundance of coal, but the water in the tanks was very low. By shovelling snow into them when we were stuck in the deep drifts, we managed to keep them wet.

For three or four days—sometimes in the dead hours of the night—we had heard a mournful whistle away up on the mountain side, crying in the waste like a lost sheep. This was a light engine, as we learned afterward, that had started down the hill, but got stuck in the storm. For four days and nights the crews were imprisoned in the drifts. They had only a few pieces of hard bread, which they soaked in snow-water and ate. More than once during the fourth day they had looked into the tallow-bucket, and wondered if they could eat the tallow.

On Sunday morning, just a week from the day on which I had signed the call-book, the sun shone clear and bright. The crew with the big pilot plow had reached the summit; and now a new danger confronted the lone engine whose cry had gone out in the night like the wail of a lost soul. The big plow was coming down the hill with two locomotives behind her; and if this crew remained on the main line, they would be scooped into eternity. When the storm cleared away they found that they were within a few feet of the switch target. If they could shovel out the snow and throw the switch, it would let them on to a spur. Hungry and weak as they were, they began with the fireman's scoop to clear the switch and shovel away from the wheels, so that the engine could start herself. All the time they could hear the whistles of the three engines, now whistling "down brakes," "back up," and "go ahead," as they hammered away at the deep drifts. At last the switch was forced open, the engine was in to clear; but not a moment too soon, for now came the great plow fairly falling down the mountain, sending a shower of snow over the lone engine on the spur.

We, too, had heard and seen them coming, and had found a safe siding. When the three half-starved and almost desperate engineers came to the clear track we had made, the great engines, till now held in check by the heavy snow, bounded forward down the steep grade at a rate that made us sick at heart. Each of the locomotives on the side track whistled; but the wheels were covered with ice and snow, and even with levers reversed, they seemed to slide as fast. Fortunately, at the next curve there was a heavy drift—so deep that the snow-train drove right through it, making a complete tunnel arched over with snow. Thus, after eight days, the road was opened, and eight sections of the passenger train came slowly and carefully down the mountain and passed under the arch.

## HOME FROM THE CITY.*

By Hamlin Garland.

Out of the city, out of the street!
  Out in the wind and the grasses,
Where the bird and the daisy wooing meet,
  And the cloud like an eagle passes,
Far from the roaring street.

Out of the hurry, away from the heat
  And clamor of iron wheels and hoofs,
Out of the stench and scorching heat
  We come as a dove to its native roofs,
Far from the thunderous street.

Into the silence of cool-breathed leaves,
  Where the wind like a lover
Murmurs, and waits to listen, and weaves
  His arms in the leafy cover—
Back to a world of stubble and sheaves
  We flee from the murderous street!

* From "Prairie Songs," by Hamlin Garland; by permission of Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York.

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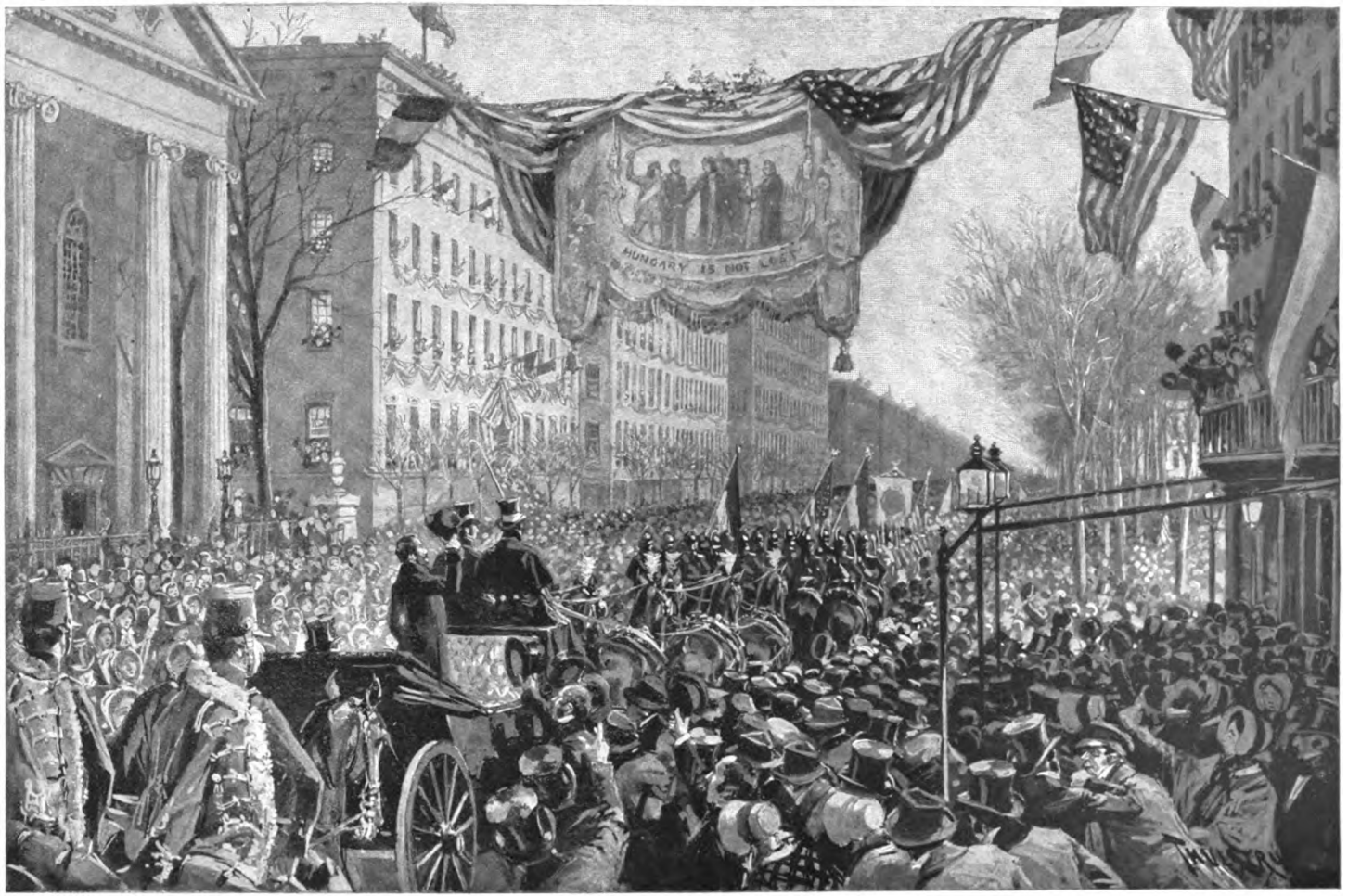


THE MOST MARVELOUS SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM EVER WITNESSED IN NEW YORK.

One of the pictures illustrating Parke Godwin's graphic description of "When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway," written by him for the "Great Personal Events" series, which begins in the current (November) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The most wonderfully interesting series of articles ever conceived by a magazine.



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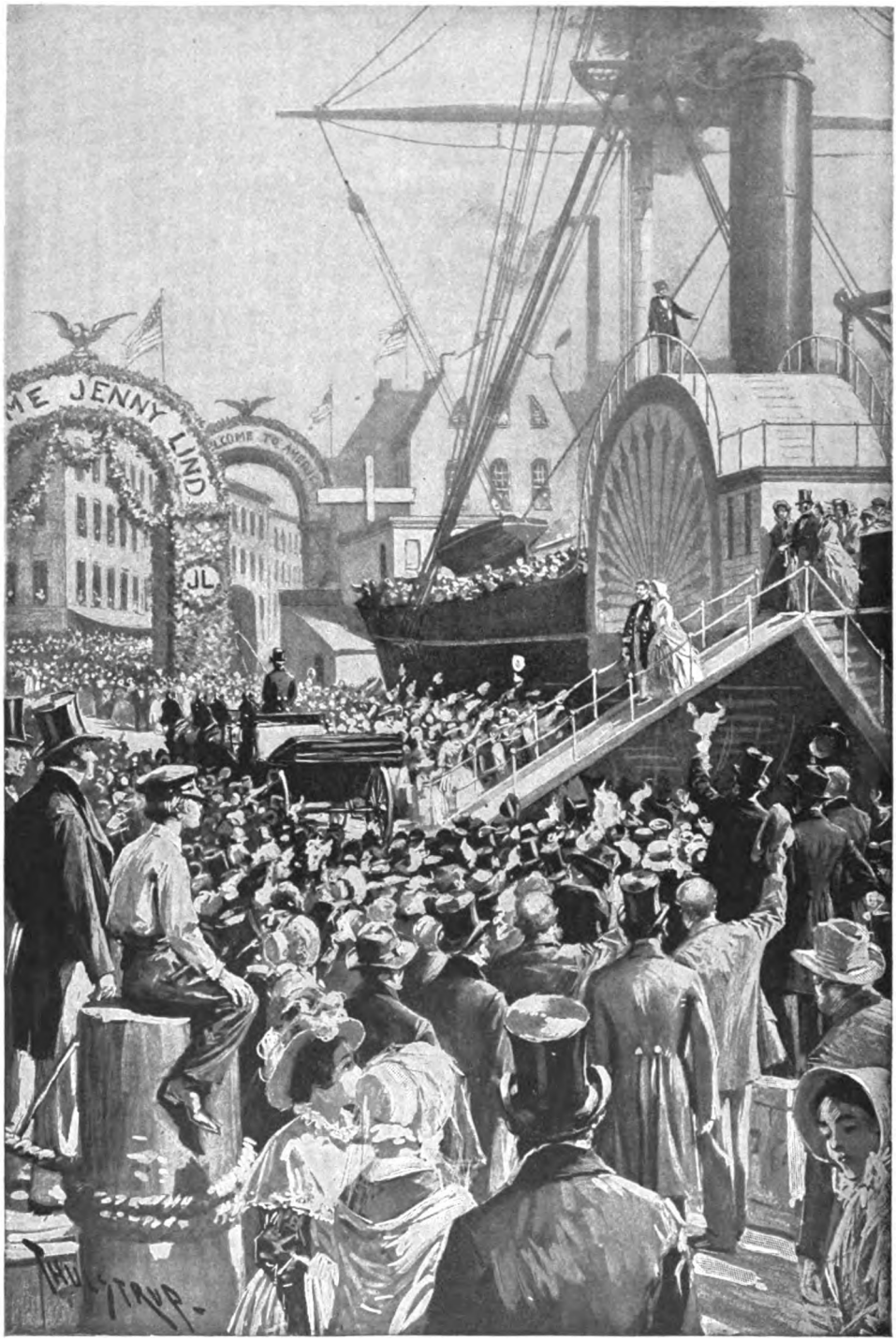


This picture shows Jenny Lind's arrival in New York City; another shows her singing before her wonderful audience at her first concert in Castle Garden, when people nearly went music-mad and hundreds listened in row-boats. The whole scene, with the pictures, is described by Hon. A. Oakey Hall in the first of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S series of "Great Personal Events," in the current (November) issue.



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THE PRINCE OF WALES DANCING WITH AMERICAN GIRLS.

**One of the incidents portrayed by Stephen Fiske in the story of his personal experience "When the Prince of Wales was in America," written for the "Great Personal Events" series, which begins in the current (November) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.**



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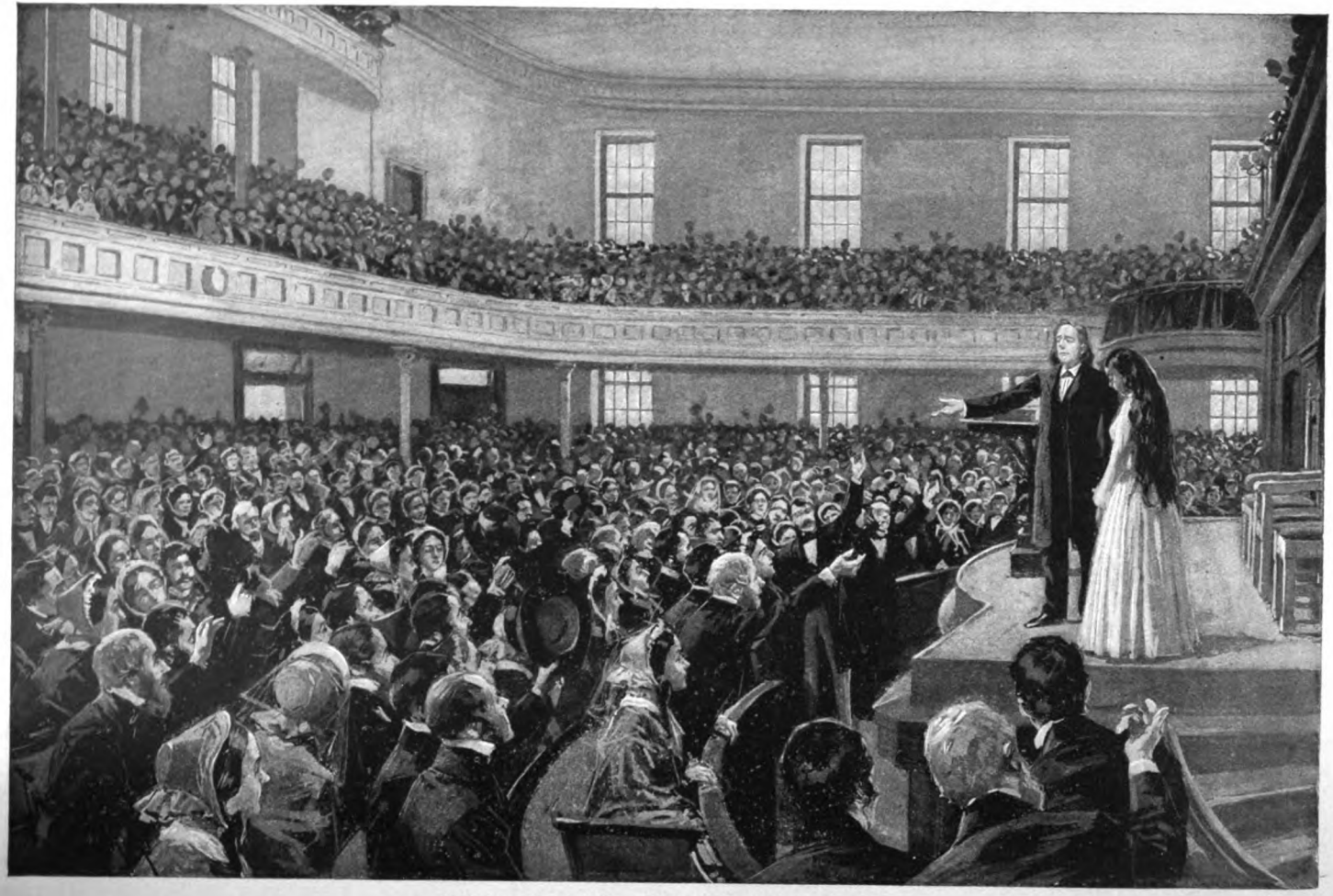

MR. BEECHER SELLING A BEAUTIFUL SLAVE GIRL IN HIS PULPIT.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, herself, tells the marvelous story of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit," in the "Great Personal Events" series, which begins in the current (November) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For One Dollar THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, containing this wonderful series of articles, will be sent to any address, Postage Free, for an Entire Year by The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

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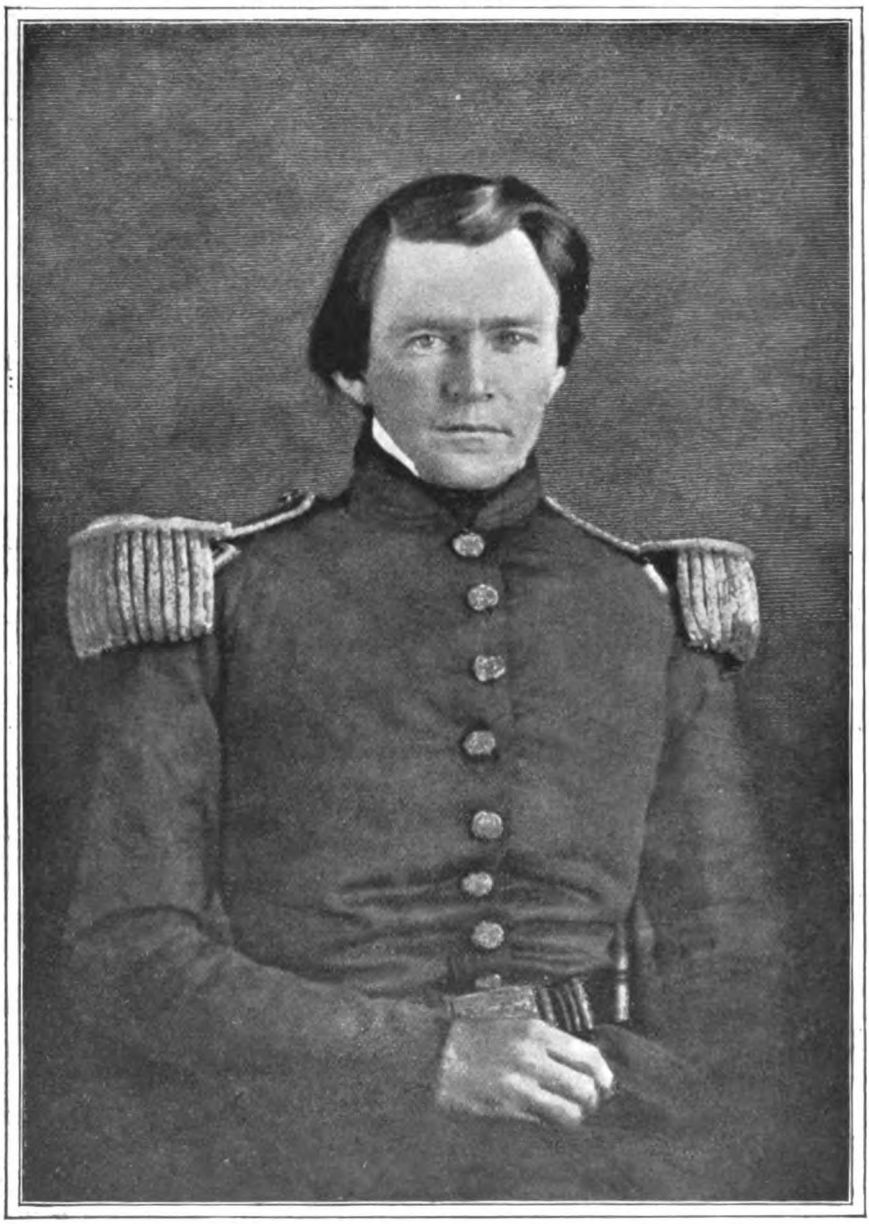

GRANT AT 21. THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mrs. Louisa Boggs of Macon, Mo. Mrs. Boggs is the widow of Henry Boggs, who was Grant's partner in the real estate business in St. Louis during the winter of 1858–59. This portrait has been in her possession since 1860. It is one of a number of portraits and documents brought to light by Mr. Hamlin Garland in his industrious search for material preparatory to the series of studies in Grant's life which begin publication in this number of McClure's. Except Mrs. Boggs and her immediate acquaintance, no one knew of its existence until Mr. Garland discovered it. It was probably taken about 1843, just after Grant's graduation from West Point. It resembles a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. George W. Childs, which was reproduced in McClure's Magazine for May, 1894.

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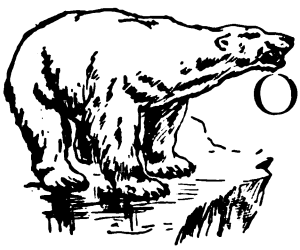
# McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 2.


## THE FARTHEST NORTH.

### AN ACCOUNT OF DR. NANSEN'S ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

By Cyrus C. Adams.



ON April 7th, last year, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen stood among the ice hummocks of the Arctic Ocean at a point about 195 miles nearer the North Pole than any man had ever been before. He could see nothing from the top of the highest ice hill save these hummocks and ridges, stretching away to the horizon like frozen waves. The scene had the one condition needed to crown it as the most utterly desolate waste that can be conceived. It was wholly void of all forms of life. No Polar explorer had ever before entered an area where the air, the ice, the land or the sea depths support no living thing; but for the last 150 miles of his journey north, by ship or sledge, Nansen had not found the slightest trace of life in the air, on the ice, or in the ocean depths. Somewhere near the eighty-fourth parallel, he seems to have passed beyond the pale of the life zones into an area around the Pole where nature is wholly inorganic and inert.

At the point he had reached, Nansen was within 261 statute miles of the North Pole. He was nearer this long-sought goal of many explorers than New York city is to Mount Washington. It was almost within his reach, and yet it was the same elusive object that had mocked so many Arctic wayfarers. He had set out from his vessel, twenty-four days earlier, with only one hundred days' provisions for himself and his comrade, and a month's supply for the dogs, all he could carry over those rugged ice floes. At the rate he had advanced it would take him two months more to reach the Pole; and there could be little satisfaction in standing on the apex of the northern hemisphere with all his dogs gone, only two weeks' supply of food left, and no game within hundreds of miles. If Nansen were not prudent as well as daring, the world would never have known his fate. He turned back in time, traversed the ter-

DR. AND MRS. NANSEN.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

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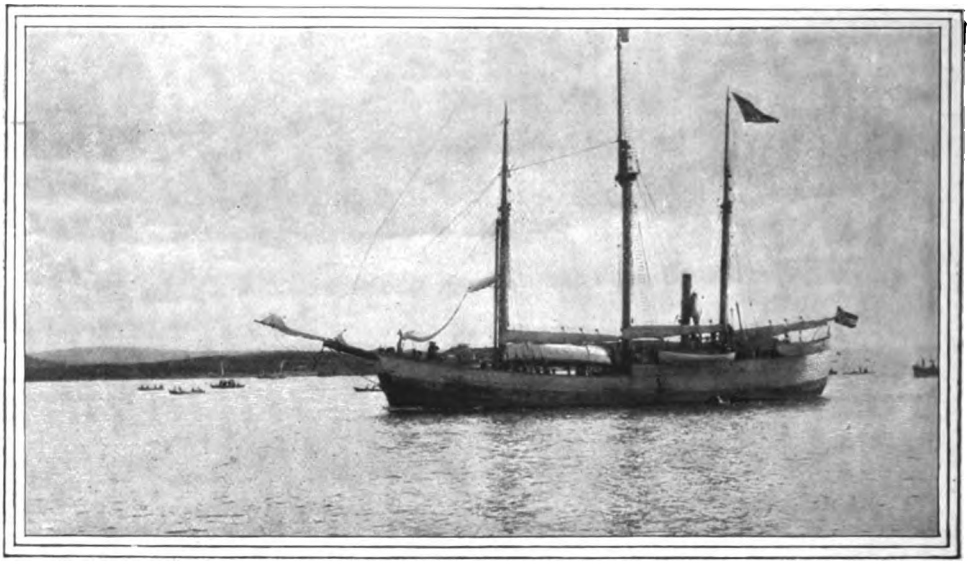

THE "FRAM" IN THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE ARCTIC.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

rible ice to Franz Josef Land, and brought home a story of great achievements, marred by no accident, the result of splendid effort and unsurpassed good luck, never before combined in such large measure by an Arctic enterprise.

Almost exactly three years elapsed after Dr. Nansen, with his staunch ship and ten comrades, passed out of view into the Arctic ice, before they came back to the civilized world. Not a man had been ill, not a timber had been injured in the "Fram's" giant frame, and full supplies for three years were still on board. They had traversed an area of 50,000 square miles of unknown waters. They had discovered a wide sea of oceanic depth, overthrowing the theory of the prevailing shallowness of the Arctic. They had traced this wide sea for hundreds of miles, and found it to be over two miles deep. They had made other discoveries of much interest to the world; and when they divided forces on the ice, the sledges to go north for any fate in store for them, the ship to drift whither the wind listed, impelled for seventeen months by a kindly destiny over widely diverse routes, they arrived, at last, within a period of seven days, on the coast of Norway, their work completed and their triumph secure. Did Arctic explorers ever have better fortune or more richly deserve it than Dr. Nansen and his brave men?

But "God helps them that help themselves." As far as man can do, Nansen made even pitiless Arctic conditions serve his purposes. He owes his brilliant success largely to years of minute and careful preparation. Last year many famous Arctic experts were at the Geographical Congress in London. It was interesting to see their faith in Nansen. They criticised the theory he had gone north to test. They doubted the existence of the Arctic current which he thought would waft the "Fram" across the Polar sea. They feared that his vessel would be crushed like an eggshell among the grinding floes. But they had met the man; and his sound sense, scientific attainments, practical ideas, thorough Arctic stud-

DR. NANSEN'S MOTHER.

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ies, physical stamina, and enthusiasm had won their confidence and admiration. Somehow or other, they believed Nansen was coming back with a story of splendid work done.

How few who achieve great things win recognition at his early age! Nansen is only thirty-five years old. He was born near Christiania, Norway, educated in its university, trained as a zoölogist, and the year he was twenty-one was marked by the completion of his school life, a trip in East Greenland seas for zoölogical specimens, and his appointment as Curator in the Natural History Museum at Bergen. At twenty-seven the scientific papers he had written won him the degree of Ph.D.; and a year later all the world knew him as the first man to cross Greenland, which he described in two volumes, writing another on the Eskimos. Since then his time has been almost wholly absorbed by his polar project.

Nansen began to plan this voyage when he was twenty-three years old, nine years before he started. Many a hint for his great undertaking came to him while cruising in East Greenland waters, and during his memorable crossing of Greenland on the ice cap in 1888. He spent that winter among the west coast natives, and what he learned of Eskimo ways of living was invaluable to him later. He mastered the difficult art of managing the kayak, or Eskimo skin boat, which he said was "the best one-man vessel in the world;" and when he and Johansen set out for Spitzbergen, last spring, from the little island in Franz Josef Land where they had wintered, two kayaks, weighing twenty pounds each, carried them and their meagre outfit across all bits of open water. They were larger than the little Greenland skin boat, but were modelled after and propelled like it.

DR. NANSEN.

Drawn by W. M. Burgher after a photograph by W. C. Frabritius & Son, Christiania.

During his Greenland winter, too, Nansen lived much with the Eskimos, sleeping in their rude huts of stone and turf in spite of the dirt, discomforts, and offensiveness; joining their Nimrods in the hunt on land and sea, and taking lessons from them in the art of handling dog teams. He believed that an Arctic explorer should be able to live, if need be, as the natives do, depending for everything upon the country he lives in. He found his theory true, and he is alive to-day because he was able to live just like the Eskimos. When the two men landed on their little island in August, last year, they had no dogs, no food, no shelter, and no clothing except the ragged woollen garments they were wearing; but they did have guns and ammunition. Bear and sea game were in abundance. They became Eskimos for

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B. F. NANSEN AND HIS INFANT SON FRIDTJOF.

NANSEN AT 4 YEARS OF AGE.

NANSEN AT 12 YEARS OF AGE.

NANSEN ABOUT 1893. AGE 31.

From a photograph by J. Thomson, London.

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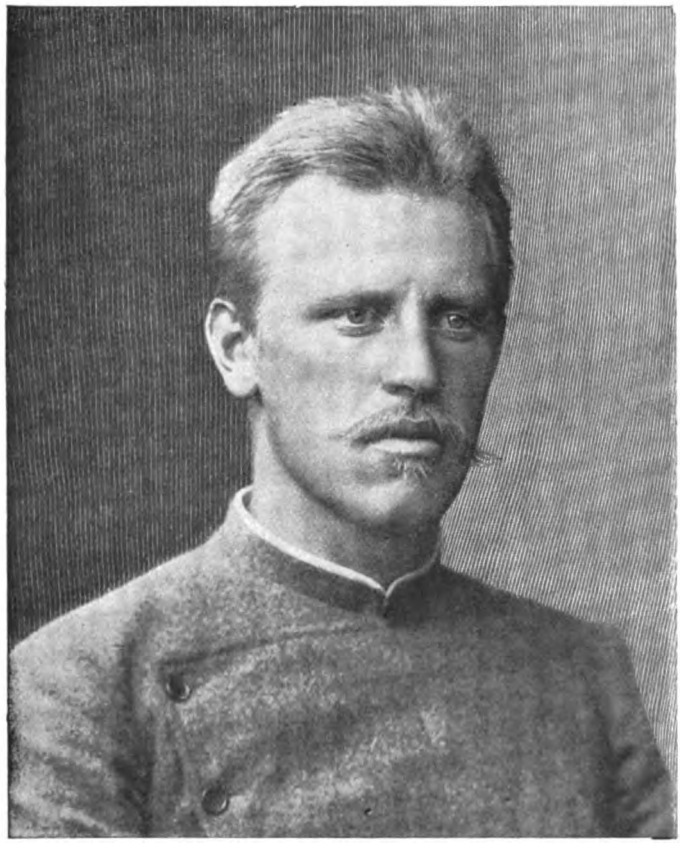

NANSEN JUST BEFORE HE STARTED ON HIS ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN 1893.

the time, and had no more fear of suffering from hunger and cold than they would have had at home. They killed walrus and bear. They built a hut of stone and turf, roofed it with walrus hides, and made a door of bear skin. Their larder, lacking variety to be sure, was always well filled. Bear meat was the staff of life. Oil and fat were their fuel and lights, and furs carpeted their floor and supplied their winter clothing and sleeping bags. It was not an ideal existence, but after nine months of it the explorers were as hardy and strong as men could be.

From his childhood Dr. Nansen has been an athlete, a hunter, and an expert skiboler, or snow-shoe traveller. He is more than six feet tall, with muscles like iron, and the medals he won made him known, long ago, as a champion of sport in Norway. These qualities, with the courage and endurance they imply, besides skill in kayak and ski travel, and ability to live as the Eskimos do, have had no small part in making his success. He has the grip of a giant, as a misguided pickpocket learned to his sorrow when he toyed with the Norseman's watch-chain. Nansen had just arrived in London to tell the geographers there about his polar project. He saw a great crowd at Buckingham Palace, and pushed to the front rank just as the Princess of Wales arrived to hold a drawing-room. As he waved his hat with the crowd, he felt a twitch at his chain, and grasped the wrist of the too familiar person. He cheered and waved until enthusiasm subsided, meanwhile holding an umbrella firmly under the arm to which the thief was attached, and then handed his prisoner over to a policeman. Nansen said he merely held the man tightly; but the fellow was howling with pain, and declared he would rather go to prison than have his bones crushed.

But, first of all, Nansen is a man of science. He had mastered all that had been done by Arctic explorers; and when, with unsurpassed practical sense, he made such arrangements for his journey as to be able to advance hundreds of miles into the wholly unknown regions around the North Pole, it was his penetrating scientific genius that gained an insight into the unknown.

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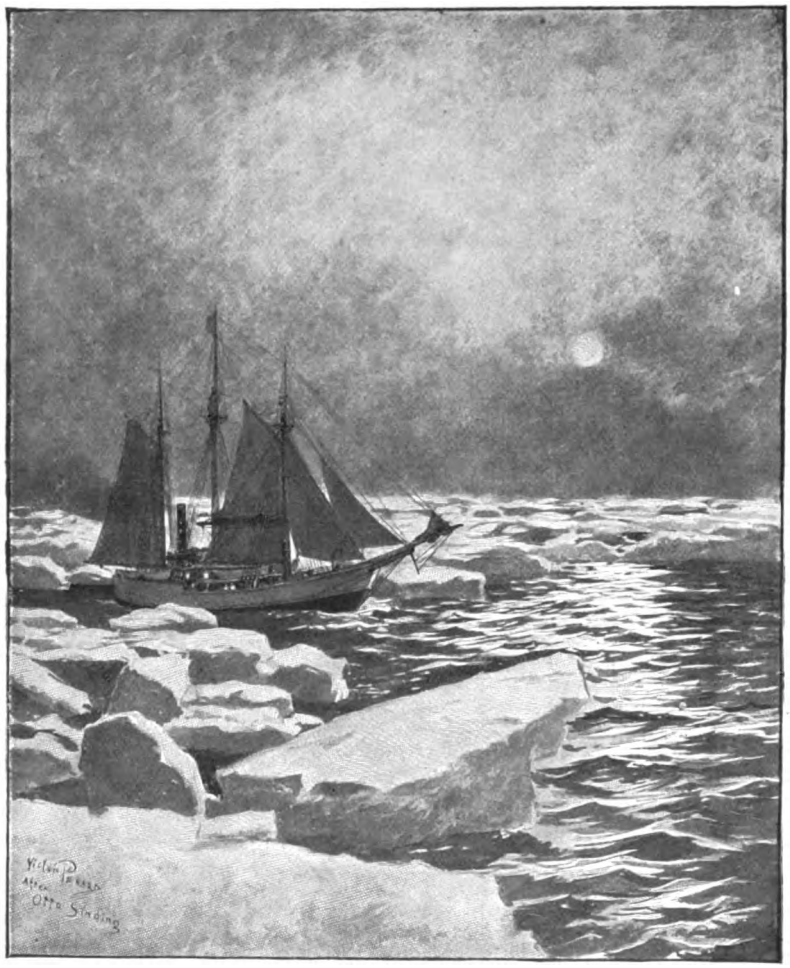

THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE-PACK.

Drawn by Victor S. Perard after a drawing by Otto Sinding.

That is the reason he has brought back such a harvest of valuable facts, many of which relate to pure science. We shall refer to some of the most striking facts. It is now known of his work as a whole, that he has made most significant and interesting discoveries and studies in Arctic geography, geology, marine hydrology, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, and biology; but of course some time will elapse before his results can be published in detail for the study of experts.

Nearly everything Nansen predicted about his journey has come true. He said he expected to cross the unknown polar area, and he has done it. He foretold exactly the general direction in which his ship would drift while fast in the ice, but it is not certain that he correctly assigned the cause of this drift. He believed he would enter a marine current that would carry his ice-imbedded vessel to the northwest. The most that can now be said of this theory is that he has discovered nothing to disprove it; but he has found that the polar ice cap, once thought to be a fast ice sheet, is in continuous drift under the influence of the prevailing winds, and as the most persistent winds are from the southeast, the mean direction of the "Fram's" drift was northwest. Nansen invented the model of the "Fram," making her hull round and slippery like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface; and her screw and rudder were also

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ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the "Fram" from instant destruction were mistaken; for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

Nansen said that, owing to the probable predominance of water in the far north, he expected to find there higher temperatures than along the north coast of Asia. This remarkable prediction has been fulfilled. The lowest temperature observed on the "Fram" was sixty-one and one-half degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, while farther south, in the Kara Sea, sixty-three degrees below zero, and at the mouth of the Lena River ninety-four degrees below zero have been registered.

O. N. SVERDRUP, NAVIGATOR OF THE "FRAM."
From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

NANSEN IN HIS STUDY ON THE "FRAM."

The explorer, of course, was not expecting to find a great sea two miles deep, and his sounding apparatus was wholly inadequate for measuring such depths; but Nansen, like the late A. M. Mackay, on whose shoulders Livingstone's mantle fell in Africa, is a man to make means where none exists. Mackay made houses and boats without tools or nails save those he fashioned in the heart of Africa; and so Nansen made a sounding apparatus of the most modern sort, procuring his iron wire from a cable. Dr. Nansen's greatest discovery on this voyage, like his greatest discovery in Greenland, was made in spite of inadequate appliances. He proved, in 1888, that inner Greenland contains one of the poles of cold of the earth, although none of his thermometers was able to show the lowest degrees of cold he experienced.

Arctic explorers love to name the land features they discover after eminent personages or the friends and supporters of their enterprises. Dr. Nansen cannot have this pleasure, for in all his long journey he discovered no land except a few little islands near the Asian coast. Nansen has proved, in connection with the "Jeannette" expedition, that no large land masses thickly stud the Asian Arctic ocean as they do the North American polar area.

THE KITCHEN OF THE "FRAM."

Where is the North polar continent that once figured on the maps? It is not so long ago that the renowned geographer Petermann believed he had good reason for faith in its existence. The Pole was probably in this continent, and he thought that towering rocks near Be-

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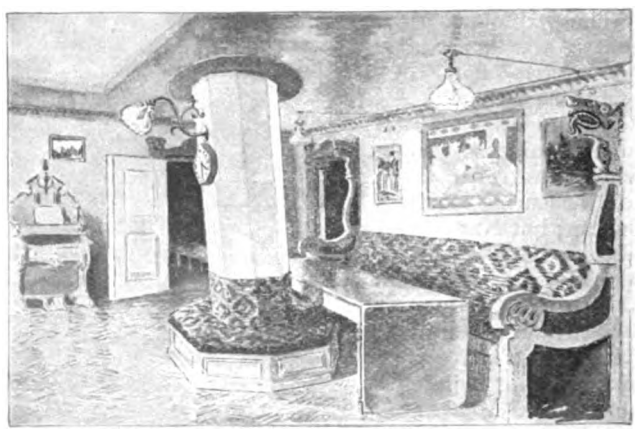
DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM."

On March 14, 1895, Dr. Nansen, with a single companion, Lieutenant Johansen, left his ship behind him and pushed toward the Pole on foot. It was then that he got farther north than any man before him. He was unable to return to the "Fram," and he and Johansen made their way to Franz Josef Land, where they fell in with the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, found comfortable lodging and a ship to bring them home.

ring Strait, now known to be an island, might be one of the termini of the great land mass. Faith in this theory gradually weakened the farther men penetrated into the "White North;" and now Nansen has thrown a flood of light upon the question. The ocean depths he has found to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen, the disappearance of animal life in that region, the structure of the ice, which is plainly formed at sea and not on land, and the free movement of the ice masses driven, as they are, in any direction by the prevailing winds, point inevitably to the conclusion that the man who reaches the North Pole will probably find no land there, but a deep sea instead, covered by closely packed and drifting ice. The deep sea trough that was ever under the "Fram" as she drifted to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen shows that these lands have no northern extension. The nearest known land to the Pole is that which Lockwood and Brainard discovered, in 1882, north of Greenland.

Up to last August the world had supposed that the North Polar Sea was for the most part a shallow basin with cold water in its depths. But Dr. Nansen reports a remarkable fact that is hardly less interesting than the deep sea, his greatest discovery—that is, that the water about 600 feet below the surface is above the freezing point, while the upper layer of water is invariably below the freezing point; and this warmer water below 600 feet (north of Spitzbergen below 3,000 feet) appears to extend to the very bottom. In view of this fact, some accepted theories as to the life of the globe and the circulation of ocean waters will require revision.

We can hardly imagine the tedium and monotony of that long, slow drift over a lifeless sea, with no change in nature's



THE SALOON OF THE "FRAM."

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MEETING OF DR. NANSEN AND MR. JACKSON IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND, JUNE, 1896.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

aspect, save the alternation of hummocks with almost level floe ice; and the sea, more than a third of each year, enfolded in the gloom of Arctic twilight and darkness. The fact that every member of his party, from first to last, was well and fit for service, under trying and depressing conditions, is brilliant proof that Nansen hit the mark with his new ideas of planning the work and augmenting the comfort of an Arctic party. All his ideas as to hygiene, methods of travel, and so on, succeeded, and his men maintained for three years the life and energy needed to do scientific work.

Some people laughed at Nansen's plan to dispel the darkness around the ship with an electric plant, but it was a great success. Here was one spot in the Arctic waste all aglow with vivid light. Nansen painted or photographed by an arc lamp in the saloon. With every puff of air the windmill was set going to keep the dynamo charged; and when wind failed, the boys manned the capstan, four at a time, and supplied the needed power. Heat and light were requisites which, Nansen said, he could not do without and keep his men in good heart and strength. Their cabin was warm, and so was their clothing, and they had light in plenty until the last winter, when, to the general regret, the electric plant was dispensed with, because portions of the apparatus were needed for snow-shoes and runners. Nansen feared the scurvy, but his precautions averted an attack from this ghastly enemy.

A phonograph helped to cheer the hours of leisure. The explorer could not take his wife, but he had her songs with him. It had been his intention to follow the example of our own Arctic hero, Civil Engineer Peary, and take his wife with him. Fru Nansen is a charming woman, the daughter of a Norwegian naturalist, fond

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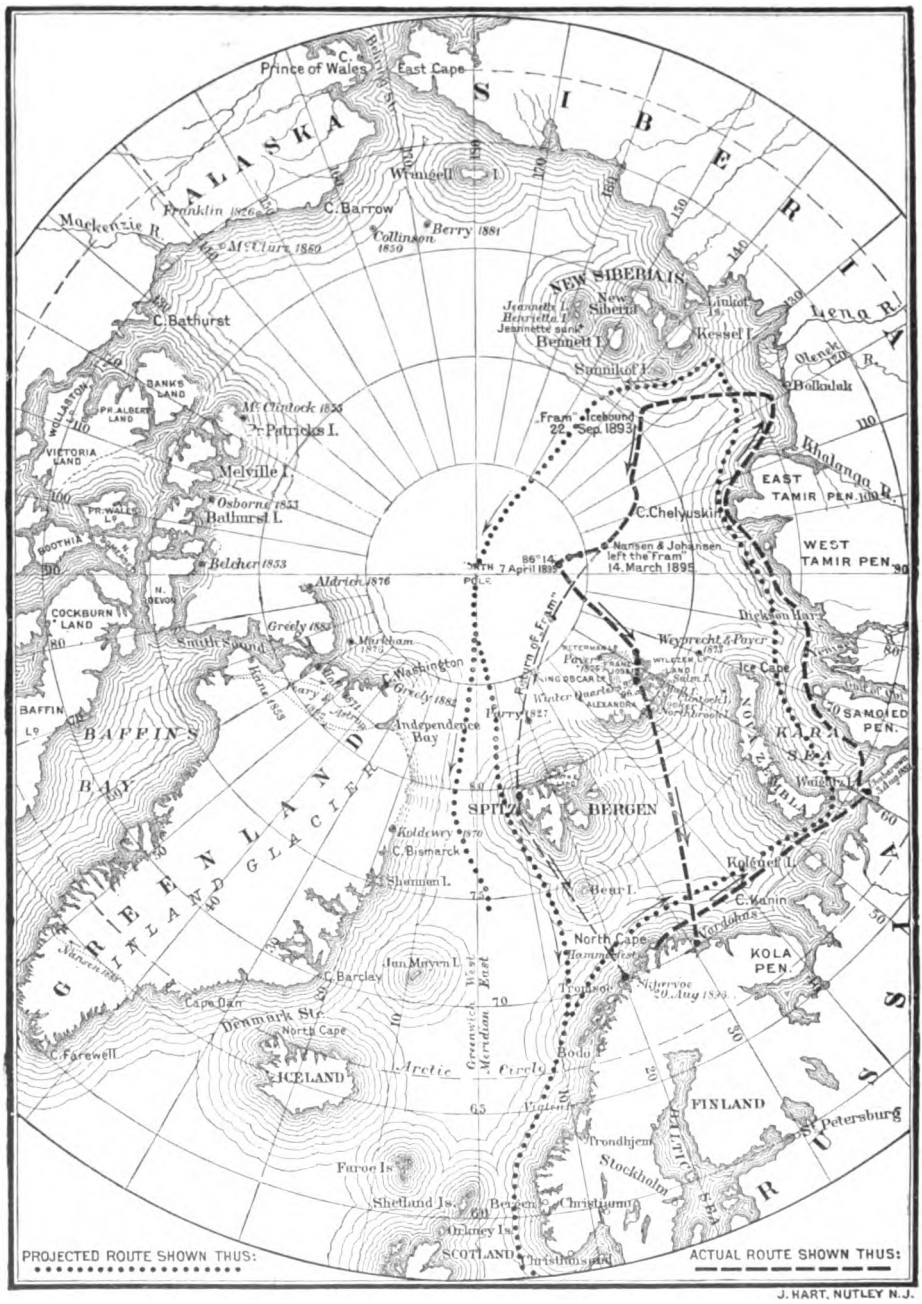


MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES OF DR. NANSEN AND THE "FRAM."

of the robust recreations of her country, and as adventuresome as her husband. Both were confident that she had strength for the voyage, but at the last moment all his comrades begged him to leave his wife behind, and Nansen decided to grant their request. Fru Nansen could not go, but her lovely voice was often heard in the little cabin. A gifted vocalist, well known to Scandinavian audiences, she sang all her husband's favorite songs into the phonograph, and there was the cheeriest of music on shipboard ; and a baby's prattle, too, for the little daughter had several remarks for her papa on the phonographic record. Liv is her name, and it has been a name of good omen ; for she was called Life when the day of parting had begun to cast its

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DR. NANSEN AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. JACKSON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR MEETING IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND IN JUNE, 1896.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

shadow over the modest cottage, and that name was the prayer of the young wife and husband that, after the perilous and uncertain years had passed, the little trinity might again be gathered in their home. Sunshine and gladness now illumine the little cottage near Christiania.

While the news of Nansen's safe return was flashing round the world, one of his compatriots, Hansen by name, sent out by a geographical society, was scouring the coasts of Asia for traces of him. He was to learn if the natives of North Siberia had heard anything of the "Fram," or whether the explorer had called at the New Siberian Islands for the food supplies which Baron Toll had cachéd for him. There was no news of Nansen along the 3,000 miles of his fellow-countryman's route; and when Hansen reached the farther end of the telegraph wire he doubtless learned excellent reasons why he was coming home empty-handed.

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# A CAROL.

By William Canton.

This gospel sang the angels bright:
*Lord Jhesu shall be born this night;*
*Born not in house nor yet in hall,*
*Wrapped not in purple nor in pall,*
*Rocked not in silver, neither gold;*
This word the angels sang of old;
*Nor christened with white wine nor red;*
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which holdeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

*This thrice and four times happy night—*
These tidings sang the angels bright—
*Forlorn, betwixen ear and horn,*
*A babe shall Jhesu Lord be born,*
*A weeping babe in all the cold;—*
This word the angels sang of old—
*And wisps of hay shall be his bed;*
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which keepeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

*O babe and Lord, Thou Jhesu bright,—*
Let all and some now sing this night—
*Betwixt our sorrow and our sin,*
*Be thou new-born our hearts within;*
*New-born, dear babe and little King,*
So letten some and all men sing—
*To wipe for us our tears away!*
This night so letten all men say
Of Him which spake, and lo! they be—
The green land and strong sea.

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton: Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.

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MADONNA AND CHILD.

From the painting by Josephine Wood Colby. Reproduced by the special permission of the artist, and now first published.

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# AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

By Charles Henry Hart,

Author of "The Original Portraits of Washington," "Stuart's Lansdowne Portrait of Washington," etc.

THE State Normal School at West Chester, Pennsylvania, has become possessed of the varied collections of the Chester County Cabinet of Natural Science. As is not infrequently the case with such institutions, the Cabinet of Natural Science had received many gifts of valuable objects not germane to its special pursuits, and these, with its natural science cabinets, now belong to the State Normal School. Among such objects was the portrait of Washington, by Charles Willson Peale, here presented to the public for the first time.

There are at least forty original portraits of Washington known to have been painted from life, with a score more claiming like distinction. To Charles Willson Peale belongs the honor of having painted Washington from life a greater number of times than any other artist. He had not less than fourteen different sittings from Washington, if we can accept the numeration given by his son Rembrandt. In May, 1772, while Washington was still a Virginia colonel, he wrote from Mount Vernon: "Inclination having yielded to importunity, I am now, contrary to all expectation, under the hands of Mr. Peale; but in so grave, so sullen a mood—and now and then under the influence of Morpheus when some critical strokes are making—that I fancy the skill of this gentleman's pencil will be put to it in describing to the world what manner of man I am." In September, 1795, when Washington was in his second term as President of the United States, Stuart, meeting Mrs. Washington, urged her to hasten to her husband's protection, as he had just left him where they were "Pealing him on the right side and on the left, behind and before." The allusion in this jest of Stuart's was to the fact that Charles Willson Peale, his younger brother James, and his sons Rembrandt and Raphaelle, were each availing themselves of this, Washington's last sitting, to delineate his features. Between these two, so widely separated in time, Peale unquestionably secured numerous other sittings.

This complacency to Peale on Washington's part was due, in the first place, no doubt, to the fact that the first portrait he had painted was done by Peale. This was just as Washington was entering his forty-first year. Then Peale himself was a faithful soldier in the Revolution, and did much to relieve the tedium of winter quarters at Valley Forge by painting portraits of many of the officers. It was at this time and place that he painted, on a piece of bed-ticking, the portrait now reproduced; and despite the unfavorable conditions under which it was painted, it may safely be pronounced the most vivid and life-like portrait of Washington that Peale achieved. An examination of the canvas, which is twenty-three by twenty-eight inches, out of the frame, shows that it has been cut down from a larger picture; and this will account for what seems a somewhat awkward pose. It was presented to the Chester County Cabinet in 1841, by the eminent artist, John Neagle of Philadelphia. How and when Mr. Neagle acquired it, we do not know; nor why he took it away from his own city, to bury it in a country town. But we do know that he presented it as "*An original portrait of Genl. Washington, in revolutionary costume, taken by C. W. Peale, at Valley Forge.*"

This certificate from John Neagle means more than it would from many other men. He was not only distinguished as a portrait painter, but he was a most exact and conscientious man, as is evidenced by the careful inscriptions on many of his own paintings. He was past thirty when Charles Willson Peale died, had lived in the same city with him, and belonged to the same artistic coterie. We may therefore rest assured that he did not inscribe this portrait as "original," and taken "at Valley Forge," without good and sufficient evidence, if the remnant of old bed-ticking that served for a canvas did not tell us the same tale. Its originality, too, is clearly attested by its freedom, simplicity, and directness, its natural expression and dignified repose—all of which plainly tell that painter and sitter faced each other while it was being limned. Beyond this it can be accepted as a truthful delineation of the unidealized Washington—the Com-

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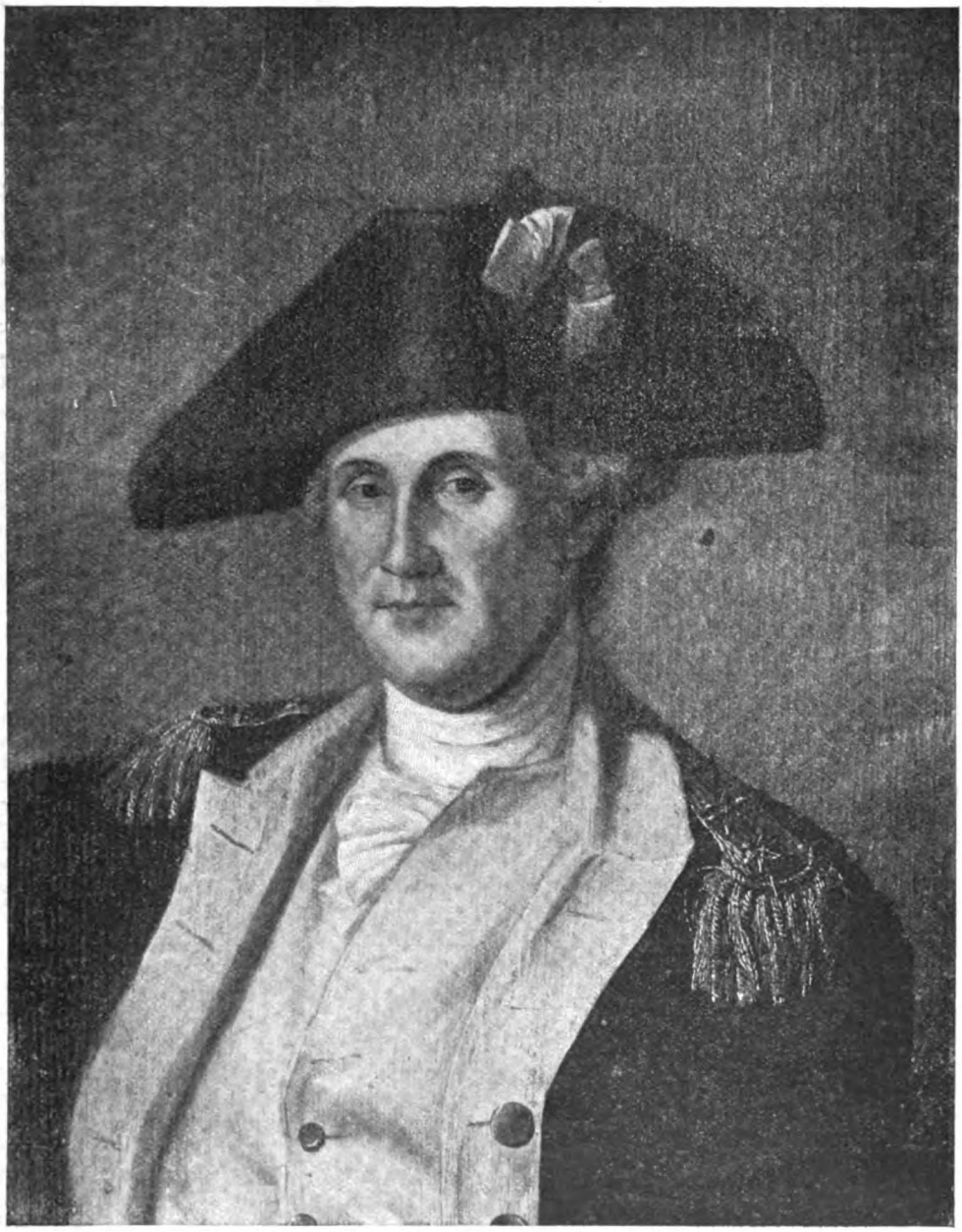

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON, PAINTED AT VALLEY FORGE BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE.

From a photograph of the original painting, taken expressly for McClure's Magazine by C. S. Bradford, West Chester, Pennsylvania, and copyrighted by him September 26, 1896. The original painting is the property of the State Normal School, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

mander-in-Chief at the head of the army and in camp. Peale seems never to have duplicated it, although he repeated most of his other portraits of Washington many times. Perhaps it was with him as it was with Stuart and his portraits of the same subject—he did not know which one really was the best. A close comparative study, however, of this Valley Forge head with Peale's well-known whole length portraits, having Nassau Hall in the background, leads me to the conclusion that it was his chief guide for the head in these pictures.

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# HOW DR. DAVIDSON KEPT HIS LAST CHRISTMAS AT DRUMTOCHTY.

By Ian Maclaren,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

CHRISTMAS fell on a Sunday the year Dr. Davidson died, and on the preceding Monday a groom drove up to the manse from Muirtown Castle.

"A letter, Doctor, from his lordship"—John found his master sitting before the study fire in a reverie, looking old and sad—"and there's a bit boxie in the kitchen."

"Will you see, John, that the messenger has such food as we can offer him?" and the Doctor roused himself at the sight of the familiar handwriting; "there is that, eh, half fowl that Rebecca was keeping for my dinner to-day; perhaps she could do it up for him. I . . . do not feel hungry to-day. And, John, will you just say that I'm sorry that . . . owing to circumstances, we can't offer him refreshment?" On these occasions the Doctor felt his straitness greatly, having kept a house in his day where man and beast had of the best.

"What dis for the minister of Drumtochty an' his . . . hoose 'ill dae for a groom, even though he serve the Earl o' Kilspindie, an' a' ken better than say onything tae Becca aboot the chuckie;" this he said to himself on his way to the kitchen, where that able woman had put the messenger from the Castle in his own place, and was treating him with conspicuous and calculated condescension. He was a man somewhat given to appetite and critical about his drink, as became a servant of the Earl; but such was the atmosphere of the manse and the awfulness of the Doctor's household that he made a hearty dinner off ham and eggs, with good spring water, and departed declaring his gratitude aloud.

"My dear Davidson,—Will you distribute the enclosed trifle among your old pensioners in the Glen as you see fit, and let it come from you, who would have given them twice as much had it not been for that confounded bank. The port is for yourself, Sandeman's '48—the tipple you and I have tasted together for many a year. If you hand it over to the liquidators, as you wanted to do with the few bottles you had in your celler, I'll have you up before the sheriff of Muirtown for breach of trust and embezzlement, as sure as my name is

"Your old friend,

"Kilspindie.

"P. S.—The Countess joins me in Christmas greetings, and charges you to fail us on New Year's Day at your peril. We are anxious about Hay, who has been ordered to the front."

The Doctor opened the check and stroked it gently; then he read the letter again and snuffed, using his handkerchief vigorously. After which he wrote:

"Dear Kilspindie,—It is, without exception, the prettiest check I have ever had in my hands, and it comes from as good a fellow as ever lived. You knew that it would hurt me not to be able to give my little Christmas gifts, and you have done this kindness. Best thanks from the people and myself, and as for the port, the liquidators will not see a drop of it; don't believe any of those stories about the economies at the manse which, I suspect, you have been hearing from Drumtochty. Deliberate falsehoods; we are living like fighting cocks. I'm a little shaky—hint of gout, I fancy—but hope to be with you on New Year's Day. God bless you both, and preserve Hay in the day of battle.

"Yours affectionately,

"Alexander Davidson."

"Don't like that signature, Augusta," said the Earl to his wife; "it's true enough, for no man has a warmer heart, but he never wrote that way before. Davidson's breaking up, an' . . . he 'ill be missed. I must get Manley to run out and overhaul him when he comes down. My belief is that he's been starving himself. Peter Robertson, the land steward, says that he has never touched a drop of wine since that bank smashed; now that won't do at his age, but he's an obstinate fellow, Davidson, when he takes a thing into his head."

The Doctor's determination—after the calamity of the bank failure—to reduce himself to the depths of poverty was wonderful, but Drumtochty was cunning and full of tact. He might surrender his invested means and reserve only one hundred pounds a year out of his living, but when

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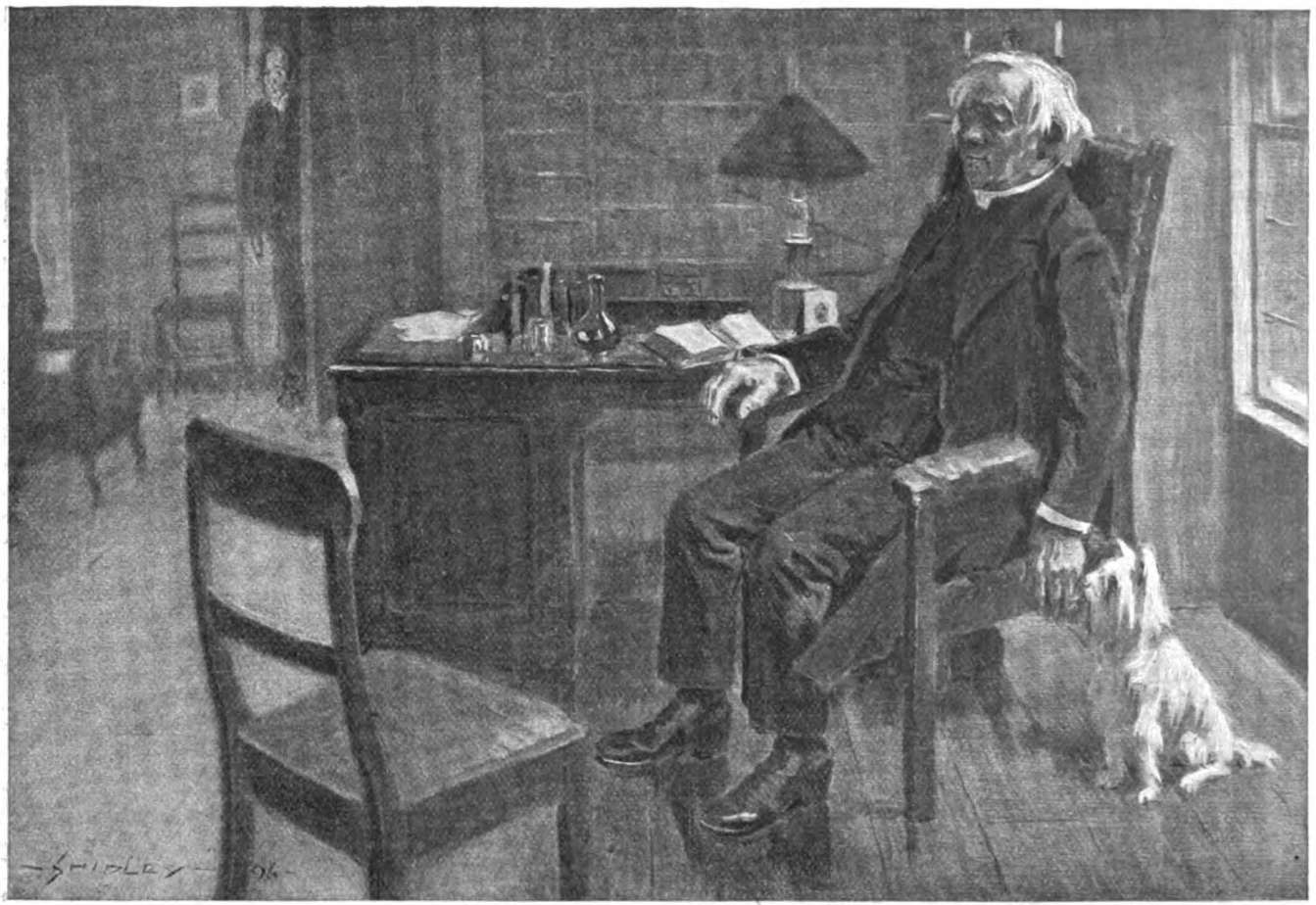

"IN THE MORNING THE DOCTOR WAS STILL SITTING IN HIS BIG CHAIR, AND SKYE WAS FONDLY LICKING A HAND THAT WOULD NEVER AGAIN CARESS HIM."

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he sent for the Kildrummie auctioneer and instructed him to sell every stick of furniture, except a bare minimum for one sitting-room and a bedroom, Jock accepted the commission at once, and proceeded at eleven miles an hour—having just bought a new horse—to take counsel with Drumsheugh. Next Friday he dropped into the factor's office—successor to him over whom the Doctor had triumphed gloriously—and amid an immense variety of rural information, mentioned that he was arranging a sale of household effects at Drumtochty Manse. Jock was never known to be so dilatory with an advertisement before, and ere he got it out Lord Kilspindie had come to terms with the liquidator and settled the Doctor's belongings on him for life.

The Doctor's next effort was with his household, and for weeks the minister looked wistfully at John and Rebecca, till at last he had them in and stated the situation.

"You have both been . . . good and faithful servants to me, and I may say . . . friends for many years, and I had hoped you would have remained in the manse till . . . so long as I was spared. And I may mention now that I had made some slight provision that would have . . . made you comfortable after I was gone."

"It wes kind o' ye, sir, an' mindfu'." Rebecca spoke, not John, and her tone was of one who might have to be firm and must not give herself away by sentiment.

"It is no longer possible for me, through . . . certain events, to live as I have been accustomed to do, and I am afraid that I must . . . do without your help. A woman coming in to cook and . . . such like will be all I can afford."

The expression on the housekeeper's face at this point was such that even the Doctor did not dare to look at her again, but turned to John, whose countenance was inscrutable.

"Your future, John, has been giving me much anxious thought, and I hope to be able to do something with Lord Kilspindie next week. There are many quiet places on the estate which might suit . . . " then the Doctor weakened, "although I know well no place will ever be like Drumtochty, and the old manse will never be the same . . . without you. But you see how it is . . . friends."

"Doctor Davidson," and he knew it was vain to escape her, "wi' yir permission a' wud like tae ask ye ane or twa questions, an' ye'll forgie the leeberty. Dis ony man in the pairish o' Drumtochty ken yir wys like John? Wha 'ill tak yir messages, an' prepare the fouk for the veesitation, an' keep the gairden snod, an' see tae a' yir trokes when John's awa? Wull ony man ever cairry the bukes afore ye like John?"

"Never," admitted the Doctor, "never."

"Div ye expect the new wumman 'ill ken hoo mickle stairch tae pit in yir stock, an' hoo mickle butter ye like on yir chicken, an' when ye change yir flannels tae a day, an' when ye like anither blanket on yir bed, an' the wy tae mak the currant drink for yir cold?"

"No, no, Rebecca, nobody will ever be so good to me as you've been"—the Doctor was getting very shaky.

"Then what for wud ye send us awa, and bring in some handless, useless tawpie that cud neither cook ye a decent meal nor keep the manse wise like? Is't for room? The manse is as big as ever. Is't for meat? We 'ill eat less than she 'ill waste."

"You know better, Rebecca," said the Doctor, attempting to clear his throat; "it's because . . . because I cannot afford to . . ."

"A' ken very weel, an' John an' me hev settled that. For thirty year ye've paid us better than ony minister's man an' manse housekeeper in Perthshire, an' ye wantit tae raise oor wages aifter we mairrit. Div ye ken what John an' me hev in the bank for oor laist days?"

The Doctor only shook his head, being cowed for once in his life.

"Atween us, five hundred and twenty-sax pund."

"Eleven an' sevenpence," added John, steadying his voice with arithmetic.

"It's five year sin we askit ye tae py naethin' mair but juist gie's oor keep, an' noo the time's come, an' welcome. Hev John or me ever disobeyed ye or spoken back a' thae years?"

The Doctor only made a sign with his hand.

"We 'ill dae't ainee, at ony rate, for ye may gie us notice tae leave an' order us oot o' the manse; but here we stop till we're no fit tae serve ye or ye hae nae mair need o' oor service."

"A homologate that"—it was a brave word, and one of which John was justly proud, but he did not quite make the most of it that day.

"I thank you from my heart, and . . . I'll never speak of parting again," and

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for the first time they saw tears on the Doctor's cheek.

"John," Rebecca turned on her husband—no man would have believed it of the beadle of Drumtochty, but he was also . . . "what are ye stoiterin' roond the table for? It's time tae set the Doctor's denner; as for that chicken," and Rebecca retired to the kitchen, having touched her highest point that day.

The insurrection in the manse oozed out, and encouraged a conspiracy of rebellion in which even the meekest people were concerned. Jean Baxter of Burnbrae, who had grasped greedily at the dairy contract of the manse, when the glebe was let to Netherton, declined to render any account to Rebecca, and the Doctor had to take the matter in hand.

"There's a little business, Mrs. Baxter, I would like to settle with you, as I happen to be here." The Doctor had dropped in on his way back from Whinny Knowe, where Marget and he had been talking of George for two hours. "You know that I have to be, eh . . . careful now, and I . . . you will let me pay what we owe for that delicious butter you are good enough to supply."

"Ye 'ill surely tak a look roond the fields first, Doctor, an' tell's what ye think o' the crops;" and after that it was necessary for him to take tea. Again and again he was foiled, but took a firm stand by the hydrangea in the garden, and John Baxter stood aside that the affair might be decided in single combat.

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, before leaving I must insist," began the Doctor with authority, and his stick was in his hand; but Jean saw a geographical advantage, and seized it instantly

"Div ye mind, sir, comin' tae this gairden five year syne this month, and stannin' on that verra spot aside the hydrangy?"

The Doctor scented danger, but he could not retreat.

"Weel, at ony rate, John an' me dinna forget that day, an' never wull, for we were makin' ready tae leave the home o' the Baxters for mony generations, an' it wes you that stoppit us. Ye 'ill maybe no mind what ye said tae me."

"We 'ill not talk of that to-day, Mrs. Baxter . . . that's past and over."

"Aye, it's past, but it's no over, Doctor Davidson; na, na, John an' me wesna made that wy. Ye may lauch at a fulish auld wife, but ilka kirnin' (churning) day ye veesit us again. When a'm turnin' the kirn a' see ye comin' up the road, an' a' gar the handle keep time wi' yir step; when a' tak oot the bonnie yellow butter ye're stannin' in the gairden, an' then a' stamp ae pund wi' buttercups, an' a' say, 'You're not away yet, Burnbrae, you're not away yet'—that wes yir word tae the gude man; and when the ither stamp comes doon on the second pund and leaves the bonnie daisies on't, 'Better late than never, Burnbrae; better late than never, Burnbrae.' Ye said that afore ye left, Doctor."

Baxter was amazed at his wife, and the Doctor saw himself defeated.

"Mony a time has John an' me sat in the summer-hoose an' brocht back that day, an' mony a time hev we wantit tae dae somethin' for him that keepit the auld roof-tree abune oor heads. God forgie me, Doctor, but when a' heard ye hed gien up yir glebe ma hert loupit, an' a' said tae John, 'The'ill no want for butter at the manse sae lang as there's a Baxter in Burnbrae.'

"Dinna be angry, sir." But the flush that brought the Doctor's face unto a state of perfection was not anger. "A' ken it's a leeberty we're takin', an' maybe a'm presumin' ower far, but gin ye kent hoo sair oor herts were wi' gratitude, ye wudna deny us this kindness."

"Ye 'ill lat the Doctor come awa noo, gude wife, tae see the young horse," and Doctor Davidson was grateful to Burnbrae for covering his retreat.

This spirit spread till Hillocks lifted up his horn, outwitting the Doctor with his attentions, and reducing him to submission. When the beadle dropped in upon Hillocks one day, and, after a hasty review of harvest affairs, mentioned that Dr. Davidson was determined to walk in future to and from Kildrummie Station, the worthy man rose without a word, and led the visitor to the shed where his marvellous dog-cart was kept.

"Div ye think that a' cud daur?" studying its general appearance with diffidence.

"There's nae sayin' hoo it wud look wi' a wash," suggested John.

"Sall, it's fell snod noo," after two hours' honest labor, in which John condescended to share, "an' the gude wife 'ill cover the cushions. Dinna lat on, but a'll be at the gate the morn afore the Doctor starts." And Peter Bruce gave it to be understood that when Hillocks convoyed the Doctor to the compartment of the third rigidly and unanimously reserved for him, his manner, both of walk and con-

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versation, was changed, and it is certain that a visit he made to Piggie Walker on the return journey was unnecessary save for the purpose of vain boasting. It was not, however, to be heard of by the Doctor that Hillocks should leave his work at intervals to drive him to Kildrummie, and so there was a war of tactics, in which the one endeavored to escape past the bridge without detection, while the other swooped down upon him with the dog-cart. On the Wednesday when the Doctor went to Muirtown to buy his last gifts to Drumtochty, he was very cunning, and ran the blockade while Hillocks was in the corn-room, but the dog-cart was waiting for him in the evening—Hillocks having been called to Kildrummie by unexpected business—and it was a great satisfaction afterwards to Peter Bruce that he placed fourteen parcels below the seat and fastened eight behind—besides three which the Doctor held in his hands, being fragile, and two, soft goods, on which Hillocks sat for security. For there were twenty-seven humble friends whom the Doctor wished to bless on Christmas Day.

When he bade the minister good-by at his gate, Hillocks prophesied a storm, and it was of such a kind that on Sunday morning the snow was knee deep on the path from the manse to the kirk, and had drifted up four feet against the door through which the Doctor was accustomed to enter in procession.

"This is unfortunate, very unfortunate," when John reported the state of affairs to the Doctor, "and we must just do the best we can in the circumstances, eh?"

"What wud be yir wull, sir?" but John's tones did not encourage any concessions.

"Well, it would never do for you to be going down bare-headed on such a day, and it's plain we can't get in at the front door. What do you say to taking in the books by the side door, and I'll just come down in my top coat when the people are gathered;" but the Doctor did not show a firm mind, and it was evident that he was thinking less of himself than of John.

"A'll come for ye at the usual oor," was all that functionary deigned to reply, and at a quarter to twelve he brought the gown and bands to the study—he himself being in full black.

"The drift 'ill no tribble ye, an' ye 'ill no need tae gang roond; na, na," and John did not quite conceal his satisfaction, "we 'ill no start on the side door aifter five and thirty years o' the front."

So the two old men—John bare-headed, the Doctor in full canonicals and wearing his college cap—came down on a fair pathway between two banks of snow three feet high, which Saunders from Drumsheugh and a dozen ploughmen had piled on either side. The kirk had a severe look that day, with hardly any women or children to relieve the blackness of the men, and the drifts reaching to the sills of the windows, while a fringe of snow draped their sides.

The Doctor's subject was the love of God, and it was noticed that he did not read, but spoke as if he had been in his study. He also dwelt so affectingly on the gift of Christ, and made so tender an appeal unto his people, that Drumsheugh blew his nose with vigor and Hillocks himself was shaken. After they had sung the paraphrase,

> "To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
> And washed us in His blood,"

the Doctor charged those present to carry his greetings to the folk at home and tell them they were all in his heart. After which he looked at his people as they stood for at least a minute, and then lifting his hands, according to the ancient fashion of the Scottish Kirk, he blessed them. His gifts, with a special message to each person, he sent by faithful messengers, and afterwards he went out through the snow to make two visits. The first was to blind Marjorie, who was Free Kirk, but to whom he had shown much kindness all her life. His talk with her was usually of past days and country affairs, seasoned with wholesome humor to cheer her heart, but to-day he fell into another vein, to her great delight, and they spoke of the dispensations of Providence.

"'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth,' Marjorie, is a very instructive Scripture, and I was thinking of it last night. You have had a long and hard trial, but you have doubtless been blessed, for if you have not seen outward things, you have seen the things . . . of the soul." The Doctor hesitated once or twice, as one who had not long travelled this road.

"You and I are about the same age, Marjorie, and we must soon . . . depart. My life was very . . . prosperous, but lately it has pleased the Almighty to . . . chasten me. I have now, therefore, some hope also that I may be one of His children."

"He wes aye gude grain, the Doctor,"

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Marjorie said to her friend, after he had left, "but he's hed a touch o' the harvest sun, an' he's been ripening."

Meanwhile the Doctor had gone on to Tochty Lodge, and was standing in the stone hall, which was stripped and empty of the Carnegies forever. Since he was a laddie in a much-worn kilt and a glengarry bonnet without tails, he had gone in and out the Lodge, and himself had seen four generations—faintly remembering the General's grandfather. Every inch of the house was familiar to him, and associated with kindly incidents. He identified the spaces on the walls where the portraits of the cavaliers and their ladies had hung; he went up to the room where the lairds had died and his friend had hoped to fall on sleep; he visited the desolate gallery where Kate had held court and seemed to begin a better day for the old race; then he returned and stood before the fire-place in which he had sat long ago and looked up to see the stars in the sky. Round that hearth many a company of brave men and fair women had gathered, and now there remained of this ancient stock but two exiles—one eating out his heart in poverty and city life, and a girl who had, for weal or woe, God only knew, passed out of the line of her traditions. A heap of snow had gathered on the stone, where the honest wood fire had once burned cheerily, and a gust of wind coming down the vast open chimney powdered his coat with drift. It was to him a sign that the past was closed, and that he would never again stand beneath that roof.

He opened the gate of the manse, and then, under a sudden impulse, went on through deep snow to the village and made a third visit—to Archie Moncur, whom he found sitting before the fire reading the "Temperance Trumpet." Was there ever a man like Archie?—so gentle and fierce, so timid and fearless, so modest and persevering. He would stoop to lift a vagrant caterpillar from the cart track, and yet had not adjectives to describe the infamy of a publican; he would hardly give an opinion on the weather, but he fought the drinking customs of the Glen like a lion; he would only sit in the lowest seat in any place, but every winter he organized—at great trouble and cost of his slender means—temperance meetings which were the fond jest of the Glen. From year to year he toiled on, without encouragement, without success, hopeful, uncomplaining, resolute, unselfish, with the soul of a saint and the spirit of a hero in his poor, deformed, suffering little body. He humbled himself before the very bairns, and allowed an abject like Milton to browbeat him with Pharisaism; but every man in the Glen knew that Archie would have gone to the stake for the smallest jot or tittle of his faith.

"Archie," said the Doctor, who would not sit down, and whose coming had thrown the good man into speechless confusion, "it's the day of our Lord's birth, and I wish to give you and all my friends of the Free Kirk—as you have no minister just now—hearty Christmas greeting. May peace be in your kirk and homes . . . and hearts.

"My thoughts have been travelling back of late over those years since I was ordained minister of this parish and the things which have happened, and it seemed to me that no man has done his duty by his neighbor or before God with a more single heart than you, Archie.

"God bless you." Then on the doorstep the Doctor shook hands again and paused for a minute. "You have fought a good fight, Archie—I wish we could all say the same . . . a good fight."

For an hour Archie was so dazed that he was not able to say a word, and could do nothing but look into the fire, and then he turned to his sisters, with that curious little movement of the hand which seemed to assist his speech.

"The language wes clean redeeklus, but it wes kindly meant . . . an' it maks up for mony things. . . . The Doctor wes aye a gentleman, an' noo . . . ye can see that he's . . . something mair."

Drumsheugh dined with the Doctor that night, and after dinner John opened for them a bottle of Lord Kilspindie's wine.

"It is the only drink we have in the house, for I have not been using anything of that kind lately, and I think we may have a glass together for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

They had three toasts, "The Queen," and "The Kirk of Scotland," and "The friends that are far awa," after which—for the last included both the living and the dead—they sat in silence. Then the Doctor began to speak of his ministry, lamenting that he had not done better for his people, and declaring that if he were spared he intended to preach more frequently about the Lord Jesus Christ.

"You and I, Drumsheugh, will have to go a long journey soon, and give an account of our lives in Drumtochty. Perhaps we have done our best as men can,

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and I think we have tried; but there are many things we might have done otherwise, and some we ought not to have done at all.

"It seems to me now, the less we say in that day of the past the better. . . . We shall wish for mercy rather than justice, and"—here the Doctor looked earnestly over his glasses at his elder—"we would be none the worse, Drumsheugh, of a friend to . . . say a good word for us both in the great court."

"A've thocht that masel"—it was an agony for Drumsheugh to speak—"mair than aince. Weelum MacLure wes . . . ettlin' (feeling) aifter the same thing the nicht he slippit awa, an' gin ony man cud hae stude on his ain feet . . . yonder, it wes . . . Weelum."

The Doctor read the last chapter of the Revelation of St. John at prayers that evening with much solemnity, and thereafter prayed concerning those who had lived together in the Glen that they might meet at last in the City.

"Finally, most merciful Father, we thank Thee for Thy patience with us, and the goodness Thou hast bestowed upon us, and for as much as Thy servants have sinned against Thee beyond our knowledge, we beseech Thee to judge us not according to our deserts, but according to the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ our Lord." He also pronounced the benediction—which was not his wont—and he shook hands with his two retainers; but he went with his guest to the outer door.

"Good-by, Drumsheugh . . . you have been . . . a faithful friend and elder."

When John paid his usual visit to the study before he went to bed, the Doctor did not hear him enter the room. He was holding converse with Skye, who was seated on a chair, looking very wise and much interested.

"Ye're a bonnie beastie, Skye"—like all Scots, the Doctor in his tender moments dropped into dialect—"for a'thing He made is verra gude. Ye've been true and kind to your master, Skye, and ye 'ill miss him if he leaves ye. Some day ye 'ill die also, and they 'ill bury ye, and I doubt that 'ill be the end o 'ye, Skye.

"Ye never heard o' God, Skye, or the Saviour, for ye're juist a puir doggie; but your master is minister of Drumtochty, and . . . a sinner saved . . . by grace."

The Doctor was so much affected as he said the last words slowly to himself that John went out on tiptoe, and twice during the night listened—fancying he heard Skye whine. In the morning the Doctor was still sitting in his big chair, and Skye was fondly licking a hand that would never again caress him, while a miniature of Daisy—the little maid who had died in her teens, and whom her brother had loved till his old age—lay on the table, and the Bible was again open at the description of the New Jerusalem.

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ANGEL WITH VIOL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli (born, 1438; died, 1494). Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

# IN THE FIRST CHRISTMASTIDE.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

With timbrel and with tabor, with viol and with lute,
Bend out of heaven, dear Spirits, across your frosty height,
For the crown of every labor, and of every flower the fruit,
The happy earth inherits, Love being born to-night!

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ANGEL WITH TABOR.

**From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.**

Over the vast abysses of nothingness and gloom,
Where the old gods go reeling at the cry of the new name,
Lean from your untold blisses, and make the midnight bloom
With your throbbing gladness stealing in a thousand points of flame.

O Angel of all Innocents, your viol make more sweet;
O Angel of all Lovers, touch tenderly your lute;
O Angel of all Heroes, your rapturous tabor beat;

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ANGEL WITH TIMBREL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

O Angel of all Triumph, sound your timbrel's swift pursuit;
For you hear the Voice above you, like the breath of some strong flute:
"To-night, to-night, Great Love is born, and joy is absolute!"

Forget, O strains untiring, Gethsemane's dark cup,
Foretell not the heart-breaking despair of Calvary's height,
For with boundless sweep and gyring all the universe moves up,
The depth, the dark forsaking with this primal Christmas night!

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ANGEL WITH LUTE.

**From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.**

While sinking at the warning of the clear and mighty cry,
Shall the evil that is hoary, with the dooming that was meet,
In the void of night and morning like a dream dissolve and die,
And death grow into glory now Love makes Life complete!

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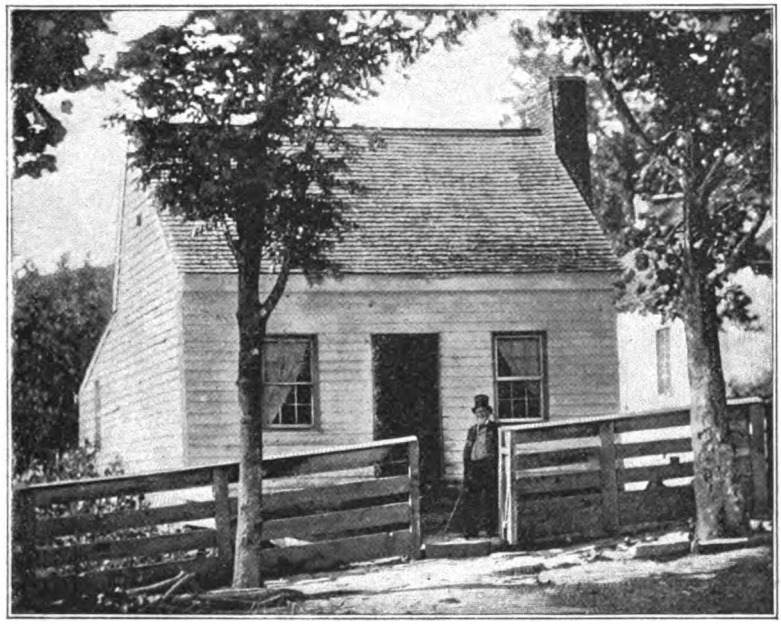

GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio. The house is still standing, but it has been removed to Columbus, Ohio, where it is carefully preserved as a relic in an enclosing structure of stone, iron, and glass.

# THE EARLY LIFE OF ULYSSES GRANT.*

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

## I.

ULYSSES GRANT was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio River, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged until about ten years ago, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic. It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in day-time, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the house in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio River curved away into blue distance, and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers "Daniel Boone" and "Simon Kenton" plied amid many flat-boats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

At this time Point Pleasant had hopes of being a metropolis. It was deceived. It is to-day a very small village, at whose wharf only an occasional steamer condescends to stop. In 1820 it contained among other industries a tannery, and the foreman of this tannery, an ambitious, stalwart young fellow, called Jesse Grant, had been in business for himself some years before at Ravenna, and was looking for a chance to begin again. Sickness had broken up his industry and had swept away his savings—savings which represented the most unremitting toil and the most rigorous self-

* In writing this article upon the early life of Grant, I have gathered my material so far as possible by personal interviews with men and women who knew him. I have referred to "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" and to Richardson's "Personal Life of U. S. Grant" for confirmation and for the sequence of events. I am indebted to Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley, for assistance in collecting notes concerning Grant's school-days in Ripley and Maysville. I have also quoted from a series of letters written to the "New York Ledger" in 1868 by Jesse Grant.

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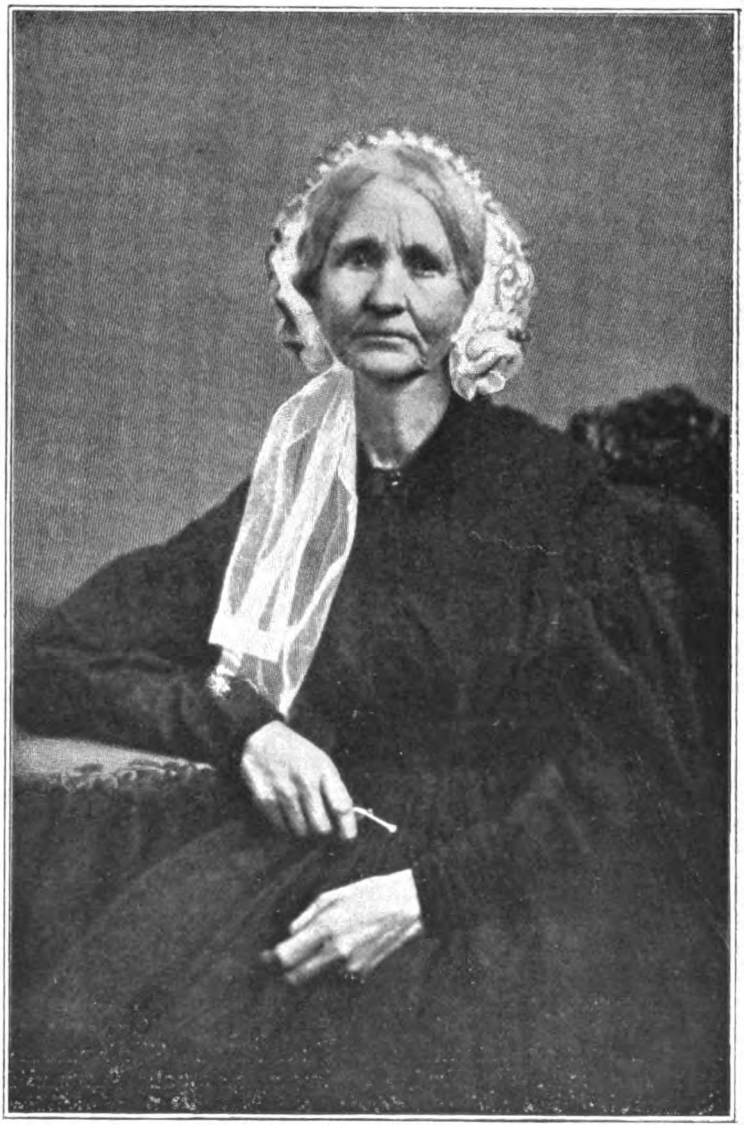

HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT, MOTHER OF GENERAL GRANT.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke. La Crosse, Wisconsin.

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THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT WENT TO SCHOOL AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

The school which Grant attended was taught by John D. White, and among Grant's schoolmates were August V. Kautz, afterwards General Kautz; Daniel Ammen, afterwards Admiral Ammen; Chilton A. White, since prominent in politics; and Carr B. White, afterwards General White.

denial – but he was once more accumulating money, and was nearly ready for a second venture.

He married, in 1821, a slender, self-contained young girl, named Hannah Simpson —a girl of most excellent quality, handsome, but not vain, and of great steadiness of purpose. In 1822 his first son was born, and in 1823 Jesse Grant decided upon Georgetown as the best point to set up a tannery of his own. His keen perception of the commercial changes going on decided this movement. Georgetown was the county-seat of the new County of Brown, and had the further advantage of being situated in a wilderness of tan-bark. Moreover, it was growing, while Point Pleasant was being overshadowed by Ripley. Georgetown thus became the boyhood home of Ulysses Grant.

The Grant family made a powerful impression upon the citizens of Georgetown at once. Jesse Grant was a strong man physically and mentally—though possessed of many idiosyncrasies. He was nearly six feet in height, and alive to his finger tips. His head was large, and his face largely modelled, but his eyes were weak and near-sighted. He looked the transplanted New Englander he was, square of jaw, firm of lip.

He came of a strong family of most admirable record. His father and grandfather had been soldiers in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars respectively, his grandfather attaining the rank of captain. His father was a lieutenant of militia at Lexington, and fought through the entire Revolutionary War. The Grants had been Connecticut Yankees for several generations, and Jesse brought the vigor, hardihood, and shrewd economy of his forebears to the less thrifty Ohio border. He took a prominent position in the village at once. He loved to talk, to make speeches, and to argue. He held advanced ideas, and he wrote rhymes. He had the gentle art of making enemies as well as friends. He was pronouncedly of the North, his neighbors were mainly of the South.

Hannah Simpson, the gentle wife, had no discoverable enemies. She was almost universally beloved as a Christian woman and faithful wife and mother. It took longer to know her, for she was the most reticent of persons. "Ulysses got his reticence, his patience, his equable temper from his mother," is the verdict of those who knew both father and mother. Others go further and say: "He got his *sense* from his mother."

In truth the Simpsons were a fine old family. They were quite as martial as the Grants, were as closely identified with the early history of America, and were possessed

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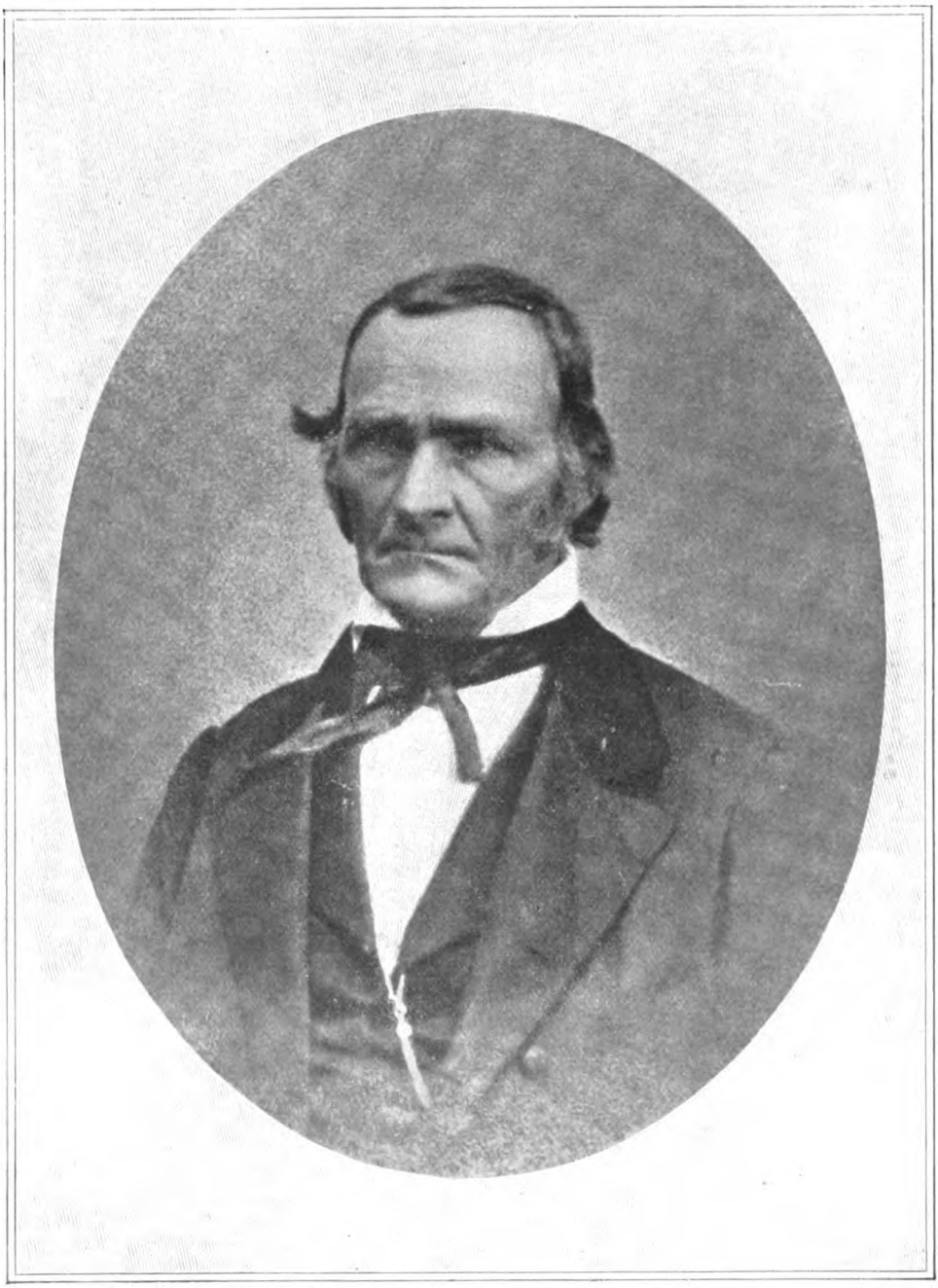

JESSE ROOT GRANT, FATHER OF GENERAL GRANT. AGE, 69 YEARS.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

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apparently of greater self-control. Hannah Simpson was the daughter of John Simpson, a man with the restless heart of a pioneer, who had left his ancestral home in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, and had settled in Clermont County, Ohio, a few years before. He had built a brick house and opened a large farm, and his position was most honorable in his town of Bantam. Hannah Simpson, his daughter, seems to have gathered up and carried forward to her son Ulysses the best qualities of her people. That she was a remarkable woman, all her neighbors bear testimony. She never complained of any hardship or toil or disappointment. She seldom laughed, and her son Ulysses once said, "I never saw her shed a tear in my life." She was as proud of her family history as her husband was of his, but she said nothing about it. She never argued, never boasted, and never gossiped of her neighbors. Her husband bore testimony to her high character in words well chosen: "Her steadiness, strength of character have been the stay of the family through life." Her old neighbors call her "a noble woman."

In 1823, as now, Georgetown was inhabited by native families; that is to say, by families at least two removes from the old world, as a roster of the names will show. Many were from Kentucky and Virginia, and the town partook almost equally of South and North in respect of customs, speech, and political prejudices—possibly at that time the South predominated. The town was laid out around the court-house square in Southern fashion. It was a town hewn out of a mighty forest of trees. To this day the fringes and fragments of wood, and especially the stumps, testify of the giants of other days. The soil was fat and productive, as the settler could well perceive by measuring the giant oaks which had risen out of it; and he set himself to work like some valorous but inconsiderate and inconsiderable insect to gnaw down the forest and let in the sunlight upon his corn and potatoes.

The life which the boy Ulysses touched was therefore primitive, unrefined, elemental. The village was almost as rude as the farms—a mere cluster of cabins. The houses were small, unadorned, and overcrowded with children. The women cooked at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, with "reflectors" and "dutch-ovens" as luxuries. The ceilings were very low, the walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty. The interiors were without a single touch of refining grace save when at night the fireplace threw a golden glory over the rough plaster and filled the corners of the room with mystery of shadow play.

The women spun and wove and dyed their own garments. The men wore jeans and hickory, while "store-clothes" were a mark of great extravagance or gentility. Doctors and judges and clergymen were sometimes seen apparelled in the magnificence of "boughten clothes" on feast-days and Sundays.

Newspapers were few and came irregularly and were very dull; but they were read with minute care. Life was timed to the slow pulsing to and fro of the clumsy stage and to the stately languor of the stern-wheel steamers whose booming roar sounded clamorously in the night from the river mist ten miles away. The fact that Georgetown was an inland town and that it was a farming community kept it comparatively free from broil and bloodshed, rude though it was. It had also repose and a certain security of life which was a compensation for its remoteness.

Ripley, down on the Ohio River ten miles away, was the principal market, and was considered entitled to regular stops on the part of the steamers that swung to with elaborate and disdainful courtesy in answer to signals from the lesser towns. From Ripley or Higginsport, Georgetown was reached by stage over hill and through deep wood. Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality, and upon his boy mind was impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, which never lose their halo, but remain forever sweet and marvellous.

They were a plain people of unæsthetic temperament, sturdy of arm and resolute of heart, as befitted woodsmen. Nonsense, they could not abide; and they were quick to perceive Jesse Grant's "foolish pride" in his first-born son. They were amused at his name "Ulysses," which they soon parodied into "Useless." "How did you come to saddle such a name on the poor child?" some of them asked.

The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for Hiram, because he considered it a handsome

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SITTING-ROOM IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

carry in the wood for the big fireplaces, quite like the son of a farmer; indeed his earliest traits were neither military nor bookish. He was called "Lys," or in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had a wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where at the hitching-poles, before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some

name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fénelon's "Telemachus," and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. . . . He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose." The boy was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, but the father always called him Ulysses and never Hiram. "My Ulysses" was a common expression of his, and the rude jesters of the village mocked his utterance of it.

Other children came to the Grants—Simpson (three years younger), Clara, Virginia, Orvil (nearly thirteen years younger), and Mary, the youngest of them all; but Ulysses remained the father's pride, and upon him he builded all his hopes.

Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to

STAIRWAY IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

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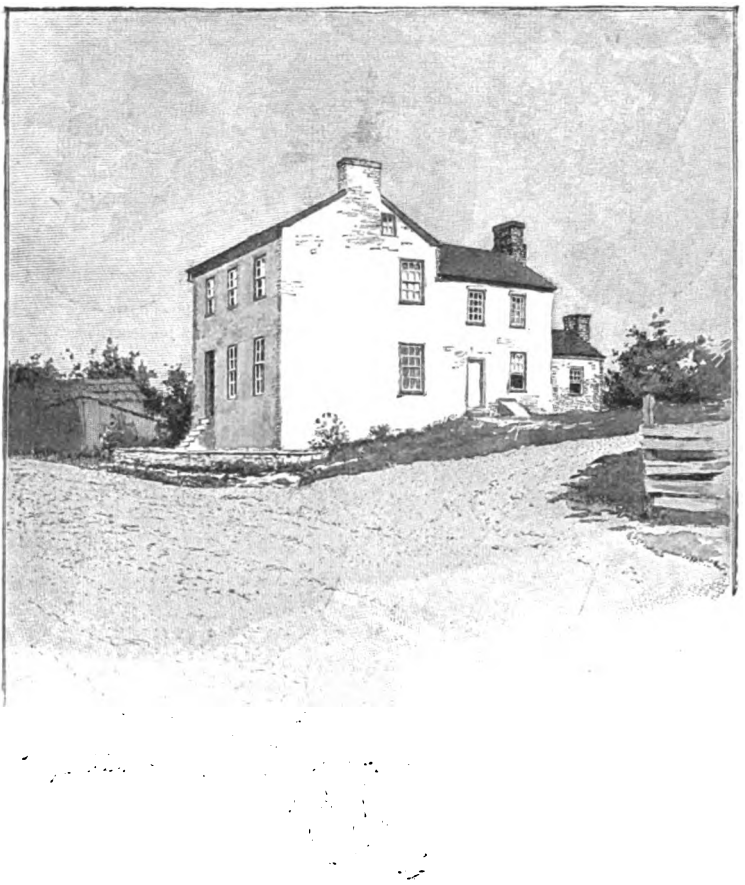
timid mother near by rushed to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, *do* you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses."

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," as one neighbor expressed it.



THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, WHERE ULYSSES S. GRANT LIVED AS A BOY FOR NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS. IT IS STILL STANDING.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him; so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye to his restless activity. She was the wife of a pioneer, with all the harassment and toil and disappointment of such a lot; but she never wept, and never lost her balance—and this wonderful gift of self-mastery she gave her eldest son.

At eight years of age he began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill.* The bark-mill, it may be explained, was precisely like a big coffee-mill put in action by a horse attached to a crooked sweep. Into a big iron hopper it was the boy's duty to break the long slabs of bark with a mallet. The strips as they came from the woods were several feet in length, and in order to reach the grinding machinery they needed to be broken into pieces four or five inches long. This was wearisome business, especially when the paw-paws were ripe and the hawk was indolently floating on the western wind. The mill stood under a shed where there was nothing to see; and, besides, the boy doing the work was obliged to keep his head out of the way of the sweep and to see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to think how many strips were ahead of you, it was appalling."

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so well as driving the team which hauled the bark from the woods, and he escaped it in every way possible. His father states:* "When I said to him, we shall have to go to grinding bark, he would get right up without saying a word and start straight for the village, and get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other to do, and hire a boy to come and grind the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was

* W. T. Galbreath, of Ripley, who worked for Jesse Grant when Ulysses was a child of eight, says: "Ulysses used to get up early in order to get his breakfast and ride the horse down to the tannery, where I was grinding bark. There he'd get off and sit and whittle and talk—waiting for the return ride at noon."

* Jesse Grant's letters to the "New York Ledger."

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DR. ROGERS.

J. D. WHITE.

JACOB W. RAND.

W. W. RICHESON.

DANIEL AMMEN.

JUDGE MARSHALL.

HON. C. A. WHITE.

DR. ROGERS was the Grant family physician at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

JOHN D. WHITE was the teacher to whom Grant owed most of his early instruction. He kept a subscription school in Georgetown between 1828 and 1839. He was the father of Carr B. White and Chilton A. White, who were among Grant's earliest playmates.

JACOB W. RAND and W. W. RICHESON kept the special school at Maysville, Ky., which Grant attended during the winter of 1836–37.

DANIEL AMMEN, whose distinguished service in the navy through the war raised him to the rank of rear-admiral, was born and reared in or near Georgetown, and was Grant's schoolmate and life-long friend.

JUDGE JAMES A. MARSHALL, a cousin of Grant, still lives in Georgetown, where he is a highly respected lawyer. He is a man of careful speech, and his estimate of the Grant family is of great value.

CHILTON A. WHITE is still living in Georgetown, and we are indebted to him for valuable reminiscences of Grant. He has been a prominent citizen of Southern Ohio for many years, having served as a State Senator and member of Congress.

of his riding on the sweep behind the horse. This was great generalship, and across the space of half a century his old-time playmates still remember his roguish triumph. He was always on hand also when the wheat was being threshed, for he got a chance to ride a horse then.

All around him during those years the mighty battle with the forest went on. Axes rang incessantly, trees crashed and fell, columns of smoke rose to the sky at mid-day, and splendid fires glowed at night. It was like the attack of brownies on a chained and helpless army of giants. The steam sawmill had not yet added its devouring teeth to the destruction of the trees—it was mainly hand work. Ulysses took active part in this devastation. He helped strip the bark from the oaks, and set fire to the stumps and the heaps of branches. He drove team when the bark was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to roll the useless logs into piles to be burned. There was something splendid in this work, while the tannery grew more and more repulsive to him, and secretly he made up his mind never to be a tanner. He would grind bark in the yard, if need were, but to scrape hides or even handle them was out of the question. He never came nearer to being a tanner than this.

About a mile to the west of the village square a little stream called White Oak Creek runs through a deep, wide *coulée* or valley. In those days the stream was a strong, swift current, and there were mills for grinding corn and wheat located along its banks, and the farmers came in caravans from the clearings far to the north with grain to be ground, and at night they camped like an army corps in the splendid open forest of the bottom-lands. It was a beautiful experience to see these camp-fires gleaming all over the lowlands; to hear the mules and horses call for supper; to see the smoke curling up, and to

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hear the hearty talk and laughter of the men. This was a favorite playing-ground for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join these caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to Higginsport with flour to load on the flat-boats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurement in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel, to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find out where the flat-boats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

## II.

Ten years of careful management made Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage, which was not a common thing in those days. He owned also a draying outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses, all alone, from Georgetown, where we lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers."

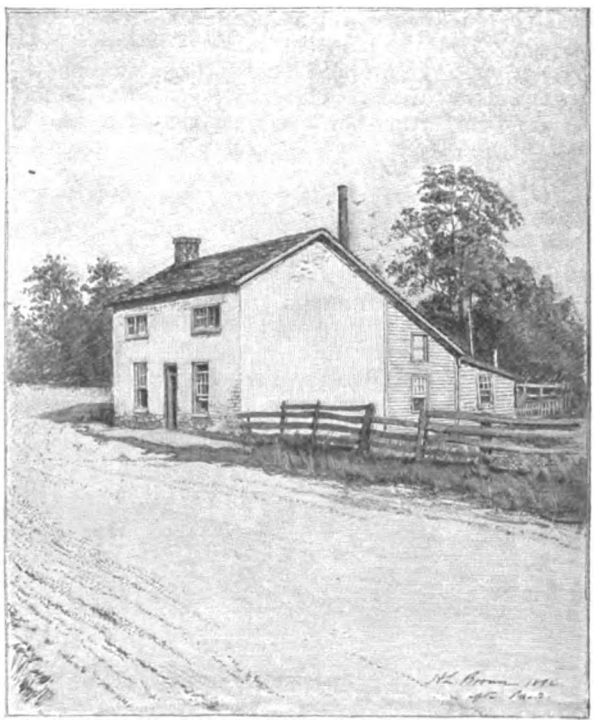
His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute, and readily enough entrusted the team to him, and was quite willing that he should have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and a considerable part of the farming. Chilton White remembers that he was always busy with a team. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and kept his span fat and slick."

It was not uncommon even at that day for fathers to believe in the extraordinary endowments of their first-born sons, but Jesse Grant seems to have made public proclamation of Ulysses's unusual capabilities. His praise of his son grew wearisome to other fathers. His faith received strong confirmation, to his thinking, from the words of a travelling phrenologist. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

> "When Ulysses was about twelve years old, the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country, came to our neighborhood. . . . One Dr. Buckner, . . . in order to test the accuracy of the phrenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head. . . . The phrenologist replied that he would. So they blindfolded him, and then brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.
>
> He felt it all over for some time, saying to himself, "It is no very common head! It is an extraordinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in with the inquiry whether the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics.
>
> "Yes," said the phrenologist. "*In mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States.*"

The village version of the incident is quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word simple.

According to their report, Doctor Buck-



BUILDING USED BY JESSE R. GRANT AS THE FINISHING-HOUSE OF HIS TANNERY AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO. IT STILL STANDS, OPPOSITE THE OLD GRANT HOMESTEAD.

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ner was only putting up a practical joke on his neighbor Grant. As the timid and blushing Ulysses was pushed forward to the platform the crowd began to titter, and the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the situation. It was to him another numbskull son of a doting father. As he muttered to himself the crowd roared and stamped with delight. He spoke over this boy's head the same word of prophecy he had used in a hundred similar cases. It was a perfectly successful joke. The father believed the cheering was in honor of his son. Thereafter he not only insisted that Ulysses was to be a great man, but also President of the United States. His faith, moreover, expressed itself in deeds—he sent Ulysses to school. Ridicule made no difference with him ; he stuck to his faith unshakably, and men are living to-day who laughed at him then for his " vain foolishness."

With all this Jesse Grant was known to be a sober man, and an honorable man, and Mrs. Grant was considered a fortunate woman by her neighbors, in that her husband was " such a good provider." The Grant house was considered one of the best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. Grant was almost as proud of her family as her husband, but she never expressed her feelings either of pain or pleasure. She acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses a great man, and through her efforts he was always nicely dressed and ready for school. How much further her love went she gave little sign.

The feeling against Jesse Grant developed rancor on the part of many of the village boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered thereby not a little. According to the tales of old residents, the boys " were always laying for him," and he was called upon to suffer positive abuse. An old citizen of Georgetown, Ohio, relates the following incident :

" A favorite game with the boys of John D. White's subscription school, at Georgetown, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't play the game very skilfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades and saw only one thing in the world, that was this stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head."

AN OLD STREET IN GEORGETOWN, OHIO, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

And stories are still current in Georgetown also which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story, wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own

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EARLY HOME OF GENERAL GRANT'S MOTHER, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The wooden part of this house, with a farm of 164 acres, was purchased by John Simpson, General Grant's great-grandfather, in 1763. It was then a bare structure of logs, the clap-board coating not being added until later. The stone part was built by John Simpson about 1765. In 1804, at John Simpson's death, his son, John Simpson, General Grant's grandfather, bought the property. General Grant's mother, Hannah Simpson, was at this time five or six years old, having been born November 23, 1798, at Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania. The picture shows the house as it stands to-day. It is from a photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a granddaughter of the second John Simpson and a cousin of General Grant.

bid two points without waiting for answer on the part of the seller. As the boy was only eight, and eager for the colt, it doesn't seem to be conclusive proof of stupidity.*

In spite of these stories it appears that the boys who knew him best had a high regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had travelled a great deal. He had been to Cincinnati, to Maysville, to Louisville (to transact business for his father), and he had a team to drive just as if it were his own. These things entitled him to a certain degree of consideration on the part of his comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the town; one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning—for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use liquor or tobacco, and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years. At this time Ulysses was a plump, short, ruddy, staid, manly boy, never given to pranks. He never backed out of anything, and avoided any prominence; what he had to do he did well and promptly."

He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless. "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness. At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his

* "In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr. Ralston, the version most current shows great acuteness on the part of the boy, in that, after telling Mr. R. all that his father had told him about how to go about the trade, he bought the horse for the minimum price of forty dollars. The version that Grant himself repeats in his 'Memoirs' is that one which says, that the boy by his stupidity in telling just how much he would pay had to pay fifty dollars, when really the farmer's price was only forty dollars.

"Nelson Waterman, who says he was working in a field near Ralston's when the boy came down to make the trade, says that there really was no trade. When the boy told all that his father had said to him—that if he could not buy the colt for forty dollars, pay forty-five dollars; if he couldn't buy it for forty-five dollars, pay fifty dollars—Ralston was disgusted with the boy's lack of business ability, and would not make any sale to him; sent him home, in fact, to his father without the colt, and with some good fatherly advice.

"This accords with the current stories of Grant's early stupidity."—HENRY J. HANNAH, *in a letter to the writer.*

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companions by his ability to manage and train horses.*

He was a successful farmer, and liked it very much; in fact, his life was nearer that of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. His father once wrote of him, "He would rather do anything else under the sun than work in the tannery." Uncle Thomas Jennings, an old neighbor, recalls the boy's thrift—"While the other boys were at play, he was earning a quarter." All reliable testimony points to his being a very busy and practical boy. He always had pocket money, earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing. "His father owned fifty acres of wood-land with some tillable land upon it, and Ulysses had much to do with farming that land," raising fodder for the cows and horses, and vegetables for the house.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travellers to Ripley, to Maysville, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. The neighbors were astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy to make such a long trip.

"Aren't you afraid he'll get into trouble on the way?"

"Oh, no." replied the proud sire; "he'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack for employment, and yet in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school, he found time to have a little fun.

It was a good boy's country. It produced not merely great trees, and corn and wheat, it produced paw-paws, and grapes, and May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory nuts, and beech-nuts, and all kinds of forage for boys. These things in due season they plucked and hoarded in the alert seriousness of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth cracking nuts in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman. He could play ball fairly well, and could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tan-yard and the Grant homestead. It is a fine country to coast in, with many long curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees and past clumps of brush and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them; never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, and he never tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a lad."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head strong straight nose, quiet gray-blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore or used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting, though he was not given to running away.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play; but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of John D. White's subscription school, which "took up" in a long, low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country

* There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace apparently at will. When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat bay pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who would ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'"

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towns of that day were not taken very seriously by most of the citizens. To be able to read and write and cipher was considered very fair attainment. There were those, it is true, who wished their sons and daughters to study "Lindley Murray" and higher mathematics, but such ambitions were considered of questionable virtue. Ulysses was a quiet boy at school. "He never whispered or spoke in a low voice as if afraid to be heard," his old classmate A. H. Markland once said.

Chilton White recalls that he won high admiration in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics. "Grant was a quiet, studious fellow and a good scholar. I studied algebra with him, and I remember he would never let Carr White or me show him the way to do problems, but always wanted to work them out himself."* A certain wordlessness and lack of dash, together with a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon him the ridicule of the rude. His language was so simple and bare of all slang and profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

## III.

Jesse Grant was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son than most fathers of the village, and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen, he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in way of schooling.

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and besides there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the old English type, such as Boston and Baltimore have in their older streets. It was a straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was not without its anti-slavery element even at that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to found the first abolition society in Kentucky in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful skating and superb coasting in winter. Of his life in Maysville we know little, but his old teacher and some of his classmates remember him very well, as a very quiet, pleasant boy. W. W. Richeson, his teacher, was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and his methods as a teacher were peculiar and original. He made a strong and gracious impression on young Grant.

In response to a letter from Mr. W. H. Haldeman, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," asking for some of his recollections of the school-boy days of General Grant, Professor Richeson had these things to say:

"H. U. Grant entered as a pupil in the Maysville seminary during the winter season of 1836 and 1837. . . . Young Ulysses, during his school days at Maysville Seminary, ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good. He was a member of the Philomathean Society, to which the juniors of the institution belonged. From the secretary's book I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he belongs.'

"In this record you perceive his consistency, even at the early age of fifteen. In February of the same year (1837) the records show that 'Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim on the ensuing Friday.'* At another meeting I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That any member who leaves his seat during debate shall be fined not less than six and one-fourth cents.'"

While he attended the Maysville Seminary he boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade in connection with Hewit, Phillips, Adams & Co. Peter Grant was accidentally drowned near the mouth of the Kanawha River while descending that stream with his saline flotilla.

We have ourselves examined the book referred to by Professor Richeson, and find it yields a number of interesting glimpses of Grant. Apparently Grant entered the Philomathean Debating Club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837. He took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence the question for

* O. Edwards, Mayor of Georgetown.

* When the roll was called at the next meeting, however, "H. U. Grant" was absent. He was fined.

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this first evening was, "Resolved, that the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Anna his liberty." In the names of the debaters this night there appears on the record H. U. Grant. He was on the affirmative side. He was on the affirmative side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this question, "Resolved, that females wield greater influence in society than the males." The affirmative side won in this case as well as the other. At the thirty-fifth meeting his name appears on the affirmative of the question (a very vital one at that time), "Resolved, that it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." Again he was on the winning side. At the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the resolution that "Intemperance is a greater evil than war."

At the thirty-seventh meeting he was elected, together with his friend A. H. Markland and W. Richeson, as a member of a committee; he also took part in the debate on the question, "Resolved, that Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him." He took the affirmative, and it was again the successful side. And in all the succeeding meetings down to March 27, 1837, the record shows him to have been active; but after that date his name does not appear. The probabilities are, that he returned home to help put in the crop. There is a fine flavor about this club. It had a Latin motto and debated the weightiest questions the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its record, that Grant was, as his friend Markland has said, a good debater, but that he would rather pay six-and-a-quarter cents fine than declaim.

However, his was not a nature which showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habit. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people, attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a sombre view of life. Dancing was prohibited, the fiddle was seldom heard. There were no musical instruments, and little singing save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. Books were almost unknown except volumes of sermons or religious essays. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing about thirty books. What these were, there is no tradition to tell; presumably they were not poetry or fiction,* though Jesse Grant was naturally a lover of reading. Such books as came his way he read with care. He kept well-informed on subjects of current political discussion, and was always ready for an argumentative set-to. His individual opinions were the result of reading and thought, and that they were an offence to his neighbors made little difference to him. All that he possessed he had worked for; being beholden to no man, he carried himself as a free man among equals.

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious life as his wife. There is no record that either father or mother ever used any strong effort to induce Ulysses to join the church, though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. "I never received a harsh word or suffered an unjust act from my father or mother," he wrote in later life, and it is a good deal to say of any parents.

His sixteenth year he spent at home in Georgetown, beloved by his playmates and happy in his activity with team and plow. His only bugbear was "the beam-room," where the reeking hides were stretched and scraped. It was a repulsive place to a sensitive person, and Ulysses expected to be called soon to take his place there.

One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

"Ulysses, you'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day."

Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, immediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now* if you don't like it and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a down-the-river trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and down-the-river trading hardly pleased the

* One of these was probably the famous old Weems' "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books," his playmates remember.

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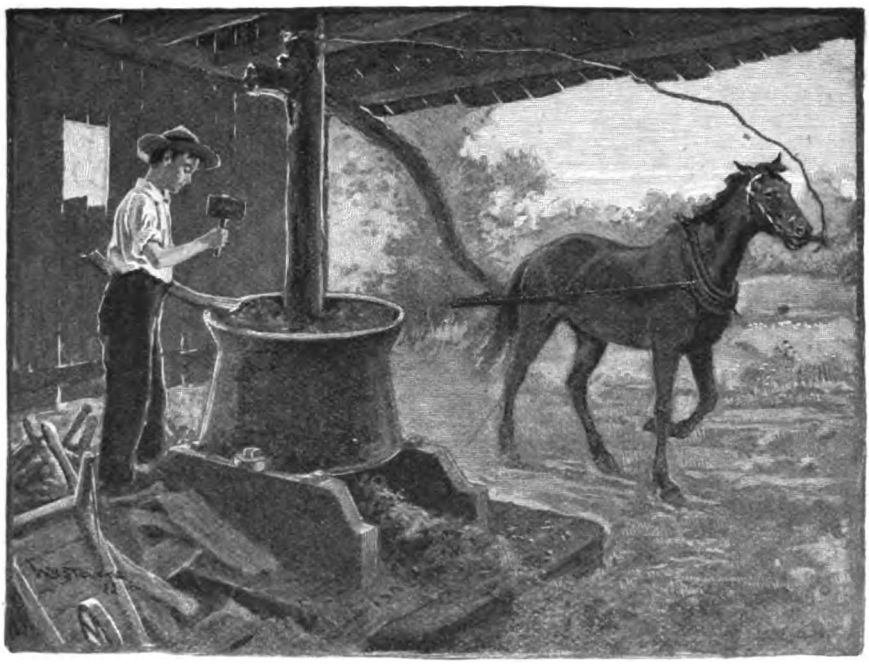

THE BARK-MILL.

Grant's special work as a boy in his father's tannery was to feed the bark into the bark-mill and see that the horse that turned the mill kept moving.

father, and times being very close he didn't see how he could send the boy away to school. He thought of West Point, and said:

"How would you like West Point? You know the education is free there, and the government supports the cadets. How would you like to go there?"

"First rate," Ulysses promptly replied.*

His life thus far had been such as makes a boy older than his years, but it had not given him much in way of preparation for West Point, and it is probable that he did not really imagine himself a successful candidate for the appointment. He said little about the plan, for he had suffered too keenly already from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of the son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it.† Undoubtedly this constant derision added to his reticence and apparent dulness.

Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. A boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarrelled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory—such a boy, at this distance, does not appear "ordinary," stupid, dull, or commonplace. That he was not showy or easily valued was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

Even at sixteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy.

* From a letter written to the "New York Ledger" by Jesse Grant in 1868. This does not agree with the account in the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, but it seems a very natural decision on the boy's part.

† This ridicule is alluded to by W. T. Galbreath, Chilton White, Nelson Waterman, O. Edwards, and other citizens of Brown County.

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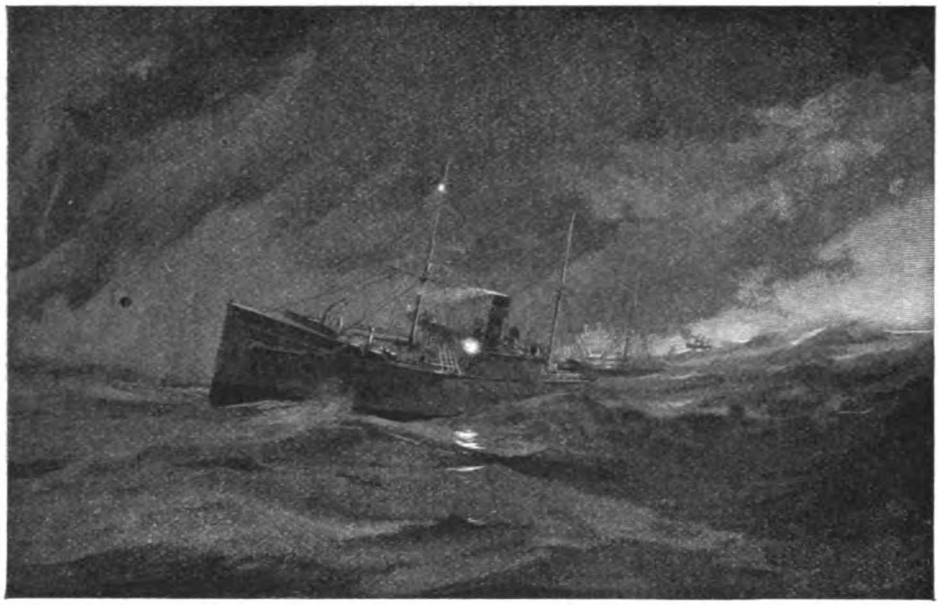

"WE LAY IN SMOTHERIN' CROSS SEAS THAT MADE THE AULD 'KITE' CHATTER FROM STEM TO STERN."

# "BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," etc.

IF you remember my highly improper friend Brugglesmith, you will also bear in mind his friend McPhee, chief engineer of the "Breslau," whose dinghy Brugglesmith tried to steal. His apologies for the performances of Brugglesmith may one day be told in their proper place, but the tale before us concerns McPhee in his sea-going capacities. He was never a racing engineer, and took special pride in saying as much before the Liverpool men; but he had a knowledge of machinery and the humors of ships that he had worked thirty-two years to gain. One side of his face had been wrecked through the bursting of a pressure-gauge in the days when men knew less about pressures than they do now, and his nose rose grandly out of the wreck, like a club in a public riot. There were cuts and lumps on his head, and he would guide your forefinger through his short iron-gray hair and tell you how he had come by his trade-marks. He owned all sorts of certificates of extra competency, and at the bottom of his cabin chest of drawers, where he kept the photograph of his wife, were two or three Royal Humane Society medals for saving lives at sea. Professionally—it was different when crazy steerage-passengers jumped overboard—professionally, McPhee does not approve of saving life at sea, and he has often told me that a new hell is prepared for stokers and trimmers who sign for a strong man's pay and fall sick the second day out. He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is red hot, all because a lamp's glare is reflected red from the twirling metal. He believes that there are only two poets in the world; one being Robert Burns, of course, and the other Gerald Massey. When he has time for novels he reads Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade—chiefly the latter—and he knows whole pages of "Very Hard Cash" by heart.

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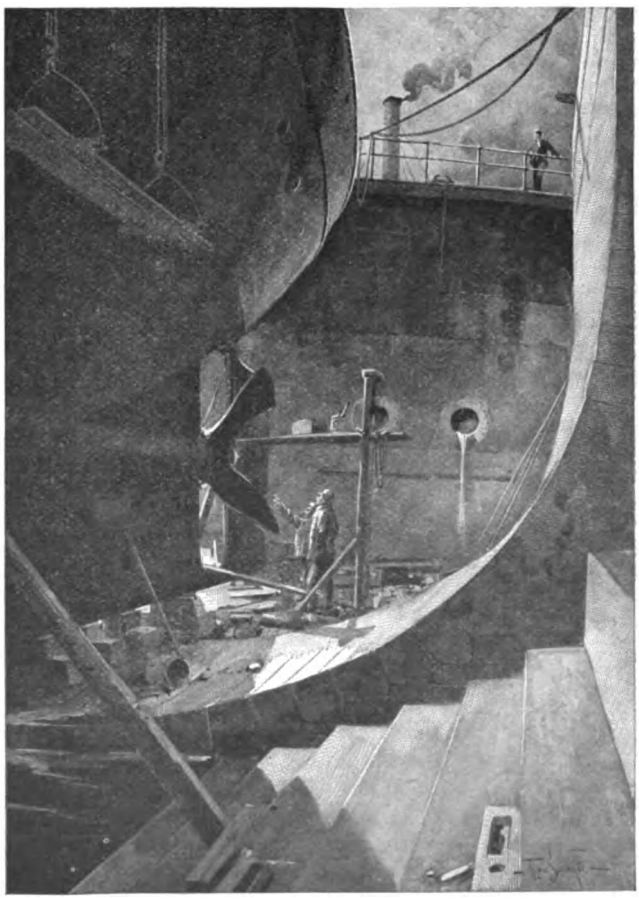
In the saloon his table was next to the captain's, and he drank only water all the while his engines worked.

He was good to me when we first met, because I did not ask him questions and believed in Charles Reade as a most shamefully neglected author. Later, he approved of my writings to the extent of one pamphlet of twenty-four pages that I wrote for Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, owners of the line, when they bought some ventilating patent and fitted it to the cabins of the "Breslau," "Spándau," and "Koltzau:" The purser of the "Breslau" recommended me to Holdock's secretary for the job, and Holdock, who is a Wesleyan Methodist, invited me to his house, and gave me dinner with the governess when the others had finished, and placed the plans and specifications in my hand, and I wrote the pamphlet that same afternoon. It was called "Comfort in the Cabin," and brought me seven pound ten cash down—an important sum of money in those days; and the governess, who was teaching Master John Holdock his scales, told me that Mrs. Holdock had told her to keep an eye on me in case I went away with coats from the hat-rack. The Holdocks never approached literature in the right spirit, and Mrs. Holdock wanted to cut out half the poetical quotations in the pamphlet till I made clear to her husband that they were not charged for as original matter. McPhee liked that pamphlet enormously, for it was composed in the Bouverie-Byzantine style, with baroque and rococo embellishments; and afterwards he introduced me to Mrs. McPhee, who succeeded Dinah in my heart, for Dinah was half a world away, and it is wholesome and antiseptic to know such a woman as Janet McPhee. They lived in a little twelve-pound house in the dark and distant East, close to the shipping. When McPhee was away Mrs. McPhee read the shipping news in the daily papers and called on the wives of senior engineers of equal social standing. Once or twice, too, Mrs. Holdock visited Mrs. McPhee in a brougham with celluloid fittings, and I have reason to believe that after she had played owner's wife long enough they talked scandal. The Holdocks lived in an old-fashioned house with a big brick garden not a mile from the McPhees, for they stayed by their money as their money stayed by them; and in summer you met their brougham solemnly junketing by Theydon Bois or Loughton. But I was Mrs. McPhee's friend, and she allowed me to convey her Westward sometimes to theatres, where she sobbed or laughed or shivered with a simple heart; and she introduced me to a new world of doctors' wives, captains' wives, and engineers' wives, whose whole talk and thought centred in and about ships and lines of ships you have never heard of. There were sailing ships, with stewards and mahogany and maple saloons, trading to Australia, taking cargoes of consumptives and hopeless drunkards for whom a



"'WHEN D'YE SHIP A NEW TAIL-SHAFT?' I SAID TO BANNISTER."

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"SYNE UP WENT A ROCKET FORWARD, AN' TWA ON THE BRIDGE, AN' A BLUE LIGHT AFT. SYNE A TAR-BARREL FORWARD AGAIN."

sea-voyage was recommended; there were frowsy little West African boats, full of rats and cockroaches, where men died anywhere but in their bunks; there were Brazilian boats, whose cabins could be hired for merchandise, that went out loaded nearly awash; there were Zanzibar and Mauritius steamers, and wonderful reconstructed boats that plied to the other side of Borneo. These were loved and known, for they earned our bread and a little butter; and we despised the big Atlantic boats, and made fun of the P. and O. and Orient liners, and swore by our respective owners—Wesleyan, Baptist, or Presbyterian, as the case might be.

I had been out of England for some months, and had only just come back when Mrs. McPhee invited me to dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the note-paper was almost bridal in its scented creaminess. When I reached the house I saw that there were new curtains in the window that must have cost forty-five shillings a pair; and as Mrs. McPhee drew me into the little marble-papered hall, she looked at me keenly, and cried:

"Have ye not heard? What d'ye think o' the hat-rack?"

Now that hat-rack was oak; thirty shillings at least. McPhee came down-stairs with a sober foot—he steps as lightly as a cat for all his weight when he is at sea—and he shook hands in a new and awful manner—a parody of old Holdock's style when he says good-by to his skippers. Being a man who flatters himself that he can put two and two together, I perceived at once that it must be a legacy. I held my peace, though Mrs. McPhee was begging me every thirty seconds to eat a great deal and say nothing. It was rather a mad sort of meal, because McPhee and his wife took hold of hands like little children (they always do after voyages), and nodded and winked and choked and gurgled, and hardly ate a mouthful.

A female servant came in and waited, and I nearly fell off my chair, because there is not work for two pair of hands in that house, and, if there were, McPhee could not afford a servant; and Mrs. McPhee had told me time and again that she would thank no one to do her housework while she had her health. But this was a servant with a cap, and I saw Mrs. McPhee swell and swell under her garance-colored gown. There is no small freeboard to Janet McPhee, nor is garance any subdued tint; and with all this unexplained pride and glory in the air I felt like watching fireworks without knowing the festival. When the maid had removed the cloth she brought a pineapple that would have cost half a guinea at that season (only I knew McPhee had his own way

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of getting such things), and a Canton china bowl of dried *lichis*, and a glass plate of preserved ginger, and a small jar of sacred and Imperial chow-chow that perfumed the room. McPhee gets it from a Dutchman in Buitenzorg, and I think he doctors it with liquors. But the crown of the feast was some Madeira of the kind that you can only come by if you know the Wine, and the Man, and the Island. A little maize-wrapped fig of clotted Madeira cigars went with the wine, and the rest was a pale blue smoky silence, Janet, in her splendor, smiling on us two and patting McPhee's hand.

"We'll drink," said McPhee slowly, rubbing his chin, "to the eternal damnation o' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase."

Of course I answered "Amen," though I had made seven pound ten shillings out of the firm. But McPhee's enemies were mine, and I was drinking his Madeira.

"Ye've heard nothing?" said Janet. "Not a word, nor a whisper?"

"Not a word, nor a whisper. On my word I have not."

"Tell him, Mac," said she; and that is another proof of Janet's goodness and wifely love. A smaller woman would have cut in first, but Janet is five foot nine in her stockings.

"We're rich," said McPhee. I shook hands all round.

"We're vara rich," he added. I shook hands all round a second time.

"I'll go to sea no more. Unless—there's no sayin'—a private yacht, maybe—wi' a small an' handy auxiliary."

"It's not enough for *that*," said Janet. "We're fair rich—well to do, but no more. A new gown for church and one for the theatre. We'll have it made West."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds." I drew a long breath. "An' I've been earnin' twenty-five an' twenty pound a month!" The last words came away with a roar, as though the wide world was conspiring to beat him down.

"All this time I'm waiting," I said. "I know nothing since last September. Was it left you?"

They laughed aloud together. "It was left," said McPhee, choking. "Ou, ay, it was left. That's vara good. Of course it was left. Janet, d'ye note that? It was left. Now if you'd put *that* in your pamphlet it would have been vara jocose. It *was* left." He slapped his thigh and roared till the wine quivered in the decanter.

The Scotch are a great people, but they are apt to hang over a joke too long, particularly when no one can see the point but themselves.

"When I rewrite my pamphlet I'll put it in, McPhee. Only I must know something more first."

McPhee thought for the length of half a cigar, while Janet caught my eye and led it round the room to one new thing after another—the new fine-patterned carpet, the new chiming rustic clock between the models of the Colombo outrigger-boats, the new inlaid sideboard with a purple cut-glass flower-stand, the fender of gilt and brass, and last, the new black and gold piano.

"In October o' last year the Board sacked me," began McPhee. "In October o' last year the 'Breslau' came in for winter overhaul. She'd been runnin' eight months—two hunder an' forty days—an' I was three days makin' up my indents, when she went to dry dock. All told, mark you, it was this side o' three hunder pound—to be preceese, two hunder an' eighty-six pound four shillings. There's not another man could ha' nursed the 'Breslau' for eight months to that tune. Never again—never again! They may send their boats to the bottom for aught I care."

"There's no need," said Janet, softly. "We're done wi' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase."

"It's irritatin', Janet, it's just irritatin'. I ha' been justified from first to last, as the world knows, but—but I canna forgie 'em. Ay, wisdom is justified o' her children, an' any other man than me wad ha' made the indent eight hunder'. Hay was our skipper—ye'll have met him. They shifted him to the 'Torgau,' an' bade me wait for the 'Breslau' under young Bannister. Ye'll obsairve there'd been a new election on the Board. I heard the shares were sellin' hither an' yon, an' the major part of the Board was new to me. The old Board would ne'er ha' done it. They trusted me. But the new Board were all for reorganization. Young Steiner—Steiner's son—the Jew, was at the bottom of it, an' they did not think it worth their while to send me word. The first *I* knew—an' I was chief engineer—was the notice of the line's winter sailin's, and the 'Breslau' timed for sixteen days between port an' port. Sixteen days, man! She's a good boat, none better for her work, but eighteen is her summer time, mark you. Sixteen was sheer flytin',

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"IT WAS PERISHIN' COLD, BUT I'D DONE MY JOB JUDGMATICALLY, AN' CAME SCRAPIN' ALL ALONG HER SIDE SLAP ON TO THE LOWER GRATIN' O' THE GANGWAY."

kitin' nonsense, an' so I told young Bannister.

"'We've got to make it,' he said. 'Ye should not ha' sent in a three hunder' pound indent.'

"'Do they look for their boats to be run on air?' I said. 'The Board's daft.'

"'E'en tell 'em so,' he says. 'I'm a married man, an' my fourth's on the ways now, she says.'"

"A boy—wi' red hair," Janet put in. Her own hair is the splendid red gold that goes with a creamy complexion.

"My word, I was an angry man that day! Forbye I was fond o' the old 'Breslau,' I looked for a little consideration from the Board after twenty years' service. There was Board-meetin' on Wednesday, an' I slept overnight in the engine-room takin' figures to support my case. A bairn might ha' known they were flyin' in the face of all human possibilities. Well, I put it fair and square before them all. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I've run the "Breslau" eight seasons, an' I believe there's no fault to find in my work. But

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if ye haud to this'—I waggled the advertisement at 'em—'this that *I've* never heard of till I read it at breakfast, I do assure you, on my professional reputation, she can never do it. That is to say, she can for a while, but at a risk no thinkin' man would run.'

"'What the deil d'ye suppose we pass your indent for?' says old Holdock. 'Man, we're spendin' money like watter.'

"'I'll leave it in the Board's hands,' I said, 'if two hunder an' eighty-seven pound is anything beyond right and reason for eight months.' I might ha' saved my breath, for the Board was new since the last election, an' there they sat, the deevidend-huntin' ship-chandlers, deaf as the adder o' Scripture.

"'We must keep faith wi' the public,' said young Steiner.

"'Keep faith wi' the "Breslau" then,' I said. 'She's served you well, an' your father before you. She'll need her bottom restiffenin', an' new bed-plates, an' turnin' out the forward boilers, an' returnin' all three cylinders, an' refacin' all guides, to begin with. It's a three months' job.'

"'Because one employee is afraid?' says young Steiner. 'Maybe a piano in the chief engineer's cabin would be more to the point.'

"I crushed my cap in my hands an' thanked God we'd no bairns an' a bit put by.

"'Understand, gentlemen,' I said. 'If the "Breslau" is made a sixteen-day boat, ye'll find another engineer.'

"'Bannister makes no objection,' said Holdock.

"'I'm speakin' for myself,' I said. 'Bannister has bairns.' An' then I lost my temper. 'Ye can run her into hell an' out again if ye pay pilotage,' I said, 'but ye run without me.'

"'That's insolence,' said young Steiner.

"'At your pleasure,' I said, turnin' to go.

"'Ye can consider yourself dismissed. We must preserve discipline among our employees,' said old Holdock, an' he looked round to see that the Board was with him. They knew nothin'—God forgie 'em—an' they nodded me out o' the line after twenty years—after twenty years.

"I went out an' sat down by the hall porter to get my wits again. I'm thinkin' I swore at the Board. Then auld McRimmon—o' McNaughten and McRimmon—came oot o' his office, that's on the same floor, an' looked at me, proppin' up one eyelid wi' his forefinger. Ye ken they call him the Blind Deevil, forbye he's onythin' but blind, an' no deevil in his dealin's wi' me—McRimmon o' the Black Ox line.

"'What's here, Mister McPhee?' said he.

"I was past prayin' for by then. 'A chief engineer sacked after twenty years' service because he'll not risk the "Breslau" on the new timin', McRimmon,' I said.

"The auld man sucked in his lips an' whistled. 'Ah,' said he. 'The new timin'. I see!' He doddered into the Board-room I'd just left, an' the Dandie dog that is just his blind man's leader stayed wi' me. *That* was providential. In a minute he was back again. 'Ye've cast your bread on the watter, McPhee,' he says. 'Whaur's my dog? My word, is he on your knee? There's more discernment in a dog than a Jew. What garred ye curse your Board, McPhee? It's expensive.'

"'They'll pay more for the "Breslau,"' I said. 'Get off my knee, ye smotherin' beast.'

"'Bearin's hot, eh?' said McRimmon. 'It's thirty year since a man daur curse me to my face. Time was I'd ha' cast ye doon the stairway for that.'

"'Forgie's all!' I said. He was wearin' to eighty, as I knew. 'I was wrong, McRimmon, but when a man's put oot o' the door for dooin' his plain duty he's not always ceevil.'

"'So I hear,' says McRimmon. 'Ha' ye ony objection to a tramp freighter? It's only fifteen a month, but they say the Blind Deevil feeds a man better than others. She's my "Kite." Come ben. Ye can thank Dandie here. I'm no used to thanks. An' noo,' says he, 'what possessed ye to throw up your berth wi' Holdock?'

"'The new timin',' said I. 'The "Breslau" will not stand it.'

"'Hoot, oot,' said he. 'Ye might ha' crammed her a little—enough to show ye were drivin' her, an' brought her in twa days behind. What's easier than to say ye slowed for bearin's, eh? All my men do it, and—I believe 'em.'

"'McRimmon,' says I, 'what's her virginity to a lassie?'

"He puckered his dry face an' twisted in his chair. 'The warld an' a',' says he, 'the vara warld an' a'! But what ha' you or me to do wi' virginity, this late along?'

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"'This,' I said. 'There's just one thing that each one of us in his trade or profession will *not* do for ony consideration whatever. If I run to time I run to time, barrin' always the risks o' the high seas. Less than that under God I have not done. More than that by God I will not do! There's no trick o' the trade I'm not acquaint wi'——'

"'So I've heard,' says McRimmon, dry as a biscuit.

"'But yon matter o' fair runnin's just my Shekinah, ye'll understand. I daur na tamper wi' *that*. Nursing weak engines is fair craftsmanship; but what the Board ask is cheatin' wi' the risk o' manslaughter addeetional.' Ye'll note I know my business.

"There was some more talk, an' next week I went aboard the 'Kite,' twenty-five hundred ton, simple compound, a Black Ox tramp. The deeper she rode, the better she'd steam. I've snapped as much as eleven out of her, but eight point three was her fair normal. Good food forward an' better aft, all indents passed wi'out marginal remarks, the best Welsh coal, new donkies, and good crews. There was nothin' the old man would not do except paint. That was his deeficulty. Ye could no more draw paint than his last teeth from him. He'd come down to dock, an' his boats a scandal all along the watter, an' he'd whine an' cry an' say they looked all he could desire. Every owner has his *non plus ultra*, I've obsairved. Paint was McRimmon's. But you could get round his engines without riskin' your life, an', for all his blindness, I've seen him reject five flawed intermediates one after the other on a nod from me; an' his cattle-fittin's were guaranteed for North Atlantic weather. Ye ken what *that* means? McRimmon an' the Black Ox line, God bless him!

"Oh! I forgot to say she would lie down an' fill her forward deck green an' snore away into a twenty-knot gale forty-five to the minute, three an' a half knots an' hour; the engines runnin' sweet an' true as a bairn breathin' in its sleep. Bell was skipper—an' forbye there's no love lost between crews an' owners, we were fond o' the auld Blind Deevil an' his dog, an' I'm thinkin' he liked us. He was worth the windy side o' twa million sterlin' an' no friend to his own blood-kin. Money's an awfu' thing—overmuch—for a lonely man.

"I'd taken her out twice, there an' back again, when word came o' the 'Breslau's' breakdown, just as I prophesied. Calder was engineer—he's not fit to run a tug down the Solent—and he fairly lifted the engines off the bed-plates, an' they fell down in heaps, by what I heard. So she filled from the after stuffin'-box to the after bulkhead an' lay star-gazing with seventy-nine squealin' passengers in the saloon till the 'Camaralzaman' o' Ramsey and Gold's Carthagena line gave her a tow to the tune o' five thousand seven hunder an' forty pound, wi' costs in the admiralty court. She was helpless, ye'll understand, an' in no case to meet ony weather. Five thousand seven hunder an' forty pounds *with* costs, an' exclusive o' new engines! They'd ha' done better to ha' kept me on the old timin'.

"But even so the new Board were all for retrenchment. Young Steiner, the Jew, was at the bottom of it. They sacked men right an' left that would not eat the dirt the Board gave 'em. They cut down repairs, they fed crews wi' leavin's an' scrapin's; and, reversin' McRimmon's practice, they hid their defeeciencies wi' paint an' cheap gildin'. *Quem Deus vult perrdere prrius dementat*, ye remember.

"In January we went to dry dock, an' in the next dock lay the 'Grotkau,' their big freighter that was the 'Dolabella' o' Piegan, Piegan, and Walsh's line in '84—a Clyde-built iron boat, a flat-bottomed, pigeon-breasted, under-engined, bull-nosed barge of a five-thousand-ton freighter, that would neither steer, nor steam, nor stop when ye asked her. Whiles she'd attend to her helm, whiles she'd take charge; whiles she'd wait to scratch herself, an' whiles she'd buttock into a dock-head. But Holdock and Steiner had bought her cheap, and was paintin' her all over. I went to see young Bannister—he had to take what the Board gave him, an' he an' Calder were shifted together from the 'Breslau' to this abortion—an' talkin' to him, I went into the dock under her. Her plates were pitted till the men that were paint, paint, paintin' her laughed at it. But the warst was at the last. She'd a great clumsy iron twelve-foot Thresher propeller—Aitcheson designed the 'Kite's'—and just on the tail o' the shaft, behind the boss, was a red weepin' crack ye could ha' put a penknife to. Man, it was an awfu' crack!

"'When d'ye ship a new tail-shaft?' I said to Bannister.

"He knew what I meant. 'Oh, yon's a superfeecial flaw,' says he, not lookin' at me.

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"'Superfeecial Gehenna!' I said. 'Ye'll not take her oot in a solution o' continuity that like?'

"'They'll putty it up this evening,' he said. 'I'm a married man an'—ye used to know the Board.'

"I e'en said what was gie'd me in that hour. Ye know how a dry dock echoes. I saw young Steiner standin' listenin'above me, an', man, he used language provocative of a breach o' the peace. I was a spy and a disgraced employee, an' a corrupter o' young Bannister's morals, an' he'd prosecute me for libel. He went away when I ran up the steps—I'd ha' thrown him into the dock if I'd caught him—an' there I met McRimmon wi' Dandie pullin' on the chain, guidin' the auld man among the railway lines.

"'McPhee,' said he, 'ye're no paid to fight Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited, when ye meet. What's wrong between you?'

"'No more than tail-shaft rotten as a kail-stump. For ony sakes, go an' look, McRimmon. It's a comedietta.'

"'I'm feared o' yon conversational Hebrew,' said he. 'Whaur's the flaw, an' what like?'

"'A seven-inch crack just behind the boss. There's no power on earth will fend it just jarrin' off.'

"'When?'

"'That's beyond my knowledge,' I said.

"'So it is. So it is!' said McRimmon. 'Ye're certain it was a crack?'

"'Man, it's a crevasse,' I said, for there were no words to describe the magnitude of it. 'An' young Bannister's sayin' it's no more than a superfeecial flaw!'

"'Weel, I tak' it oor business is to mind oor business. If ye've ony friends aboard her, McPhee, why not bid them to a bit dinner at Radley's?'

"'I was thinkin' o' tea in the cuddy,' I said. 'Engineers o' tramp freighters cannot afford hotel prices.'

"'Na!—na!' says the auld man, whimperin'. 'Not the cuddy. They'll laugh at my "Kite," for she's no plastered with paint like the "Grotkau." Bid them to Radley's, McPhee, an' send me the bill. Thank Dandie here, man. I'm no used to thanks.' Then he turned him round. (I was just thinkin' the vara same thing.) 'Mister McPhee,' said he, 'this is *not* senile dementia.'

"'Preserve's!' I said, clean jumped oot o' mysel'. 'I was but thinkin' you're fey, McRimmon.'

"Dod, the auld deevil laughed till he nigh sat down on Dandie. 'Send me the bill,' says he. 'I'm lang past champagne, but tell me how it tastes the morn.'

"Bell and I bid young Bannister an' Calder to dinner at Radley's. They'll have no laughin' an' singin' there, but we took a private room—like yacht-owners fra' Cowes."

McPhee grinned all over, and lay back to think.

"And then?" said I.

"We were no drunk in ony preceese sense o' the word, but Radley's showed me the dead men. There were six magnums o' dry champagne an' maybe a bottle o' whiskey."

"Do you mean to tell me that you four got away with a magnum and a half apiece, besides whiskey?" I demanded.

McPhee looked down upon me from between his shoulders with toleration.

"Man, we were not settin' down to drink," he said. "They no more than made us wutty. To be sure, young Bannister laid his head on the table, an' greeted like a bairn, an' Calder was all for callin' on Steiner at two in the morn an' painting him galley green; but they'd been drinkin' the afternoon. Lord, how they twa cursed the Board, an' the 'Grotkau,' an' the tail-shaft, an' the engines, an' a'! They didna' talk o' superfeecial flaws that night. I mind young Bannister and Calder shakin' hands on a bond to be revenged on the Board at ony reasonable cost this side of losing their certificates. Now mark ye how false economy ruins business. The Board fed them like swine (I have good reason to know it), an' I've obsairved wi' my ain people that if ye touch his stomach ye wauken the deil in a Scot. Men will tak' a dredger across the Atlantic, if they're well fed, an' fetch her somewhere on the broadside o' the Americas; but bad food's bad service the world over.

"The bill went to McRimmon, an' he said no more to me till the week-end, when I was at him for more paint, for we'd heard the 'Kite' was chartered Liverpool-side.

"'Bide whaur ye're put,' said the Blind Deevil. 'Man, do ye wash in champagne? The "Kite's" no leavin' here till I gie the order, an'—how am I to waste paint on her wi' the "Lammergeyer" docked for who knows how long an' a'?'

"She was our big freighter—McIntyre was engineer—an' I knew she'd come from overhaul not three months. That

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morn I met McRimmon's head clerk—ye'll not know him—fair bitin' his nails off wi' mortification.

"'The auld man's gone gyte,' says he. 'He's withdrawn the "Lammergeyer."'

"'Maybe he has reasons,' says I.

"'Reasons! He's daft!'

"'He'll no be daft till he begins to paint,' I said.

"'That's just what he's done—and South American freights higher than we'll live to see them again. He's laid her up to paint her—to paint her—to paint her!' says the little clerk, dancin' like a hen on a hot plate. 'Five thousand ton o' potential freight rottin' in dry dock, man; an' he dolin' the paint out in quarter-pound tins, for it cuts him to the heart, mad tho' he is. An' the "Grotkau" —the "Grotkau" of all conceivable bottoms—soaking up every pound that should be ours at Liverpool!'

"I was staggered wi' this folly—considerin' the dinner at Radley's in connection wi' the same.

"'Ye may well stare, McPhee,' says the head clerk. 'There's engines, an' rollin' stock, an' iron bridges—d'ye ken what freights are noo?—an' pianos, an' millinery, an' fancy Brazil cargo o' every species pourin' into the "Grotkau"—the "Grotkau" o' the Jerusalem firm, and the "Lammergeyer's" bein' painted!'

"Losh, I thought he'd drop dead wi' the fits.

"I could say no more than 'Obey orders if ye break owners,' but on the 'Kite' we believed McRimmon was mad, an' McIntyre of the 'Lammergeyer' was for lockin' him up by some patent legal process he'd found in a book o' maritime law. An' a' that week South American freights rose an' rose. It was sinfu'!

"Syne Bell got orders to tak' the 'Kite' round to Liverpool in water-ballast, and McRimmon came to bid's good-by, yammerin' an' whinin' o'er the acres o' paint he'd lavished on the 'Lammergeyer.'

"'I look to you to retrieve it,' says he. 'I look to you to reimburse me! 'Fore God, why are ye not cast off? Are ye dawdlin' in dock for a purpose?'

"'What odds, McRimmon?' says Bell. 'We'll be a day behind the fair at Liverpool. The "Grotkau's" got all the freight that might ha' been ours an' the "Lammergeyer's."' McRimmon laughed an' chuckled—the pairfect eemage o' senile dementia. Ye ken his eyebrows wark up an' down like a gorilla's.

"'Ye're under sealed orders,' said he, tee-heein' an' scratchin' himself. 'Yon's they—to be opened *seriatim*.'

"Says Bell, shufflin' the envelopes when the auld man had gone ashore, 'We're to creep round a' the south coast standin' in for orders—this weather too. There's no question o' his lunacy now.'

"Well, we buttocked the auld 'Kite' along—vara bad weather we made—standin' in to the Start, the Leezard, and St. David's for telegraphic orders, which are the curse o' skippers. Syne we made over to Holyhead, an' Bell opened the last envelope for the last instructions. I was wi' him in the cuddy, an' he threw it over to me, cryin': 'Did ye ever know the like, Mac?'

"I'll no say what McRimmon had written, but he was far from mad. There was a sou'-wester brewin' when we made the mouth o' the Mersey, a bitter cold morn wi' a gray-green sea and a gray-green sky—Liverpool weather, as they say; an' there we lay choppin,' an' the crew swore. Ye canna keep secrets aboard ship. They thought McRimmon was mad, too.

"Syne we saw the 'Grotkau' rollin' oot on the top o' flood, deep an' double deep, wi' her new painted funnel an' her new painted boats an' a'. She looked her bad name, an', moreover, she coughed like it. Calder tauld me at Radley's what ailed his engines, but mine own ear would ha' told me twa mile awa', by the beat o' them. Round we came, plungin' an' squatterin' in her wake, an' the wind cut, wi' good promise o' more to come. By six it blew hard but clear, an' before the middle watch it was a sou'-wester in good earnest.

"'She'll edge into Ireland this gait,' says Bell. I was with him on the bridge watchin' the 'Grotkau's' port light. Ye canna see green so far as red or we'd ha' kept to leeward. We'd no passengers to consider, an' all eyes being on the 'Grotkau,' we fair walked into a liner rampin' home to Liverpool. Or to be preceese, Bell no more than twisted the 'Kite' oot from under her bows, and there was a little damnin' betwix' the twa bridges. Noo a passenger"—McPhee regarded me benignantly—"wad ha' told the papers that as soon as he got to the Customs. We stuck to the 'Grotkau's' tail that night an' the next twa days—she slowed down to five knot by my reckonin', and we lapped along the weary way to the Fastnet."

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"But you don't go by the Fastnet to get to any South American port, do you?" I said.

"*We* do not. We prefer to go as direct as maybe, but we were followin' the 'Grotkau,' an' she'd no walk into that gale for ony consideration. Knowin' what I did to her discredit, I couldna blame young Bannister. It was warkin' up to a North Atlantic winter gale, snow an' sleet an' a perishin' wind. Eh, it was like the deil walkin' abroad o' the surface o' the deep, whuppin' off the tops o' the waves before he made up his mind. They'd bore up against it so far, but the minute she was clear o' the Skelligs she fair tucked up her skirts an' ran for it by Dunmore Head. Wow, she rolled!

"'She'll be makin' Smerwick,' says Bell.

"'She'd ha' tried for Ventry by noo if she meant that,' I said.

"'They'll roll the funnel oot o' her this gait,' says Bell. 'Why canna Bannister keep her head to sea?'

"'It's the tail-shaft. Ony rollin's better than pitchin' wi' superfeecial cracks in the tail-shaft. Calder knows that much,' I said.

"'It's ill wark retreevin' steamers this weather,' said Bell. His beard and whiskers were frozen to his oilskin, an' the spray was white on the weather side of him. Pairfect North Atlantic winter weather!

"One by one the sea raxed away our three boats, an' the davits were crumpled like rams' horns.

"'Yon's bad,' said Bell, at the last. 'Ye canna pass a hawser wi'oot a boat.' Bell was a vara judeecious man—for an Aberdonian.

"I'm not one that fashes himself for eventualities outside the engine-room, so I e'en slipped down betwixt waves to see how the 'Kite' fared. Man, she's the best geared boat of her class that ever left Clyde! Kinloch, my second, knew her as well as I did. I found him dryin' his socks on the main steam-pipe an' combin' his whiskers wi' the comb Janet gie'd me last year, for the warld an' a' as though we were in port. I tried the feed, speered into the stoke-hole, thumbed all bearin's, spat on the thrust for luck, gie'd 'em my blessin', an' took Kinlock's socks, before I went up to the bridge again.

"Then Bell handed me the wheel, an' went below to warm himself. When he came up my gloves were frozen to the spokes an' the ice clicked over my eyelids. Pairfect North Atlantic winter weather, as I was sayin'.

"The gale blew out by night, but we lay in smotherin' cross seas that made the auld 'Kite' chatter from stem to stern. I slowed to thirty-four, I mind—no thirty-seven. There was a long swell the morn, an' the 'Grotkau' was headin' into it west awa'.

"'She'll win to Rio yet, tail-shaft or no tail-shaft,' says Bell.

"'Last night shook her,' I said. 'She'll jar it off yet, mark my word.'

"We were then, maybe, a hunder and fifty mile west-sou'-west o' Slyne Head by dead reckonin'. Next day we made a hunder an' thirty—ye'll note we were not racin' boats; an' the day after a hunder an' sixty-one, an' that made us, we'll say, eighteen an' a bittock west, an' maybe fifty-one an' a bittock north, crossin' all the North Atlantic liner lanes on the long slant, always in sight o' the 'Grotkau,' creepin' up by night and fallin' awa' by day. After the gale it was cold weather wi' dark nights.

"I was in the engine-room on Friday night, just before the middle watch, when Bell whustled down the tube: 'She's done it,' an' up I came.

"The 'Grotkau' was just a fair distance south, an' one by one she ran up the three red lights in a vertical line, the sign of a steamer not under control.

"'Yon's a tow for us,' said Bell, lickin' his chops. 'She'll be worth more than the "Breslau." We'll go down to her, McPhee!'

"'Bide a while,' I said. 'The seas throng wi' ships here.'

"'Reason why,' said Bell. 'It's a fortune gaun beggin'. What d'ye think, man?'

"'Gie her till daylight. She knows we're here. If Bannister needs help he'll loose a rocket.'

"'Wha told ye Bannister's need? We'll ha' some rag-an'-bone freighter snappin' her up under oor nose,' said he, and he put the wheel over. We were goin' slow.

"'Bannister wad be better pleased to go home on a liner an' eat in the saloon. Mind ye what they said o' Holdock and Steiner's food that night at Radley's? Keep her awa', man—keep her awa'. A tow's a tow, but an abandoned ship's big salvage.'

"'E-eh!' said Bell. 'Yon's an inshot o' yours, Mac. I love ye like a brother. We'll bide whaur we are till daylight;' an' he kept her awa'.

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"Syne up went a rocket forward, an' twa on the bridge, an' a blue light aft. Syne a tar-barrel forward again.

"'She's sinkin',' said Bell. 'It's all gaun, an' I'll get no more than a pair o' night-glasses for pickin' up young Bannister—the fool!'

"'Fair an' soft again,' I said. 'She's signallin' to the south of us. Bannister knows as well as I one rocket would bring us. He'll no be wastin' fireworks for nothin'. Hear her ca'!'

"The 'Grotkau' whustled an' whustled for five minutes, an' then there were more fireworks—a regular exhibeetion.

"'That's no for men in the regular trade,' says Bell. 'Ye're right, Mac. That's for a cuddy full o' passengers.' He blinked through the night-glasses when it lay a bit thick to southward.

"'What d'ye make of it?' I said.

"'Liner,' he says. 'Yon's her rocket. Ou ay; they've waukened the skipper, an' —noo they've waukened the passengers. They're turnin' on the electrics cabin by cabin. Yon's anither rocket! They're comin' up to help the perishin' in deep watters.'

"'Gie me the glass,' I said. But Bell danced on the bridge clean dementit. 'Mails—mails—mails!' said he. 'Under contract wi' the government for the due conveyance o' the mails, an', as such, Mac, ye'll note, she may rescue life at sea; but she canna tow!—she canna tow! Yon's her night-signal. She'll be up in half an hour!'

"'Gowk!' I said, 'an' we're blazin' here wi' all oor lights. Oh, Bell, ye're a fool!'

"He tumbled off the bridge forward, an' I tumbled aft, an' before ye could wink our lights were oot, the engine-room hatch was covered, an' we lay pitch dark three mile maybe from the 'Grotkau,' watchin' the lights o' the liner come up that she'd been signallin' for. Twenty knot an hour she came, every cabin lighted an' her boats swung awa'. It was grandly done, an' in the inside of an hour. She stopped like Mrs. Holdock's machine; down went the gangway, down went the boats, an' in ten minutes we heard the passengers cheerin', an' awa' she fled.

"'They'll tell o' this all the days they live,' said Bell. 'A rescue at sea by night, as pretty as a play. Young Bannister an' Calder will be drinkin' in the saloon; an' six months hence the Board o' Trade 'll gie the skipper a pair o' binoculars. It's vara philanthropic all round.'

"We lay by till day—ye may think we waited for it wi' sore eyes—an' there sat the 'Grotkau,' her nose a bit cocked, just leerin' at us. She looked perfectly ridiculous.

"'She'll be fillin' aft,' says Bell. 'For why is she down by the stern? The tail-shaft's punched a hole in her, an'—we've no boats. There's three hunder thousand pound sterlin', at a conservative estimate, droonin' before our eyes. What's to do?'

"'Run her as near as ye daur,' I said. 'Gie me a jacket an' a life-line, an' I'll swum for it.' There was a bit lump of a sea, an' it was cold in the wind—vara cold; but they'd gone overside like passengers, young Bannister and Calder an' a', leaving the gangway down on the lee side. It would ha' been a flyin' in the face o' manifest Providence to overlook the invitation. We were within fifty yards o' her while Kinloch was garmin' me all over wi' oil behind the galley, an' as we ran past I went outboard for the salvage o' three hunder thousand pound. Man, it was perishin' cold, but I'd done my job judgmatically, an' came scrapin' all along her side slap on to the lower gratin' o' the gangway. No one more astonished than me, I assure ye. Before I caught my breath I'd barked both my knees on the gratin', an' was climbin' up before she rolled again. I made my line fast to the rail, an' squattered aft to young Bannister's cabin, whaur I dried me wi' everything in his bunk an' put on every conceivable sort o' rig I found till the blood was circulatin'. Three pair drawers I mind I found—to begin upon—an' I needed them all. It was the coldest cold I remember in all my experience.

"Syne I went aft to the engine-room. The 'Grotkau' sat on her own tail, as they say. She was vara short-shafted, an' her gear was all aft. There was four or five foot o' water in the engine-room slummockin' to and fro black an' greasy; maybe there was six foot. The stoke-hold doors were screwed home, an' the stoke-hold was tight enough, but for a minute the mess in the engine-room deceived me. Only for a minute, though, an' that was because I was not, in a manner o' speakin', as calm as ordinar. I looked again to be sure. 'Twas just black wi' bilge: dead watter that must ha' come in fortuitously, ye ken."

"McPhee, I'm only a passenger," I said, "but you don't persuade me that six foot o' water can come into an engine-room fortuitously."

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"Who's tryin' to persuade one way or the other?" McPhee retorted. "I'm statin' the facts o' the case—the simple, natural facts. Six or seven foot o' dead watter in the engine-room is a vara depressin' sight if ye think there's like to be more comin'; but I did not consider that was likely, and so ye'll note I was not depressed."

"That's all very well, but I want to know about the water," I said.

"I've told ye. There was six feet or more there, wi' Calder's cap floatin' on top."

"Where did it come from?"

"Weel, in the confusion o' things after the propeller had dropped off an' the engines were racin' an' a', it's vara possible that Calder might ha' lost it off his head an' no troubled himself to pick it up again. I remember seein' that cap on him at Southampton."

"I don't want to know about the cap. I'm asking where the water came from and what it was doing there, and why you were so certain that it wasn't a leak, McPhee?"

"For good reason; for good an' sufficient reason."

"Give it to me, then."

"Weel, it's a reason that does not properly concern myself only. To be preceese, I'm of opinion that it was due, the watter, in part to an error o' judgment in another man. We can a' mak' mistakes."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"I got me to the rail again, an'—'What's wrang?' said Bell, hailin'.

"'She'll do,' I said. 'Send's o'er a hawser.'

"They bent a twa-inch rope to the life-line an' a hawser to that, an' I led the rope o'er the drum of a hand-winch forward, an' I sweated the hawser inboard an' made it fast to the 'Grotkau's' bitts.

"Bell brought the 'Kite' so close I feared she'd roll in an' do the 'Grotkau's' plates a mischief. He hove anither life-line to me an' went astern, an' I had all the weary winch-work to do again wi' a second hawser. For all that, Bell was right: we'd a long tow before us, an' though Providence had helped us that far, there was no sense in leavin' too much to its keepin'. When the second hawser was fast, I was wet wi' sweat, an' I cried Bell to tak' up his slack an' go home. I've heard that Kinloch an' he got gey drunk the night, but I turned in to young Bannister's bunk an' slep' past ony expression. For a general rule I sleep wi' both ears open, as a thinkin' engineer must, but I was deeper gone that night than I can ca' to mind in my life before. I waukened ragin' wi' hunger, a fair lump o' sea runnin', the 'Kite' snorin' awa' four knots an hour, an' the 'Grotkau' slappin' her nose under, an' vawin' an' standin' over at discretion. She was a most disgracefu' tow. But the shameful thing of all was the food. I raxed me a meal fra' galley shelves an' pantries an' lazareetes an' cubby-holes, that I would not ha' gied to the mate of a Cardiff collier; an' ye ken we say a Cardiff mate will eat clinkers to save waste. I'm sayin' it was simply vile! The crew had written what *they* thought of it on the new paint o' the foc'sle, but I had not a leevin' soul wi' me to complain on. There was nothin' for me to do save watch the hawsers an' the 'Kite's' tail squatterin' down in white watter when she lifted over a sea; so I got steam on the after donkey-pump an' pumped oot the engine-room. There's no sense in leavin' watter loose in a ship. When she was dry, I went doun the shaft-tunnel, an' found she was leakin' a little through the stuffin'-box, but nothin' to make wark. The propeller had e'en jarred off, as I knew it must, an' Calder had been waitin' for it to go wi' his hand on the gear. He told me as much when I met him ashore. There was nothin' started or strained. It had just slipped awa' to the bed o' the Atlantic as easy as a man dyin' wi' due warnin'—a most providential business for all concerned. Syne I took stock o' the 'Grotkau's' upper works. Her boats had been smashed on the davits, an' here an' there was the rail missin' an' a ventilator or two had fetched awa', an' the bridge rails were bent by the seas, but her hatches were tight an' she'd taken no sort o' harm. Dod, I came to hate her like a human bein', for I was eight weary days aboard starvin'—ay, starvin' within a cable's length o' plenty. All day I laid in the bunk reading the 'Woman Hater,' the grandest book Charlie Reade ever wrote, an' pickin' a toothful here an' there. It was weary, weary work. Eight days, man, I was aboard the 'Grotkau,' an' not one full meal did I make. Sma' blame her crew would not stay by her.

"It came on to blow when we fetched soundin's, an' that kept me standin' by the hawsers, lashed to the capstan breathin' betwixt green seas. I near died o' cauld an' hunger, for the 'Grotkau' towed

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like a barge, an' Bell howkit her along through or over. It was vara thick up Channel, too. We were standin' in to make some sort o' light an' we near walked over twa three fishin' boats, an' they cried us we were overclose to Falmouth. Then we were near cut down by a drunken foreign fruiter that was blunderin' between us an' the shore, and it got thicker an' thicker that night, an' I could feel by the tow Bell did not know whaur he was. Losh, we knew in the morn, for the wind blew the fog oot like a candle, an' the sun came clear; and as surely as McRimmon gied me my check the shadow o' the Eddystone lay across our tow-rope! We were that near—ay, we were that near! Bell fetched the 'Kite' round with the jerk that came close to tearin' the bitts out o' the 'Grotkau,' an' I mind I thanked my Maker in young Bannister's cabin when we were inside Plymouth breakwater.

"The first to come aboard was McRimmon wi' Dandie. Did I tell you our orders were to take anything we found into Plymouth? The auld deil had just come down overnight, puttin' two an' two together from what Calder had told him when the liner landed the 'Grotkau's' men. He had preceesely hit oor time. I'd hailed Bell for something to eat, an' he sent it o'er in the same boat wi' McRimmon, when the auld man came to me. He grinned an' slapped his legs and worked his eyebrows the while I ate.

"'How do Holdock, Steiner, and Chase feed their men?' said he.

"'Ye can see,' I said, knockin' the top off another beer bottle. 'I did not sign to be starved, McRimmon.'

"'Nor to swim, either,' said he, for Bell had tauld him how I carried the line aboard. 'Well, I'm thinkin' you'll be no loser. What freight could we ha' put into the "Lammergeyer" would equal salvage on four hunder thousand pounds—hull an' cargo? Eh, McPhee? This cuts the liver out o' Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited. Eh, McPhee? An' I'm sufferin' from senile dementia now? Eh, McPhee? An' I'm not daft, am I, till I begin to paint the "Lammergeyer"? Eh, McPhee? Ye may weel lift your leg, Dandie! I ha' the laugh o' them all. Ye found watter in the engine-room?'

"'To speak wi'oot prejudice,' I said, 'there was some watter.'

"'They thought she was sinkin' after the propeller went. She filled wi' extraordinary rapeedity. Calder said it grieved him an' Bannister to abandon her.'

"I thought o' the dinner at Radley's an what like o' food I'd eaten for eight days.

"'It would grieve them sore,' I said.

"'But the crew would not hear o' stayin' and workin' her back under canvas. They're gaun up an' down sayin' they'd ha' starved first.'

"'They'd ha' starved if they'd stayed,' said I.

"'I tak' it fra' Calder's account there was a mutiny a'most.'

"'Ye know more than I, McRimmon,' I said. 'Speakin' wi'oot prejudice, for we're all in the same boat, *who* opened the bilge-cock?'

"'Oh, that's it—is it?' said the auld man, an' I could see he was surprised. 'A bilge-cock, ye say?'

"'I believe it was a bilge-cock. They were all shut when I came aboard, but some one had flooded the engine-room eight feet over all, and shut it off with the worm-an'-wheel gear from the second gratin' afterwards.'

"'Losh!' said McRimmon. 'The ineequity o' man's beyond belief. But it's awfu' discreditable to Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, if that came oot in court.'

"'It's just my own curiosity,' I said.

"'Aweel, Dandie's afflicted wi' the same disease. Dandie, strive against curiosity, for it brings a little dog into traps an' suchlike. Whaur was the "Kite" when yon painted liner took off the "Grotkau's" people?'

"'Just there or thereabouts,' I said.

"'An' which o' you twa thought to cover your lights?' said he, winkin'.

"'Dandie,' I said to the dog, 'we must both strive against curiosity. It's an unremunerative business. What's our chance o' salvage, Dandie?'

"He laughed till he choked. 'Tak' what I gie you, McPhee, an' be content,' he said. 'Lord, how a man wastes time when he gets old! Get aboard the "Kite," mon, as soon as ye can. I've clean forgot there's a Baltic charter yammerin' for you at London. That'll be your last voyage, I'm thinkin', excep' by way o' pleasure.'

"Steiner's men were comin' aboard to take charge an' tow her round, an' I passed young Steiner in a boat as I went to the 'Kite.' He looked down his nose, but McRimmon pipes up: 'Here's the man ye owe the "Grotkau" to—at a price, Steiner—at a price! Let me introduce Mr. McPhee to you. Maybe ye've met before; but ye've vara little luck in keepin' your men—ashore or afloat?'

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"Young Steiner looked angry enough to eat him, as he chuckled an' whustled in his dry old throat.

"'Ye've not got your price yet,' Steiner says.

"'Na, na,' says the auld man in a screech ye could hear to the Hoe, 'but I've twa million sterlin' an' no bairns, ye Judeeus Apella, if ye mean to fight; an' I'll match ye pund for pund till the last pund's oot. Ye ken *me*, Steiner! I'm McRimmon o' McNaughten and McRimmon!'

"'Dod,' he said betwix' his teeth, sittin' back in the boat. 'I've waited fourteen year to break that Jew-firm, an' God be thankit I'll do it now.'

"The 'Kite' was in the Baltic while the auld man was warkin' his warks, but I know the assessors valued the 'Grotkau,' all told, at over three hunder and sixty thousand—her manifest was a treat o' richness—an' McRimmon got a third for salvin' an abandoned ship. Ye ken there's vast deeference between towin' a ship wi' men on her an' pickin' up a derelict—a vast deeference in pounds sterlin'. Moreover, twa three o' the 'Grotkau's' crew were burnin' to testify about food, an' there was a note o' Calder to the Board in regard to the tail-shaft that would ha' been vara damagin' if it had come into court. They knew better than to fight.

"Syne the 'Kite' came back, an' McRimmon paid off me an' Bell personally, an' the rest of the crew *pro ratâ*, I believe it's ca'ed. My share—oor share I should say—was just twenty-five thousand pound sterlin'."

At this point Janet jumped up and kissed him.

"Five-and-twenty thousand pound sterlin'! Noo, I'm fra the North, and I'm not the like o' man to fling awa' money rashly, but I'd gie six months' pay—one hunder and twenty pounds—to know *who* flooded the engine-room of the 'Grotkau.' I'm fairly well acquaint wi' McRimmon's eediosyncrasies, and *he'd* no hand in it. It was not Calder, for I've asked him, an' he wanted to fight me. It would be in the highest degree unprofessional o' Calder—not fightin', but openin' bilge-cocks—but for a while I thought it was him. Ay, I judged it might be him—under temptation."

"What's your theory?" I demanded.

"Weel, I'm inclined to think it was one o' those singular providences that remind us we're in the hands o' Higher Powers."

"It couldn't open and shut itself?"

"I did not mean that; but some half-starvin' oiler, or, maybe, trimmer, must ha' opened it awhile to mak' sure o' leavin' the 'Grotkau.' It's a demoralizin' thing to see an engine-room flood up after any accident to the gear—demoralizin' an' deceptive both. Aweel, the man got what he wanted, for they went aboard the liner cryin' that the 'Grotkau' was sinkin'. But it's curious to think o' the consequences. In a' human probability he's bein' cursed in heaps at the present moment aboard another tramp freighter; an' here am I, wi' five-an'-twenty thousand pound invested, resolute to go to sea no more—providential's the preceese word—except as a passenger, ye'll understand, Janet."

. . . . . .

McPhee kept his word. He and Janet went for a voyage as passengers in the first-class saloon. They paid seventy pounds for their berths; and Janet found a very sick woman in the second-class saloon, so that for sixteen days she lived below and chatted with the stewardesses at the foot of the second-saloon stairs, while her patient slept. McPhee was a passenger for exactly twenty-four hours, till they were out of soundings. Then the engineers' mess—where the oilcloth tables are—joyfully took him to its bosom, and for the rest of the voyage the company was richer by the unpaid services of a highly certificated engineer.

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# MY UNWILLING NEIGHBOR.

By Frank R. Stockton,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Adventures of Captain Horn," etc.

I WAS about twenty-five years old when I began life as the owner of a vineyard in western Virginia. I bought a large tract of land, the greater part of which lay upon the sloping side of one of the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, the exposure being that most favorable to the growth of the vine. I am an enthusiastic lover of the country and of country life, and believed that I should derive more pleasure as well as profit from the culture of my far-stretching vineyard than I would from ordinary farm operations.

I built myself a good house of moderate size upon a little plateau on the higher part of my estate. Sitting in my front porch, smoking my pipe after the labors of the day, I could look down over my vineyard into a beautiful valley, with here and there a little curling smoke arising from some of the few dwellings which were scattered about among the groves and spreading fields, and above this beauty I could imagine all my hillside clothed in green and purple.

My family consisted of myself alone. It is true that I expected some day that there would be others in my house besides myself, but I was not ready for that yet.

During the summer I found it very pleasant to live by myself. It was a novelty, and I could arrange and manage everything in my own fashion, which was a pleasure I had not enjoyed when I lived in my father's house; but when winter came I found it very lonely. Even my servants lived in a cabin at some little distance, and there were many dark and stormy evenings when the company even of a bore would have been welcome to me. Sometimes I walked over to the town and visited my friends there, but this was not feasible on stormy nights, and the winter seemed to me a very long one.

But spring came, out-door operations began, and for a few weeks I felt again that I was all-sufficient for my own pleasure and comfort. Then came a change. One of those seasons of bad and stormy weather which so frequently follow an early spring settled down upon my spirits and my hillside. It rained, it was cold, fierce winds blew, and I became more anxious for somebody to talk to than I had been at any time during the winter.

One night, when a very bad storm was raging, I went to bed early, and as I lay awake I revolved in my mind the scheme of which I had frequently thought before. I would build a neat little house on my grounds, not very far away from my house, but not too near, and I would ask Jack Brandiger to come there and live. Jack was a friend of mine who was reading law in the town, and it seemed to me that it would be much more pleasant, and even more profitable, to read law on a pretty hillside overlooking a charming valley, with woods and mountains behind and above him, where he could ramble to his heart's content.

I had thought of asking Jack to come and live with me, but this idea I soon dismissed. I am a very particular person, and Jack is not; he leaves his pipes about in all sorts of places—sometimes when they are still lighted. When he came to see me he was quite as likely to put his hat over the inkstand as to put it anywhere else. But if Jack lived at a little distance, and we could go backwards and forwards to see each other whenever we pleased, that would be quite another thing. He could do as he pleased in his own house, and I could do as I pleased in mine, and we might have many pleasant evenings together. This was a cheering idea, and I was planning how we might arrange with the negro women who managed my household affairs to attend also to those of Jack, when I fell asleep.

I did not sleep long before I was awakened by the increased violence of the



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storm. My house shook with the fury of the wind; the rain seemed to be pouring on its roof and northern side as if there were a waterfall above us; and every now and then I could hear a shower of hailstones rattling against the shutters. My bedroom was one of the rooms on the lower floor, and even there I could hear the pounding of the deluge and the hailstones upon the roof.

All this was very doleful, and had a tendency to depress the spirits of a waking man, alone in a good-sized house; but I shook off this depression. It was not agreeable to be up here by myself in such a terrible storm, but there was nothing to be afraid of, as my house was new and very strongly built, being constructed of logs, weatherboarded outside and sealed within. It would require a hurricane to blow off the roof, and I believed my shutters to be hail-proof; so, as there was no reason to stay awake, I turned over and went to sleep.

I do not know how long it was before I was awakened again, this time not by the noise of the storm, but by a curious movement of my bedstead. I had once felt the slight shock of an earthquake, and it seemed to me that this must be something of the kind; certainly my bed moved under me. I sat up; the room was pitchy dark. In a moment I felt another movement, but this time it did not seem to me to resemble an earthquake shock; such motion, I think, is generally in horizontal directions, while what I felt was more like the slower movement of a ship upon the water. The storm was at its height, the wind raged and roared, and the rain seemed to be pouring down as heavily as ever.

I was about to get up and light the lamp, for even the faintest candle flame would be some sort of company at such a gruesome moment, when my bedstead gave another movement, more shiplike than before. It actually lurched forward as if it were descending into the trough of the sea, but, unlike a ship, it did not rise again, but remained in such a slanting position that I began to slide down towards the foot. I believe that if it had not been a bedstead provided with a foot-board, I should have slipped out upon the floor.

I did not jump out of bed; I did not do anything. I tried to think, to understand the situation, to find out whether I was asleep or awake, when I became aware of noises in the room and all over the house, which even through the din of the storm made themselves noticed by their peculiarity. Tables, chairs, everything in the room, seemed to be grating and grinding on the floor, and in a moment there was a crash. I knew what that was; it was my lamp, which had slipped off the table. Any doubt on that point would have been dispelled by the smell of kerosene, which filled the air of the room.

The motion of the bed, which I now believe must have been the motion of the whole house, still continued; but the grating noises in the room gradually ceased, from which I inferred that the furniture had brought up against the front wall of the room.

Now, it was impossible for me to get up and strike a light, for to do so, with kerosene oil all over the floor and its vapor diffused through the room, would probably result in setting the house on fire; so I must stay in darkness and wait. I do not think I was very much frightened—I was so astonished that there was no room in my mind for fear. In fact, all my mental energies were occupied in trying to find out what had happened. It required, how-

"'PLEASE DON'T SPEAK LOUDLY,' SHE SAID; 'I AM AFRAID IT WILL FRIGHTEN MOTHER.'"

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ever, only a few more minutes of reflection and a few more minutes of the grating, bumping, trembling of my house to enable me to make up my mind what had happened: my house was sliding downhill!

The wind must have blown the building from its foundations, and, upon the slippery surface of the hillside, probably lashed into liquid mud by the pouring rain, it was making its way down towards the valley! In a flash my mind's eye ran over the whole surface of the country beneath me as far as I knew it. I was almost positive that there was no precipice, no terrible chasm into which my house might fall. There was nothing but sloping hillside, and beneath that a wide stretch of fields.

Now there was a new and sudden noise of heavy objects falling upon the roof, and I knew what that meant: my chimney had been wrenched from its foundations, and the upper part of it had now toppled over. I could hear, through the storm, the bricks banging and sliding upon the slanting roof. Continuous sounds of cracking and snapping came to me through the closed front windows, and these were caused, I supposed, by the destruction of the stakes of my vines, as the heavy house moved over them.

Of course, when I thoroughly understood the state of the case, my first impulse was to spring out of bed, and, as quickly as possible, to get out of that thumping and sliding house; but I restrained myself. The floor might be covered with broken glass, I might not be able to find my clothes in that darkness and in the jumble of furniture at the end of the room, and even if I could dress myself, it would be folly to jump out in the midst of that raging storm into a probable mass of wreckage which I could not see; it would be far better to remain dry and warm under my roof. There was no reason whatever to suppose that the house could go to pieces, or that it would turn over; it must stop some time or other; and, until it did so, I would be safer in my bed than anywhere else. Therefore in my bed I stayed.

Sitting upright, with my feet pressed against the foot-board, I listened and felt. The noises of the storm, and the cracking and the snapping and grinding before me and under me, still continued, although I sometimes thought that the wind was moderating a little, and that the strange motion was becoming more regular. I believed the house was moving faster than when it first began its strange career, but that it was sliding over a smooth surface. Now I noticed a succession of loud cracks and snaps at the front of the house, and, from the character of the sounds, I concluded that my little front porch, which had been acting as a cutwater at the bow of my shiplike house, had yielded at last to the rough contact with the ground, and would probably soon be torn away. This did not disturb me, for the house must still be firm.

It was not long before I perceived that the slanting of my bed was becoming less and less, and also I was quite sure that the house was moving more slowly. Then the crackings and snappings before my front wall ceased altogether. The bed resumed its ordinary horizontal position, and, although I did not know at what exact moment the house ceased sliding and came to a standstill, I was sure that it had done so. It was resting at last upon a level surface. The room was still perfectly dark, and the storm continued. There was no use for me to get up until daylight came—I could not see what had happened—so I lay back upon my pillow and tried to imagine upon what level portion of my farm I had stranded. While doing this I fell asleep.

When I woke, a little light was stealing into the room through the blinds of my shutters. I quickly slipped out of bed, opened a window, and looked out. Day was just breaking, the rain and wind had ceased, and I could discern objects; but it seemed as if I needed some light in my brain to enable me to comprehend what I saw. My eyes fell upon nothing familiar.

I did not stop to investigate, however, from my window. I found my clothes huddled together with the furniture at the front end of the room, and as soon as I was dressed I went into the hall and then to my front door. I quickly jerked this open, and was about to step outside when, suddenly, I stopped. I was positive that my front porch had been destroyed; but there I saw a porch, a little lower than mine and a great deal wider, and on the other side of it, not more than eight feet from me, was a window—the window of a house; and on the other side of the window was a face—the face of a young girl! As I stood staring in blank amazement at the house which presented itself at my front door, the face at the window disappeared, and I was left to contemplate the scene by myself. I ran to my back door and threw it open. There I saw, stretching up the fields and far up the hillside,

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"'IF YOU HAVE SCRATCHED UP LITTLE SAMUEL!' SHE SCREAMED, PANTING, BUT SHE HAD NOT BREATH ENOUGH TO FINISH THE SENTENCE."

the wide path which my house had made as it came down from its elevated position to the valley beneath, where it had ended its onward career by stopping up against another house. As I looked off the back porch, I saw that the ground still continued to slope, so that if my house had not found in its path another building, it would probably have proceeded somewhat farther on its course. It was lighter, and I saw bushes and fences and little outbuildings—I was in a back yard.

Almost breathless with amazement and consternation, I ran again to the front door. When I reached it I found a young woman standing on the porch of the house before me. I was about to say something—I know not what—when she put her finger on her lips and stepped forward.

"Please don't speak loudly," she said. "I am afraid it will frighten mother; she is asleep yet. I suppose you and your house have been sliding downhill?"

"That is what has happened," said I; "but I cannot understand it; it seems to me the most amazing thing that ever took place on the face of the earth."

"It is very queer," said she; "but hurricanes do blow away houses, and that must have been a hurricane we had last night, for the wind was strong enough to loosen any house. I have often wondered if that house would ever slide downhill."

"My house?"

"Yes," she said. "Soon after it was built I began to think what a nice clean sweep it could make from the place where it seemed to be stuck to the side of the mountain, right down here into the valley."

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I could not talk with a girl like this; at least I could not meet her on her own conversational grounds. I was so agitated myself that it seemed unnatural that any one to whom I should speak should not also be agitated.

"Who are you?" I asked, rather brusquely; "at least, to whom does this house belong?"

"This is my mother's house," said she. "My mother is Mrs. Carson. We happen just now to be living here by ourselves, so I cannot call on any man to help you do anything. My brother has always lived with us, but last week he went away."

"You don't seem to be a bit astonished at what has happened," said I.

She was rather a pretty girl; of a cheerful disposition, I should say, for several times she had smiled as she spoke.

"Oh, I am astonished," she answered; "or at least I was, but I have had time enough to get over some of it. It was at least an hour ago when I was awakened by hearing something crack in the yard. I went to a window and looked out, and could just barely see that something like a big building had grown up during the night. Then I watched it, and watched it, until I made out it was a whole house; and after that it was not long before I guessed what had happened. It seemed a simpler thing to me, you know, than it did to you, because I had often thought about it, and probably you never had."

"You are right there," said I earnestly. "It would have been impossible for me to imagine such a thing."

"At first I thought there was nobody in the house," said she; "but when I heard some one moving about, I came down to tell whoever had arrived not to make a noise. I see," she added, with another of her smiles, "that you think I am a very strange person not to be more flurried by what has happened; but really I cannot think of anything else just now except what mother will say and do when she comes down and finds you and your house here at the back door. I am very sure she will not like it."

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "Who on earth could like it?"

"Please speak more gently," she said. "Mother is always a little irritable when her night's rest has been broken, and I would not like to have her wakened up suddenly now. But really, Mr. Warren, I haven't the least idea in the world how she will take this thing. I must go in and be with her when she wakes, so that I can explain just what has happened."

"One moment," I said. "You know my name?"

"Of course I know your name," she answered. "Could that house be up there on the hillside for more than a year without my knowing who lived in it?" With this, she went indoors.

I could not help smiling when I thought of the young lady regretting that there was no man in the house who might help me do something. What could anybody do in a case like this? I turned and went into the house. I entered the various rooms on the lower floor, and saw no signs of any particular damage except that everything movable in each room was jumbled together against the front wall. But when I looked out of the back door, I found that the porch there was a good deal wrecked, which I had not noticed before.

I went upstairs, and found everything pretty much as it was below. Nothing seemed to have been injured except the chimney and the porches. I thanked my stars that I had used hard wood instead of mortar for the ceilings of my rooms.

I was about to go into my bedroom, when I heard a woman scream, and of course I hurried to the front. There on the back porch of her house stood Mrs. Carson. She was a woman of middle age, and, as I glanced at her, I saw where her daughter got her good looks. But the placidity and cheerfulness of the younger face were entirely wanting in the mother. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, her mouth was partly opened, and it seemed to me that I could almost see that her breath was hot.

"Is this your house?" she cried, the moment her eyes fell upon me; "and what is it doing here?"

I did not immediately answer. I looked at the angry woman, and behind her I saw, through the open door, the daughter crossing the hallway. It was plain that she had decided to let me have it out with her mother without interference. As briefly and as clearly I could, I explained what had happened.

"What is all that to me?" she screamed. "It doesn't matter to me how your house got here. There have been storms ever since the beginning of the world, and I never heard of any of them taking a house into a person's back yard. You ought not to have built your house where any such thing could happen. But all this is

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"I . . . BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE WELL, AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED ITS ROUND, DARK OPENING, . . . UNDER ONE END OF MY PORCH."

nothing to me. I don't understand, now, how your house did get here, and I don't want to understand it. All I want is for you to take it away."

"I will do that, madam, just as soon as I can. You may be very sure I will do that. But—"

"Can you do it now?" she asked. "Can you do it to-day? I don't want a minute lost. I have not been outside to see what damage has been done, but the first thing to do is to take your house away."

"I am going to the town now, madam, to summon assistance."

Mrs. Carson made no answer, but she turned and walked to the end of her porch. There she suddenly gave a scream, which quickly brought her daughter from the house. "Kitty! Kitty!" cried her mother. "Do you know what he has done? He has gone right over my round flower garden; his house is sitting on it this minute!"

"But he could not help it, mother," said Kitty.

"Help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "I don't want him to help it; what I want—" Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes flashed brighter, and her mouth opened wider. She seemed to have lost the power of speech; but quickly it came back to her. "Little Samuel!" she screamed. "Kitty, do you know I believe he has scratched up little Samuel!"

I looked at her stupefied, without knowing what she was talking about. "Little Samuel!" again screamed Mrs. Carson, and she ran about wildly endeavoring to get off her porch; but my house had demolished her steps, and it blocked up the opening.

"The side door, mother!" said Miss Kitty; and then, as the older woman disappeared into the house with a stifled exclamation, her daughter said to me: "It is my little brother she is thinking about.

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He died some years ago and was buried in a small graveyard back of our garden. She thinks your house has gone over it and has scratched him up." Miss Carson now followed her mother, and I jumped over the railings of the porch and ran after them.

As we hurried along by my house and into their garden, which now seemed to be unevenly divided into two parts, scream after scream came from Mrs. Carson as she noticed the absence of sheds, fences, or vegetable beds, which had found themselves in the course of my all-destroying dwelling. Once she turned her head towards me, her face pallid. "If you have scratched up little Samuel!" she screamed, panting, but she had not breath enough to finish the sentence, and continued onward with clenched fists.

But little Samuel was not scratched up. My house had not passed within a hundred feet of his resting-place. Then we turned and went back to the house, or rather to the houses.

It was now well on in the morning, and some of the neighbors had become aware of the strange disaster which had happened to me, although if they had heard the news from Mrs. Carson they might have supposed that it was a disaster which had happened only to her. As they gazed at the two houses so closely jammed together, all of them wondered, some of them even laughed, but not one offered a suggestion which afforded satisfaction to Mrs. Carson or myself. The general opinion was that, now my house was there, it would have to stay there, for there were not enough horses in the State to pull it back up that mountain-side. To be sure, it might possibly be moved off sidewise; but whether it was moved one way or the other, a lot of Mrs. Carson's trees would have to be cut down to let it pass.

"Which shall never happen!" cried that good lady. "If nothing else can be done, it must be taken apart and hauled off in carts; but, no matter how it is managed, it must be moved, and that immediately."

Miss Carson now prevailed upon her mother to go into the house, and I stayed and talked to the men and a few women who had gathered outside.

When they had said all they had to say, and seen all there was to see, these people went home to their breakfasts. I entered my house—not by the front door, for to do that I would have been obliged to trespass upon Mrs. Carson's back porch. I got my hat, and was about to start for the town, when I heard my name called. Turning into the hall, I saw Miss Carson, who was standing at my front door.

"Mr. Warren," said she, "you haven't any way of getting breakfast, have you?"

"Oh, no," said I. "My servants are up there in their cabin, and I suppose they are too much scared to come down. But I am going to town to see what can be done about my house, and will get my breakfast there."

"It's a long way to go without anything to eat," she said, "and we can give you some breakfast. But I want to ask you something. I am in a good deal of perplexity; our two servants are out at the front of the house, but they positively refuse to come in. They are afraid that your house may begin sliding again and crush them all, so I shall have to get breakfast. But what bothers me is trying to find our well. I have been outside, and can see no signs of it."

"Where was your well?" I gasped.

"It ought to be somewhere near the back of your house," she said. "May I go through your hall and look out?"

"Of course you may," I cried, and I preceded her to my back door.

"Now, it seems to me," she said, after surveying the scene of desolation immediately before, and looking from side to side, towards objects which had remained untouched, "that your house has passed directly over our well, and must have carried away the little shed and the pump and everything above ground. I should not wonder a bit," she continued slowly, "if it is under your porch."

I jumped to the ground, for the steps were shattered, and began to search for the well, and it was not long before I discovered its round dark opening, which was, as Miss Carson had imagined, under one end of my porch.

"What can we do?" she asked. "We can't have breakfast or get along at all without water." It was a terribly depressing thing to me to think that I, or rather my house, had given these people so much trouble; but I speedily assured Miss Carson that if she could find a bucket and a rope, which I could lower into the well, I could provide her with water.

She went into her house to see what she could find, and I tore away the broken planks of the porch, so that I could get to the well; and then, when she came with a tin pail and a clothesline, I went to

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work with great ardor to haul up water and carry it to her back door.

"I don't want mother to find out what has happened to the well," she said; "for she has enough on her mind already."

Mrs. Carson was a woman with some good points in her character. After a time she called to me herself, and told me to come in to breakfast; but during the meal she talked very earnestly to me about the amazing trespass I had committed and about the means which should be taken to repair the damages my house had done to her property. I was as optimistic as I could be, and the young lady spoke very cheerfully and hopefully about the affair, so that we were beginning to get along somewhat pleasantly, when, suddenly, Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet. "Heavens and earth!" she cried, "this house is moving!"

She was not mistaken. I had felt beneath my feet a sudden sharp shock—not severe, but unmistakable. I remembered that both houses stood upon slightly sloping ground; my blood turned cold, my heart stood still—even Miss Carson was pale!

When we had rushed out-of-doors to see what had happened, or what was going to happen, I soon found that we had been needlessly frightened. Some of the broken timbers on which my house had been partially resting had given way, and the front part of the building had slightly descended, jarring, as it did so, the other house, against which it rested. I endeavored to prove to Mrs. Carson that the result was encouraging rather than otherwise, for my house was now more firmly settled than it had been; but she did not value the opinion of a man who did not know enough to put his house in a place where it would be likely to stay, and she could eat no more breakfast, and was even afraid to stay under her own roof until experienced mechanics had been summoned to look into the state of affairs.

I hurried away to the town, and it was not long before several carpenters and masons were on the spot. After a thorough examination, they assured Mrs. Carson that there was no danger, that my house would do no further damage to her premises; but, to make things certain, they would bring some heavy beams and brace the front of my house against her cellar wall. When that should be done it would be impossible for it to move any farther.

"But I don't want it braced!" cried Mrs. Carson. "I want it taken away; I want it out of my back yard!"

The master carpenter was a man of imagination and expedients. "That is quite another thing, ma'am," said he. "We'll fix this gentleman's house so that you needn't be afraid of it; and then when the time comes to move it, there's several ways of doing that. We might rig up a powerful windlass at the top of the hill, and perhaps get a steam-engine to turn it, and we could fasten cables to the house and haul her back to where she belongs."

"And can you take your oaths," cried Mrs. Carson, "that those ropes won't break, and when that house gets half way up the hill, it won't come sliding down ten times faster than it did, and crash into me and mine and everything I own on earth? No, sir! I'll have no house hauled up a hill back of me!"

"Of course," said the carpenter, "it would be a great deal easier to move it on this ground, which is almost level—"

"And cut down my trees to do it! No, sir!"

"Well, then," said he, "there is no way to do but to take it apart and haul it off."

"Which would make an awful time at the back of my house while you were doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

I now put in a word. "There's only one thing to do that I can see," I exclaimed. "I will sell it to a match factory. It is almost all wood, and it can be cut up in sections about two inches thick, and then split into matches."

Kitty smiled. "I should like to see them," she said, "taking away the little sticks in wheelbarrows!"

"There is no need of trifling on the subject," said Mrs. Carson. "I have had a great deal to bear, and I must bear it no longer than is necessary. I have just found out that in order to get water out of my own well, I must go to the back porch of a stranger. Such things cannot be endured. If my son George were here, he would tell me what I ought to do. I shall write to him, and see what he advises. I do not mind waiting a little bit, now that I know that you can fix Mr. Warren's house so that it won't move any farther."

Thus the matter was left. My house was braced that afternoon, and towards evening I started to go to a hotel in the town to spend the night.

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "Do you suppose that I am going to stay here all night with a great empty house jammed

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up against me, and everybody knowing that it is empty? It will be the same as having thieves in my own house to have them in yours. You have come down here in your property, and you can stay in it and take care of it!"

"I don't object to that in the least," I said. "My two women are here, and I can tell them to attend to my meals. I haven't any chimney, but I suppose they can make a fire some way or other."

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "I am not going to have any strange servants on my place. I have just been able to prevail upon my own women to go into the house, and I don't want any more trouble; I have had enough already!"

"But, my dear madam," said I, "you don't want me to go to the town, and you won't allow me to have any cooking done here; what am I to do?"

"Well," she said, "you can eat with us. It may be two or three days before I can hear from my son George, and in the meantime you can live in your own house and I will take you to board. That is the best way I can see of managing the thing; but I am very sure I am not going to be left here alone in the dreadful predicament in which you have put me."

We had scarcely finished supper, when Jack Brandiger came to see me. He laughed a good deal about my sudden change of base, but thought, on the whole, my house had made a very successful move; it must be more pleasant in the valley than up on that windy hill. Jack was very much interested in everything, and when Mrs. Carson and her daughter appeared, as we were walking about viewing the scene, I felt myself obliged to introduce him.

"I like those ladies," said he to me afterwards. "I think you have chosen very agreeable neighbors."

"How do you know you like them?" said I. "You had scarcely anything to say to Mrs. Carson."

"No, to be sure," said he; "but I expect I should like her. By the way, do you know how you used to talk to me about coming and living somewhere near you? How would you like me to come and take one of your rooms now? I might cheer you up."

"No," said I firmly. "That cannot be done. As things are now, I have as much as I can do to get along here by myself."

Mrs. Carson did not hear from her son for nearly a week, and then he wrote that he found it almost impossible to give her any advice. He thought it was a very queer state of affairs; he had never heard of anything like it; but he would try and arrange business so that he could come home in a week or two and look into matters.

As I was thus compelled to force myself upon the close neighborhood of Mrs. Carson and her daughter, I endeavored to make things as pleasant as possible. I brought some of my men down out of the vineyard and set them to repairing fences, putting the garden in order, and doing all that I could to remedy the doleful condition of things which I had unwillingly brought into the back yard of this quiet family. I rigged up a pump on my back porch by which the water of the well could be conveniently obtained, and in every way endeavored to repair damages.

But Mrs. Carson never ceased to talk about the unparalleled disaster which had come upon her, and she must have had a great deal of correspondence with her son George, because she gave me frequent messages from him. He could not come on to look into the state of affairs, but he seemed to be giving it a great deal of thought and attention.

Spring weather had come again, and it was very pleasant to help the Carson ladies get their flower garden in order—at least as much as was left of it, for my house was resting upon some of the most important beds. As I was obliged to give up all present idea of doing anything in the way of getting my residence out of a place where it had no business to be, because Mrs. Carson would not consent to any plan which had been suggested, I felt that I was offering some little compensation in beautifying what seemed to be, at that time, my own grounds.

My labors in regard to vines, bushes, and all that sort of thing were generally carried on under direction of Mrs. Carson or her daughter, and as the elderly lady was a very busy housewife, the horticultural work was generally left to Miss Kitty and me.

I liked Miss Kitty; she was a cheerful, whole-souled person, and I sometimes thought that she was not so unwilling to have me for a neighbor as the rest of the family seemed to be; for if I were to judge the disposition of her brother George from what her mother told me about his letters, both he and Mrs. Carson must be making a great many plans to get me off the premises.

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Nearly a month had now passed since my house and I made that remarkable morning call upon Mrs. Carson. I was becoming accustomed to my present mode of living, and, so far as I was concerned, it satisfied me very well; I certainly lived a great deal better than when I was depending upon my old negro cook. Miss Kitty seemed to be satisfied with things as they were, and so, in some respects, did her mother; but the latter never ceased to give me extracts from some of her son George's letters, and this was always annoying and worrying to me. Evidently he was not pleased with me as such a close neighbor to his mother; and it was astonishing how many expedients he proposed in order to rid her of my undesirable proximity.

"My son George," said Mrs. Carson one morning, "has been writing to me about jackscrews; he says that the greatest improvements have been made in jackscrews."

"What do you do with them, mother?" asked Miss Kitty.

"You lift houses with them," said she. "He says that in large cities they lift whole blocks of houses with them and build stories underneath. He thinks that we can get rid of our trouble here if we use jackscrews."

"But how does he propose to use them?" I asked.

"Oh, he has a good many plans," answered Mrs. Carson. "He said that he should not wonder if jackscrews could be made large enough to lift your house entirely over mine and set it out in the road, where it could be carried away without interfering with anything, except, of course, vehicles which might be coming along. But he has another plan; that is, to lift my house up and carry it out into the field on the other side of the road, and then your house might be carried along right over the cellar until it got to the road. In that way, he says, the bushes and trees would not have to be interfered with."

"I think Brother George is cracked!" said Kitty.

All this sort of thing worried me very much. My mind was eminently disposed towards peace and tranquillity, but who could be peaceful and tranquil with a prospective jackscrew under the very base of his comfort and happiness? In fact, my house had never been such a happy home as it was at that time; the fact of its unwarranted position upon other people's grounds had ceased to trouble me.

But the coming son George, with his jackscrews, did trouble me very much, and that afternoon I deliberately went into Mrs. Carson's house to look for Kitty. I knew her mother was not at home, for I had seen her go out. When Kitty appeared I asked her to come out on her back porch. "Have you thought of any new plan of moving it?" she said with a smile as we sat down.

"No," said I earnestly; "I have not, and I don't want to think of any plan of moving it. I am tired of seeing it there, I am tired of thinking about moving it away, and I am tired of hearing people talk about moving it. I have not any right to be here, and I am never allowed to forget it. What I want to do is to go entirely away, and leave everything behind me—except one thing."

"And what is that?" asked Kitty.

"You," I answered.

She turned a little pale and did not reply.

"You understand me, Kitty," I said. "There is nothing in the world that I care for but you. What have you to say to me?"

Then came back to her her little smile. "I think it would be very foolish for us to go away," she said.

It was about a quarter of an hour after this when Kitty proposed that we should go out to the front of the house. It would look queer if any of the servants should come by and see us sitting together like that. I had forgotten that there were other people in the world; but I went with her.

We were standing on the front porch, close to each other, and I think we were holding each other's hand, when Mrs. Carson came back. As she approached she looked at us inquiringly, plainly wishing to know why we were standing side by side before her door as if we had some special object in so doing.

"Well?" said she, as she came up the steps. Of course it was right that I should speak, and, in as few words as possible, I told her what Kitty and I had been saying to each other. I never saw Kitty's mother look so cheerful and so handsome as when she came forward and kissed her daughter and shook hands with me. She seemed so perfectly satisfied that it amazed me. After a little, Kitty left us, and then Mrs. Carson asked me to sit by her on a rustic bench.

"Now," said she, "this will straighten out things in the very best way. When

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you are married, you and Kitty can live in the back building—for, of course, your house will now be the same thing as a back building—and you can have the second floor. We won't have any separate tables, because it will be a great deal nicer for you and Kitty to live with me, and it will simply be your paying board for two persons instead of one; and you know you can manage your vineyard just as well from the bottom of the hill as from the top. The lower rooms of what used to be your house can be made very pleasant and comfortable for all of us. I have been thinking about the room on the right that you had planned for a parlor, and it will make a lovely sitting-room for us, and that is a thing we have never had, and the room on the other side is just what will suit beautifully for a guest-chamber. The two houses together, with the roof of my back porch properly joined to the front of your house, will make a beautiful and spacious dwelling. And it was fortunate that you painted your house a light yellow ; I have often looked at the two together, and thought what a good thing it was that one was not one color and the other another. And as to the pump, it will be very easy now to put a pipe from what used to be your back porch to our kitchen, so that we can get water without being obliged to carry it. Between us we can make all sorts of improvements, and some time I will tell you a good many that I have thought of.

"What used to be your house," she continued, "can be jackscrewed up a little bit and a good foundation put under it; I have inquired about that. Of course it would not have been proper to let you know that I was satisfied with the state of things, but I was satisfied, and there is no use of denying it. As soon as I got over my first scare, after that house came down the hill, and had seen how everything might be arranged to suit all parties, I said to myself: 'What the Lord has joined together, let not man put asunder,' and so, according to my belief, the strongest kind of jackscrews could not put these two houses asunder, any more than they could put you and Kitty asunder, now that you have agreed to take each other for each other's own."

Jack Brandiger came to call that evening, and when he had heard what had happened he whistled a good deal. "You are a funny kind of a fellow," said he. "You go courting like a snail, with your house on your back !"

I think my friend was a little discomfited. "Don't be discouraged, Jack," said I. "You will get a good wife some of these days; that is, if you don't try to slide uphill to find her!"

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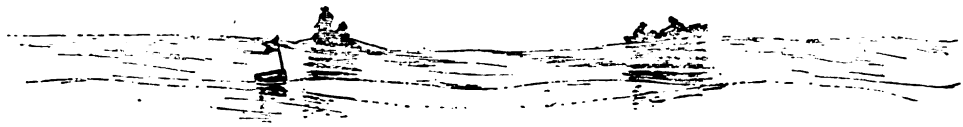

# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

### CHAPTER III.

IT was the forty-fathom slumber, that clears the soul and eye and heart, and sends you to breakfast ravening. They emptied a big tin dish of juicy fragments of fish—the blood-ends the cook had collected over night. They cleaned up the plates and pans of the elder mess, who were out fishing, sliced pork for the mid-day meal, swabbed down the foc'sle, filled the lamps, drew coal and water for the cook, and investigated the fore-hold, where the boat's stores were stacked. It was another perfect day—soft, mild, and clear; and Harvey breathed to the very bottom of his lungs.

More schooners had crept up in the night, and the long blue seas were full of sails and dories. Far away on the horizon, the smoke of some liner, her hull invisible, smudged the blue, and to eastward a big ship's top-gallant sails, just lifting, made a square nick in it. Disko Troop was smoking by the roof of the cabin—with one eye on the craft around and the other on the little fly at the mainmast-head.

"When dad kerflummoxs that way," said Dan in a whisper, "he's doin' some high-line thinkin' fer all hands. I'll lay my wage an' share we'll make a berth soon. Dad he knows the cod, an' the fleet they know dad knows. See 'em comin' up one by one, lookin' fer nothin' in particular, o' course, but scrowgin' on us all the time. There's the 'Prince Leboo;' she's a Chat-ham boat. She's crep' up sence last night. An' see that big one with a patch in her foresail an' a new jib. She's the 'Carrie Pitman' from West Chat-ham. She won't keep her canvas long onless her luck's changed since last season. She don't do much 'cep' drift. There ain't an anchor made 'll hold her. . . . When the smoke puffs up in little rings like that, dad's studyin' the fish. Ef we speak to him now, he'll git mad. Las' time I did, he jest took an' hove a boot at me."

Disko Troop stared forward, the pipe between his teeth, with eyes that saw nothing. As his son said, he was studying the fish—pitting his knowledge and experience on the Banks against the roving cod in his own sea. He accepted the presence of the inquisitive schooners on the horizon as a compliment to his powers. But now that it was paid, he wished to draw away and make his berth alone, till it was time to go up to the Virgin and fish in the streets of that roaring town upon the waters. So Disko Troop thought of recent weather, and gales, currents, food supplies, and other domestic arrangements, from the point of view of a twenty-pound cod; was, in fact, for an hour, a cod himself, and looked remarkably like one. Then he removed the pipe from his teeth.

"Dad," said Dan, "we' done our chores. Can't we go over side a piece? It's good catchin' weather."

"Not in that cherry-colored rig ner them ha'af-baked brown shoes. Give him suthin' fit to wear."

"Dad's pleased—that settles it," said Dan, delightfully, dragging Harvey into the cabin, while Troop pitched a key down the steps. "Dad keeps my spare rig where he kin overhaul it, 'cause ma sez I'm keerless." He rummaged through a locker, and in less than three minutes Harvey was adorned with fisherman's rubber boots that came half up to his thigh, a heavy blue jersey well darned on the elbows, a pair of nippers, and a sou'wester.

"Naow ye look somethin' like," said Dan. "Hurry!"

"Keep nigh an' handy," said Troop, "an' don't go visitin' round the fleet. Ef anyone asks you what I'm cal'latin' to do, speak the truth, fer ye don't know."

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"I'LL LAY MY WAGE AN' SHARE HE'S OVER A HUNDRED."

A little red dory, labelled "Hattie S.," lay astern of the schooner. Dan hauled in the painter, dropped lightly on to the bottom boards, while Harvey tumbled after.

"That's no way o' gettin' into a boat," said Dan. "Ef there wuz any sea you'd go to the bottom, sure. You got to learn to meet her."

Dan fitted the thole pins, took the forward thwart, and watched Harvey's work. The boy had rowed, in a lady-like fashion, on the Adirondack ponds; but there is a difference between squeaking pins and well-balanced rullocks—light sculls and stubby, eight-foot sea oars. They stuck in the gentle swell, and Harvey grunted.

"Short! Row short," said Dan. "Ef you cramp your oar in any kind o' sea you're liable to turn her over. Ain't she a daisy? Mine, too."

The little dory was specklessly clean. In her bows lay a tiny anchor, two jugs of water, and some seventy fathoms of thin, brown dory-roding. A tin dinner-horn rested in cleats just under Harvey's right hand, beside an ugly-looking maul, a short gaff, and a shorter wooden stick. A couple of lines, with very heavy leads and double cod hooks, all neatly coiled on square reels, were stuck in their place by the gunwale.

"Where's the sail and mast?" said Harvey, for his hands were beginning to blister.

Dan chuckled. "Ye don't sail fishin'-dories much. Ye pull; but ye needn't pull so hard. Don't you wish you owned her?"

"Well, I guess my father might give me one or two if I asked 'em," Harvey replied. He had been too busy to think much of his family till then.

"That's so. I forgot your dad's a millionnaire. You don't act millionary any, naow. But a dory an' craft an' gear—" Dan spoke as though she were a whaleboat

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—"costs a heap. Think your dad 'ud give you one fer—fer a pet?"

"Shouldn't wonder. It would be 'most the only thing I haven't stuck him for."

"Must be an expensive kinder kid to home. Don't slitheroo that way, Harve. Short's the trick, because no sea's ever dead still, an' the swells 'll— "

Crack! The loom of the oar kicked Harvey under the chin, and knocked him backwards.

"That was what I was goin' to say. I hed to learn too, but *I* wasn't more than eight years old when I got my teachin'."

Harvey regained his seat with aching jaws and a frown.

"No good gettin' mad at things, dad says. It's our own fault ef we can't handle 'em, he says. Le's try here. Manuel 'll give us the water."

The "Portugee" was rocking fully a mile away, but when Dan up-ended an oar, he waved his left arm three times.

"Thirty fathom," said Dan, stringing a salt clam on to the hook. "Over with the doughboys. Bait same's I do, Harve, an' don't snarl your reel."

Dan's line was out long before Harvey had mastered the mystery of baiting and heaving out the leads. The dory drifted along easily. It was not worth while to anchor till they were sure of good ground.

"Here we come!" Dan shouted, and a shower of spray rattled on Harvey's shoulders as a big cod flapped and kicked alongside. "Muckle, Harvey, muckle! Under your hand! Quick."

Evidently "muckle" could not be the dinner-horn, so Harvey passed over the maul, and Dan scientifically stunned the fish before he pulled it inboard, and wrenched out the hook with the short wooden stick he called a "gob-stick." Then Harvey felt a tug, and pulled up zealously.

"Why, these are strawberries," he shouted. "Look!"

The hook had fouled among a bunch of strawberries, red on one side and white on the other—perfect reproductions of land fruit, except that there were no leaves, and the stem was all pipy and slimy.

"Don't tech 'em. Slat 'em off. Don't—"

The warning came too late. Harvey had picked them from the hook, and was admiring them.

"Ouch!" he cried, for his fingers throbbed as though he had grasped many nettles.

"Naow ye know what strawberry bottom means. Nothin' 'cep' fish should be teched with the naked fingers, dad says. Slat 'em off agin the gunnel, an' bait up, Harve. Lookin' won't help any. It's all in the wages."

Harvey smiled at the thought of his ten and a half dollars a month, and wondered what his mother would say if she could see him hanging over the edge of a fishing-dory in mid-ocean. She suffered agonies whenever he went out on Saranac Lake; and, by the way, Harvey remembered distinctly that he used to laugh at her anxieties. Suddenly the line flashed through his hand, stinging even through the nippers, the woollen circlets supposed to protect it.

"He's a logy. Give him room accordin' to his strength," cried Dan. "I'll help ye."

"No, you won't," Harvey snapped, as he hung on to the line. "It's my first fish. Is—is it a whale?"

"Halibut, mebbe." Dan peered down into the water alongside and flourished the big "muckle," ready for all chances. Something white and oval flickered and fluttered through the green. "I'll lay my wage an' share he's over a hundred. Are you so everlastin' anxious to land him alone?"

Harvey's knuckles were raw and bleeding where they had been banged against the gunwale; his face was purple-blue between excitement and exertion; he dripped with sweat, and was half-blinded from staring at the circling sunlit ripples about the swiftly moving line. The boys were tired long ere the halibut. He took charge of them and the dory for the next twenty minutes. But the big flat fish was gaffed and hauled in at last.

"Beginner's luck," said Dan, wiping his forehead. "He's all of a hundred."

Harvey looked at the huge gray and mottled creature with unspeakable pride. He had seen halibut many times on marble slabs ashore, but it had never occurred to him to ask how they came there. Now he knew; and every square inch of his body ached with fatigue.

"Ef dad was along," said Dan, hauling up, "he'd read the signs plain 's print. The fish are runnin' smaller an' smaller, an' you've took 'baout as logy a halibut 's we're apt to find this trip. Yesterday's catch—did ye notice it?—was all big fish an' no halibut. Dad, he'd read them signs right off. Dad says everythin' on the Banks is signs, an' can be read wrong er right. Dad's deeper'n the Whale Hole."

Even as he spoke a pistol was fired on the "We're Here," and a potato-basket run up in the fore-rigging.

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"What did I say, naow? That's the call fer the whole crowd. Dad's onter something, er he'd never break fishin' this time o' day. Reel up, Harve, an' we'll pull back."

They were to windward of the schooner, just ready to flirt the dory over the still sea, when sounds of woe half a mile off led them to "Pennsylvania," who was careering around a fixed point, for all the world like a gigantic water-bug. The little man backed away and came down again with enormous energy, but at the end of each manœuvre his dory swung round and snubbed herself on her rope.

"We'll hev to help him, er he'll root an' seed here," said Dan.

"What's the matter?" said Harvey. This was a new world, where he could not lay down the law to his elders, but had to ask questions.

"Anchor's fouled. Penn's always losing 'em. Lost two this trip a'ready—on sandy bottom too—an' Dad says next one he loses, sure's fishin', he'll give him the kelleg. That 'ud break Penn's heart."

"What's a 'kelleg'?" said Harvey, who had an idea it might be some kind of marine torture, like keel-hauling.

"Big stone instid of an anchor. You kin see a kelleg ridin' in the bows fur's you can see a dory, an' all the fleet knows what it means. They'd guy him dretful. Penn couldn't stand that no more'n a dog with a dipper to his tail. He's so everlastin' sensitive. Hello, Penn? Stuck again? Don't try any more o' your patents. Come up on her, and keep your rodin' straight up an' down."

"It doesn't move," said the little man, panting. "It doesn't move at all, and, indeed, I tried everything."

"What's all this hurrah's-nest for'rard?" said Dan, pointing to a wild tangle of spare oars and dory-roding, all matted together by the hand of inexperience.

"Oh, that," said Penn proudly, "is a Spanish windlass. Mr. Salters showed me how to make it; but even *that* doesn't move her."

Dan bent low over the gunwale to hide a smile, twitched once or twice on the roding, and, behold, the anchor drew at once.

"Haul up, Penn," he said, laughing, "er she'll git stuck again."

They left him regarding the weed-hung flukes of the little anchor with big, pathetic blue eyes, and thanking them profusely.

"Oh, say, while I think of it, Harve," said Dan, when they were out of ear-shot, "Penn ain't quite all caulked. He ain't nowise dangerous, but his mind's give out. See?"

"Is that so, or is it one of your father's judgments?" Harvey asked as he bent to his oars. He felt he was learning to handle them more easily.

"Dad ain't mistook this time. Penn's a sure 'nuff loony. No, he ain't thet exactly, so much ez a harmless ijjit. It was this way (you're rowin' quite so, Harve), an' I tell you 'cause it's right you orter know. He was a Moravian preacher once. Jacob Boller wuz his name, dad told me, an' he lived with his wife an' four children somewheres out Pennsylvania way. Well, Penn he took his folks along to a Moravian meetin'—camp-meetin' most like—an' they stayed over jest one night in Johnstown. You've heerd talk o' Johnstown?"

Harvey considered. "Yes, I have. But I don't know why. It sticks in my head same as Ashtabula."

"Both was big accidents—thet's why, Harve. Well, that one night Penn and his folks was to the hotel Johnstown was wiped out. Dam bust an' flooded her, an' the houses struck adrift an' bumped into each other an' sunk. I've seen the pictures, an' they're dretful. Penn, he saw his folks drowned all 'n a heap 'fore he rightly knew what was comin'. His mind give out from that on. He mistrusted somethin' hed happened up to Johnstown, but for the poor life of him he couldn't remember what, an' he jest drifted araound smilin' an' wonderin'. He didn't know what he was, ner yit what he hed bin, an' thet way he run agin Uncle Salters, who was visitin' 'n Allegheny City. Ha'af my mother's folks they're all scattered inside o' Pennsylvania, an' Uncle Salters he visits araound winters. Uncle Salters he kinder adopted Penn, well knowin' what his trouble wuz; an' he brought him East, an' he give him work on his farm."

"Why, I heard him calling Penn a farmer last night when the boats bumped. Is your Uncle Salters a farmer?"

"Farmer!" shouted Dan. "There ain't water enough 'tween here an' Hatt'rus to wash the furrer-mould off'n *his* boots. He's jest everlastin' farmer. Why, Harve, I've seen that man hitch up a bucket, long towards sundown, an' set twiddling the spigot to the scuttle-butt same's ef 'twuz a cow's bag. He's thet much farmer. Well, Penn an' he they ran the farm—up Exeter way, 'twuz. Uncle Salters he sold it this spring to a jay from Boston as wanted to build a haouse fer summer, an' he got a heap for it. Well, them two loonies scratched along till one day Penn's church as he'd belonged to, the Moravians, found out where he wuz drifted an' layin', an' wrote to Uncle Salters.

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Never heerd what they said exactly; but Uncle Salters was right mad. He's a 'pisco-palian mostly—but he jest let 'em hev it both sides o' the bow, 's if he was a Baptist; an' sez he warn't goin' to give up Penn to any blame Moravian connection in Pennsylvania or anywheres else. Then he come to dad, towin' Penn—thet was two trips back—an' sez he an' Penn must fish a trip for their health. Guess he thought the Moravians wouldn't hunt the Banks fer Jacob Boller. Dad was agreeable, fer Uncle Salters he'd been fishin' off an' on fer thirty years, and he took quarter-share in the 'We're Here'; an' the trip done Penn so much good dad made a habit o' takin' him. Some day, dad sez, he'll remember his wife an' kids *an'* Johnstown, an' then he'll die—dad sez. Don't ye talk abaout Johnstown ner such things to Penn, 'r Uncle Salters he'll heave ye overboard."

"A FEW SECONDS LATER A HISSING WAVE-TOP . . . SMOTE UNCLE SALTERS BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, AND DRENCHED HIM FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

"Poor Penn," murmured Harvey. "I shouldn't ever have thought Uncle Salters cared for him by the look of 'em together."

"I like Penn, though; we all do," said Dan. "We ought to ha' give him a tow, but I wanted to tell ye first."

They were close to the schooner now, the other boats a little behind them.

"You needn't heave in the dories till after dinner," said Troop from the deck. "We'll dress daown right off. Fix table, boys!"

"Deeper'n the Whale-Deep," said Dan, with a wink, as he set the gear for dressing down. "Look at them boats that hev edged up sence mornin'. They're all waitin' on dad. See 'em, Harve?"

"They are all alike to me." And indeed the nodding schooners around seemed, to a landsman, run from the same mould.

"They ain't, though. That yaller dirty packet with her bowsprit steeved that way, she's the 'Hope of Prague.' Nick Brady's her skipper, the meanest man on the Banks. We'll tell him so when we strike the Main Ledge. 'Way off yander's the 'Day's Eye.' The two Jeraulds own her. She's from Harwich; fastish, too, an' hez good luck; but dad, he'd find fish in a graveyard. Them other three, side along, they're the 'Margie Smith,' 'Rose,' an' 'Edith S. Walen,' all frum home. Guess we'll see the 'Abbie M. Deering' to-morrer, dad, won't we? They're all slippin' over from the shoal o' 'Queereau."

"You won't see many boats to-morrer, Danny." When Troop called his son Danny, it was a sign that the old man was pleased. "Boys, we're too crowded," he went on, addressing the crew as they clambered inboard. "We'll leave 'em to bait big an' catch small." He looked at the catch in the pen, and it was curious to see how little and level the fish ran. Save for Harvey's halibut, there was nothing over fifteen pounds on deck.

"I'm waitin' on the weather," said Troop.

"Ye'll have to make it yourself, Disko, for there's no sign *I* can see," said Long Jack, sweeping the clear horizon.

And yet, half an hour later, as they were dressing down, the Bank fog dropped on them, "between fish and fish," as they say. It drove steadily and in wreaths, curling and smoking along the colorless water. The men stopped dressing down without a word. Long Jack and Uncle Salters slipped the

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windlass brakes into their sockets, and began to heave up the anchor, the windlass jarring as the wet hempen cable strained on the barrel. Manuel and Tom Platt gave a hand at the last. The anchor came up with a sob, and the riding-sail bellied as Troop steadied her at the wheel. "Up jib and foresail," said he.

"Slip 'em in the smother," shouted Long Jack, making fast the jib-sheet, while the others raised the clacking, rattling rings of the foresail; and the foreboom creaked as the "We're Here" looked up into the wind and dived off into blank, whirling white.

"There's wind behind this fog," said Troop.

It was all wonderful beyond words to Harvey; and the most wonderful part was that he heard no orders except an occasional grunt from Troop, ending with, "That's good, my son!"

"Never seen anchor weighed before?" said Tom Platt, as Harvey gaped at the damp canvas of the foresail.

"No. Where are we going?"

"Fish and make berth, as you'll find out 'fore you've bin a week aboard. It's all new to you, but we never know what may come to us. Now, take me —Tom Platt—*I'd* never ha' thought—"

"It's better than fourteen dollars a month an' a bullet in your belly," said Troop, from the wheel. "Ease your jumbo a grind."

"Dollars an' cents better," returned the man-o'-war's man, doing something to a big jib with a wooden spar tied to it. "But we didn't think o' that when we manned the windlass brakes on the 'Miss Jim Buck,'* outside Beaufort Harbor, with Fort Macon pourin' hot shot at our stern, an' a livin' gale atop of all. Where was you then, Disko?"

"Jest here, or hereabouts," Disko replied, "earnin' my bread on the deep waters, an' dodgin' Reb privateers. Sorry I can't accommodate you with red-hot shot, Tom Platt, but I guess we'll come aout all right on wind 'fore we see Eastern Point."

There was an incessant slapping and chatter at the bows now, varied by a solid thud and a little spout of spray that clattered down on the foc'sle. The rigging dripped clammy drops, and the men lounged along the lee of the house, all but Uncle Salters, who sat stiffly on the main-hatch nursing his stung hands.

"FOR AN HOUR LONG JACK WALKED HIS PREY UP AND DOWN, TEACHING, AS HE SAID, 'THINGS IVRY MAN MUST KNOW, BLIND, DRUNK, OR ASLEEP.'"

"Guess she'd carry stays'le," said Disko, rolling one eye at his brother.

"Guess she wouldn't to any sorter profit. What's the sense o' wastin' canvas?" the farmer-sailor replied.

The wheel twitched almost imperceptibly in Disko's hands. A few seconds later a hissing wave-top slashed diagonally across the boat, smote Uncle Salters between the shoulders, and drenched him from head to foot. He rose sputtering, and went forward only to catch another.

"See dad chase him all around the deck," said Dan. "Uncle Salters he thinks his quarter share's our canvas. Dad's put this duckin' act up on him two trips runnin'. Hi! That found him where he feeds." Uncle Salters had taken refuge by the foremast, but a wave slapped him over the knees. Disko's face was as blank as the circle of the wheel.

"Guess she'd lie easier under stays'le, Salters," said Disko, as though he had seen nothing.

"Set your old kite, then," roared the victim through a cloud of spray; "only don't

* The "Gemsbok," U. S. N.?

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lay it to me if anything happens. Penn, you go below right off an' git your coffee. You ought to hev more sense than to bum araound on deck this weather."

"Now they'll swill coffee an' play checkers till the cows come home," said Dan, as Uncle Salters hustled Penn into the fore-cabin. "Look's to me like's if we'd all be doin' so fer a spell. There's nothin' in creation deader-limpsey-idler 'n a Banker when she ain't on fish."

"I'm glad ye spoke, Danny," cried Long Jack, who had been casting round the boat in search of amusement. "I'd clear forgot we'd a passenger under that T-wharf hat. There's no idleness for thim that don't know their ropes. Pass him along, Tom Platt, an' we'll larn him."

"'Tain't my trick this time," grinned Dan. "You've got to go it alone. Dad learned *me* with a rope's end."

For an hour Long Jack walked his prey up and down, teaching, as he said, "things ivry man must know, blind, drunk, or asleep." There is not much gear to a seventy-ton schooner with a stump foremast, but Long Jack had a gift of expression. When he wished to draw Harvey's attention to the peak halyards, he dug his knuckles into the back of the boy's neck and kept him at gaze for half a minute. He emphasized the difference between fore and aft generally by rubbing Harvey's nose along a few feet of the boom, and the lead of each rope was fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

The lesson would have been easier had the deck been at all free; but there appeared to be a place for everything except a man. Forward lay the windlass and its tackle, with the chain and hemp cables, all very unpleasant to trip over; the foc'sle stove-pipe, and the gurry-butts by the foc'sle hatch to hold the fish-livers. Aft of these the fore-boom and booby of the main hatch took all the deck that was not needed for the pumps and dressing-pens. Then came the nests of dories lashed to ring-bolts by the quarter-deck; the house, with tubs and things lashed all around it; and the sixty-foot main-boom in her crutch, splitting things lengthwise, to duck and dodge under every time. It was like trying to dance in a ship-chandler's store; the store itself dancing to no known step.

Tom Platt, of course, could not keep his oar out of the business, but ranged alongside with enormous and unnecessary descriptions of sails and spars on the old "Ohio."

"Niver mind fwhat he says; attend to me, Innocince. Tom Platt, this bally-hoo's not the 'Ohio,' an' you're mixin' the bhoy bad."

"He'll be ruined for life, beginnin' on a fore-an'-after this way," Tom Platt pleaded. "Give him a chance to know a few leadin' principles. Sailin's an art, Harvey, as I'd show you if I had ye in the fore-top o' the—"

"I know ut. Ye'd talk him dead an' cowld. Silince, Tom Platt! Now, after all I've said, how'd you reef the foresail, Harve? Take your time."

"Haul that in," said Harvey, pointing to leeward.

"Fwhat? The North Atlantuc?"

"No, the boom. Then run that rope you showed me back there—"

"That's no way," Tom Platt burst in.

"Quiet! He's larnin', an' has not the names good yet. Go on, Harve."

"Oh, it's the reef-pennant. I'd hook the tackle on to the reef-pennant, and then let down—"

"Lower the sail, child! Lower!" said Tom Platt, in a professional agony.

"Lower the throat and peak halyards," Harvey went on. Those names stuck in his head.

"Lay your hand on thim," said Long Jack.

Harvey obeyed. "Lower till that rope-loop — on the after-leach — kris — no, it's cringle—till the cringle was down on the boom. Then I'd tie her up the way you said, and then I'd hoist up the peak and throat halyards again."

"You've forgot to pass the tack-earing, but wid time and help ye'll larn. There's good and just reason for ivry rope aboard, or else 'twould be overboard. D'ye follow me? 'Tis dollars an' cents I'm puttin' into your pocket, ye skinny little supercargo, so that fwhin ye've filled out ye can ship from Boston to Cuba an' tell thim Long Jack larned you. Now I'll chase ye around a piece, callin' the ropes, an' you'll lay your hand on thim as I call."

He began, and Harvey, who was feeling rather tired, walked slowly to the rope named. A rope's end licked round his ribs, and nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"When you own a boat," said Tom Platt, with severe eyes, "you can walk. Till then, take all orders at the run. Once more—to make sure!"

Harvey was in a glow with the exercise, and this last cut warmed him thoroughly. Now, he was a singularly smart boy, the son of a very clever man and a very sensitive

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woman, with a fine resolute temper that systematic spoiling had nearly turned to mulish obstinacy. He looked at the other men, and saw that even Dan did not smile. It was evidently all in the day's work, though it hurt abominably. So he swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin. The same smartness that led him to take such advantage of his mother made him very sure that no one on the boat, except, maybe, Penn, would stand the least nonsense. One learns a great deal from a mere tone. Long Jack called over half a dozen more ropes, and Harvey danced over the deck like an eel at ebb tide, one eye on Tom Platt.

"Ver' good. Ver' good done," said Manuel. "After supper I show you a little schooner I make, with all her ropes. So we shall learn."

"Fust-class fer—a passenger," said Dan. "Dad he's jest allowed you'll be wuth your salt maybe 'fore you're drownded. Thet's a heap fer dad. I'll learn you more our next watch together."

"Taller!" grunted Disko, peering through the fog as it smoked over the bows. There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside came the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other.

"Now I'll learn you something Long Jack can't," shouted Tom Platt, as from a locker by the stern he produced a battered deep-sea lead hollowed at one end, smeared the hollow from a saucer full of mutton tallow, and went forward. "I'll learn you how to fly the blue pigeon. Shooo!"

Disko did something to the wheel that checked the schooner's way, while Manuel, with Harvey to help (and a proud boy was Harvey), let down the jib in a lump on the boom. The lead sung a deep droning song as Tom Platt whirled it round and round.

"Go ahead, man," said Long Jack, impatiently. "We're not drawin' twenty-five feet off Fire Island in a fog. There's no trick to ut."

"Don't be jealous, Galway." The released lead plopped into the sea far ahead as the schooner surged slowly forward.

"Soundin' *is* a trick, though," said Dan, "when your dipsey lead's all the eye you're like to hev for a week. What d'you make it, dad?"

Disko's face relaxed. His skill and honor were involved in the march he had stolen on the rest of the fleet. "Sixty, mebbe—ef I'm any judge," he replied, with a glance at the tiny compass in the window of the house.

"Sixty," sung out Tom Platt, hauling in great wet coils.

The schooner gathered way again. "Heave!" said Disko, after a quarter of an hour.

"What d'you make it?" Dan whispered, and he looked at Harvey proudly. But Harvey was too proud of his own performances to be impressed just then.

"Fifty," said the father. "I mistrust we're right over the nick o' Green Bank on old Sixty-Fifty."

"Fifty," roared Tom Platt. They could scarcely see him through the fog. "She's bust within a yard—like the shells at Fort Macon."

"Bait up, Harve," said Dan, diving for a line on the reel.

The schooner seemed to be straying promiscuously through the smother, her headsail banging wildly. The men waited and looked at the boys.

"Heugh!" Dan's lines twitched on the scored and scarred rail. "Now haow in thunder did dad know? Help us here, Harve. It's a big un. Poke-hooked, too." They hauled together, and landed a goggle-eyed twenty-pound cod who had taken the bait right into his stomach.

"Why, he's all covered with little crabs," cried Harvey, turning him over.

"By the great hook-block, they're lousy already," said Long Jack. "Disko, ye kape your spare eyes under the keel."

Splash went the anchor, and they all heaved over the lines, each man taking his own place at the bulwarks.

"Are they good to eat?" Harvey panted, as he lugged in another crab-covered cod.

"Sure. When they're lousy it's a sign they've all been herdin' together by the thousand, and when they take the bait that way they're hungry. Never mind how the bait sets. They'll bite on the bare hook."

"Say, this is great," Harvey cried, as the fish came in gasping and splashing—nearly all poke-hooked, as Dan had said. "Why can't we always fish from the boat instead of from the dories?"

"Allus can, till we begin to dress down. Efter thet, the heads and offals 'ud scare the fish to Fundy. Boat fishin' ain't reckoned progressive, though, unless ye know as much as dad knows. Guess we'll run aout a trawl to-night. Harder on the back, this, than from the dory, ain't it?"

It was rather back-breaking work, for in a dory the weight of a cod is water-borne till the last minute, and you are, so to speak,

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abreast of him; but the few feet of a schooner's freeboard make so much extra dead hauling, and stooping over the bulwarks cramps the stomach. But it was wild and furious sport so long as it lasted; and a big pile lay aboard when the fish ceased biting.

"Where's Penn and Uncle Salters?" Harvey asked, slapping the slime off his oil-skins, and reeling up the line in careful imitation of the others.

"Git's coffee and see."

Under the yellow glare of the lamp on the pawl-post, the foc'sle table down and opened, utterly unconscious of fish or weather, sat the two men, a checker-board between them, Uncle Salters snarling at Penn's every move.

"What's the matter naow?" said the former, as Harvey, one hand in the leather loop at the head of the ladder, hung shouting to the cook.

"Big fish and lousy—heaps and heaps," Harvey replied, quoting Long Jack. "How's the game?"

Little Penn's jaw dropped. "'Tweren't none o' his fault," snapped Uncle Salters. "Penn's deef."

"Checkers, weren't it?" said Dan, as Harvey staggered aft with the steaming coffee in a tin pail. "That let's us out o' cleanin' up to-night. Dad's a jest man. They'll have to do it."

"An' two young fellers I know 'll bait up a tub or so o' trawl, while they're cleanin'," said Disko, lashing the wheel to his taste.

"Um! Guess I'd ruther clean up, dad."

"Don't doubt it. Ye wunt, though. Dress down! Dress down! Penn'll pitch while you two bait up."

"Why in thunder didn't them blame boys tell us you'd struck on?" said Uncle Salters, shuffling to his place at the table. "This knife's gum-blunt, Dan."

"Ef stickin' out cable don't wake ye, guess you'd better hire a boy o' your own," said Dan, muddling about in the dusk for the tubs full of trawl-line lashed to windward of the house. "O Harve, don't ye want to slip down an' git's bait?"

"Bait as we are," said Disko. "I mistrust shag-fishin' will pay better, ez things go."

That meant the boys would bait with selected offal of the cod as the fish were cleaned—an improvement on paddling barehanded in the little bait-barrels. The tubs were full of neatly coiled line, carrying a big hook each few feet; and the testing and baiting of every single hook, with the stowage of the baited line, so that it shall run clear, is a scientific business. Dan managed it in the dark, without looking, while Harvey caught his fingers on the barbs and bewailed his fate. But the hooks flew through Dan's fingers like tatting on an old maid's lap. "I helped bait up trawl ashore 'fore I could well walk," he said. "But it's a putterin' job all the same. O dad!" This shouted towards the hatch, where Disko and Tom Platt were salting. "How many skates you reckon we'll need?"

"'Baout three. Hurry!"

"There's three hundred fathom to each tub," Dan explained; "mor'n enough to lay out to-night. Ouch! 'Slipped up there, I did." He stuck his finger in his mouth. "I tell you, Harve, there ain't money in Gloucester 'ud hire me to ship on a reg'lar trawler. It may be progressive, but, barrin' that, it's the putterinest, slimjammest business top o' the earth."

"I don't know what this is, if 'tisn't regular trawling," said Harvey sulkily. "My fingers are all scratched to frazzles."

"Pshaw! This is jest one o' dad's blame experiments. He don't trawl 'less there's mighty good reason fer it. Dad knows. Thet's why he's baitin' ez he is. We'll hev her saggin' full when we take her up er we won't see a fin."

Penn and Uncle Salters cleaned up as Disko had ordained, but the boys profited little. No sooner were the tubs furnished than Tom Platt and Long Jack, who had been exploring the inside of a dory with a lantern, snatched them away, loaded up the tubs and some small, painted trawl-buoys, and hove the boat overboard into what Harvey regarded as an exceedingly rough sea. "They'll be drowned. Why, the dory's loaded like a freight-car," he cried.

"We'll be back," said Long Jack, "an' in case you not be lookin' for us, we'll lay into you both if the trawl's snarled."

The dory surged up on the crest of a wave, and just when it seemed impossible that she could avoid smashing against the schooner's side, slid over the ridge, and was swallowed up in the damp dusk.

"Take hold here, an' keep ringin' steady," said Dan, passing Harvey the lanyard of a bell that hung just behind the windlass.

Harvey rang lustily, for he felt two lives depended on him. But Disko in the cabin, scrawling in the log-book, did not look like a murderer, and when he went to supper he even smiled dryly at the anxious Harvey.

"*This* ain't no weather," said Dan. "Why, you an' me could set thet trawl! They've only gone out jest far 'nough so's not to foul our cable. They don't need no bell, reelly."

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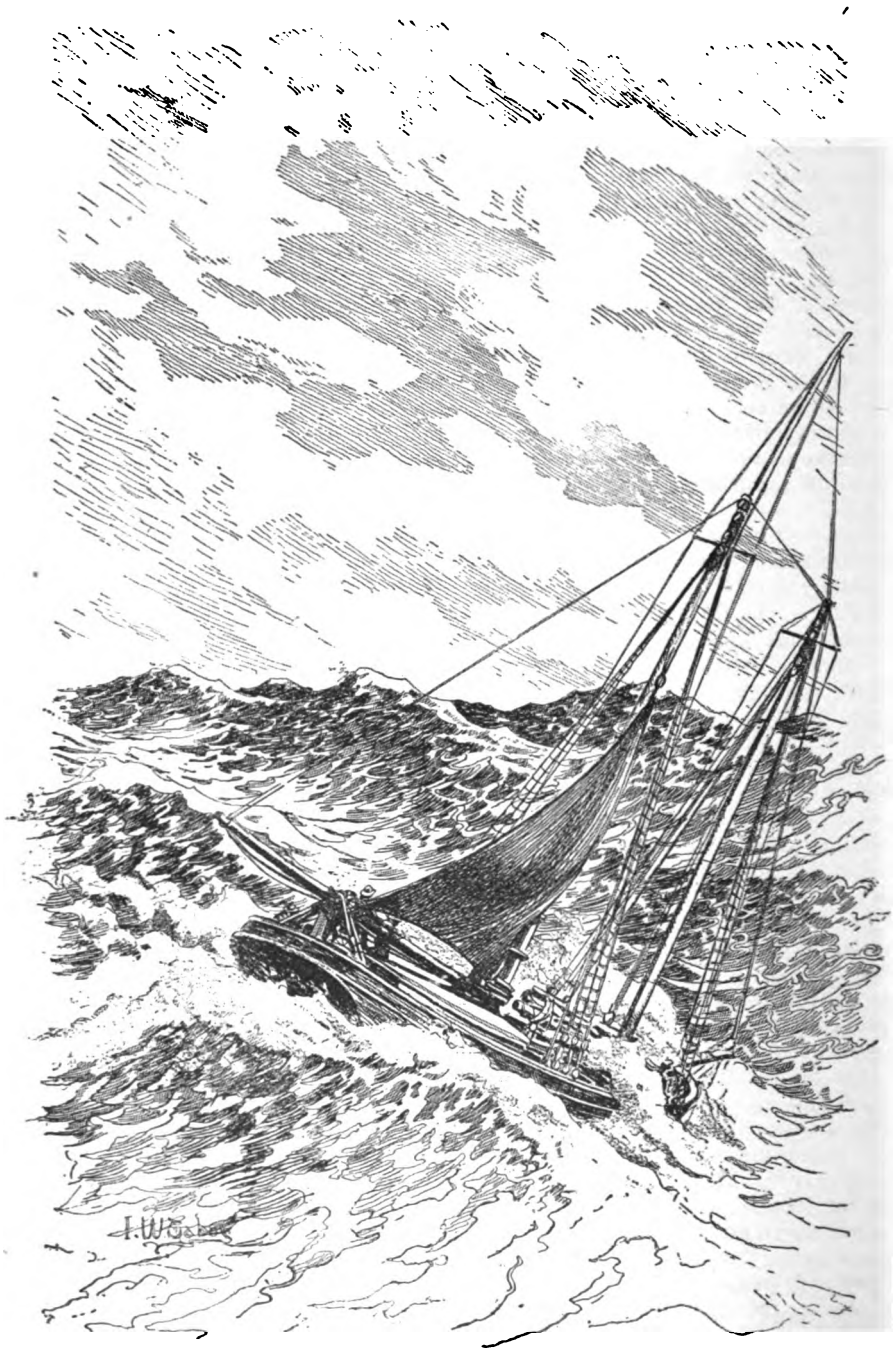

"IT WAS THICK WEATHER OUTSIDE, WITH A RISING WIND. . . . THE NOSING BOWS SLAPPED AND SCUFFLED WITH THE SEAS."



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"Clang! cling! clang!" Harvey kept it up, varied with occasional rub-a-dubs, for another half-hour. There was a bellow and a bump alongside. Manuel and Dan raced to the hooks of the dory-tackle; Long Jack and Tom Platt arrived on deck together, it seemed, one-half the North Atlantic at their backs, and the dory followed them in the air, landing with a clatter.

"Nary snarl," said Tom Platt as he dripped. "Danny, you'll do yet."

"The pleasure av your comp'ny to the banquit," said Long Jack, squelching the water from his boots as he capered like an elephant and stuck an oil-skinned arm into Harvey's face. "We do be condescending to honor the second half wid our presence." And off they all four rolled to supper, where Harvey stuffed himself to the brim on fish-chowder and fried pies, and fell fast asleep just as Manuel produced from a locker a lovely two-foot model of the "Lucy Holmes," his first boat, and was going to show Harvey the ropes. He never even twiddled his fingers as Penn pushed him into his bunk.

"It must be a sad thing—a very sad thing," said Penn, watching the boy's face, "for his mother and his father, who think he is dead. To lose a child—to lose a man-child!"

"Get out o' this, Penn," said Dan. "Go aft and finish your game with Uncle Salters. Tell dad I'll stand Harve's watch ef he don't keer. He's played aout."

"Ver' good boy," said Manuel, slipping out of his boots and disappearing into the black shadows of the lower bunk. "Expec' he make good man, Danny. I no see he is any so mad as your parpa he says. Eh, wha—at?"

Dan chuckled, but the chuckle ended in a snore.

It was thick weather outside, with a rising wind, and the elder men stretched their watches. The hours struck clear in the cabin; the nosing bows slapped and scuffled with the seas; the foc'sle stove-pipe hissed and sputtered as the spray caught it; and the boys slept on, while Disko, Long Jack, Tom Platt, and Uncle Salters, each in turn, stumped aft to look at the wheel, forward to see that the anchor held, or to veer out a little more cable against chafing, with a glance at the dim anchor-light between each round.

*(To be continued.)*

# OF THIS GENERATION.

By Henry Seton Merriman,

Author of "The Sowers," "Flotsam," etc.

THE Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee has, as many know, a garden bordered by the lake, where in the very necessary shade of lilac trees contemplative Austrians sit at small tables and consume the deep-colored beer, so called, of Munich.

Among these, and within sound of their sober exclamations of wonderment at the beauty of the prospect, sat a young Englishman, gracefully idle, and wearing with a becoming indifference a most trying headcovering at that time fashionable and still known at Cambridge as a "beast" hat. He was watching the approach of a countrywoman—young, wholesome, sunburnt, and energetic—who had just emerged from the door of the hotel.

The Englishman was startlingly clean, with thin soft hair carefully brushed back from a bland forehead. His face was narrow, with a prominent nose, suggesting the frequent use of soap and water. The countenance was expressive of one dominant quality, as nearly all countenances are if studied with understanding, and that nothing less than the desire to be instantly and persistently agreeable. Ladies given to the exercise of that species of hospitality which has for its aim the bringing together of young people, and for its end the hope that some of these may elect to remain together till death do them release, invariably secured Algernon Augustus Passavant. Algernon, it appeared, made things go. Some very young girls thought him stupid, and did not always understand his humor. They thought that he lacked poetry and was uninteresting. His hair, in fact, was too thin and too short. The more elderly sirens engaged in the pursuit of eligible junior attachés, kept an eye on Passavant as a sheep dog

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keeps an eye upon the shepherd. A few mistaken mammas set little traps for him, and he made himself invariably agreeable to the bait, without being hooked.

Passavant had seen two ambassadors come to and go from Vienna, where he held office. And a third—a power in Europe—in bed in the best bedroom of the Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee—seemed at this time about to receive a call to a higher court from whence no despatches are delivered.

On the nearer approach of his countrywoman, Passavant stood up, raised his hat, and drew forward an iron chair.

"Those flowers," he said, gravely pointing to some fronds in the girl's hand, "do not grow wild in this part of the world. But so long as you were not observed—"

"I gathered them right up there," answered Miss Britten, with all the careless confidence of her generation, pointing toward the mountains with her parasol.

"As a nation we are inclined to think that if we only climb high enough we rise above the law. There is a villa just above the spot where you—stole those flowers."

"I never saw it."

"No—but it was there."

The girl laughed. She was no longer quite youthful, and had that air of capability which is a characteristic of the day. She had obviously tried most things—except love, *bien entendu*. The universal young person has usually missed that, and fills up the blank with the current amusements in their due course, prosecuting them with a skill worthy of a higher object than the mere killing of time.

"And as I came down," she continued, "a queer thing happened to me."

Passavant looked gravely at her. The modern knight errant is a young woman, and she seeks adventures, for the most part, in continental hotels or on board the great steamers. Passavant thought that Miss Britten was too good for that sort of adventure, and his face being eminently guileless, did not express that thought.

"I was mistaken for some one else," she said; "for Miss Burdon, the ambassador's daughter."

"Ah, I have twice been mistaken for some one else. Once it was for a bookstall man, when, with great presence of mind, I sold a penny newspaper. The second time I was mistaken for Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Bennett, I never ascertained which, while I was standing bareheaded in the shop waiting for my hat to be ironed. I took it as a compliment. They make excellent hats. By whom were you mistaken for Miss Burdon?"

"By a German gentleman who must have followed me up the hill. I met him when I turned back. He asked me the way out; then asked me whether he was mistaken in supposing that I was Miss Burdon. I thought I told him he was, but he seems to have understood me to say that I *was* Miss Burdon."

Passavant's attention, which had been centred on a free-hand design executed in gravel with a walking-stick, was suddenly aroused.

"Ah," he said, "and this German gentleman is still under the impression that you are Miss Burdon?"

"Yes," answered Miss Britten.

Passavant reflected, with his light-blue eyes fixed on a small girl half-concealed behind a huge mug of beer.

"Ah! Your boxes were marked with a large 'B.' I noticed it myself. Miss Burdon was expected yesterday, but did not come. She sent a telegram to say that she was detained at Vienna by the illness of her mother."

"Then you know the ambassador?" suggested Miss Britten, who had an exalted idea of the diplomatic service.

"I am his domestic chaplain," returned Algernon Augustus Passavant with solemnity. "It is my privilege to comfort his last moments."

Miss Britten laughed, and then looked grave again.

"Is he so very ill?"

"Very," answered Passavant abstractedly.

"But why is his health so important?" inquired Miss Britten, who was intelligent, and therefore inquisitive. "No one speaks of anything else—all Europe seems to have its attention fixed on Zell-am-Zee."

"Ah, that is a long story. But who has displayed this enormous interest in Lord Burdon's life—your German friend, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. He made inquiries."

"Hm—yes. A man with a mild gray eye and a beautiful crop of hair—speaks English well?"

"Yes; that describes him."

Passavant nodded his head with an air of abstraction which had frequently been accounted to him for foolishness. Miss Britten looked at him with shrewd, calculating eyes, such as one would expect in a girl who is cleverer than her parents and kindly tolerant of their ignorance of the world.

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"Do you know this Miss Burdon—but of course you do," she said.

"She is my cousin."

"Then Lord Burdon is your uncle."

"Precisely, and my badge of respectability. He has made me—well—what you see. Irreproachable. He sort of adopted me—years ago, when I was a youth—in the mahogany age, early Victorian, you know."

He sighed, and dusted the toe of his narrow boot with his glove.

"Is Lord Burdon such a very important person?" asked Miss Britten.

"Next to myself he is at once the hope and despair of Europe. He knows so much to the discredit of his neighbor—the surest means to success."

Passavant rose.

"We are observed," he said, "by the lady who travels with you. What is her name—Smale, is it not? I hope she is not a relation. She has been watching us from her bedroom window for some time, and now, having pinned her veil round her hat—ought she not to wear bonnets, by the way, at her time of life?—she is coming down to interrupt. She thinks I am not respectable—probably because I wear patent leather shoes. Will you tell her I do it in order to save the expense of rewarding the hotel boots? Tell her I have a real lord for an uncle, and teach in the Sunday-school attached to the British Embassy at Vienna. Tell her I am respectable, Miss Britten. And—if you will allow me to suggest it—you might let the German gentleman continue to think that you are Miss Burdon. It may be amusing—and don't let him get into conversation with Miss Smale. Here she comes. She is surprised and hurt to see you talking to a young man—she belongs to that period."

"What is Miss Burdon's Christian name, and what are her tastes?" asked Miss Britten, with her energetic laugh.

"Alice; musical," he answered, and wandered away beneath the lilac trees.

THE GERMAN GENTLEMAN WITH THE FIELD-GLASSES.

During the next two days Europe continued, as Miss Britten had jestingly said, to watch Zell-am-Zee. Lord Burdon's illness was, in fact, most ill-timed. A conference of the Powers had been summoned to meet at Vienna for the purpose of amicably dividing a territory as large as the British Isles.

"It is to be a raffle," explained Passavant to Miss Britten in a moment of expansion, "a sort of lucky bag; but Lord Burdon tied up the packages, so they want to keep his hand out of the bag if possible."

The representatives of certain other countries were at this time endeavoring to exclude Lord Burdon from the conference by the simple means of refusing to delay their sitting any longer. They were so kind as to name another noble lord as a suitable substitute for the sick man—said noble lord being well known for the length of his descent and the shortness of his comprehension. In the mean time, the representatives exchanged formal calls at Vienna and displayed an astonishing amount of brotherly love. A German newspaper, however, with singularly little tact, suddenly blurted out its opinion, that Lord Burdon's illness was a ruse to gain time, and that England expected important despatches by a certain steamer which could not reach

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Southampton before the end of the week. The writer of the article thought it likely that his lordship would be better on Monday.

Passavant smiled as he read this journal, and then wrote out a bulletin which he posted to Vienna. There are cross-roads in a man's career where it is woefully easy to take a wrong turning, and Passavant had awaited his promotion through long, uneventful years. He had improved upon his slight acquaintance with Miss Britten, and sat next to her at table d'hôte. Miss Smale, whose watchfulness over her neighbor's morals was frequently interrupted by a poignant anxiety respecting her own health, was fortunately stung by a wasp at this time, and retired to her own apartment. The wasp, it appears, stung her on the nose while she was eating its peach.

"It was certain to happen, sooner or later," commented Passavant; "she eats peaches all day."

There were, however, other ladies who were duly scandalized at this time by the behavior of Mr. Passavant and Miss Britten.

"He is only amusing himself with her," said some.

"She is making a fool of him," laughed the rest. And the German gentleman, who was always endeavoring to get speech with Miss Britten and was invariably frustrated just in time by Passavant, scowled over his soup-spoon with such ardor that he spilt more *potage-à-la-jardinière* than usual.

"Tell them," said Passavant to Miss Britten one evening, "that Lord Burdon is better, and will probably take the air in a bath-chair to-morrow. His lordship would like you to walk by the side of the chair."

The next day Passavant's servant and Lord Burdon's confidential valet took Lord Burdon out for a solemn promenade in the sun, with the hood of the lined chair drawn over him to protect his ancient head from the heat of the day. Miss Britten walked by the side of the chair and stooped to arrange the patient's cushions from time to time with a most touching filial devotion.

The newspapers of Europe, and more especially those of Germany, took due note of these facts. They reported that Lord Burdon, attended by his devoted daughter, the Honorable Alice Burdon, was now convalescent at Zell-am-Zee. His lordship had, however, been forbidden to attend to his official duties, and did not even receive his usual correspondence. Under these circumstances, it was now certain that England would not be represented at the International Conference by her ambassador to the court of Austria. And the joy of the journals was but ill-concealed.

The affable gentleman who had accosted Miss Britten continued to enjoy the incomparable views obtainable on the surrounding mountains, and in order to lose nothing of their beauty, carried a pair of field-glasses slung across his shoulders with all the dash of a city clerk at a suburban race-meeting. He was in the habit of sitting for hours on the vine-clad slopes above the village, looking down through his binoculars at the Grand Hotel and its shady garden. Passavant, from his window in the bedroom adjoining Lord Burdon's private salon, looked up frequently and saw the German gentleman concealed like that small man Zaccheus among the tree-tops.

Thus the week drew toward its close, and the great and good journals contradicted each other daily, while a certain steamer pounded up Channel, and a brown-faced little man sat in one of its deck cabins writing out vast reports on Colonial Office stationery, and cursing between times the slowness of the engines. Then it was decided by the Powers that the conference could no longer be delayed, but must take place on the following Monday, Lord Burdon or no Lord Burdon. And "Ignotus," and "Paterfamilias," and "True Briton" wrote to the "Times," naming substitutes who were either impossible, absent, or dead. And Algernon Augustus Passavant sat gravely and wrote bulletins for the newspapers.

"All lies," commented Miss Britten one day. They had grown singularly familiar, as people do who possess in common some knowledge desired of others.

"*Jeux de mots*, we call them," replied Passavant, with his boyish smile.

It was on the Saturday night that the small comedy for the moment threatened to turn to drama. It was, in fact, after ten o'clock that Miss Britten sought Passavant where he sat under the lilac trees smoking. For a moment he looked surprised, then noted that her face was white.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"There is some one unscrewing the lock on the door of communication between my room and the next," answered she unsteadily. However modern, however

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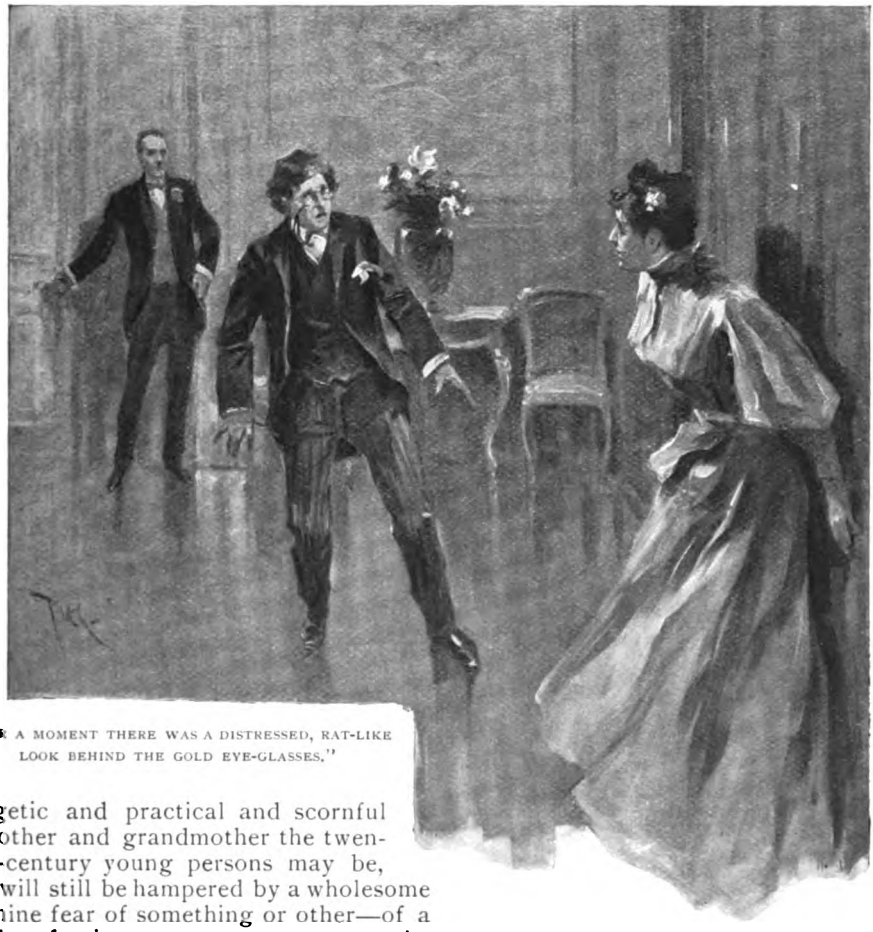

"FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS A DISTRESSED, RAT-LIKE LOOK BEHIND THE GOLD EYE-GLASSES."

energetic and practical and scornful of mother and grandmother the twentieth-century young persons may be, they will still be hampered by a wholesome feminine fear of something or other—of a burglar, for instance, or a mouse, or the Hereafter.

"But there is a bolt," said Passavant, with apparent heartlessness.

"It has been drawn back."

"And you did not dare to push it forward again."

"No," confessed Miss Britten.

"I am glad of that. I feared that you were afraid of nothing. Have you the key of your salon?"

She looked at him. The moonlight filtering through the trees showed his face to be as bland and pleasant as usual. She handed him the key.

"If I may suggest that you go to Miss Smale's room for a moment," he said, as they walked toward the house together, "just to see how the sting on her nose is progressing. Give me ten minutes."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"The room next to yours is Lord Burdon's salon. Some one has got locked in there by mistake, Miss Britten. A man of resource—he is unscrewing the lock in order to effect his escape through the neighboring salon, which he can see through the keyhole to be deserted. You probably never go in there at night."

"Never—I forgot something this evening and went to get it. What are you going to do?"

She repeated the question rather anxiously, and Passavant, noting the tone of her voice, paused for a moment, looking up to the moon with a mildly speculative eye.

"Mine are the ways of peace," he said.

"But it is useless to run risks," said Miss Britten angrily. "Send the hotel porter."

"No—this is a delicate matter."

And Passavant laughed softly.

"Theft," muttered Miss Britten with a deep scorn.

"They call it journalism," explained Passavant. He ran swiftly and silently upstairs, and Miss Britten followed him.

She saw Passavant take the key of Lord

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Burdon's private salon from his pocket and open the door of that mystic apartment. She heard the click of the electric-light button, and was on the threshold of the room before the light leaped into life. She saw a dark form vanish into the room beyond,—her own private salon, where Passavant immediately followed into the darkness, unarmed. She had time to think that he was brave, at all events, as she closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it. There came from the room the sound of hurrying feet and overthrown furniture. In a moment the German gentleman who had been so affable on every occasion came stumblingly out into the brilliantly lighted room. His face fell when he saw the closed door with Lilian Britten standing before it. He turned on his heel—another closed door with Passavant in front of it. For a moment there was a distressed, rat-like look behind the gold eye-glasses.

"Ah," said the journalist.

"Yes," answered Passavant, "caught."

The man looked from one to the other and bit his lip. The cruel electric light shone down on his twitching gray face.

"But I will let you go," said Passavant, almost kindly, "because it suits my purpose. You have suited my purpose most excellently all along."

"Ah, yes!" said the journalist, with a sickly smile. "You think yourself very clever—you and Miss Burdon."

"There is no Miss Burdon in this hotel. There never has been," said Passavant.

The German shrugged his shoulders and looked at Miss Britten, who had flushed suddenly. He was about to say something, and had a spiteful air.

"Be careful!" said Passavant, sharply, and the other changed his mind.

"However," he said carelessly, "Lord Burdon is ill in that room, so your purpose is frustrated."

"Pardon me, Lord Burdon is now travelling from Southampton to Vienna, where he will arrive on Monday morning, in time to attend the International Conference."

"But I saw him taking the air in his bath-chair."

"Myself," explained Passavant suavely. "I am not strong," he paused and gave the conventional chest cough, "and Miss Britten was kind enough to speak to me in my—perambulator. You cannot have seen very plainly through your field-glasses from the hillside."

"And the Conference was delayed—"

"By me," explained Passavant blandly. "I only issued bulletins of his lordship's health on receipt of my daily telegram from him in England. You supplied the rest—the local color, I think you call it. Burdon was really very unwell—but not too ill to travel—you understand."

"You are very clever," muttered the journalist sarcastically.

Passavant bowed.

"Considering that these rifled drawers and dishevelled bureaus do not look well, I would suggest that you take from your room such light luggage as you may require, and—er—well, are called suddenly away. I will put this room tidy before the hotel servants see it."

He went toward the door, from which Miss Britten had now stood aside, and opened it. The German passed out, and Passavant followed him.

"By the way," he said at the head of the stairs, with his sudden smile. "Shall we agree to forget this little affair? After all, it was with both of us merely a matter of business." He held out his hand. The German looked at it, and then took the thin fingers in his great grasp, swallowing some obstruction in his throat the while. They both turned at the rustle of a dress and saw Miss Britten pass upstairs to her room.

It being Sunday, the beer-garden was fuller than usual the next day, and Miss Smale read at her open window a book which could only have been devotional, so stiff was her attitude. She was obviously conscious of putting to shame the whole beer-drinking Austrian nation. Miss Britten, with the intelligent and inquiring enterprise of her generation, attended a Roman Catholic service in the little church near the lake. It was glaringly hot, and there are few warmer spots in Europe than Zell-am-Zee. Miss Britten retired to her own room after luncheon, and Algernon Augustus Passavant smoked gloomy cigarettes in the verandah.

After table d'hôte, which Miss Smale attended under visible compulsion and with a protestant appetite, the visitors sought the garden. Passavant took a walking-stick, called his dog, and set off rather ostentatiously for a walk. He turned back, however, before he had been gone ten minutes, and rather neatly caught Miss Britten in her favorite chair under the lilac tree nearest to the lake. Night was just falling, and a full moon sailing amid fleecy clouds cast a silver shaft across the lake to the very wall of the hotel garden. Passavant brought a

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chair, picked up in passing, and sat quietly down beside Miss Britten, which set more than one head to wag. Miss Britten had a book in her hand, but it was now too dark to read. She, however, after a side glance at her companion—opened the volume and fixed her eyes upon the page.

"Miss Britten."

"Yes," answered that young lady, without any encouragement in her voice. If Passavant had made a jest then—even a mild one—she would have hated him. But Passavant was not inclined to be humorous at that moment.

"I go to Vienna to-morrow morning," he said.

"Oh."

"At five-thirty."

"Indeed."

"Yes, Miss Britten," said Passavant.

"And I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for your assistance. We—we tricked Europe, and that is not so easily done as one would imagine. This success may make a difference to my unimportant career."

She was sitting a little in front of him, and was conscious of his steady gaze. He spoke lightly, but there was a ring of anxiety in his voice.

"I was honest with *you* at any rate," he added bluntly. "And I have done something that I have never done before."

"Indeed."

"Yes—I have fallen in love, Miss Britten," and Passavant caught his breath. Miss Britten liked him for it. She looked, over her book, across the moonlit water shimmering at their feet. Not only did she detect the little catch of the breath, but also a note in Passavant's quiet voice which suddenly opened up a new world to her—a world which had hitherto been shut off, and around which she had bicycled, and ridden, and danced, and otherwise travelled vainly all her life.

"I am thirty-one," he went on, "and too old to change my mind now. But I am deadly poor, Miss Britten."

She turned, looked at him slowly, and gave a queer little laugh which suddenly threw open the gates of Eden for Algernon Augustus Passavant.

# THE INQUISITION.

By William Canton.

I woke at dead of night;
The room was still as death;
All in the dark I saw a sight
Which made me catch my breath.

Although she slumbered near,
The silence hung so deep
I leaned above her crib to hear
If it were death or sleep.

As low—all quick—I leant,
Two large eyes thrust me back;
Dark eyes—too wise—which gazed intent;
Blue eyes transformed to black.

Heavens! how those steadfast eyes
Their eerie vigil kept!
Was this some angel in disguise
Who searched us while we slept;

Who winnow'd every sin,
Who tracked each slip and fall,
One of God's spies—not Babykin,
Not Babykin at all?

Day came with golden air;
She caught the beams and smiled;
No masked inquisitor was there,
Only a babbling child!

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton; Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.

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VIRGIN AND CHILD, SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND AN ANGEL.

From a painting now in the National Gallery, London. The painting is commonly credited to Sandro Botticelli (born at Florence, 1447; died there, 1515); but some of the authorities hold that it is more probably the work of one of Botticelli's students, done, possibly, from a cartoon by the master. Whether Botticelli's or not, there is agreement that it is entirely worthy of him; and it is one of the celebrated Madonnas. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

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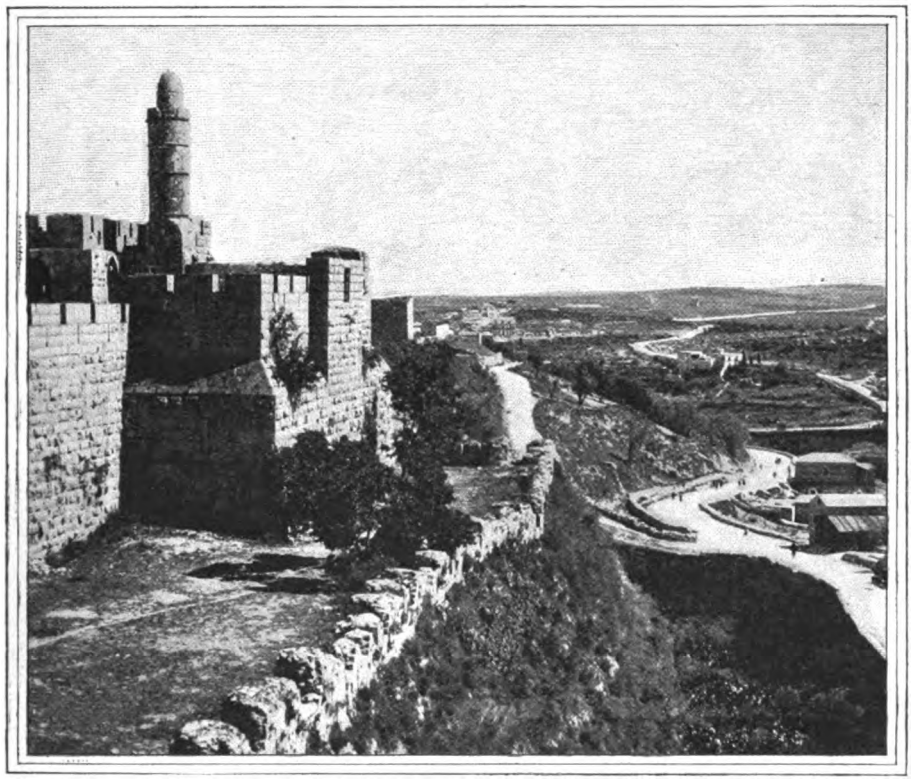

THE TOWER OF DAVID AND THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.

**The Tower of David is on the left as one leaves Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate for Bethlehem. The road to Bethlehem is shown winding away on the right.**

# BETHLEHEM.

By S. S. McClure.

**Illustrated from photographs taken under the direction of the writer expressly for McClure's Magazine.**

BETHLEHEM lies six miles almost directly south of Jerusalem. One of the few macadamized roads in Palestine runs from Jerusalem through Bethlehem to Hebron—about twenty-five miles in all. It is one of the oldest and most historic routes in the world. Abraham made journeys, back and forth, over it between lands northeast of Palestine and Hebron, where he lived many years. The Mohammedans call Hebron, El Khalil, which means "the friend," because Abraham was called "The friend of God." Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem the road lies mainly on a cultivated plateau in the midst of the hills of Judea.

The easiest way to go from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is by carriage, but as I was planning a long tour in Palestine, from Jerusalem to Damascus and thence by Baalbeck to Beyrout—a fifteen days' journey that must be made on horseback—I determined to overcome as far as possible the disadvantage of twenty years of a horseless life by making my short journeys around Jerusalem on horseback. I was accompanied by Jussuf, a dragoman, who, after the manner of his kind, rode a gayly caparisoned animal.

Less than a mile from Bethlehem, and immediately on the roadside, one comes upon a striking and pathetic memorial of the early times—the tomb of Rachel. Jacob had slowly made his way southward, stopping a long time at Shechem, a place about two days' journey north of Jerusalem, sacrificing at Bethel, a place about half a day's

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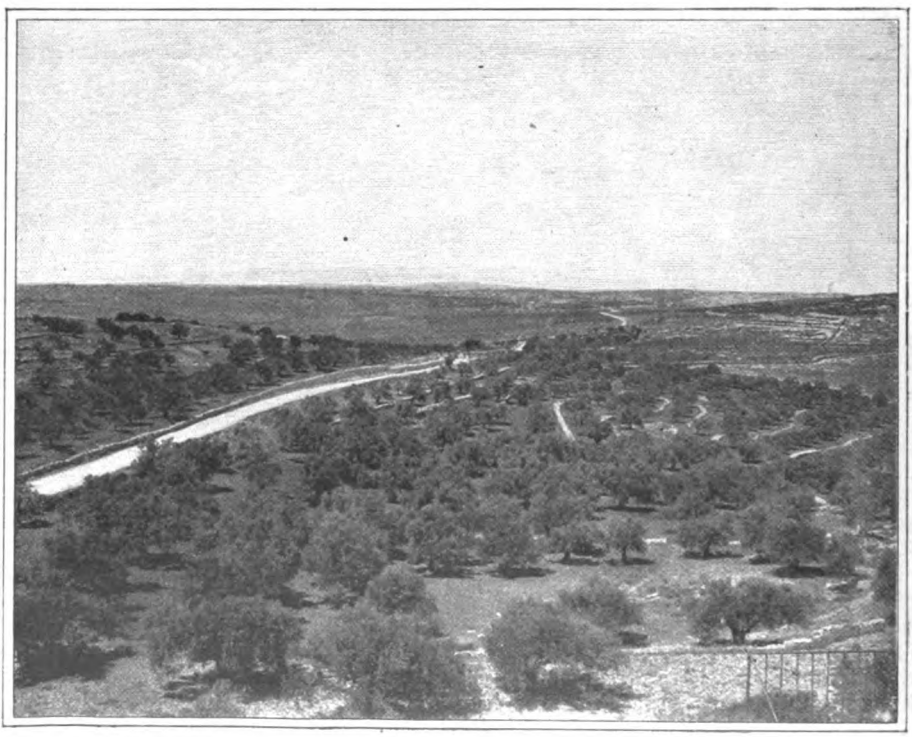
THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

**This convent is about four miles from Jerusalem, on the Bethlehem road, and about two miles from Bethlehem.**



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS JERUSALEM FROM THE ROOF OF THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

**The tower shown in the distance on the right is on the Mount of Olives, and Jerusalem lies about a mile east of it.**

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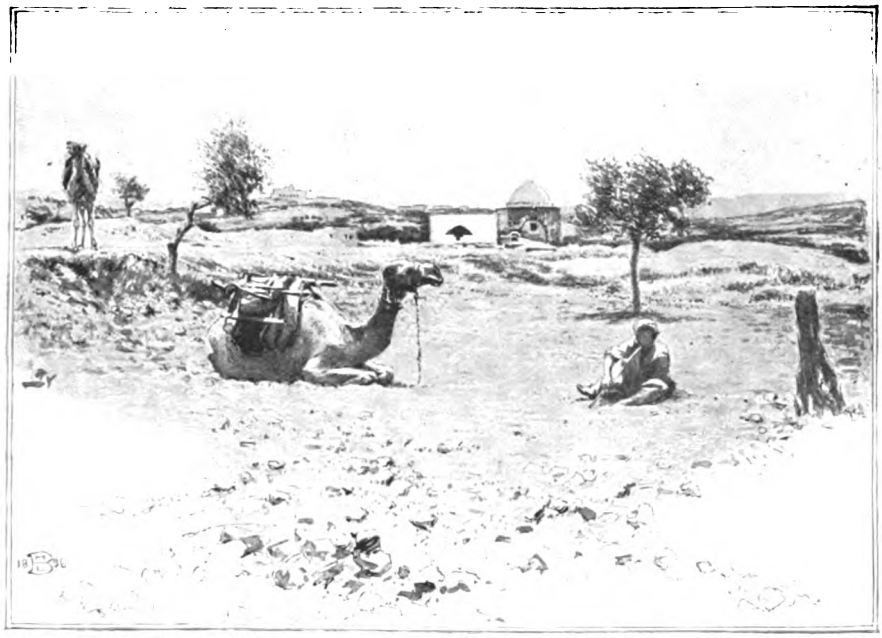
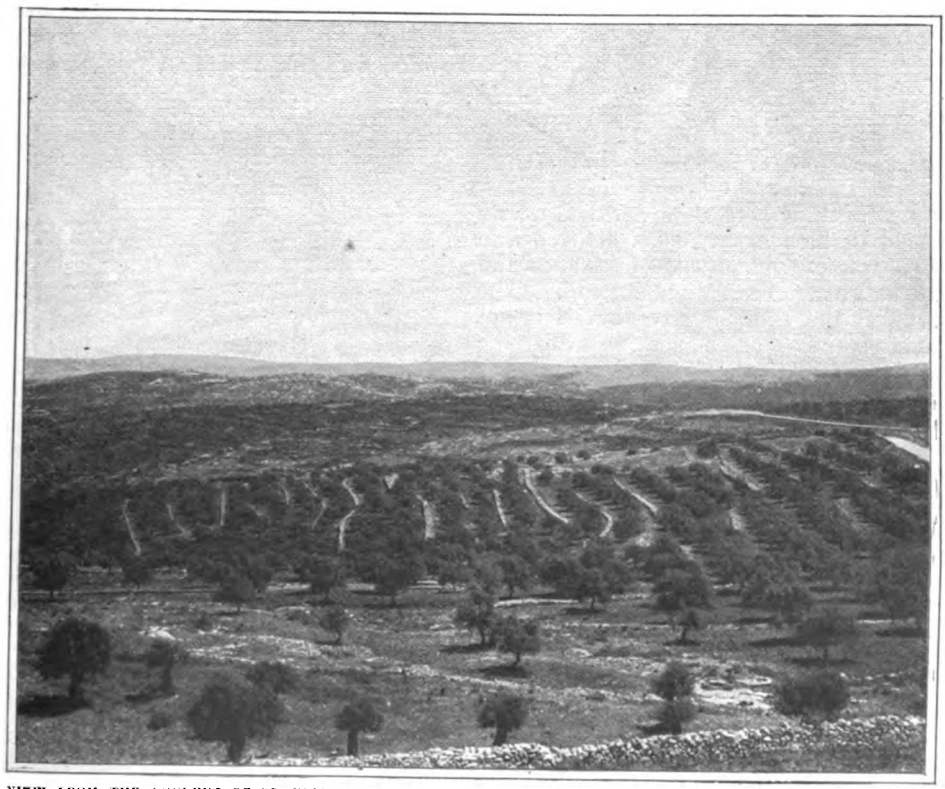


THE TOMB OF RACHEL, ON THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM, ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM BETHLEHEM.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.



VIEW FROM THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS, LOOKING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM, WHICH IS ABOUT TWO MILES DISTANT. OLIVE ORCHARDS IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

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AN ARAB MERCHANT OF BETHLEHEM ON HIS DONKEY.

journey north of Jerusalem, and had nearly reached Bethlehem, when his beloved wife Rachel was overtaken with child-labor and died in giving birth to Benjamin. The account in the Bible is brief, but it is not difficult, standing on the spot, to realize the tragedy of four thousand years ago.

Bethlehem is the centre of one of the most pleasing and fertile regions in Palestine, and is probably one of the oldest towns in the East. It is the scene of the story of Ruth. Just across the hills and the Dead Sea, to the southeast, is Moab, and there Naomi and her husband and two sons went from Bethlehem during a famine. Her husband died, as well as her two sons, who had married daughters of the land of Moab. She determined to return to her own country, and one of her daughters-in-law, Ruth, insisted on accompanying her. If the story of Ruth is unfamiliar to any of my readers, now is a good time to read one of the masterpieces of the world's literature. Ruth, soon after she came to Bethlehem, married a kinsman, Boaz, evidently the foremost man of the place; and, although Ruth was a Moabitess, she was destined to be the mother of kings, and to be a part of the most important genealogy in human history. David was her great-grandson.

On these hills and in these valleys David watched the flocks of his father Jesse. His love for this part of Judea, arising both from the fascination of its scenery and from his constant outdoor life, is evidenced by many words and acts of his later life. In whatever direction one looks, one sees scenes made famous by David's deeds. Fifteen or twenty miles to the west, across the hills, in the Valley of Elah, the armies of the Israelites and Philistines were drawn up in battle array. David was sent by his father with provisions for his brothers. When he arrived the people were excited by the daily challenge of a great Philistine warrior named Goliath, who came from a town about six miles west of the battlefield. David, though a mere stripling and not a man at arms, said: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He accepted the challenge, and slew the Philistine.

Twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest of Bethlehem tradition locates the Cave of Adullam. David, with a few brave followers, was entrenched in this cave when

A YOUNG WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

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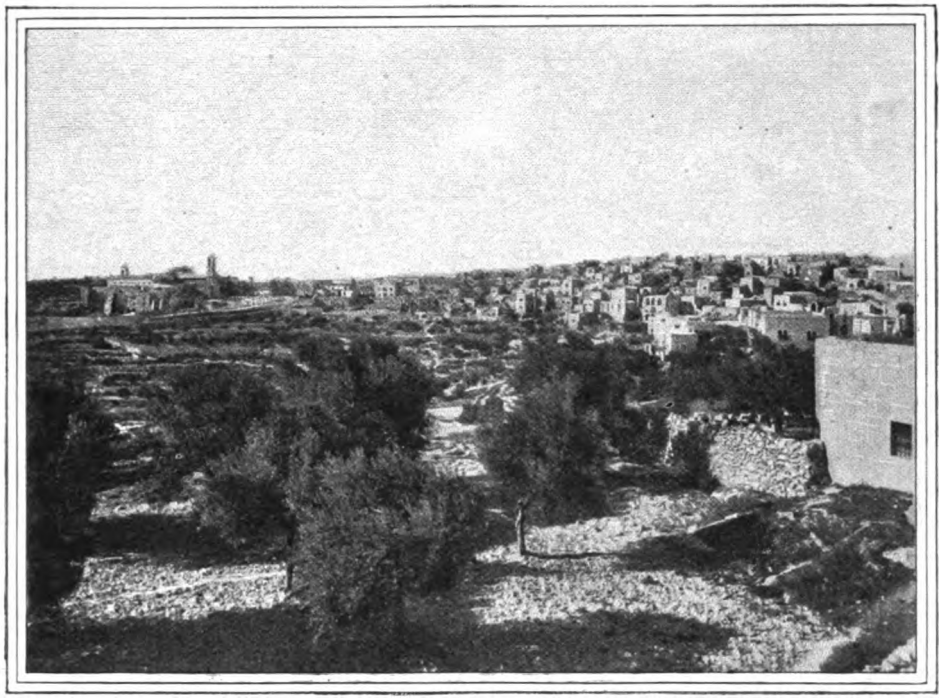

GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM DAVID'S WELL.

MARKET PLACE, BETHLEHEM.

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VIEW OVERLOOKING BETHLEHEM TOWARD THE FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS.
Drawn from a photograph taken for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Bethlehem was in the hands of the Philistines. He expressed an eager desire for a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, and three of his bravest warriors made their way through the forces of the enemy and secured the coveted water.

YOUNG GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM.

Much of the story of David's life is interwoven with this locality. But it is not interest in David especially that attracts the eyes of the world to Bethlehem. Centuries after David's time—centuries during which Greece waxed and waned, and a new nation, founded long after David's death, became mistress of the world, with the land of Israel for one of its provinces—the emperor of Rome had issued a decree that all peoples under his rule should be taxed; and because David had been born in Bethlehem, and because Joseph and Mary were of his lineage, nearly two thousand years after the fatal journey of Rachel and a thousand years after David's time, Mary, the mother of Jesus, passed down this same highway, having journeyed from Nazareth, through Shechem, past Shiloh, through Bethel and past Jerusalem—a four days' journey—since "all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city."

The recorded circumstances of the birth of Jesus are very meagre; yet one cannot pass over the very route traversed four thousand years ago by Rachel and nearly two thousand years ago by Mary, both travelling in much the same way, and both enduring much the same suffering, without filling out the picture. Speaking of the manner of the birth of our Lord, Dr. Stalker says:

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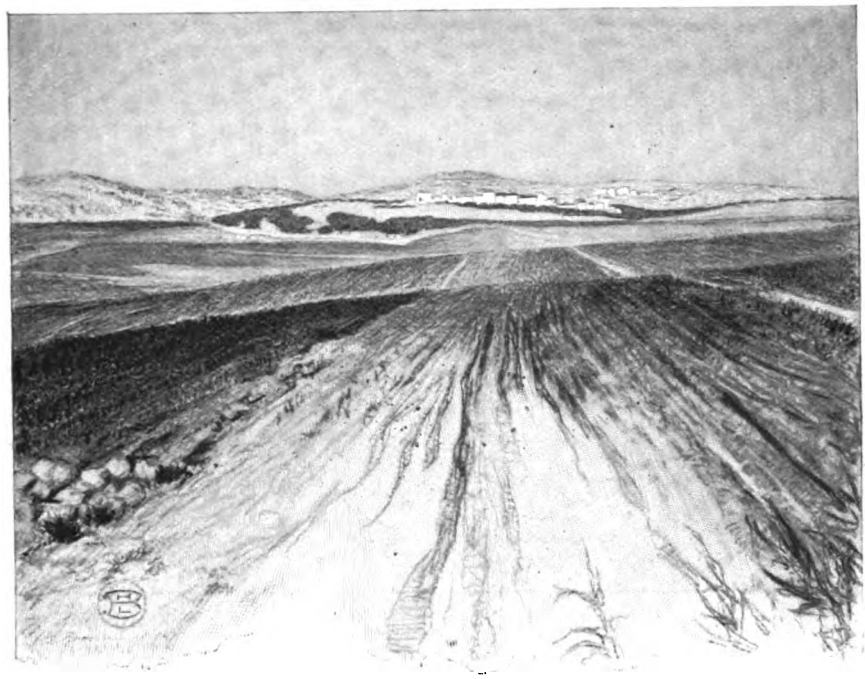

FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS, WITH BETHLEHEM IN THE DISTANCE.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

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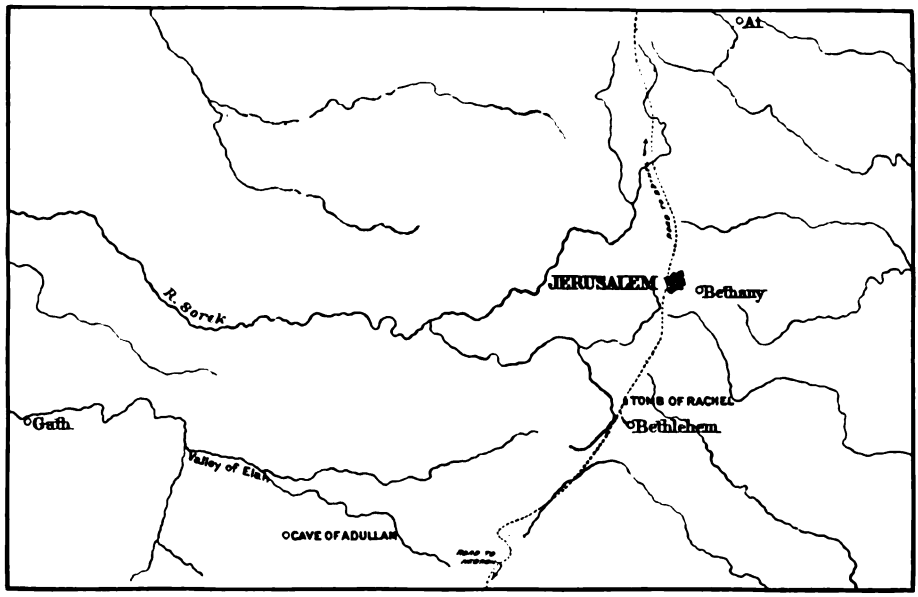


MAP SHOWING THE POINTS MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE.

"No friendly house opened its door to receive them, and they were fain to clear for their lodging a corner of the inn-yard, else occupied by the beasts of the numerous travellers. There, that very night, she brought forth her first-born Son; and because there was neither womanly hand to assist her, nor couch to receive Him, she wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes and laid Him in a manger.

"Such was the manner of the birth of Jesus. I never felt the full pathos of the scene, till, standing one day in a room of an old inn in the market-town of Eisleben, in Central Germany, I was told that on that very spot, four centuries ago, amidst the noise of a market-day and the bustle of a public-house, the wife of the poor miner, Hans Luther, who happened to be there on business, being surprised like Mary with sudden distress, brought forth in sorrow and poverty the child who was to become Martin Luther, the hero of the Reformation and the maker of modern Europe."

I went to Bethlehem several times, returning usually towards dusk. I constantly met the "Bethlehem men," as they are called—mechanics, masons, carpenters, laborers—returning on foot from their long and hard day's work in Jerusalem. The hours of labor in the East are from sunrise to sunset; and these men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and, after walking the six miles to their daily task, work all day, and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. The younger men looked worn out; the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed.

BETHLEHEM WOMEN.

I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room, about fifteen feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture save a tiny charcoal stove. It was clean; there were plenty of windows;

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and the window-sills were low and broad and were used instead of chairs. There were little cupboards built in the walls, which held the food and the few dishes. At one side of the room was a larger recess, perhaps two feet deep, three feet high, and six feet long. Here were piled blankets, rugs, and quilts, neatly folded. At night the rugs were spread on the floor and the family slept on them, using the blankets and quilts for covering. On great occasions a little circular table, about three feet across and one foot high, was used as a dining-table.

In all the vineyards and fields around Bethlehem are towers—circular structures with an elevated floor inside—which are occupied by the owner or his servants, to guard the fruit or crops at night, reminding one of the parable of the "householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower."

I have not mentioned the Church of the Nativity, nor given any pictures of the place where it is claimed that Jesus was born. No one can tell the place; but the hills and mountains and valleys and fields; the sun, the sky, the air; the distant view of the mountains of Moab across the Dead Sea—these have remained; and it is enough to feel that Rachel and David and Mary and Jesus and John saw them, just as we see them now.

VIRGIN AND CHILD. (MICHAEL ANGELO.)

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# EDITORIAL NOTES.

## McCLURE'S MAGAZINE AND YOUNGER READERS.

IT has been well said that any book that could be read with interest by young readers would be found equally interesting to older readers. The editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE believe that they have established the converse of this proposition; and they wish to call the attention of parents to the value of this magazine as interesting and instructive reading for their children. Mr. Kipling's serial story will be found of especial interest to the boys and girls of America. It is written, in a certain sense, expressly for them, just as the Jungle stories were written for them. It is Mr. Kipling's first long story for younger readers. At the same time we venture to say that the story will be none the less interesting to our grown-up readers.

Again, Mr. Garland's articles on the early life of General Grant might very appropriately have appeared in a magazine devoted to young people. Practical and yet picturesque articles on such subjects as flying-machines, balloons, submarine boats, and fast railroading, which are appearing in McCLURE'S from time to time, and articles like the one on Dr. Nansen in the present number, are, we have reason to believe, read as eagerly by the young as by the old. In fact, if an article on exploration, adventure, or scientific discovery is sufficiently clear to be enjoyed by the average adult reader, it will be found attractive to the bright boy or girl. The extraordinary series of portraits of Franklin, Hamilton, Washington, Webster, and the other great Americans, which is to begin in the January number, will be found not only interesting to young people, but instructive to a degree. In no better way can the personality and services of the great patriots of our country be brought to the minds of American youth.

It is, indeed, our constant aim, inasmuch as we have a magazine that almost any one can afford to buy, to so conduct McCLURE'S as to render it of great service to our younger readers. We want it to be, to every family, an uplifting force.

## MISS TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.

MISS TARBELL'S next paper will be entitled "The Election of Lincoln to the Presidency." It will be published in the February or March number. In her last two papers, "The Lincoln-Douglas Debate" and "The Nomination of Lincoln," Miss Tarbell shows with what force and brilliancy she may be expected to deal with the story of Lincoln as the great War President. In preparing the new series of articles Miss Tarbell will not only make a careful study of material in America, including recollections of living men and women, but she will make a special study abroad of the foreign diplomatic relations of the United States during the Civil War, and utilize such material as pertains directly to Lincoln. This series of papers will be preëminently a study of the man Lincoln from his inauguration in March, 1861, to his death in April, 1865. It will follow him day by day in cabinet meetings, public receptions, and private interviews, picturing his daily life at the White House and at the Soldiers' Home, and in his formal visiting of the departments and the camps, the battlefields, and the hospitals. It will show him the real head of the government, exercising to the fullest the powers the Constitution gave him; the commander-in-chief of the army, providing money and men, making and unmaking generals, directing military manœuvres; the counsellor and final authority of every member of his cabinet and of the government. The extraordinary relations of sympathy and confidence which existed between Lincoln and the people of the North during the war; the faith in his honesty and good intentions which developed in the South, in the same period, will be depicted. Throughout the entire series, the reader will be kept at the side of the great War President, viewing events through his eyes.

## SEVERAL MAGAZINES IN ONE.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is not a Magazine of Fiction, and yet the greatest of living masters of fiction contribute to its pages.

It is not a Magazine of American History and Biography, and yet its lives of Lincoln and Grant, and the series of short biographies of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Webster, and others which will appear month by month during 1897, and its papers of reminiscence by men who have helped make history, and its gallery of American portraiture, would almost entitle it to that name.

It is not a Magazine of Popular Science, and yet its contributions in this field give it almost a unique position as an expositor of scientific discoveries, exploration, new inventions, etc.

It is not a magazine of light reading, and yet it is above all a magazine of entertainment. It does not claim to be an Art Magazine, and yet every number contains pictures which not to possess makes one poorer.

It is so cheap in price that the annual subscription is merely nominal, and yet it maintains the highest standards in literature and art, in exposition and discussion.

It is not a Religious Magazine, and yet no Christian family but will find it helpful.

It is not a Youth's Magazine, but it would be hard to imagine the intelligent boy or girl who would not find it interesting from cover to cover.

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# McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. JANUARY, 1897. No. 3.

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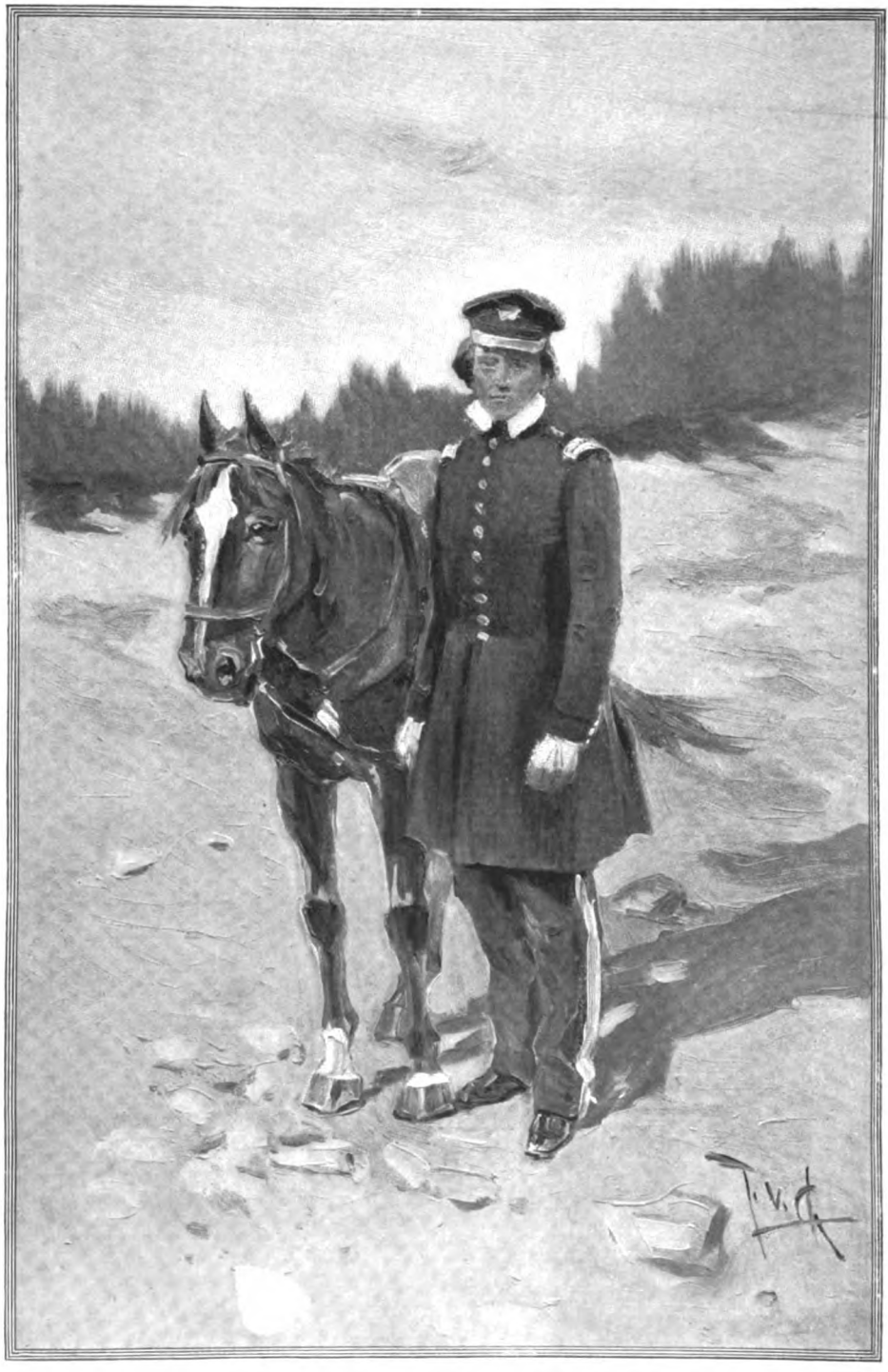

GRANT AFTER LEAVING WEST POINT.

After a daguerreotype taken, probably, when Grant was on his way to Mexico. The original portrait we have been unable to secure or trace, even with the aid of members of the Grant family. But Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., has kindly loaned us a photograph copy of it; and this the artist Mr. T. V. Chominski has redrawn for the present reproduction, giving a very faithful and vivid interpretation.

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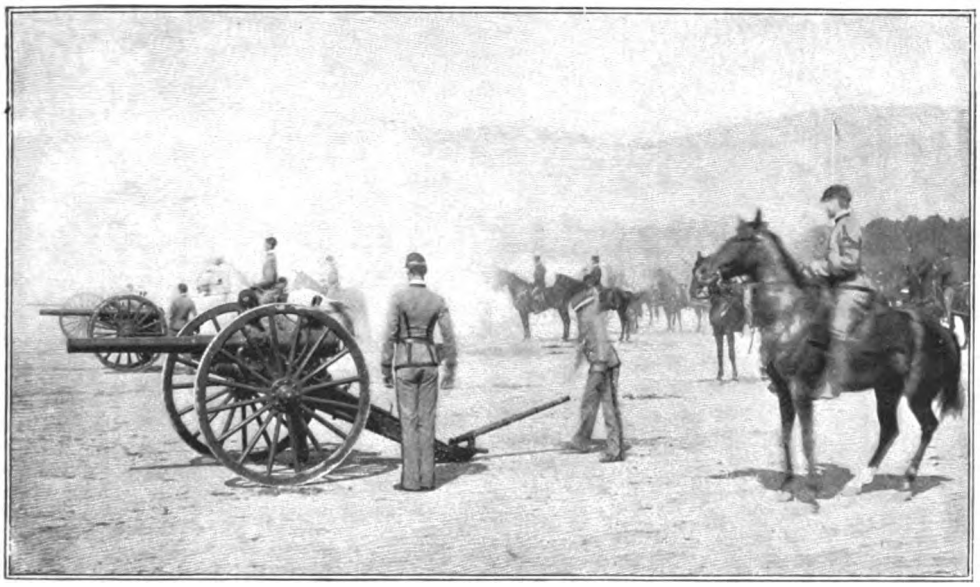

LIGHT BATTERY DRILL AT WEST POINT.

From an instantaneous photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

# GRANT AT WEST POINT.

## THE STORY OF HIS CADET DAYS.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

[THIS SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE LIFE OF GRANT BEGAN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

A CADET OFFICER.

### I.

TO go to West Point was a great distinction in 1839, especially to the son of a Western tanner. It meant, supposedly, association with brilliant young men from all over the United States, assembled in a historic and most beautiful spot. It meant a free education in a good school, and also an honorable position under the government after graduation; and Jesse Grant had in him the military heart of Captain Noah Grant. His strong, alert, aggressive nature assorted well with military affairs. Whether, in seeking an appointment to West Point for his son, he intended that Ulysses should become a soldier, however, is in doubt.

The outlook for an appointment was not at the moment promising. A year or two before, Jesse Grant had fallen into violent discussion of the banking question with his friend and neighbor, the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, Congressman from that district. They had succeeded in saying bitter things and had parted in anger; and they were no longer in correspondence, and did not shake hands when they met in the street, though secretly each felt for the other the same hig' gard, and Mr. Hamer loved Ulysses he were a son, and held Hannah Grant in high esteem as a most noble and capable woman.

During this estrangement Mr. Hamer appointed to the cadetship George Bartlett Bailey, a son of Dr. Bailey, who lived just across the street, and whose family

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THOMAS L. HAMER, WHO APPOINTED GRANT TO WEST POINT.

was very intimate with the Grant household. In February, 1839, young Bailey resigned, but his resignation did not become at once known in Georgetown. Meanwhile Jesse Grant, knowing that each United States Senator had the power also to appoint a cadet, wrote to Senator Thomas Morris of Ohio, asking if he had a vacancy in his appointment. Senator Morris replied:

"I have not. There being no application for the cadetship, I waived my right to appoint in favor of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. But there is a vacancy in your own district, and doubtless Mr. Hamer, your representative, will fill it with your son." *

This was news to Jesse Grant, and he immediately wrote to Mr. Hamer a polite and dignified letter.†

GEORGETOWN, *February* 19, 1839.

TO HON. THOS. L. HAMER:

*Dear Sir*:—In consequence of a remark from Mr. Morris (Senator from Ohio), I was induced to apply to the War Department, through him, for a cadet appointment for my son, H. Ulysses. A letter this morning received from the department informs me that your consent will be necessary to enable him to obtain the appointment. I have thought it advisable to consult you on the subject, and if you have no other person in view for the appointment, and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the department.

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

† This letter, hitherto unpublished, and one which Ulysses Grant did not know was in existence, is valuable for several things. It fixes the boy's name and the method of appointment. This letter is now in possession of Wm. Loudon. The Grants were unaware of its existence at the time the "Memoirs" appeared.

SHERMAN.

BURNSIDE.

THOMAS.

McCLELLAN.

LONGSTREET.

POPE.

HANCOCK.

ROSECRANS.

DISTINGUISHED GENERALS WHO WERE FELLOW-CADETS OF GRANT AT WEST POINT.

From the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

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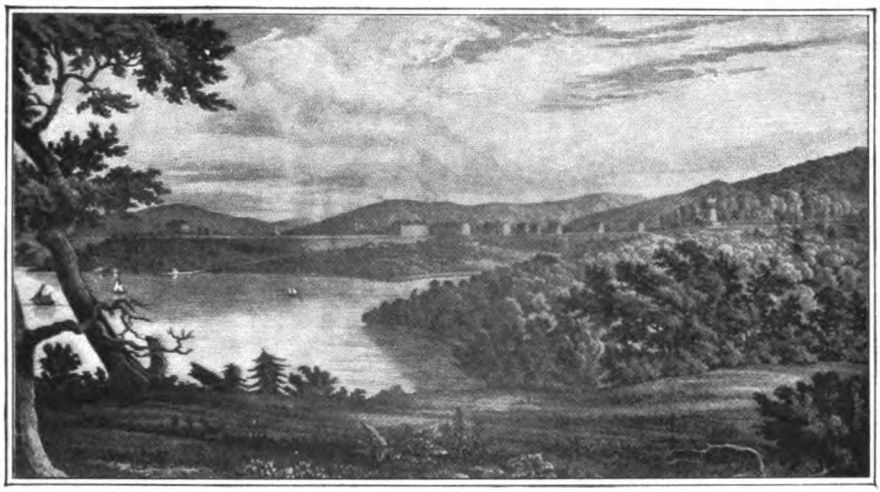

VIEW OF WEST POINT IN 1839.
From an old engraving.

When I last wrote to Mr. Morris I referred him to you to recommend the young man, if that were necessary. Respectfully yours,

"JESSE R. GRANT."

Mr. Hamer generously gave his endorsement, and Ulysses was appointed. It is pleasant to add that by this manly act the Hamers and Grants were reunited.

It is a tradition in Georgetown that, when the news of Ulysses Grant's appointment came, there was much surprise. One man meeting Jesse Grant on the street, said:

"I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a nice job. Why didn't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?" *

To Ulysses himself the honor came with certain obvious disadvantages. One of these was home-leaving. He loved his home. Then he was the most unmilitary of boys in a military age. The story of his grandfather's battles, sieges, and marches had seemingly made little impression upon him. The "trainings" and "general muster" of the militia had interested him rather less than the infrequent circuses of the day. He had small love for guns, could not bear to see things killed, and was neither a hunter nor a fighter. When the news of his appointment came he was living in Ripley. He had entered an academy there, which was superintended by the Rev. William Taylor, and which afforded the best instruction in the country.

Several of Grant's classmates still live in Ripley, and remember him very well. "Grant was then about sixteen years old," said one of them, Mr. W. B. Campbell, "and in appearance was short, stout, stubby, hearty, but rather sluggish in mind and body. I was in the same class with him. We studied algebra together. He was excellent in mathematics. We studied Latin also, as beginners. He was not much of a talker—was rather quiet and serious. We all spent a good deal of time on the river in little boats. He

GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, LEADER OF GRANT'S CLASS AT WEST POINT.

* This story, told by Richardson, is corroborated by people in Ripley and Georgetown.

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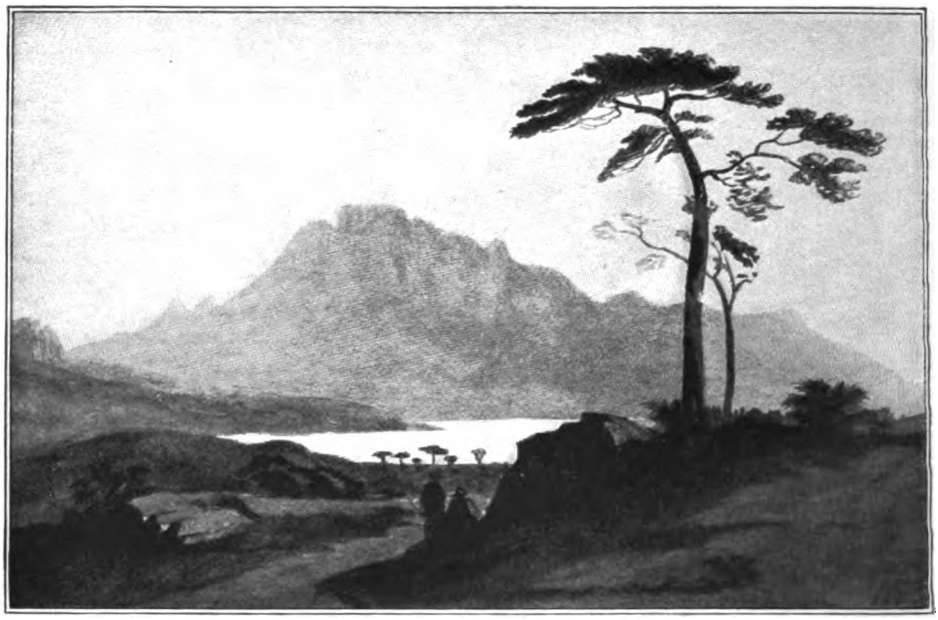

A WATER-COLOR SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

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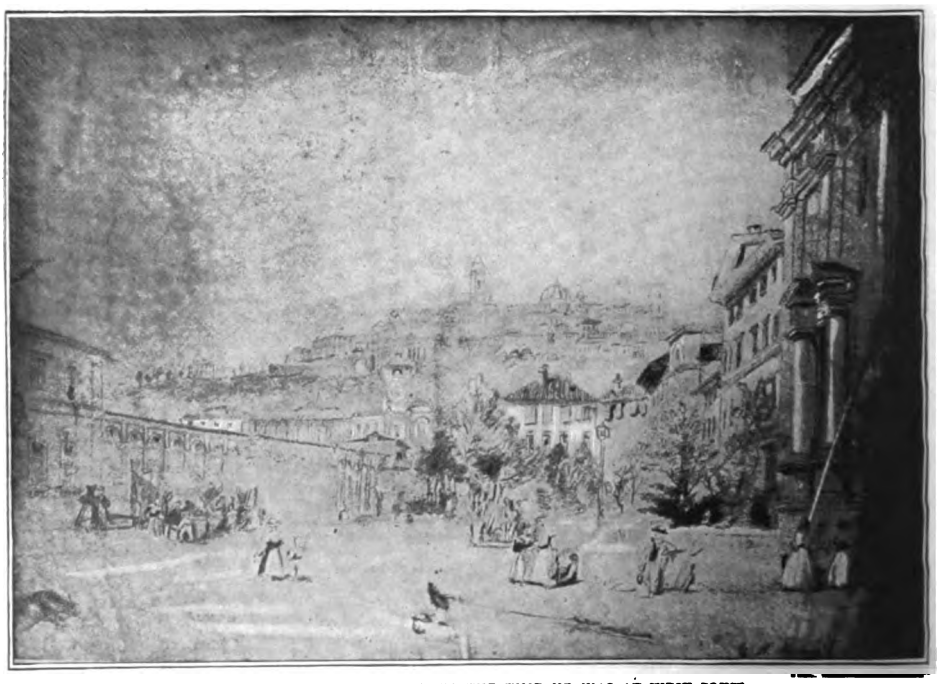

A SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

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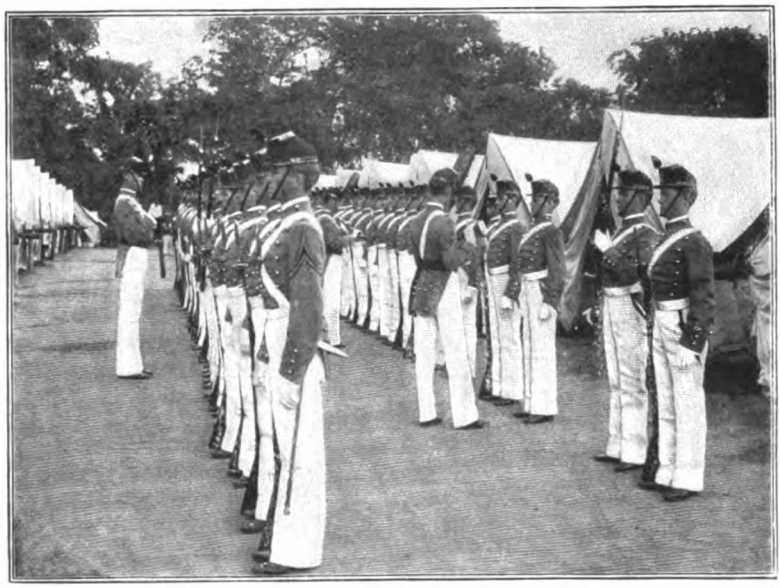


COMPANY INSPECTION AT WEST POINT.
From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

played ball and was good at it. When roused he was strong and active. He used to wrestle, but I never knew him to fight, and he was never quarrelsome.

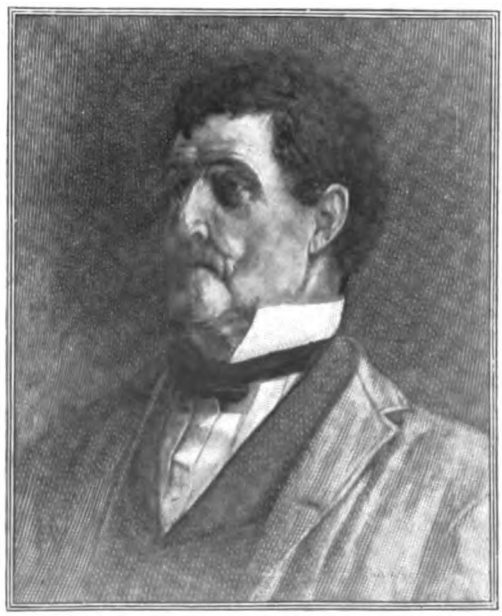
"His habits were good. I don't remember of his using tobacco or liquor. He never talked about military life. He never went on trips or excursions with us except in our boating or skating; he was occupied with his studies. Everybody liked him, for he was so amiable and friendly and helpful. He was a good student, though we did not consider him a brilliant boy in studies."

Richard Rankin, another schoolmate, talked with clear memory of Ulysses. "Ulyss was a heavy-made, good-looking boy, clever and social, modest and quiet. He was steady and studious. He was there for business. I sat in the same seat with him the spring term. He was a good, steady boy, with no bad habits."

Jane Porter Chapman, whose brother was a classmate of Grant's, remembers him as a "fair-faced boy of sandy complexion, short and stocky. He looked awkward and countrified, and as if he didn't think much how he looked. He was quiet and slow in everything he did."

Benjamin Johnson, another classmate, adds a new observation to the meagre list: "He was a great hand to ask questions. He seemed to want to get information and opinions from everybody. He said little himself." Mrs. Mary A. Thompson recollects that "he was always dressed in home-made butternut jeans."

In a letter to a Ripley friend long afterward, Grant said: "I remember with pleasure my winter in Ripley." He lived pleasantly as a member of the Johnson household, and it is related of him that he



BENNY HAVENS.
From a painting in the Army and Navy Club, Washington; by special permission.

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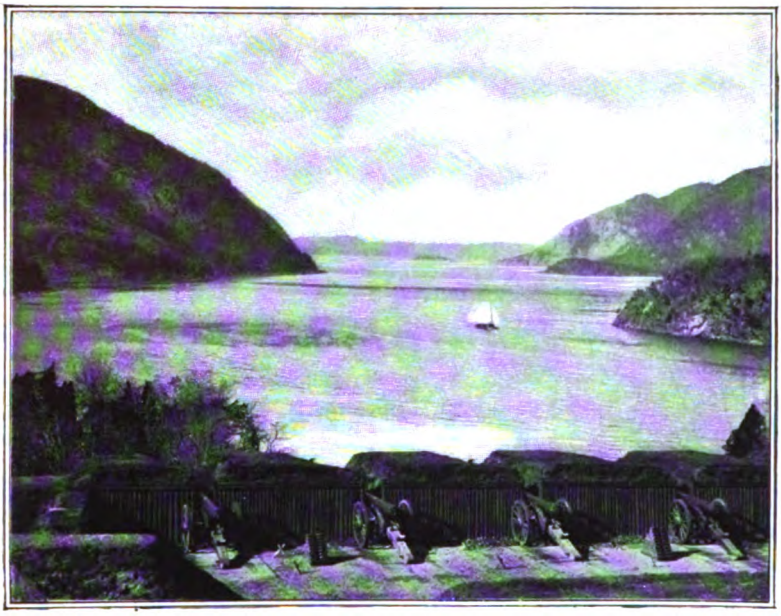

VIEW UP HUDSON RIVER FROM MORTAR AND SIEGE BATTERY, WEST POINT.
From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

taught Betty Osbon, the cook, how to make buckwheat cakes, and that he took his "trick" at baking them of a morning. He was not in the society of girls much, though he took a shy delight in speech with them.

In such wise was he living when the appointment to West Point came to change the gentle current of his life. There is no record that he showed exultation or that he dwelt upon it in talk with his mates. His life had been active and happy. He had lived securely, though meagrely. He had experienced no struggle nor turbulence in his life in Georgetown, and while he breathed quick with the thought of the great cities to be seen, he left Georgetown with regret. His mother said good-by in her singular self-repressive manner, and Ulysses started out to take the stage to Ripley. As he went by the Bailey house Mrs. Bailey and her daughters came out to wish him good journey. It was a beautiful May day, the most bewitching time of all the year in southern Ohio, and the girls met Ulysses on the soft green grass before the house. Mrs. Bailey, warm-hearted and impulsive, kissed him and said tearfully, "Good-by, Ulysses." As she turned away, Ulysses, deeply moved, said wonderingly, "Why, Mrs. Bailey, my own mother didn't cry!" Yet there can be no question of his mother's love for him.

It is at this moment that we come upon the change of name. Up to the start for West Point, Grant had been Hiram Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. The young traveller required a trunk, and Thomas Walker, a local "genius," was the man to make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, he traced on the cover, in big brass tacks, the initials H. U. G. James Marshall,

A "PLEBE" BOAT RACE, WEST POINT.
From a photograph loaned by Lieutenant S. C. Hazzard, West Point.

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Ulysses's cousin, went to help him carry the new trunk home. Ulysses looked at the big glaring letters. "I won't have that so," he said. "It spells 'hug'; the boys would plague me about it." And he thereupon shifted his middle name, and became Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went forth into the world.

By his teaming and farming he had accumulated about $100, which was a great deal of money for a boy of his age in those days. Forty-eight dollars of this was used for the deposit at West Point, and he took a manly pride in knowing that he had earned more than enough to pay his entrance charges.

Of the long journey by boat to Pittsburg, and by stage and canal to Philadelphia, there is little record. An aunt on his mother's side in Philadelphia remembers Ulysses as he then appeared: a rather awkward country lad, wearing plain, ill-fitting clothes, and large coarse shoes with toes as broad as the soles. He strolled about the streets, seeing all there was to be seen.* He enjoyed his visit thoroughly; that is known, for he lingered, boy-fashion, to the last moment in Philadelphia and New York, and headed toward West Point only when he felt he must.

He registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, on the 29th of May, as "U. H. Grant," and the same day reported to the adjutant, George G. Waggaman, deposited forty-eight dollars, and signed his name Ulysses Hiram Grant. His name as reported from Washington, however, was U. S. Grant, and the error arose in this way: The Hon. Thomas Hamer received the letter of Jesse Grant only the day before the close of his term, and being much hurried, sat down at once and wrote to Secretary of War Poinsett, asking for the appointment of his neighbor's son. He knew the boy's name to be Ulysses, and inferring that his middle name was Simpson, so filled in the application, and thus it stood when Ulysses faced the adjutant.

He asked to have it changed, but was told it was impossible without the consent of the Secretary of War.

"Very well," he said; "I came here to enter the military academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less does not matter."† He was known to the Government thereafter as U. S. Grant.

This being settled, he was given the "Book of Regulations," and sent across the area to the old South Barracks to report to the cadet officers. Next he was sent to the quartermaster for his outfit, which consisted of two blankets, pillow, water-pail, broom, a chair, etc.; and he was required to carry all these things himself on the handle of his broom, past the officers' quarters, past the howling cadets, while every mother's son of them said:

"Hello, plebe; how do you like it?"

These belongings he was taught to pile and place in his room under instruction of his room-mates. For two weeks he slept on the floor in the barracks, on two thin blankets. It was all literally camping under a roof. Ulysses and Rufus Ingalls were assigned to the upper floor of the old North Barracks (which long since gave place to new buildings); and here, in a bare, dreary room, he faced the four years of a cadet's life. "It was a mournful time for us," says General W. B. Franklin.* "We were all homesick and lonesome, and depressed by the hard manner of life. We knew no one, and were not in a condition to resent any impertinence or joke of the upper classmen."

During this time Grant was drilled by "squad marchers" in "plebe" drill, in "cits" clothing, and suffered all modes of "plebe jumping." Life must often have been a burden and a weariness of flesh. At last, when he had passed his preliminary examination, he shucked out of his home-made clothes and into the skin-tight uniform, and became a private soldier in the summer camp of the cadets. He went into training as a cog in the machinery of an army. "The clothes of the 'plebes' in Grant's day," says General Franklin, "were wonderful. They were of all cuts, colors, and kinds. They came with the local peculiarities of Ohio, Tennessee, Maine, South Carolina, and Boston; and when we lined up in squad drill we were as comical as the awkward squad of a spring training. We were not measured for uniforms till the authorities felt sure we were to stay."

The entering class and the bulk of all the cadets were ranked as private soldiers with the pay of corporals. From the third class twenty corporals were detailed to act as junior non-commissioned officers. From the second class a sergeant-major, quartermaster sergeant, and four first sergeants and sixteen sergeants were detailed as *senior* non-commissioned officers. From the first or graduating class the commis-

* From an interview in the Philadelphia "Times," July, 1885.

† Richardson's "Life of Grant."

* General W. B. Franklin, Grant's classmate, led the class during the four years.

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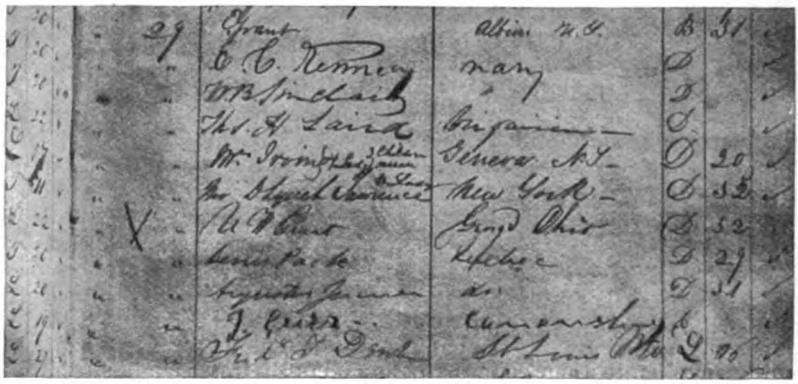

GRANT'S EARLIEST AUTOGRAPH AT WEST POINT. FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE REGISTER AT ROE'S HOTEL. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Grant registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, May 29, 1839, as "U. H. Grant." Four names below his, on the same date, appears the name of Frederick T. Dent, whose sister some years later became Mrs. Grant.

sioned officers were appointed, and consisted of four captains, sixteen lieutenants, a quartermaster, and sergeant-major. These men were subject only to the instructors and to the regular army officers in charge. The promotions in Grant's day were made without reference to academic standing; they were always for soldierly qualities. From the dullest "plebe" to the superintendent of the post was a regular series of commands, each succeeding higher rank with less numbers, until, like the glittering apex to the pyramid, the superintendent shone solitary and supreme.

At this time had already grown up customs and traditions stronger even than military regulations. In a half-jocular and half-ferocious way the entering man is made to feel the power of those above him. The names by which he is designated show this. He is called a "thing," a "beast," an "animal," before his examinations. "Plebe" is his kingliest title during his first year. From the time he comes in sight of the adjutant's office to the end of his first encampment he is not allowed to forget that he cumbers the earth. He is the victim of orders, of jests, of hootings, and of revilings. He is under command of everybody, and like a wastrel cat he has no place of refuge. It matters not whether he be the son of a Senator, a millionnaire, or a farmer, he must suffer the same. This first year's persecution is a levelling process. It instructs, yet seems hard. At the end of two days the "plebe" wishes in his secret heart to resign, and only pride and rage enable him to go on.

The summer camp of cadets is precisely like a bivouac in the face of an enemy. It is an army in miniature. A complete guard is posted, and no one is allowed to leave camp without permit. Everywhere is elaborate and grim detail of procedure—detail enough to govern the army of Russia, or destroy it. Grant and his fellow "animals" were at once bewildered by the salutes innumerable, the wheelings, marchings, roll-calls, policing calls, shouts of command real and mock. They were hustled into ranks with opprobrious mutterings of comment on the part of the corporals, whose delight was to send a man to the guard-house.

They slept little the first night; the floor of the tent was harder even than the floor of the barracks,—and the mosquitoes fed on each "plebe" with the spirit of the upper classmen. Hardly had they fallen asleep when the vicious clamor of the "reveille" awoke them to another day's routine. Wild, fierce cries arose. "Fall in. Get out of here! Move! What d' ye *mean* by that? Step lively, now. Fall in!"

Thus assisted they got into line for roll-call; with jackets fairly on, but with dreaming eyes. All about, the fog and chill of early dawn made the world unreal. Then the "policing call" brought more work: sweeping out and making ready for morning inspection. Ulysses kept a sharp eye on his neighbors, and so got through tolerably well — though once some one yelled ferociously:

"You want to wake up there, Mr. Grant!"

When the "sick-call" sounded, many a man felt like responding who did not.

Then came "peas upon a trencher" call, and everybody formed into line for

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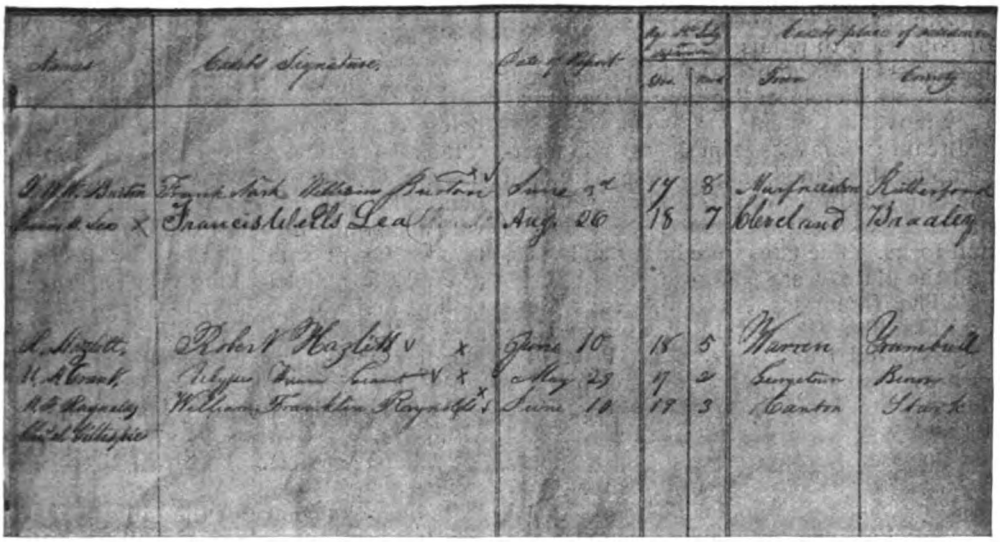
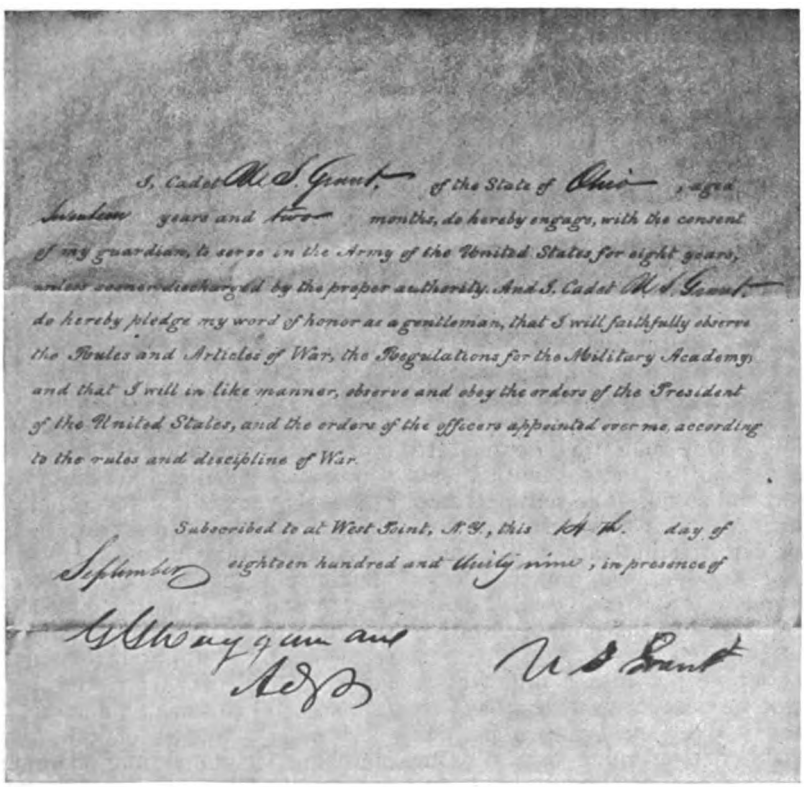


FACSIMILE SHOWING GRANT'S AUTOGRAPH IN THE ADJUTANT'S RECORD, WEST POINT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

**This signature—"Ulysses Hiram Grant"—was written the same day as the one—"U. H. Grant"—in the register at Roe's Hotel, May 29, 1839.**



I, Cadet U. S. Grant, of the State of Ohio, aged Nineteen years and two months, do hereby engage, with the consent of my guardian, to serve in the Army of the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged by the proper authority. And I, Cadet U. S. Grant, do hereby pledge my word of honor as a gentleman, that I will faithfully observe the Rules and Articles of War, the Regulations for the Military Academy, and that I will in like manner, observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and discipline of War.

Subscribed to at West Point, N.Y., this 14th day of September eighteen hundred and thirty nine, in presence of

U S Grant

FACSIMILE OF GRANT'S CERTIFICATE OF ENLISTMENT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

**This certificate was signed by Grant September 14, 1839, after he had passed his examinations. It bears what is, so far as known, Grant's earliest autograph as U. "S." Grant. By this time, the mistake of Congressman Hamer in so naming him to the War Department had fixed that as his official designation.**

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breakfast: the "plebes" in the rear rank of course, with palms thrown forward and backs strained almost to breaking, and with the "file-closer" giving them fits as they moved.

Breakfast was as simple as a lumber-camp meal. The dining-hall was bare, and the tables without cover. There were no napkins, and only common steel knives and forks. The cups were heavy as bowls, and the plates were white-ware.

"The fare was very bad," says General Franklin. "West Point at that time was isolated from the world. It had no railways, and in winter no steamboats. There were, in fact, no farms very near. Breakfast was quite generally hashed beef with coffee. Dinner, roast beef or boiled beef, with sometimes fish or mutton. Mutton was not a popular dish. We used to *ba-a* like a sheep when we came into the dining-room. I *think* we had a table-cover, but I am not certain. Of this I am certain: Our forks were of the two-tined, bone-handled variety, and from long washing in hot, greasy water they had decomposed, and they gave out a powerful smell, which no old cadet can forget as long as he lives. It was horrible. 'Tea' was largely tea and very little besides, and the boys used to provide for it by sticking a fork into a big hunk of beef from the dinner and jabbing it fast under the table. This, when unperceived by the 'tack,' helped out the starvation menu of 'tea.'

"This thin fare led to all sorts of 'foraging on the enemy,' and men were detailed to steal from the dinner-table. We wore caps of morocco with a big flat top. We called them 'gig-tops,' and they held potatoes and salt-cellars and bread very comfortably. One man was detailed to steal bread, another meat, another salt and pepper, and so on. The sentinels who stood guard over our eating wore a sort of bell-crown cap of stiff leather, like those of Napoleon's body-guard, and these caps could contain four quarts of boiled potatoes, and only add to the soldierly bearing of the sentinel.

"This stuff we put into a pillow-case, and at night we beat it up with a bayonet and cooked it over the grate, which was of anthracite coal and quite handy. Our dishes were slices of bread or toast. These were 'cadet hashes,' and were an institution in our day. No man, no cadet officer in fact, was ever known to refuse an invitation to a 'cadet hash.' I don't particularly recall Grant in this connection, but as he was a farmer boy and a growing boy, I've no doubt he accepted every possible chance to eat 'cadet hash.'"

It is said that one night a chicken was being roasted in Grant's room, when a "tack" (tactical officer) was heard at the door. Grant hid the chicken and saucepan and stood "attention" before the fire with face quite impassive. The officer entered. Grant saluted, the officer walked around the room, looking very hard at the ceiling and walls, where nothing could be seen. "Mr. Grant, I think there is a peculiar smell in your room."

"I've noticed it, sir," replied Grant.

"Be careful that something does not catch fire."

"Thank you, sir. I will, sir."

The poor "plebes" "were assigned seats near the centre of the table, where it was hardest to get anything," and they commonly went away hungry.

At last came the call, "Prepare to rise!"

"*Company A*, RISE!"

"*Company D*, RISE!"

Once more the torture of the march back to the camp, whence no one could escape without permission. Each hour thereafter was filled with "calls" to duties, drills, and studies. There seemed to be no free hour. Mock inspectors came by and rated the "plebes." Third-class men, assuming authority, demanded salutes and service. Innocent and scared "plebes" were sent to the professor of mathematics for a half-dozen right lines and on other fool's errands across "the guard line," only to be stopped and turned back with military promptness by the guard. They forgot to salute the officer of the day as he came by, and received more heart-bruising instruction.

They were drilled incessantly by acting corporals, ambitious for promotion, who thrust their noses almost into their victim's eyes, while they hissed and snarled out blasting phrases whose words were harmless—even polite. At morning inspection each scared "plebe" had his musket clawed from him by a stubby little martinet, who flung it back at his victim with intent (apparently) to smash his nose.

At noon "roast-beef call," and more marching to dinner and marching back. More drill—always drill and always "cleaning up" tent or gun. The "plebe's" clothes fitted so close he felt compressed; he had no moment of ease in all the day. At last "Retreats" sounded, and the gun boomed imperiously, and supper, even

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more welcome than dinner, was eaten. The night came, and sly deviltry broke loose. Some "plebes" escaped by inconspicuousness, but others were made to do absurd and useless tasks. Some were put on false guard and made to walk all night. Tormenting went on in the tents farthest from the officer of the day—quietly, of course, but with precision, nevertheless. "Plebes" were set to catching imaginary flys in some "yearling's" tent. Boat races in wash-bowls were arranged.

At 9.30 came the wailing sweet music of "tattoo," then "taps," and not even the mosquitoes and the "yearling" or the hard boards beneath could keep the weary "plebe" awake.

"There are few compensations during the first year; it is hard work, early rising, close application. You rise at 5 A.M. summers and 6 A.M. winters, and every hour is filled till 7.30 P.M. You are obliged to scrub the floor and to make up your own bed and keep your gun and room and uniform in perfect order, and also to be subject to the upper classmen.

"In the second year, however, you can bully the entering class and swagger around doing corporal duty. The third year you can bully two classes, and wear a red sash around your waist in parade, to show you are a senior cadet officer; and in the fourth year you can do most anything you please. You can, in fact, do the very things you kept your subordinates from doing in the second year."

All this, or something like it, Ulysses Grant went through. No doubt he was able to escape much by reason of his quiet and obliging nature. Then, too, he became a favorite, speedily, of some of the more powerful men in the classes above him, and that smoothed his way a little; but he studied the tack, "braced," "finned out," policed camp, scrubbed floors on Saturday, got "skinned" for leaving the flint in his gun instead of the "bone-snapper," and endured all the educational abuse and discomfort which is the lot of the average "plebe."

In a letter to McKinstry Griffiths, a cousin in Batavia, he expressed his general feeling about the place—a fine, buoyant, well-expressed letter it is, too. It had a few misspelled words, but it is doubtful whether there were many more young men of seventeen in Georgetown who could have written so bright a letter.*

* The original was long in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, and was first published in a Clermont County paper in 1885. It is now in the possession of C. F. Gunther of Chicago.

MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.,
*September* 22, 1839.

DEAR COZ:

I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about this prettiest of places, West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions, it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and river; all pleasant to look upon. From the window near I can see the Hudson—that far-famed, that beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails.

Again, I look another way I can see Fort "Putt," now frowning far above, a stern monument of a sterner age, which seems placed there on purpose to tell us of the glorious deeds of our fathers, and to bid us to remember their sufferings—to follow their example.

In short, this is the best of places—the PLACE of all PLACES for an institution like this. I have not told you HALF its attractions. Here is the house Washington used to live in—there Kosciuszko used to walk and think of HIS country and of OURS. Over the river we are shown the dwelling-house of Arnold—that BASE and HEARTLESS traitor to his country and his God. I do love the PLACE—it seems as though I could live here forever, if my friends would only come too. You might search the wide world over and then not find a better. Now all this sounds nice, very nice; what a happy fellow you are; but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the DRAWBACKS. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy; but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard.

Suppose you try it, by way of experiment, for a night or two. I am pretty sure that you would be perfectly satisfied that it is no easy matter; but glad am I these things are over. We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed (mattress) and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see one cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoestring to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendous long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. I study hard, and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. This examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty which must be performed. On the whole I like the place very much—so much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the girls. I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin [the trousers were poorly made of white stuff that would shrink] as the bark to

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tree, and if I do not walk military,—that is, if I bend over quietly, or run,—they are very apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respects to all my friends, particularly your brothers, uncles Ross and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. If you happen to see any of my folks, just tell them that I am happy, alive, and well.

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

McKINSTRY GRIFFITHS. U. H. GRANT.

N. B.—In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often.

U. H. GRANT.

I came near forgetting to tell you about our demerit or "black marks." They give a man one of these "black marks" for almost nothing, and if he gets two hundred a year they dismiss him. To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant, of this State, got eight of these "marks" for not going to church. He was also put under arrest, so he cannot leave his room perhaps for a month, all this for not going to church. We are not only obliged to go to church, but must march there by companies. This is not republican. It is an Episcopal church. Contrary to the expectation of you and the rest of my Bethel friends, I have not been the least homesick. I would not go home on any account whatever. When I come home in two years (if I live), the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon.

My best respects to Grandmother Simpson. I think often of her. I put this on the margin, so that you will remember it better. I want you to show her this letter and all others that I may write to you. I am going to write to some of my friends in Philadelphia soon. When they answer I shall write you again to tell you all about them, etc.

Remember and write me very soon, for I want to hear much.

"I remember, as plain as if it were yesterday, Grant's first appearance among us," said General Sherman. "I was three years ahead of him. I remember seeing his name on the paper in the hall on the bulletin board, where all the names of the newcomers were posted. I ran my eye down the columns and there saw 'U. S. Grant.' A lot of us began to make up names to fit the initials. One said 'United States Grant.' Another 'Uncle Sam Grant.' A third said 'Sam Grant.' That name stuck to him." *

Grant fell into ranks quietly and with little friction, being so equable and obliging of temper no one but a bully could find heart to impose upon him. He was small, also, and there was meagre sport in "jumping" such a little fellow. He was a good boy here, as at home. He took little part in the small rogueries of the class. "It was impossible to quarrel with Grant," said one who roomed with him for a year. "We never had a 'spat.' I never knew him to fight."

His page of demerits shows scarcely a single mark for any real offence against good conduct. They are mainly "lates" and negligences. He was "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill." He was a growing boy, and a little sluggish of a morning, no doubt. Once he sat down on his post between five and six in the morning; for this he received eight demerits. Twice in his second year as squad marcher he failed to report delinquencies in others and received five demerits each time. His amiability led to this. Once he spoke disrespectfully to his superior officer on parade. The provocation must have been very great to have led to this. The probabilities are the officer was mistaken.

"I remember Grant well," says General D. M. Frost. "He was a small fellow, active and muscular. His hair was a reddish brown, and his eyes gray-blue. We all liked him, and he took rank soon as a good mathematician and engineer, and as a capital horseman. He had no bad habits whatever, and was a great favorite, though not a brilliant fellow.

"He couldn't or wouldn't dance. He had no facility in conversation with the ladies,—a total absence of elegance,—and naturally showed off badly in contrast with the young Southern men, who prided themselves on being finished in the ways of the world. Socially the Southern men led. At the parties which were given occasionally in the dining-hall, Grant had small part. I never knew Grant to attend a party. I don't suppose in all his first year he entered a private house."

"A military life had no charms for me," he wrote many years after,* "and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came, the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks, I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation I would have to remain always."

* An interview in July, 1885, New York "Herald."

* "Personal Memoirs." This is the old man's comment. The boy's letter should be set over against it.

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Undoubtedly the boy was homesick. Every wind that blew from the west was a lure and whisper of recall. Every letter from his cousins, his companions, from his father and mother, made him long for the little Ohio town. He had no realization of its squalor, its narrow bigotry. He knew only the boy's side of it. It was all poetry when in recollection. Its security, repose, and homely good-will seemed the most desirable things in the world.

During this time, before he had settled into place among the fellows, Grant read a great many novels of the standard sort, and was much benefited thereby. He wrote some capital letters home, telling of his life and reading. When the examination came in January he surprised himself by taking a very good place in the class, especially in mathematics and kindred studies. He was not a good linguist, as might be inferred, but was not positively disreputable, even in his French. He never quite reached the foot in anything.

He was not resigned to being a soldier even after the January examination, and when in the mid-winter a bill was introduced in Congress to abolish the West Point Academy, he read the debates with wonderful interest, hoping it would be carried. "It never passed, and a year later I would have been sorry to have seen it succeed. My idea was then to get through the course, secure a detail for a few years as assistant professor of mathematics at the academy, and afterward obtain a permanent position in some respectable college; but circumstances always did shape my course different from my plans." *

He was not involved in any mischief at the academy, and there is no record that he ever went to "Benny Havens'," though he may have done so. "Benny Havens'" was one of the institutions at West Point —a little tavern and bar on the river bank, just outside the reservation. It was considered very wild to slip down to Benny's and smoke a cigar and drink a glass of gin. Grant was a good boy without being effeminate. The testimony of his companions, Quinby, Ingalls, Hamilton, Longstreet, Franklin, is concurrent at this point.

"He was a lad without guile," testifies General Longstreet.† "I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. He was a boy of good native ability, although by no means a hard student. So perfect was his sense of honor that, in the numerous cabals which were often formed, his name was never mentioned, for he never did anything which could be subject for criticism or reproach. He soon became the most daring horseman in the academy." He had a way of solving problems out of rule, by the application of good hard sense, and Rufus Ingalls ends by saying: "When our school days were over, if the average opinion of the members of the class had been taken, every one would have said: 'There is Sam Grant; he is a splendid fellow, a good honest man, against whom nothing can be said, and from whom everything may be expected.'"

Allowing for the bias of his after life upon the above witnesses, their statements will stand as probably the approximate estimate of young Grant's powers. He knew as little of his latent capabilities as any one else. They were far down below consciousness, involved and dormant. One of the keenest observers in his class, for a year his room-mate, perceived more in him than his instructors. "He had the most scrupulous regard for truth. He never held his word light. He never said an untruthful word even in jest.

"He was a reflective mind and at times very reticent and sombre. Something seemed working deep down in his thought —things he knew as little about as we. There would be days, even weeks, at a time, when he would be silent and sombre —not morose. He was a cheerful man, and yet he had these moments when he seemed to feel some premonition of a great future—wondering what he was to do and what he was to become. He was moved by a very sincere motive to join the Dialectic Society, which was the only literary society we had. I did not belong, but Grant joined while we were room-mates, with the aim to improve in his manner of expressing himself."

All this does not mean that he was reserved or priggish. He was generally ready for any fun which did not involve deceit or lying. "He had a sense of humor," W. B. Franklin said. "No man can be called 'a good fellow,' as Grant was, and be a dullard. He was ready for a frolic or a game of foot-ball at any time."

The two years wore away at last, and with a very good record he applied for a vacation and secured it.

In Bethel memories still linger of Grant's return on furlough when he was nineteen years of age. His father had removed

* "Personal Memoirs."

† General James Longstreet, afterwards an eminent and able general in the Confederate army.

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from Georgetown to Bethel, a small town a few miles nearer Cincinnati, and had established a fine tannery there. The cadets of that day were allowed only one furlough during the course of study, and Ulysses looked forward with great eagerness to his return to Ohio.

From Harrisburg homeward he had the company of his Grandmother Simpson and of Miss Kate Lowe, a young lady from New York, who helped him bear in patience the long canal-boat ride to Hollidaysburg.

"Miss Lowe, now Mrs. Rotherey, harking back to those bygone days, says that Grant at that time was a fine-looking, smooth-faced young man, with clear eyes and good features; but was chiefly attractive on account of his splendid carriage and soldierly bearing. He was fastidious in dress, wearing always white duck trousers and blue sack coat; and Mrs. Rotherey adds that he must have had a fresh pair for every day in the week. She says also that though somewhat bashful, he was never awkward, and though rather reserved and reticent in company, there was always a perfectly easy flow of talk when *tête-à-tête*. He never lacked either a subject of conversation or words. The strongest bond between them was their mutual love of riding, and horses and horsemanship were topics of unfailing interest, while current events and neighborhood gossip came in for their proper share; polite literature was also a fruitful theme, for Grant at this time was a great lover of good novels—was given, indeed, to spending rather too much of his time at West Point devouring them; Bulwer, Cooper, Marryat, Scott, Lever, and Washington Irving taking their turn with many others.

"His most charming characteristic, however, was his extreme courtesy; he was full of delicate and kind attentions, not less to his aged grandmother than to the most fascinating young woman. When asked if Grant was much of a smoker at that time, Mrs. Rotherey said that she only knew that he never smoked in the presence of ladies."*

Grant, on reaching home, went straight to his sweet and gentle mother, of course. "Why, Ulysses," she said, with a face shining with pride, "you've grown much straighter and taller."

"Yes, mother," he replied; "they teach us to be erect."

The father's pride in his boy was boundless. He provided him with a fine young colt to ride, and after a day at home Grant rode, like a pursued Sioux Indian, over to Georgetown to see the girls and boys of his acquaintance.

The people commented freely on the young cadet's improved manners, and the Georgetown "Gravel Club," which met under the trees before the court-house door, admitted that he might make a decent mark for muskets after all. "I remember well," his friend George W. Fishback writes, "his neat undress uniform, his erect carriage, pleasant face, and his easy and graceful horsemanship. I remember his father also; he was often in litigation, and came to attend the sittings of the court at Batavia, where my father, Judge Fishback, lived. Jesse Grant was a stern, aggressive man, but never grew tired of talking of 'my Ulysses.'"

With rides and walks with the girls and games with the boys, the vacation passed. It was all too sorrowfully short, and the young cadet said good-by with a sigh of pain. To return to the barrack life after the glorious freedom of the vacation was like returning to prison. Again the insistent gnarl of the drum summoned to roll-call. The drum, the morning gun, the staccato commands of officers brought a routine which clamped like an iron band;* but this wore off in a few days, and the pleasant things reasserted their charm.

It had its compensations, this life, which got hold of Cadet Grant at last. It was a healthful life—this ceaseless marching to and fro, this vigorous regular routine. The instruction was good, the exercise well-timed and well-considered, and the cadets were all markedly graceful, strong, and well. It had its beautiful side, too. Its surroundings were noble, and the sun rose and set in unspeakable glory of color. The shaven green of the lawn, the gleam of tents, the ripple of pliant snow-white trousers beneath a band of blue, the crash of horn and cymbals, the clamor and squeal of drum and fife, the boom of sunset gun, the rumble and jar of wheeling artillery, all these sounds and pictures came to be keen pleasures to divide the dull gray hours of hard study with moments of purple and gold.

The cavalry drill, which was added in 1841, undoubtedly helped Cadet Grant to endure these last years. Every morning of the autumn, while the maples turned from green to gold and orange and scar-

* From an interview written by Delia T. Davis.

* This is made evident by the increase of demerit marks during the first month after vacation.

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let, the battalion wheeled over the parade ground. The call of the bugles, the thrilling commands, the reel of the horses, the clang of sabres, the splendid voices of the commanders, the drumming of hoofs, the swift swing into perfect alignment—all these things helped him to forget his homesickness and gave him appetite for dinner and what came after. Riding his horse "York," he leaped a bar five feet six and a half inches high—a mark, it is said, which has never been surpassed. General James B. Frye recalls this:

"One afternoon in June, 1843, while I was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered into the riding-hall, where the members of the graduating class were going through their final mounted exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the distinguished engineer, then superintendent, the academic board, and a large assemblage of spectators. When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the centre of the hall, the riding-master placed the leaping-bar higher than a man's head and called out, 'Cadet Grant!'

"A clean-faced, slender young fellow, weighing about 120 pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully built chestnut-sorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and measured his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were welded together. The spectators were breathless.

"'Very well done, sir,' growled old Herschberger, the riding-master, and the class was dismissed." *

When spoken to about this feat, Grant was accustomed to smile a little bashfully and retreat by saying, "Yes, York was a wonderfully good horse."

A deeper effect was beginning to appear. He felt some stirrings of ambition to be a military leader. They were not very pronounced, but sufficiently definite to enable him to write afterwards:

"In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

He concluded at length to remain in the army, and wished to enter the cavalry—moved thereto, of course, by his love of horses; but as there was only one regiment of cavalry in the army at that time, the chance for a position in the cavalry was not good. Nevertheless, he indicated as his first choice the cavalry, and as his second choice the Fourth Infantry.

He was brevetted second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, and ordered to report to his command at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, after a short vacation.

The entire army of the United States at that time numbered less than 8,000 men, and the supply of officers was embarrassingly large. It was the custom, therefore, to brevet graduates second lieutenant.

He graduated twenty-first in a roll of thirty-nine, with a fair record in all things—a good record in mathematics and engineering and a remarkable record as horseman.

More than a hundred had entered with him, but one by one they had dropped out till only thirty-nine remained.

Apparently Grant remained markedly unmilitary throughout the four years' course. He served as a private throughout the first two years. During the third year he was made sergeant, but was dropped (promotions at that time were made for soldierly qualities, and had no exact relation to excellence in studies), and during the fourth year he served again as private. He had no real heart in the military side of the life. Its never-ending salutes, reprimands, drills, and parades wore upon him.

"I did not take to my studies with avidity; in fact, I rarely read over a lesson the second time during the entire cadetship. I devoted more time to reading books from the library than to books relating to the course of studies." *

Notwithstanding this modest statement, Cadet Grant stood well in his studies. The first year he took up French and mathematics, and though the course was severe, including algebra, geometry, trigonometry, application of algebra to geometry, etc., he stood fifteenth in a class of sixty in mathematics, and forty-ninth in French, and twenty-seventh in order of general merit. The second year he climbed three points in general merit, and stood twenty-fourth in a class of fifty-three. He ranked Frederick Steele and Rufus Ingalls, and stood tenth in mathematics, twenty-third in drawing, but was below the middle in ethics and French. In his third year he

* General James B. Frye in "North American Review." Captain L. Shields and General E. G. Viele also speak of Grant's remarkable horsemanship.

* "Personal Memoirs."

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rose in his drawing to nineteen, and was twenty-second in chemistry and fifteenth in philosophy, which was a very good standing indeed. He rose to twenty in general merit, sixteen in engineering, seventeen in mineralogy and geology, but was a little below the average in ethics, artillery and infantry practice.

In general, it may be said that he left the academy with a good average record as a student and a very high record as a man. He was not a man of obvious powers. Certain things he knew to their very heart; and yet, as he left the gate of West Point, he seemed the last man to do great things. He was small, obscure, poor, and without political friends or influential relatives. No man then would have had the temerity to name Cadet Grant as other than a kind, obliging, clean-lipped, good-hearted country boy, who could ride a horse over a picket fence or across a tight rope. In such ways do human judgments run. The brilliant, expressive, erratic men attract. Grant had repose, balance, inner powers not set lightly and easily to the surface.

Daniel Ammen, one of his playmates, remembers meeting him in Philadelphia early in July, 1843. "I found the young man I had left a few years before in Georgetown rather an ordinary boy, now a self-reliant, well-balanced, brevet second lieutenant of infantry."

Grant left West Point in midsummer and spent his furlough in Bethel and Georgetown. He was invited by the officers of the militia to drill the troops at "general muster," which took place at Russelsville during August of 1844. These semi-annual musterings of the possible soldiery of the nation had come to be a jolly farce. The people came on horseback and afoot from every nook of the country, with such soldierly belongings as they had—guns of all eras and coats and caps of all sorts and colors. The officers, pompous in martial toggery, *woofed* and grunted and howled their orders at the straggling files for an hour or two; then laid off to lunch and talk politics, while the men traded horses, and settled any odd scores they might have on hand by fist and face encounters, and at sundown every one went home conscious of a duty well done.

In 1844, however, the Mexican War excitement was rising, and the turnout was naturally larger; then, too, it was known that Cadet Grant was to be present and drill the troops, and that added to the interest. William Wilson and Peter Wamax are two of the few witnesses living who remember the splendid occasion.

It impressed itself ineffaceably on young Wilson's mind, because it seemed wonderful, even revolutionary, to see a young lad such as Cadet Grant looked, ordering the pompous old officers about. "He looked very young, very slender, and very pale.

." He was dressed in a long blue coat with big epaulettes and big brass buttons, and his trousers seemed to be white, though they may have been a light gray. He wore a cap, and a red sash around his waist, and he rode his horse in fine style.

"I was particularly struck with his voice—that is, his way of using it. The old men barked out their commands. You couldn't tell what they said. Noise seemed to be their idea of command, but Grant's voice was clear and calm and cut across the parade ground with great precision. It was rather high in pitch, but it was trained; I could tell that, though I was only a boy."

At this time Grant was a small young fellow, a little over five feet seven inches in height, and weighing but 117 pounds. His face was strongly lined like his father's, with fine straight nose and square jaws. A pleasant and shrewd face it was, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes when amused, and a comical twist in the long flexible lips when smiling. His hair was a sandy brown, and his complexion still inclined to freckles. Here he stands, unstained, untroubled, facing the world's millions. What will he do? What can he do? What did he care to do?

His ambitions were not inordinate. He still held to the idea of getting permission to teach in some quiet place, with a salary sufficient to support a wife and babes. He had no corrupting desire for glory, for personal aggrandizement. He had no sombre and lurid dreams of conquest. He did not look away to Mexico or Peru as a field for a sudden rise to sole and splendid command. He had in mind a little wooden cottage somewhere under the maples, with a small woman to care for the home and to meet him at the door as he returned from his daily duties as professor of mathematics in Blank College. In the least military of moods he finally took his way to his regiment in the Far West.

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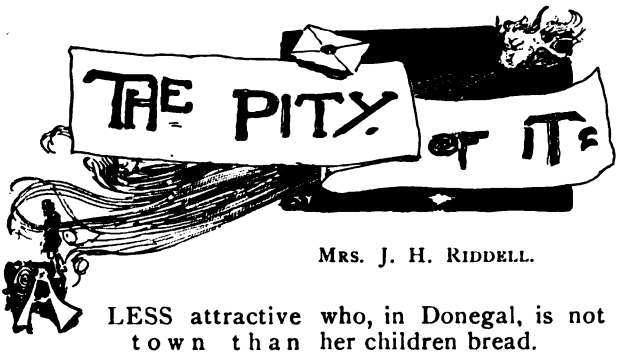


MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

LESS attractive town than Ballyquay could probably not be found in the three kingdoms.

Situated, as all the world doubtless is aware, in the great county of Donegal, much nearer to the Ennishorn Mountains than Muckish, it stands not "with back to Great Britain and face to the West," but with back turned uncompromisingly on the rest of Ireland and face to the North Pole.

It has a fine outlook over some thousands of miles of ocean, without even a lighthouse to mar the effect of distance, and possesses that which is of much more importance to its inhabitants than any sea view—a substantial stone quay and sheltered harbor, where vessels of two hundred tons can ride at anchor, the like of which might be sought for many a long mile along that wild coast, and sought in vain.

A cold, bare-looking, many-windowed hotel faces the quay. More inland stands the original town, which consists of three wide streets and several narrow lanes. In the latter are to be found the small tenements, with what auctioneers would call "no elevation," which form the rank and file of an Irish town. In the former a few shops, a Presbyterian meeting-house, an old hotel, patronized chiefly by anglers, commercial travellers, and others who from any cause have occasion to visit Ballyquay frequently.

More inland still are the parish church and Roman Catholic chapel, both surrounded by bog and heather; and the visitor who cares to pursue the roads leading to church and chapel farther up the rising ground which backs the town, will find himself rewarded by glimpses of wild and lovely scenery—lakes sparkling in the sun; farms green as emeralds, set in the midst of gray rocks and barren moor; hills and valleys, mountains and defiles—a glorious land, though one where food has to be literally wrested from mother earth, who, in Donegal, is not inclined to give her children bread.

At some not remote future period a railroad will be cut to Ballyquay, and the little town become famous. Meantime, save for a dozen new houses built along the modern esplanade, a branch bank, and the cold-looking hotel previously mentioned, the place does not look very different from what it did five years after the great famine of 1846, when the stoutest hearts might well have failed them for fear, had they realized starvation and pestilence were but the precursors of worse troubles to come.

About half way along the present esplanade, which was then but a rough cart track, there stood, jutting out beyond the line of frontage, a good-sized shed, which, before the famine, had been utilized by an enterprising Glasgow dealer as a store for potatoes, oatmeal, bacon, and any other articles he could export or import with advantage.

Concurrently with the famine, trade languished at Ballyquay. Mr. M'Cracken, the Glasgow dealer, being a shrewd individual and seeing all chance of profit stopped for an indefinite period, came to an arrangement with his landlord, Mr. Deamer, shut up his store, and departed. No one else proving equally enterprising, or, rather, everyone else evincing an amazing amount of common sense, the agent was glad to let the edifice for a mere trifle; and thus it chanced that a certain cold winter found Mr. M'Cracken's former store tenanted, as indeed it had been tenanted for two years, by an old man and his donkey.

The old man's name was Peter Craig, and he called his donkey Tom.

Craig made his home in what had been the warehouse. Tom munched his hay in the counting-house, while the cart he drew found shelter in an outer office where much business had been transacted and a great deal of bad language spoken and heard. For there the country folk once

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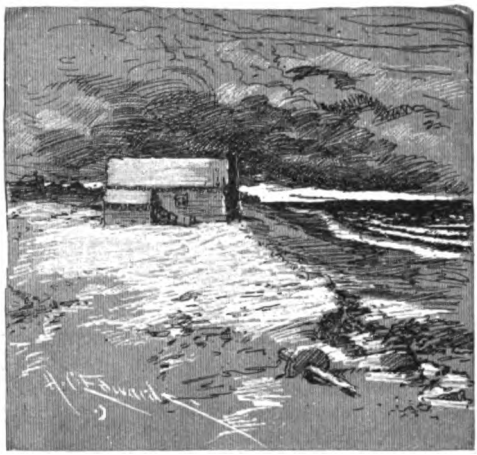

"THERE STOOD, JUTTING OUT BEYOND THE LINE OF FRONTAGE, A GOOD-SIZED SHED."

upon a time tried to drive very hard bargains with Mr. M'Cracken's manager, and there the manager, strong in possession of what he called "the coin," usually won the day.

But all that good period of prosperity was gone by, and from week's end to week's end no voice broke the silence of that formerly busy place, save when Peter spoke to his donkey or to a vision which he sometimes thought he saw.

As regards human companionship, the poor old fellow had none. He was alone in Ireland. Two living sons were in America, and a dead wife and child lay in a quiet graveyard ten miles from Ballyquay. No other kith or kin, not a soul belonging to him; poor as, even in that land of poverty, a man could well be.

He never made merry—heaven save the mark—in any neighbor's house; neither did he ever ask any neighbor to make merry with him. He had too much to do to keep the wolf from the door to think of pleasure, even if he had been inclined to it; and his heart was full of such bitter memories that he did not feel that life could ever seem aught but a very solemn thing for him for the future.

Yet, though grave, he was not morose or desponding, and toiled on contentedly, strong in the belief that whatever fortune it might please God to send was the right fortune.

"Praise him for this grand shelter," he would reverently say when the glowing turf fire lit up the rough dresser, with its display of old and cracked crockery ware, all set out "best face to London," and revealed the rest of his furniture—two chairs; a round wooden table; a three-legged stool; a pair of bellows; a few cooking utensils; a red curtain, drawn across the six panes of glass which formed the window; a four-post bedstead, upholstered in blue and white check, and covered with a patchwork quilt; and a clothes-horse, which, when some old sacks were thrown over it, formed a "fine screen" from the wind.

The floor was of earth beaten hard, the walls rough and bare—but what do externals matter if the eye which beholds them be satisfied, and the mind which considers them grateful?

And Peter was grateful. Many a man he knew, as industrious and as well-to-do as himself, had not, when swept away from old landmarks by the famine, powerful and relentless as any flood, been drifted into such a safe haven. The roadside, the workhouse, the pauper's grave, proved the last refuge of most. Some few hundred thousand found work and homes in America; but of those who could not go to America, what man shall ever surely tell the fate?

Craig was in possession of a snug farm when the blight appeared. He had money in the bank, a horse and cart, and pigs and cows; but it was not long ere he had to part with first one thing and then another, in order to stave off the inevitable end, which came at last.

Everything was against him. The downhill journey once commenced, the pace grows more rapid day by day. To begin with, he had not much of a reserve; but that he could not keep for himself.

TOM'S QUARTERS.

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He could not. One of a people amongst whom, whatever their faults, selfishness is almost unknown, with whom charity is a religion, how was it possible for him to turn hollow-cheeked, wild-eyed, famine-stricken creatures from his door empty? No. The handful of meal, the battered penny, the few sods for a fire, the fervent "God help you," never failed while Peter Craig had meal or penny or turf-stack.

True, it was not much he had to give, but we know how heavy such seeming trifles will weigh in the scales of eternity.

"HIS MASTER BACKED HIM INTO THE LITTLE CART."

At that time there was great talk about a new land of promise, called America, a name which has since become mightily familiar to Irishmen of all ranks and classes. Then it was not so familiar, but the enchantment which hung round it proved none the less on that account.

Those who could and would work, it was said, had but to get there to be prosperous, happy, and respected. The only difficulty in the way of all these good things was to get there; and many never succeeded in their endeavors, because the passage money was to them as hard to raise as it would be for a chancellor of the exchequer to pay off the national debt.

Craig's elder son, however, was among the fortunate minority. He went out, and sent enough money back to enable his brother to join him. He also set sail for the land of promise; and his last words were: "I'll not be parted long from you, father. I'll work hard to make enough money to pay the passage for you and mother to come to us. Ye will come, won't ye?"

Peter answered that they would, but a mightier than Peter intervened. Mrs. Craig sickened, and after a long illness, died. For her there was no America, or for Peter either. He was a prematurely old, broken man.

"What for would I go to a strange country now?" he wrote. "I'll just content myself here for the rest of my time, and be laid beside her that's gone."

So far he had held on to his farm, but at last he was forced to give it up. His landlord could not be accounted a hard man, but the times had tried him, like everyone else. Craig's rent was two years in arrears, and not a farthing remained in the bank. Land cannot be cropped without seed, or tilled lacking labor; and both seed and labor cost money, which Craig had not.

He did not wait to be turned out of his holding. He went; and the few articles he owned not being worth ten shillings, he was permitted to take them and Tom and Tom's cartlet to that house beside the wide Atlantic where Mr. M'Cracken had once driven a prosperous trade, and where Peter Craig hoped to "make off a living."

It was a cold, raw winter's morning; there had been a slight fall of snow over night, which lay on the ground, waiting for more; the north wind was whistling between its teeth a low, ominous tune; the sky looked gray and lowering; the air was bitter, when Peter Craig opened his door and looked away straight to the Pole.

He did not think about the view, grand though it was, for his mind felt troubled. He had "made off a living," but it was getting a poorer living each day. He and Tom were growing older and somehow able to earn less; and though his sons sent what they could, the help did not reach him regularly. In their last letter they said he might expect to receive an order in a fortnight, and now five weeks had passed, and there was no remittance.

Matters were very hard with him that

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"'I JUST CALLED TO ASK IF THERE WAS A LETTER FOR ME,' ANSWERED PETER, SHYLY."

morning, but they had been very hard before and came right. It is always the darkest hour before dawn; and, turning back into his house, Peter felt as if the dawn must be very nigh at hand.

He did not light a fire, because when a man feels no desire to shave, and has neither tea nor coffee, nor any sort of food to prepare, fire seems a superfluity. Peter was going out, also; he had a job over the hills which would bring him in a trifle, and there was nothing to delay his departure except swallowing a mouthful of breakfast. Tom had eaten up his last morsel of hay, and stood ready, harnessed with many an old bit of rope knotted together. His master backed him into the little cart, tied up the traces with some twine, and then went indoors for a piece of Indian-meal bread that he knew lay on the shelf. It was the only scrap of food in the house, yet Craig could not finish it. He broke off a corner and offered it to Tom, but the donkey decidedly refused it.

"Ah, ye rogue," said Craig. "Nothing will serve ye but white bread or, at the worst, oat-cake. Well, may be we'll contrive to get ye a bite of a loaf to-night. I've only to put on my coat and then we can start."

This was the way he talked to the dumb brute, who seemed in a fashion to understand what was said.

Man and donkey had lived so long alone together, that it would have been strange if no comprehension existed between them.

"Now we'll be going," cried Peter, in as cheerful voice as he could muster, closing the door while he spoke—there was no need to lock it. The possession of nothing confers an important feeling of independence when one's lot is cast even amongst an absolutely honest population.

The donkey moved slowly on, and the man walked beside him. Craig was tall and large boned, and the rough frieze coat he wore gave his figure an artificial appearance of bulk his worn, hard-featured face belied. Tom was small, and seemed to grow smaller each time his master harnessed him; indeed, Peter did not much

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care to pat the poor creature, the bones lay so near the skin.

Such as they were, however, they pursued their way, along the cart track, now the present esplanade, up the main road leading from the quay to the town, till they arrived at a cross street where, in front of a mongrel sort of shop, Craig, with a "whoa, Tom," brought the donkey to a stand.

The shop was a double one, separated only by a door, and it belonged to a certain Mr. Hagarty, who dispensed whiskey on the right-hand side of the premises, while his wife, on the left, sold almost every imaginable article in the way of oil and butterman's good, as well as grocery. Bread, moreover, could be had there, and Mrs. Hagarty further presided over the Ballyquay postoffice; letters were only delivered in the town proper. Everyone who resided outside a certain very small radius had to send for what fate might have provided, and many a missive was to be seen stuck against the glass in Mrs. Hagarty's window, among glass bottles filled with lozenges, comfits, barley-sugar, and various other delicacies which caused the mouths of the Ballyquay children to water.

Craig went into the grocery department, his stick, with which he could never find it in his heart to strike Tom, held as a useless ornament. It was the roughest shop imaginable, paved with bricks, the counter of plain deal, the walls white-washed, the rafters bare; yet the Hagartys did a good business, and had plenty of money in the bank.

There was also a baby on view in the shop. In one corner, near the turf fire, stood what might be called a day-cradle, since it was never used save to lay the (time-being) infant down in working hours. The Hagartys owned two cradles, which had come to them as heirlooms.

"That's a cold morning, Mrs. Hagarty," said Craig, looming big and tall against the counter. "I'm glad to see you home again."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Craig; and indeed I never was better pleased than to be back in Ballyquay. I have not been away more than three weeks this very day, and yet it seemed to me like three months; and what can I get for you?"

"I just called to ask if there was a letter for me," answered Peter, shyly. He had called on the same errand so often lately he began to feel ashamed of his own persistence.

Mrs. Hagarty looked among her sweet stuff, and turned over all the correspondence exhibited in the window. Very carefully she examined each address, while Peter watched the proceedings with an anxious face.

"There is none for you this time, Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Hagarty at last.

"When will the next post be in from America?" asked Craig.

"'Deed, I'm not rightly sure," was the reply. "Father Freeling is the one knows best about that."

There was a pause; then Craig, gathering himself together, prepared to depart.

"I'm going over the hill," he observed, as a sort of afterthought; "can I take any message for you?"

"If I'd known ten minutes ago, you might have left my sister's box for her; but I gave it to Jim Kennan, as he said he would be passing the door."

Craig checked a sigh. Jim was young and strong, earning regular wages, and there was no harm in wishing the few pence attached to that box had come to a man who wanted money far more than Kennan.

"We've got on the wrong side of good luck to-day, I'm thinking, Tom, my man," said the poor old fellow to his donkey, as they resumed their journey. "But I mustn't talk like that and may be one of the boys ill. They'd never—"

"CRAIG BETHOUGHT HIM THAT HE WOULD LOOK WHETHER A HANDFUL OF MEAL WERE LEFT IN THE BARREL."

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"Have you heard the news?" said a voice at this instant, which prevented Craig from finishing his muttered conjecture.

"What news?" he asked, turning towards the speaker.

"That Mrs. Deamer is coming home to-day."

"Ay?—after all this time?"

"She thinks she ought to spend her money in the place she gets it from; it'll be a sore trouble to her going back to the house husband and son were carried out of in one day."

"It will be so."

"They say she's greatly changed; that her hair's gray and her eyes dim. I mind her hair dark as a raven's wing, and her eyes as black as sloes. You never saw her?"

"I never set eyes on her."

"There was not a prettier or better lady betwixt this and Dublin; and many a poor body's heart will rejoice to know she's back at Fairy Hill. She used to have the sweetest laugh. It minded me of a lot of spring birds all singing together. God help her! I'm thinking there is not much of a laugh left in her now."

"It was a great trial," agreed Craig; and he went on his way with a heart full of pity for the lonely woman death had left desolate, who was poor in the midst of plenty and more solitary even than himself.

"There's mostly something to fret about," he considered—a truism he immediately supplemented with, "but there's always something to be thankful for."

To outward view what had this gaunt old fellow, whose youth and prosperity were left so far behind, to be thankful for? Just that which a rich man might envy and many a king lacks; for the power of being happy cannot be bought by money or conferred by rank.

Master and donkey trudged up the hill, and for a little way down the descent leading to a pleasant valley which lay beyond. There Craig had a few things to move for a man who was "flitting."

He asked for water for the "beast," but Tom would not drink; so his bit being taken out, he was left to nibble such herbage as he could find. Tom did not nibble, however, though Craig was unaware of the fact. He stood still where he was left, looking straight before him, with no speculation in his eye, a patient, willing, half-starved old donkey.

When he and his master had finished their work, the woman who should have paid them said: "Tim will be in town to-morrow and pay you, Mr. Craig."

Mr. Craig had been right in telling Tom they had got that day on the wrong side of good luck.

It was growing dark when donkey and owner started to return home. How long the road seemed, how weary the way! the old donkey feeble and spent, the old man faint and empty. Peter tried to speak to his dumb companion, but the sound of his own voice frightened him. It was not his own which he had been wont to hear, but a hollow, changed voice, that might have belonged to some broken-down and hope-

". . . AND GROPE HIS WAY TO THE FIRE AND KINDLE A BLAZE ON THE HEARTH."

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less creature. Never before had he so longed for the sight of his home, to see the ruddy glow of the peat fire, to hear the music of the great Atlantic, to feel safe within bare though kindly walls—safe and sheltered, free to forget his cares for a space. Like his predecessor who flourished many years ago, he walked, so as not to distress his donkey, and thus they finally arrived at Ballyquay, where once again they passed the grocery shop, and Craig walked into the public house.

"Will you let me have an armful of hay?" he asked. "I'll pay ye when I get paid myself, to-morrow likely."

Poor Craig! He would not have asked credit for his own needs, but the "brute beast" could not altogether fast.

"As much as you want. Here, Ned, fill a sack and put it on Mr. Craig's cart. It is a nasty night, Peter; a glass of whiskey will do you no harm."

"Thank ye kindly," was the answer, "but don't fill one for me. I used to be able to take half a glass with any man, but I can't now—no, I can't now."

Mr. Hagarty, struck by something in the old man's tone, looked at him curiously for a moment. His wife had told him about Craig's anxiety concerning the American letter, and added that she thought he had "failed greatly of late."

"There was a letter came for him the day I left home," she went on, "but I'm afraid what he wanted was not in it." And for this reason that repetition of "I can't now" sounded to the publican almost pathetic.

"Is there nothing else we can put up for ye?" he asked, full of a vague impression help was wanted, and great desire to help if he could. "You know ye can have what ye like here, and pay when ye please," which was certainly most liberal.

"I am obliged, but I need nothing more," answered Craig with a certain stiffness. He felt he could starve, but he knew he could not endure anyone to think he was starving. In all countries there live such people, and sure am I that in that wild and desolate land, where Atlantic waves sing the children's lullaby and the storm king rides in his might, could be found hundreds who, like Peter Craig, would rather die than beg.

Ned put the hay in the little cart. "It's tuning up for a storm, it's my notion," he remarked as Craig came out to Tom's head.

"Ay, it looks that way," answered Peter, and then he and the donkey took the homeward road.

"HE PUSHED CRAIG GENTLY TO ONE SIDE AND DEPARTED. THE OLD MAN STOOD FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES LIKE ONE DAZED."

As they drew near the shore, Peter heard the dull roar of the distant cannon, which on that awful coast heralds an approaching hurricane. For twenty-four hours that artillery practice precedes the tempest, and well did Craig know its sound.

As he and Tom plodded along the rough cart track, he heard a noise as if of the cannon of Waterloo.

"Now God help all women who have sons, lovers, husbands at sea this night," he said solemnly, and then he came to his own door.

It did not take long to unharness Tom and lead him to his stable, or to push the cart into the outer office, or to open his own door and grope his way to the fire, and kindle a blaze on the hearth. When he had done all this, he drew water for the donkey and set it before him, at the same time placing some hay in the rough box which served for a manger.

"Fill yourself, boy," said Craig. "We're now all safe and sound, with plenty for you to eat over to-morrow, meadow hay as good as ever I smelled. Come, lad."

But the lad would not come or fill himself, and when Craig laid a persuading

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hand on his neck, he found the animal was shivering like someone in ague.

"Ah, Tom, dear, and it's starved with the cold ye are!" he exclaimed. "Poor old chap, come and have an air of the grand fire I've made up. My good Tom, my fine, brave Tom!" And thus discoursing, he led the donkey to the hearth, where, after stupidly blinking at the blaze for a moment, the animal sank wearily to his knees; and then, slowly, like some stiff old man, lay down and stretched out his legs that had travelled so many a long mile.

"Ah, poor boy! you're getting fond of a bit of heat, like your master," said Craig; "just lie there at your ease."

Tom, nothing loth, lay there, but certainly not at his ease, for he was trembling and shaking all over.

"It was cruel cold out there to-day, wasn't it?" observed Peter; and the donkey, as if in answer, shivered exceedingly.

"Well, just content yourself," went on the old man; "you needn't stir all night, and you've no call to go out to-morrow."

It was quite still in the cottage when Craig bethought him that he would look whether a handful of meal were left in the barrel, or a morsel of bread on the shelf.

No; as he believed, the barrel was empty and the shelf bare.

"I can do well enough," said the old man. "Thanks be to God, there is hay for Tom!" and he was crossing the bare floor when his door opened and a gentleman came in.

The stranger was well clad and not unpleasant to look at, yet a ghost would have appalled Craig less.

"What a glorious fire you have," said the newcomer, advancing to the hearth, and holding first one hand and then the other to the glowing peat.

"Ay, it's a brave fire," answered Craig, not knowing what he uttered.

"I looked in a while ago," went on the gentleman, "but you were out. You have the rent ready, I hope."

"No, sir; but I'm expecting money every day."

"So you were six weeks ago. There is more than a year due. I have been very patient, but you'll have to make up the money by twelve o'clock to-morrow, or else—"

"What, sir?"

"Give up possession. I can let this place for much more than you pay;" and he turned towards the door with an easy, swinging gait, as if he had said the pleasantest thing in the world, and was going out into the night, when Craig stopped him.

"For God's sake, sir," he began.

"Now, now, my good fellow, that will do. We understand all about that. Twelve o'clock to-morrow." With which clincher he pushed Craig gently to one side and departed.

The old man stood for a couple of minutes like one dazed, wringing his hands in abject despair. Then he seized his hat, and rushed out into the night.

A keen wind stirred his scant gray hair, and drove a salt rime on his cheek; but Craig did not feel the bitter blast or misty spray. There

"'COULD I HAVE SPEECH WITH THE MISTRESS?' HE ASKED."

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"AND THE POOR OLD FELLOW FELL AT HER FEET, AND RAISED HIS CLASPED HANDS IN AN AGONY OF ENTREATY."

was a storm in his heart which would have drowned the noise of a fiercer tempest than ever raged and raved along that terrible coast. He had left home with one idea, which sufficed to carry him on through darkness and biting cold, past the large houses, beyond the quay, up the road leading to the town.

"Lord grant," he muttered over and over again. Soul and body were too numb with misery to permit of his finishing the prayer, but He who made him knew the words his lips failed to articulate. On for another mile, through the cold and the darkness; on, with that storm which never lulled sweeping madly through his heart, losing memory now and again, staggering at times as though drunk, feeling a horrible faintness—for, save the scrap of bread, he had not broken his fast for twenty-four hours—the old man held grimly to his task till he stood at the hall door of Fairy Hill, and gave one loud, single knock which echoed through the house.

"Could I have speech with the mistress?" he asked.

"I'll see," was the reply. "Sit down off your feet a minute."

But Craig did not sit. He stood as in

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a sort of dream, seeing the hall and yet not perceiving it; looking at the furniture, but taking no heed of a single article. The while Mrs. Deamer was asking:

"And who is this Craig, Jane?"

"He is a decent old fellow, mem, as ever lived, and the world has been very sore against him. Do see him, mem. He looks in some great trouble, and he is breaking up fast. I see a wonderful change in him."

Mrs. Deamer left her tea, a comfortable chair, and warm fire, and passed into the hall, where Craig stood awaiting his sentence.

When he saw her he tried to speak, but could not. He could only stand looking with eyes of misery at the sweet woman, who said in a low voice, like the faint chime of bells:

"You wished to see me?"

Twice Craig essayed to answer, and twice no word passed his lips.

Mrs. Deamer saw he was struggling for speech, saw some mortal trouble was keeping him dumb.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. "If it is in my power to help you I will."

Then, all at once, the string of his tongue was loosed, and he poured forth the misery that had been pent up within him.

Without break, without pause, in one impulsive sentence the gaunt old man told the tale of his sorrows. He who had never begged before, begged then for time. He would pay her honestly if—if she would wait a little while for her money. He did not say anything against the agent. He did not inveigh against fate. He did not make mention of his age, or his losses, or his loneliness. He only prayed for—time.

"It has been home to me, mem," he said, in that rugged Northern accent which holds such power for pathos in its very harshness; "and if you'll let me stop you'll not be a penny the loser. O mem! will you? A pound, maybe, isn't very much to you to lie out off, but it is as bad as thousands to me till my sons send the order they've promised. I never kneeled before but to my God, but I do kneel now to pray that you won't turn me out without a roof over my head—me and the dumb beast, too, that has nobody besides." And the poor old fellow fell at her feet, and raised his clasped hands in an agony of entreaty, while the tears streamed down cheeks that were furrowed by care and worn by privation.

"My poor man! my poor man!" cried Mrs. Deamer, inexpressibly shocked, trying to steady her own voice. "You shall not be turned out of your house. Do rise. I cannot bear to see you kneeling to me. You may go home quite happy."

"Did you say I might stop?" he faltered. The reaction was so great he could scarce believe his ears and he had no power to cease sobbing.

"Of course you shall stop. Now sit down for a little while, and try to compose yourself."

"What'll I say to ye, mem? What can I say to ye?" he asked, covering his face with his hands and weeping hysterically.

"Why, nothing," she replied. "I am very glad to be able to help you. Presently you must go into the kitchen and have a cup of tea; you look ill and tired."

"I couldn't touch bite or sup," he answered huskily. "I want nothing but words;" and he stopped as if about to break down again; then went on bravely: "I want words to thank you, but they won't come."

"Do have a cup of tea; I am sure one would do you good."

"It is you, mem, who have done me all the good in the world, and I want nothing more, thank you kindly, but to be alone with my God, that I may praise his name and ask him to bless you."

With a humble gesture of deep gratitude he was moving to the door when Mrs. Deamer stopped him.

"You are quite without money. Let me lend you a trifle till your son's remittance arrives."

It was characteristic of her that, speaking even in haste, she said lend, not give; but she knew well enough such men as Craig to be aware that in the one case her offer might be accepted, and in the other prove an offence.

"You can pay me at your convenience," she went on, seeing that he hesitated. "You had better take a pound;" and she opened a little case in which many a crisp note lay snug.

"I'd be dreaming I was robbed and murdered if I'd as much as that in the house," Craig answered with a smile, such a smile, so wan, so feeble, it haunted Mrs. Deamer's memory for many a long day; "but if you'd give me a bit of white bread, I'd like well to have it for Tom."

"Who is Tom?" she asked.

"Just my donkey, mem; and he has as much sense as many a Christian."

The fire had burned low by the time Craig reached home, and that vision he so

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often saw seemed to his fancy to come out of the shadows and meet him.

"We'll do yet, Jane, my woman," he said. "Oh, but that is the lovely lady! And see what she gave me for Tom. My boy, you haven't stirred far since I went away."

He broke off a piece of bread and offered it to the donkey, who made no effort to take it, only opened one eye and looked wearily at his master.

"Well, I'll leave it beside you. You've quit trembling, I see; that's right." And he made up the fire, drew the stool close beside the hearth, sat down with his back against the wall—for chimney-piece there was none—and, without intending to do so, fell off to sleep.

. . . . . .

After three weeks' absence Mrs. Hagarty, feeling that the place required a thorough cleaning, sent for Moggy Stewart to come the following morning to "ridd things up." Moggy was a capital worker, and proceeded to turn everything upside down. Amongst other matters she took the straw out of the day cradle, and carried it in her apron to the pig-stye. As she threw it over she caught sight of something white, and boldly going in among a number of porkers, rescued a letter from destruction.

"I found this in the child's cradle," Moggy said, handing her find to Mrs. Hagarty.

The postmistress cried out: "How did this come in the cradle?"

The little nurse-girl's face showed that she knew; but, without waiting to administer to her more than a stinging box on the ear, Mrs. Hagarty called, "William."

"What do you want?" asked her husband.

"Look here at what Moggy has found."

"Is it a letter?"

"It is so, and the one that came for Peter Craig the morning I left, and that he has never had. I'll kill that little huzzy; she has given it to the baby to play with."

"The best thing I can do is to take the letter to Craig and tell him the truth," said Hagarty.

When he reached Craig's house he lifted the latch without ceremony and went in. The red curtain was still drawn across the window, and he could not at first see anything very distinctly.

"Hello, Peter," he shouted, "you are having your sleep out this morning. Wake up, man; I've a letter for you."

Then he began to discern objects more clearly, and saw the old man sitting on the stool, and the donkey lying before a fire which had burnt itself to white powder.

Something in the silence struck him. He made one stride to the window, and tore aside the curtain. Then the cold daylight streaming into the room showed that the donkey lay stiff, with a piece of bread beside him, and that Craig was dead, too, with a smile on his lips.

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# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

### SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connection is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and bide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

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### CHAPTER IV.

HARVEY waked to find the "first half" at breakfast, the foc'sle door drawn to a crack, and every square inch of the schooner singing its own tune. The black bulk of the cook balanced behind the tiny galley over the glare of the stove, and the pots and pans in the pierced wooden board before it jarred and racketted to each plunge. Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buckshot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the "We're Here" gathered herself together to repeat the motions.

"Now, asho[illegible]," he heard Long Jack saying, "ye've chores, an' ye must do thim in any weather. Here we're well clear of the fleet, an' we've no chores—an' that's a blessin'. Good night, all." He passed like a big snake from the table to his bunk, and began to snore. Tom Platt followed his example, and Uncle Salters, with Penn, fought his way up the ladder to stand his watch, and the cook set for the "second half."

It came out of its bunks as the others had entered theirs, with a shake and a yawn. It ate till it could eat no more; and then Manuel filled his pipe with some terrible tobacco, crotched himself between the pawl-post and a forward bunk, cocked his feet up on the table, and smiled tender and indolent smiles at the smoke. Dan lay at length in his bunk, wrestling with a gaudy, gilt-stopped accordion, whose tunes went up and down with the pitching of the "We're Here." The cook, his shoulders against the locker where he kept the fried pies (Dan was fond of fried pies), peeled potatoes, with one eye on the stove in case of too much water finding its way down the pipe; and the general smell and smother were past all description.

Harvey considered affairs, wondered that he was not deathly sick, and crawled into his bunk again, as the softest and safest place, while Dan struck up "I don't want to play in your yard," as accurately as the wild jerks allowed.

"How long is this for?" Harvey asked of Manuel.

"Till she get a little quiet, and we can row to trawl. Perhaps to-night. Perhaps two days more. You do not like? Eh, wha-at?"

"I should have been crazy sick a week ago, but it doesn't seem to upset me now—much."

"That is because we make you fisherman, these days. If I was you, when I come to Gloucester I would give two, three big candles for my good luck."

"Give who?"

"To be sure—the Virgin of our Church on the Hill. She is very good to fishermen all the time. That is why so few of us Portugee men ever are drowned."

"You're a Roman Catholic, then?"

"I am a Madeira man. I am not a Porto Pico boy. Shall I be Bapptist, then? Eh,

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"'TIS A CONCERT,' SAID LONG JACK, BEAMING THROUGH THE SMOKE. 'A REG'LAR BOSTON CONCERT.'"

wha-at? I always give candles — two, three more when I come to Gloucester. The good Virgin she never forgets me, Manuel."

"I don't sense it that way," Tom Platt put in from his bunk, his scarred face lit up by the glare of a match as he sucked at his pipe. "It stands to reason the sea's the sea; and you'll git jest about what's goin', candles or kerosine, fer that matter."

"'Tis a mighty good thing," said Long Jack, "to have a frind at coort, though. I'm o' Manuel's way o' thinkin'. About tin years back I was crew to a Sou' Boston market-boat. We was off Minot's Ledge wid a northeaster, butt first, atop of us, thicker'n burgoo. The ould man was dhrunk, wid his chin waggin' on the tiller, an' I sez to myself, 'If iver I stick my boat-huk into T-wharf again, I'll show the saints fwhat manner o' craft they saved me out av.' Now, I'm here, as ye can well see, an' the model of the dhirty ould 'Kathleen' that took me a month to make, I gave ut to the priest, an' he hung ut up forninst the altar. There's more sense in givin' a model that's by way o' bein' a work av art than any candle. Ye can buy candles at the store, but a model shows the good saints ye've tuk trouble an' are grateful."

"D'you believe that, Irish?" said Tom Platt, turning on his elbow.

"Would I do ut if I did not, Ohio?"

"Wa-al, Enoch Fuller he made a model o' the old 'Ohio,' and she's to Salem museum now. Mighty pretty model, too, but I guess Enoch he never done it fer a sacrifice; an' the way I take it is——"

There were the makings of an hour-long discussion of the kind that fishermen love, where the talk runs in shouting circles and no one proves anything in the end, had not Dan struck up this cheerful rhyme:

Up jumped the mackerel with his stripèd back.
Reef in the mainsail, and haul on the tack;
*For* it's windy weather—

Here Long Jack joined in.

*And* it's blowy weather;
*When* the winds begin to blow, pipe all hands together!

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Dan went on, with a cautious look at Tom Platt, holding the accordion low in the bunk:

Up jumped the cod with his chuckle-head,
Went to the main-chains to heave at the lead ;
*For* it's windy weather, etc.

Tom Platt seemed to be hunting for something. Dan crouched lower, but sung louder :

Up jumped the flounder that swims to the ground.
Chuckle-head ! Chuckle-head! Mind where ye sound!

Tom Platt's huge rubber boot whirled across the foc'sle and caught Dan's uplifted arm. There was war between the man and the boy ever since Dan had discovered that the mere whistling of that tune would make him angry as he heaved the lead.

"Thought I'd fetch yer," said Dan, returning the gift with precision. "If you don't like my music, git out your fiddle. I ain't goin' to lie here all day an' listen to you an' Long Jack arguin' 'baout candles. Fiddle, Tom Platt ; or I'll learn Harve here the tune ! "

Tom Platt leaned down to a locker and brought up an old white fiddle. Manuel's eye glistened, and from somewhere behind the pawl-post he drew out a tiny, little guitar-like thing with wire strings, which he called a *machette.*

"'Tis a concert," said Long Jack, beaming through the smoke. "A reg'lar Boston concert."

There was a burst of spray as the hatch opened, and Disko, in yellow oilskins, descended.

"Ye're just in time, Disko. Fwhat's she doin' outside ? "

"Jest this ! " He dropped on to the lockers with the push and heave of the "We're Here."

"We're singin' to kape our breakfasts down. Ye'll lead, av course, Disko," said Long Jack.

"Guess there ain't more'n 'baout two old songs I know, an' ye've heard them both."

His excuses were cut short by Tom Platt launching into a most dolorous tune, like unto the moaning of winds and the creaking of masts. With his eyes fixed on the beams above, Disko began this ancient, ancient ditty, Tom Platt flourishing all round him to make the tune and words fit a little :

" There is a crack packet—crack packet o' fame,
She hails from Noo York, an' the ' Dreadnought's' her name,
You may talk o' your fliers—' Swallow-tail ' and ' Black Ball '—
But the ' Dreadnought's ' the packet that can beat them all.

" Now the ' Dreadnought ' she lies in the River Mersey,
Because of the tug-boat to take her to sea ;
But when she's off soundings you shortly will know
(*Chorus.*)
She's the Liverpool packet—O Lord, let her go !

" Now the ' Dreadnought' she's howlin' 'crost the Banks o' Newfoundland,
Where the water's all shallow and the bottom's all sand.
Sez all the little fishes that swim to and fro :
(*Chorus.*)
' She's the Liverpool packet—O Lord, let her go!' "

There were scores of verses, for he worked the "Dreadnought" every mile of the way between Liverpool and New York as conscientiously as though he were on her deck, and the accordion pumped and the fiddle squeaked beside him. Tom Platt followed with something about "the rough and tough McGinn, who would pilot the vessel in." Then they called on Harvey, who felt very flattered, to contribute to the entertainment ; but all that he could remember were some pieces of "Skipper Ireson's Ride" that he had been taught at the camp-school in the Adirondacks. It seemed that they might be appropriate to the time and place, but he had no more than mentioned the title when Disko brought down one foot with a bang, and cried, "Don't go on, young feller. That's a mistaken jedgment—one o' the worst kind, too, becaze it's catchin' to the ear."

"I orter ha' warned you," said Dan. "Thet allus fetches dad."

"What's wrong ? " said Harvey, surprised and a little angry.

"All you're goin' to say," said Disko. "All dead wrong from start to finish, an' Whittier he's to blame. I've no special call to right any Marblehead man, but 'tweren't no fault o' Ireson's. My father he told me the tale time an' again, an' this is the way 'twuz."

"For the wan hundredth time," put in Long Jack under his breath.

"Ben Ireson he was skipper o' the ' Betty,' young feller, comin' home frum the Banks—that was before the war of 1812, but jestice is jestice at all times. They f'und the ' Active ' o' Portland, an' Gibbons o' that town he was her skipper ; they f'und her leakin' off Cape Cod Light. There was a terr'ble gale on, an' they was gettin'

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the 'Betty' home 's fast as they could craowd her. Well, Ireson he said there wasn't any sense to reskin' a boat in that sea; the men they wouldn't hev it; and he laid it before them to stay by her till the sea run daown a piece. They wouldn't hev that either, hangin' araound the Cape in any sech weather, leak or no leak. They jest up stay'sle an' quit, nat'rally takin' Ireson with 'em. Folks to Marblehead was mad at him not runnin' the risk and becaze nex' day, when the sea was ca'amer (they never stopped to think o' *that*), some o' the 'Active's' folk was took off by a Truro man. They come into Marblehead with their own tale to tell, sayin' how Ireson had shamed the town an' so forth an' so on; an' Ireson's men they was scared, seein' public feelin' agin' 'em, an' they went back on Ireson, an' swore he was respons'ble for the hull act. 'Tweren't the women neither that tarred and feathered him—Marblehead women don't act that way—'twas a passel o' men an' boys, an' they carted him araound town in an old dory till the bottom fell aout, an' Ireson he told 'em they'd be sorry for it some day. Well, the facts come aout later, same's they usually dò, too late to be any ways useful to an honest man; an' Whittier he come along an' picked up the slack eend of a lyin' tale, and tarred an' feathered Ben Ireson all over onct more after he was dead. 'Twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, an' 'tweren't fair. I whaled Dan good when he brought that piece back from school. *You* don't know no better, o' course, but I've give you the facts, hereafter an' evermore to be remembered. Ben Ireson weren't no sech kind o' man as Whittier makes aout; my father he knew him well, before an' after that business, an' you beware o' hasty jedgments, young feller. Next!"

Harvey had never heard Disko talk so long, and collapsed with burning cheeks; but, as Dan said promptly, a boy could only learn what he was taught at school, and life was too short to keep track of every lie along the coast.

Then Manuel touched the jangling, jarring little *machette* to a queer tune, and sang something in Portuguese about "*Nina, innocente!*" ending with a full-handed sweep that brought the song up with a jerk. Then Disko obliged with his second song, to an old-fashioned creaky tune, and all joined in the chorus. This is one stanza:

"Now Aprile is over and melted the snow,
And outer Noo Bedford we shortly must tow;
Yes, out o' Noo Bedford we shortly must clear,
We're the whalers that never see wheat in the ear."

Here the fiddle went very softly for a while by itself, and then:

"Wheat-in-the-ear, my true-love's posy blowin';
Wheat-in-the-ear, we're goin' off to sea;
Wheat-in-the-ear, I left you fit for sowin';
When I come back a loaf o' bread you'll be!"

That made Harvey almost weep, though he could not tell why. But it was much worse when the cook dropped the potatoes and held out his hands for the fiddle. Still leaning against the locker door, he struck into a tune that was like something very bad but sure to happen whatever you did. After a little he sang, in an unknown tongue, his big chin down on the fiddle-tail, his white eyeballs glaring in the lamplight. Harvey swung out of his bunk to hear better; and amid the straining of the timbers and the wash of the waters the tune crooned and moaned on, like lee surf in a blind fog, till it ended with a wail.

"Jiminy Christmas! Thet gives me the blue creevles," said Dan. "What in thunder is it?"

"The song of Fin McCoul," said the cook, "when he wass going to Norway." His English was not thick, but all clear cut, as though it came from a phonograph.

"Faith, I've been to Norway, but I didn't make that unwholesim noise. 'Tis like some of our old songs, though," said Long Jack.

"Don't let's hev another 'thout somethin' between," said Dan; and the accordion struck up a rattling, catchy tune that ended:

"It's six an' twenty Sundays sence las' we saw the land,
With fifteen hunder quintal,
An' fifteen hunder quintal,
'Teen hunder toppin' quintal,
'Twix' old 'Queereau an' Grand!"

"Hold on," roared Tom Platt. "D'ye want to nail the trip, Dan? That's Jonah sure, 'less you sing it after all our salt's wet."

"No, 'tain't. Is it, dad? Not unless you sing the very las' verse. You can't learn me anything on Jonahs!"

"What's that?" said Harvey. "What's a Jonah?"

"A Jonah's anything that spoils the luck. Sometimes it's a man—sometimes it's a boy—or a bucket. I've known a splittin'-knife Jonah two trips till we was on to it," said Tom Platt. "There's all sorts o' Jonahs. Jim Bourke was one till he was drowned on George's. I'd never ship with Jim Bourke, not if I was starvin'. There wuz a green dory on the 'Ezra Flood.' Thet was a Jonah too, the worst sort o' Jonah.

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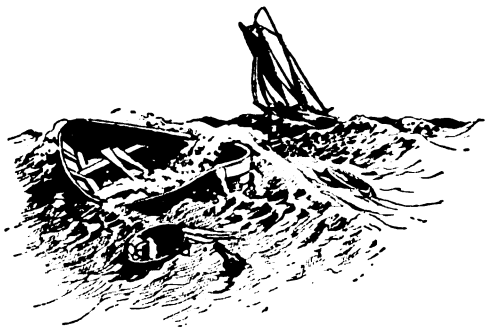

"THEY RAN DOWN TO WHERE ABISHAI'S CRAFT HAD VANISHED; FOUND TWO OR THREE TRAWL-TUBS, A GIN-BOTTLE, AND A STOVE-IN DORY, BUT NOTHING MORE."

Drowned four men she did, an' used to shine fiery o' nights in the nest."

"And you believe that?" said Harvey, remembering what Tom Platt had said about candles and models. "Haven't we all got to take what's served?"

A mutter of dissent ran round the bunks. "Outboard, yes; inboard, things can happen," said Disko. "Don't you go to makin' a mock of Jonahs, young feller."

"Well, Harve ain't no Jonah. Day after we catched him," Dan stuck in, "we had a toppin' good catch."

The cook threw up his head and laughed suddenly—a queer, thin laugh. He was a most disconcerting nigger.

"Murder!" said Long Jack. "Don't do that again, doctor. We ain't used to ut."

"What's wrong?" said Dan. "Ain't he our mascot, an' didn't they strike on good after we'd struck him?"

"Oh! yess," said the cook. "I know that, but the catch iss not finish yet."

"He ain't goin' to do us any harm," said Dan, hotly. "What are ye hintin' an' edgin' to? *He's* all right."

"No harm. But one day he will be your master, Danny."

"That all?" said Dan, placidly. "He wun't—not by a heap."

"Master," said the cook, pointing to Harvey. "Man!" and he pointed to Dan.

"That's news. How soon?" said Dan, with a laugh.

"In some years, and I shall see it. Master and man—man and master."

"How in thunder d'ye work that out?" said Tom Platt.

"In my head, where I can see."

"How?" This from all the others at once.

"I do not know, but so it will be." He dropped his head, and went on peeling the potatoes, and not another word could they get out of him.

"Well," said Dan, "a heap o' things 'll hev to come abaout 'fore Harve's any master o' mine; but I'm glad the doctor ain't choosen to mark him for a Jonah. Now, I mistrust Uncle Salters fer the Jonerest Jonah in the fleet regardin' his own special luck. Dunno ef it's spreadin' same's smallpox. He ought to be on the 'Carrie Pitman.' That boat's her own Jonah sure—crews an' gear no make no differ. Jiminy Christmas! She'll etch loose in a flat ca'am."

"We're well clear o' the fleet, anyway," said Disko. "'Carrie Pitman' an' all." There was a rapping on the deck.

"Uncle Salters has catched his luck," said Dan, as his father departed.

"It's blown clear," Disko cried, and all the foc'sle tumbled up for a breath of fresh air. The fog had gone, but a sullen sea ran in great rollers behind it. The "We're Here" slid, as it were, into long, sunk avenues and ditches which felt quite sheltered and homelike if they would only stay still; but they changed without rest or mercy and flung up the schooner to crown one peak of a thousand gray hills, while the wind hooted through her rigging as she zigzagged down the slopes. Far away a sea would burst in a sheet of foam, and the others would follow suit as at a signal, till Harvey's eyes swam with the vision of interlacing whites and grays. Four or five Mother Carey's chickens stormed round in circles, shrieking as they swept past the bows. A rain squall or two strayed aimlessly over the hopeless waste, ran down wind and back again, and melted away.

"Seems to me I saw somethin' flicker jest naow over yonder," said Uncle Salters, pointing to the northeast.

"Can't be any of the fleet," said Disko, peering under his eyebrows, a hand on the foc'sle gangway as the solid bows hatchetted into the troughs. "Sea's oilin' over dretful fast. Danny, don't you want to skip up a piece an' see how aour trawl-buoy lays?"

Danny, in his big boots, trotted rather than climbed up the main rigging (this consumed Harvey with envy), hitched himself around the reeling cross-trees, and let his eye rove till it caught the tiny black buoy-flag on the shoulder of a mile-away swell.

"She's all right," he hailed. "Sail O! Dead to the no'th'ard, comin' down like smoke! Schooner she be, too."

They waited yet another half-hour, the sky clearing in patches, with a flicker of sickly sun from time to time, that made

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patches of olive-green water. Then a stump-foremast lifted, ducked, and disappeared, to be followed on the next wave by a high stern with old-fashioned wooden snail's-horn davits. The sails were red tanned.

"Frenchmen!" shouted Dan. "No, 'tain't neither. Da-ad!"

"That's no French," said Disko. "Salters, your blame luck holds tighter'n a screw in a keg-head."

"You can't nowise tell fer sure."

"I've eyes. It's Uncle Abishai."

"The head-king of all Jonahs," groaned Tom Platt. "O Salters, Salters, why wasn't you abed an' asleep?"

"How could I tell?" said poor Salters, as the schooner swung up.

She might have been the very "Flying Dutchman," so foul, draggled, and unkempt was every rope and stick aboard. Her old-style quarterdeck was some four or five feet high, and her rigging flew knotted and tangled like weed at a wharf-end. She was running before the wind—yawing frightfully—her staysail let down to act as a sort of extra foresail, "scandalized," they call it, and her foreboom guyed out, over the side. Her bowsprit cocked up like an old-fashioned frigate's; her jib-boom had been fished and spliced and nailed and clamped beyond further repair; and as she hove herself forward, and sat down on her broad tail, she looked for all the world like a blouzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl.

"That's Abishai," said Salters. "Full o' gin an' Judique men, an' the judgments o' Providence layin' fer him an' never takin' good holt. He's run in to bait, Miquelon way."

"He'll run her under," said Long Jack. "That's no rig fer this weather."

"Not he, 'r he'd a-done it long ago," Disko replied. "Looks if he cal'lated to run *us* under. Ain't she daown by the head more'n natural, Tom Platt?"

"Ef it's his style o' loadin' her she ain't safe," said the sailor, slowly. "Ef she's spewed her oakum he'd better git to his pumps mighty quick."

The creature threshed up, wore round with a clatter and rattle, and lay head to wind within ear-shot.

A gray-beard wagged over the bulwark, and a thick voice yelled something Harvey could not understand. But Disko's face darkened. "He'd resk every stick he hez to carry bad news. Says we're in fer a shift o' wind. He's in fer worse. Abishai! Abishai!" He waved his arm up and down with the gesture of a man at the pumps, and pointed forward. The crew mocked him and laughed.

"Jounce ye, an' strip ye, an' trip ye!" yelled Uncle Abishai. "A livin' gale—a livin' gale. Yah! Cast up fer your last trip, all you Gloucester haddocks. *You* won't see Gloucester no more, no more!"

"Crazy full—as usual," said Tom Platt. "Wish he hadn't spied us, though."

She drifted out of hearing while the gray-head yelled something about a dance at the Bay of Bulls and a dead man in the foc'sle. Harvey shuddered. He had seen the sloven decks and the savage-eyed crew.

"An' that's a fine little floatin' hell fer her draught," said Long Jack. "I wondher what mischief he's been at ashore."

"He's a trawler," Dan explained, "an' he runs in fer bait all along the coast. Oh no, not home, he don't go. He deals along the south an' east shore up yonder." He nodded in the direction of the pitiless Newfoundland beaches. "Dad won't never take me ashore there. They're a mighty tough crowd—an' Abishai's the toughest. You saw his boat? Well, she's nigh seventy year old, they say; the last o' the old Marblehead heel-tappers. They don't make them quarterdecks any more. Abishai don't use Marblehead, though. He ain't wanted there. He jes' drif's araound, in debt, trawlin' an' cussin' like you've heard. Bin a Jonah fer years an' years, he hez. Gits liquor frum the Feecamp boats fer makin' spells an' sellin' winds an' such truck. Crazy, I guess."

"THERE WERE DAYS OF LIGHT AIRS, WHEN HARVEY WAS TAUGHT HOW TO STEER THE SCHOONER FROM ONE BERTH TO ANOTHER."

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"'Twon't be any use underrunnin' the trawl to-night," said Tom Platt, with quiet despair. "He come alongside special to cuss us. I'd give my wage an' share to see him at the gangway o' the old 'Ohio' 'fore we'd quit floggin'. Jest about six dozen, an' Sam Mocatta layin' em on criss-cross!"

The dishevelled "heel-tapper" danced drunkenly down wind, and all eyes followed her. Suddenly the cook cried in his phonograph voice: "It wass his own death made him speak so! He iss fey—fey, I tell you! Look!" She sailed into a patch of watery sunshine three or four miles distant. The patch dulled and faded out, and even as the light passed so did the schooner. She dropped into a hollow and—was not.

"Run under, by the Great Hook-Block!" shouted Disko, jumping aft. "Drunk or sober, we've got to help 'em. Heave short and break her out! Smart."

Harvey was thrown on the deck by the shock that followed the setting of the jib and foresail, for they hove short on the cable, and to save time, jerked the anchor bodily from the bottom, heaving in as they moved away. This is a bit of brute force seldom resorted to except in matters of life and death, and the little "We're Here" complained like a human. They ran down to where Abishai's craft had vanished; found two or three trawl-tubs, a gin-bottle, and a stove-in dory, but nothing more. "Let 'em go," said Disko, though no one had hinted at picking them up. "I wouldn't hev a match that belonged to Abishai aboard. Guess she run clear under. Must ha' been spewin' her oakum fer a week, an' they never thought to pump neither. That's one more boat gone along o' leavin' port all hands drunk."

"Glory be!" said Long Jack. "We'd ha' been obliged to help 'em if they was top o' water."

"Thinkin' o' that myself," said Tom Platt.

"Fey! Fey!" said the cook, rolling his eyes. "He hass taken his own luck with him."

"Ver' good thing, I think, to tell the fleet when we see. Eh wha-at?" said Manuel. "If you runna that way before the wind and she work open her seams——" He threw out his hands with an indescribable gesture, while Penn sat down on the house and sobbed at the sheer horror and pity of it all. Harvey could not realize that he had seen death on the open waters, but he felt very sick.

Then Dan went up the cross-trees, and Disko steered them back to within sight of their own trawl-buoys just before the fog blanketted the sea once again.

"We go mighty quick hereabouts when we do go," was all he said to Harvey. "You think on that fer a spell, young feller. That was liquor."

After dinner it was calm enough to fish from the decks—Penn and Uncle Salters were very zealous this time—and the catch was large and large fish.

"Abishai has shorely took his luck with him," said Salters. "The wind hain't backed ner riz ner nothin'. How about the trawl? I despise superstition, anyway."

Tom Platt insisted that they had much better haul the thing and make a new berth. But the cook said: "The luck iss in two pieces. You will find it so when you look. *I* know." This so tickled Long Jack that he overbore Tom Platt, and the two went out together.

Underrunning a trawl means pulling it in on one side of the dory, picking off the fish, rebaiting the hooks, and passing them back to the sea again—something like pinning and unpinning linen on a wash-line. It is a lengthy business and rather dangerous; but when they heard: "And naow to thee, O Capting," booming out of the fog, the crew of the "We're Here" took heart. The dory swirled alongside well loaded; Tom Platt yelling for Manuel to act as relief-boat.

"The luck's cut square in two pieces," said Long Jack, forking in the fish, while Harvey stood open-mouthed at the skill with which the plunging dory was saved from destruction. "One half was jest punkins. Tom Platt wanted to haul her an' ha' done wid ut; but I said, 'I'll back cookie that has the second sight,' an' the other half come up sagging full o' big 'uns. Hurry, Man'nle, an' bring's a tub o' bait. There's luck afloat to-night."

The fish bit at the newly baited hooks from which their brethren had just been taken, and Tom Platt and Long Jack moved methodically up and down the length of the trawl, the boat's nose under the wet line of hooks, stripping the sea-cucumbers that they called pumpkins, slatting off the fresh-caught cod against the gunwale, rebaiting, and loading Manuel's dory till dusk.

"I'll take no risks," said Disko then, "not with him floatin' around so near. Abishai won't sink fer a week. Heave in the dories, an' we'll dress down after supper."

That was a mighty dressing-down, attended by three or four blowing grampuses. It lasted till nine o'clock, and Disko was thrice heard to chuckle as Harvey pitched the split fish into the hold.

"Say, you're haulin' ahead dretful fast,"

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said Dan, when they ground the knives after the men had turned in. "There's somethin' of a sea to-night, an' I hain't heard you make no remarks on it."

"Too busy," Harvey replied, testing a blade's edge. "Come to think of it, she *is* a high-kicker."

The little schooner was gambolling all around her anchor among the silver-tipped waves. Backing with a start of affected surprise at the sight of the strained cable, she pounced on it like a kitten, while the spray of her descent burst through the hawse-holes with the report of a gun. Shaking her head, she would say: "Well, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer with you. I'm going North," and sidled off, halting suddenly with a dramatic rattle of her rigging. "As I was just going to observe," she would begin, as gravely as a drunken man addressing a lamp-post. The rest of the sentence (she acted her words in dumb-show, of course) was lost in a fit of the fidgets, when she behaved exactly like a puppy chewing a string, a clumsy woman in a side-saddle, a hen with her head cut off, or a cow stung by a hornet, as the whim of the sea took her.

"See her sayin' her piece. She's Patrick Henry naow," said Dan.

She swung sideways on a roller, and gesticulated with her jib-boom from port to starboard.

"But—ez—fer—me, give me liberty—er give me—death."

"A WHITENESS MOVED IN THE WHITENESS OF THE FOG. . . . IT WAS HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE DREAD SUMMER BERG OF THE BANK."

Wop! She sat down in the moon-path on the water, courtesying with a flourish of pride, impressive enough had not the wheel-gear sniggered mockingly in its box.

Harvey laughed aloud. "Why, it's just as if she was alive," he said.

"She's as stiddy as a haouse an' as dry as a herrin'," said Dan enthusiastically, as he was slung across the deck. "Fends 'em off an' fends 'em off, an' 'Don't ye come anigh me,' she sez. Look at her—jest look at her! Sakes! You should see one o' them toothpicks histin' up her anchor on her spike outer fifteen-fathom water."

"What's a toothpick, Dan?"

"Them new haddockers an' herrin' boats. Fine's a yacht forward, with yacht sterns to 'em, an' spike bowsprits, an' a haouse that ud take our hold. I've heard that Burgess himself he made the models for three or four of 'em. Dad's sot agin 'em on account o' their pitchin' an' joltin', but there's heaps o' money in 'em. Dad can find fish, but he ain't no ways progressive—he don't go with the march o' the times. They're chock full o' labor-savin' jigs an' such all. Ever seed the 'Elector' o' Gloucester? She's a daisy, ef she is a toothpick."

"What do they cost, Dan?"

"Hills o' dollars. Fifteen thousand, p'haps; more, mebbe. There's gold leaf an' everything you kin think of." Then to himself, half under his breath, "Guess I'd call her 'Hattie S.,' too."

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## CHAPTER V.

THAT was the first of many talks with Dan, who told him why he would transfer his dory's name to the imaginary Burgess-modelled haddocker. Harvey heard a good deal about the real Hattie at Gloucester; saw a lock of her hair—which Dan, finding fair words of no avail, had "hooked" as she sat in front of him at school that winter—and a photograph. Hattie was about fourteen years old, with an awful contempt for boys, and had been trampling on Dan's heart through the winter. All this was revealed under oath of solemn secrecy on moonlit decks, in the dead dark, or in choking fog; the whining wheel behind them, the climbing deck before, and without, the unresting, clamorous sea. Once, of course, as the boys came to know each other, there was a fight, which raged from bow to stern, till Penn came up and separated them, but promised not to tell Disko, who thought fighting on watch rather worse than sleeping. Harvey was no match for Dan physically, but it says a great deal for his new training that he took his defeat and did not try to get even with his conqueror by underhand methods.

That was after he had been cured of a string of boils between his elbows and wrists, where the wet jersey and oilskins cut into the flesh. The salt water stung them unpleasantly, but Dan treated them when they were ripe with Disko's razor, and assured Harvey that now he was a "blooded Banker." The affliction of gurry-sores was the mark of the caste that claimed him.

Being a boy and very busy, he did not bother his head with too much thinking. But one day, as he stood on the foc'sle ladder, guying the cook, who had accused him and Dan of hooking fried pies, it occurred to him that this was a vast improvement on taking snubbings from strangers in the smoking-room of a hired liner.

He was a recognized part of the scheme of things on the "We're Here"; had his place at the table and among the bunks; and could hold his own in the long talks on stormy days, when the others were always ready to listen to what they called his "fairy tales" of his life ashore. He knew where Disko kept the old green-crusted quadrant, that they called the "hog-yoke"—under the bed-bag in his bunk. When he took the sun, and with the help of a "Robert B. Thomas" almanac, found the latitude, Harvey would jump down into the cabin and scratch the reckoning and date with a nail on the rust of the stove-pipe. Now, the chief engineer of the liner could have done no more. The said "hog-yoke," an Eldridge chart, the farming almanac, Blunt's "Coast Pilot," and Bowditch's "Navigator," were all the weapons Disko needed to guide him, except the deep-sea lead that was his spare eye. Harvey nearly slew Penn with it when Tom Platt taught him first how to "fly the blue pigeon"; and, though his strength was not equal to continuous sounding in any sort of a sea, for calm weather on shoal water Disko used him freely. As Dan said: "'Tain't soundin's dad wants. It's samples. Grease her up good, Harve." Harvey would tallow the cup at the end, and carefully bring the sand, shell, sludge, or whatever it might be, to Disko, who fingered and smelt it and then gave judgment. As has been said, when Disko thought of cod he thought as a cod; and by some mysterious mixture of instinct and experience, moved the "We're Here" from berth to berth, always with the fish, as a blindfolded chess-player moves on the unseen board.

But his board was the Grand Bank—a triangle of two hundred and fifty miles on each side—a waste of wallowing sea, cloaked with dank fog, vexed with gales, harried with drifting ice, scored by the tracks of the reckless liners, and dotted with the sails of the fishing-fleet.

For days they worked in fog—Harvey at the bell—till grown familiar with the thick airs, he went out with Tom Platt, his heart rather in his mouth. But the fog would not lift, and the fish were biting, and no one can be helplessly afraid for six hours at a time. Harvey devoted himself to his lines and the gaff or gob-stick as Tom Platt called for them; and they rowed back to the schooner guided by the bell and Tom's instinct; Manuel's conch sounding thin and faint beside them. But it was an unearthly experience, and, for the first time in a month, Harvey dreamed of the shifting, smoking floor of water round the dory, the lines that strayed away into nothing, and the air above that melted on the sea below ten feet from his straining eyes. A few days later he was out with Manuel on what should have been forty-fathom bottom, but the whole length of the roding ran out and still the anchor found nothing, and Harvey grew mortally afraid, for that his last touch with earth was lost. "Whale-hole," said Manuel, hauling in. "That is good joke on Disko. Come!" and he rowed to the schooner to find Tom Platt and the others jeering at the skipper because, for once, he had led them to the edge of the barren Whale

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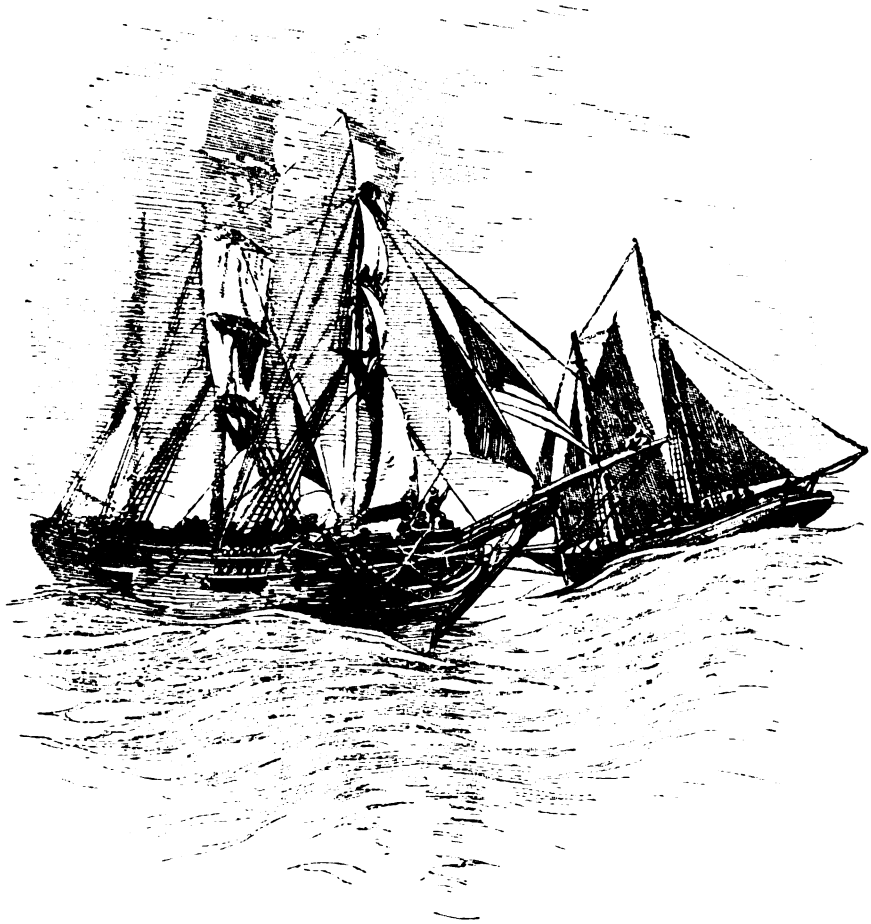

"'HI! SAY! ARRETEZ VOUS! ATTENDEZ! NOUS SOMMES VENANT POUR TABAC.' 'AH, TABAC, TABAC!'"

Deep, the blank hole of the Grand Bank. They made another berth through the fog, and that time the hair of Harvey's head stood up when he went out in Manuel's dory. A whiteness moved in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of the grave, and there was a roaring, a plunging, and spouting. It was his first introduction to the dread summer berg of the Bank, and he cowered in the bottom of the boat while Manuel laughed. There were days, though, clear and soft and warm, when it seemed a sin to do anything but loaf over the hand-lines and spank the drifting "sunscalds" with an oar; and there were days of light airs, when Harvey was taught how to steer the schooner from one berth to another.

It thrilled through him when he first felt the keel answer to his hand on the spokes and slide over the long hollows as the foresail scythed back and forth against the blue sky. That was magnificent, in spite of Disko saying that it would break a snake's back to follow the wake. But, as usual, pride ran before a fall. They were sailing on the wind with the stay-sail—an old one, luckily—set, and Harvey jammed her right into it to show Dan how completely he had mastered the art. The fore-sail went over with a bang, and the fore-gaff stabbed and ripped through the stay-sail, which was, of course, prevented from going over by the main-stay. They lowered the wreck in awful silence, and Harvey spent his leisure hours for the next few days under Tom Platt's lee, learning to use a needle and palm. Dan hooted with joy, for, as he said, he had made the very same blunder himself in his early days.

Boylike, Harvey imitated all the men by turns, till he had combined Disko's peculiar stoop at the wheel, Long Jack's swinging overhand when the lines were hauled, Manuel's round-shouldered but effective stroke in a dory, and Tom Platt's generous "Ohio" stride along the deck.

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"'Tis beautiful to see how he takes to ut," said Long Jack, when Harvey was looking out by the windlass one thick noon. "I'll lay my wage an' share 'tis more'n half play-actin' to him an' he consates himself he's a bowld mariner. Watch his little bit av a back now!"

"That's the way we all begin," said Tom Platt. "The boys they make believe all the time till they've cheated 'emselves into bein' men, an' so till they die—pretendin' an' pretendin'. *I* done it on the old 'Ohio,' I know. Stood my first watch—harbor-watch—feelin' finer 'n Farragut. Dan's full o' the same kind o' notions. See 'em now, actin' to be genewine moss-backs—every hair a rope-yarn an' blood Stockholm tar." He spoke down the cabin stairs. "Guess you're mistook in your judgments fer once, Disko. What in Rome made ye tell us all here the kid was crazy?"

"He wuz," Disko replied. "Crazy ez a loon when he come aboard; but I'll say he's sobered up consid'ble sense. I cured him."

"He yarns good," said Tom Platt. "T'other night he told us abaout a kid of his own size steerin' a cunnin' little rig an' four ponies up an' down Toledo, Ohio, I think 'twas, an' givin' suppers to a crowd o' sim'lar kids. Cur'us kind o' fairy-tale, but blame interestin'. He knows scores of 'em."

"Guess he strikes 'em outen his own head," Disko called from the cabin, where he was busy with the log-book. "Stands to reason that sort is all made up. It don't take in no one but Dan, an' he laughs at it. I've heard him, behind my back."

"Y'ever hear what Sim'on Peter Ca'houn said when they whacked up a match 'twix' his sister Hitty an' Lorin' Jerauld, an' the boys put up that joke on him daown to George's?" drawled Uncle Salters, who was dripping peaceably under the lee of the starboard dory-nest.

Tom Platt puffed at his pipe in scornful silence: he was a Cape Cod man, and had not known that tale more than twenty years. Uncle Salters went on with a rasping chuckle.

"Sim'on Peter Ca'houn he said, an' he was jest right, abaout Lorin', 'Ha'af on the taoun,' he said, 'an' t'other ha'af blame fool; an' they told me she's married a 'ich man.' Sim'on Peter Ca'houn he hadn't no roof to his mouth, an' talked that way."

"He didn't talk any Pennsylvania Dutch," Tom Platt replied. "You'd better leave a Cape man to tell that tale. The Ca'houns was gypsies frum way back."

"Wal, I don't profess to be any elocutionist," Salters said. "I'm comin' to the moral o' things. That's jest abaout what aour Harve be! Ha'af on the town, an' t'other ha'af blame fool; an' there's some 'll believe he's a rich man. Yah!"

"Did ye ever think how sweet 'twould be to sail wid a full crew o' Salterses?" said Long Jack. "Ha'af in the furrer an' other ha'af in the muck-heap, as Ca'houn did *not* say, an' makes out he's a fisherman!"

A little laugh went round at Salters's expense.

Disko held his tongue, and wrought over the log-book that he kept in a hatchet-faced, square hand: this was the kind of thing that ran on, page after soiled page:

"*July* 17. *This day thick fog and few fish. Made berth to northward. So ends this day.*

"*July* 18. *This day comes in with thick fog. Caught a few fish.*

"*July* 19. *This day comes in with light breeze from N. E. and fine weather. Made a berth to eastward. Caught plenty fish.*

"*July* 20. *This, the Sabbath, comes in with fog and light winds. So ends this day. Total fish caught this week,* 3,478."

They never worked on Sundays, but shaved, and washed themselves if it were fine, and Pennsylvania sang hymns. Once or twice he suggested that, if it was not an impertinence, he thought he could preach a little. Uncle Salters nearly jumped down his throat at the mere notion, reminded him that he was not a preacher and mustn't think of such things. "We'd hev him rememberin' Johnstown next," Salters explained, "an' what would happen then?" So they compromised on his reading aloud from a book called "Josephus." It was an old leather-bound volume, smelling of a hundred trips, very solid and very like the Bible, but enlivened with accounts of battles and sieges; and they read it nearly from cover to cover. Otherwise Penn was a silent little body. He would not utter a word for three days on end sometimes, though he played checkers, listened to the songs, and laughed at the stories. When they tried to stir him up, he would answer: "I don't wish to seem unneighborly, but it is because I have nothing to say. My head feels quite empty. I've almost forgotten my name." He would turn to Uncle Salters with an expectant smile.

"Why, Pennsylvania *Pratt*," Salters would shout. "You'll fergit *me* next."

"No—never," Penn would say, shutting his lips firmly. "Pennsylvania Pratt, of course," he would repeat over and over. Sometimes it was Uncle Salters who forgot, and told him he was Haskins or Rich or

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McVitty; but Penn was equally content—till next time.

He was always very tender with Harvey, whom he pitied both as a lost child and as a lunatic; and when Salters saw Penn liked the boy, he relaxed, too. Salters was not an amiable person (he esteemed it his business to keep the boys in order); and the first time Harvey, in fear and trembling, on a still day, managed to shin up to the main-truck (Dan was behind him ready to help), he esteemed it his duty to hang Salters's big sea-boots up there—a sight of shame and derision to the nearest schooner. With Disko, Harvey took no liberties; not even when the old man dropped direct orders, and treated him, like the rest of the crew, to "don't you want to do so and so?" and "guess you'd better," and so forth. There was something about the clean-shaven lips and the puckered corners of the eyes that sobered young blood.

Disko showed him the meaning of the thumbed and pricked chart, which, he said, laid over any government publication whatsoever; led him, pencil in hand, from berth to berth over the whole string of banks—Le Have, Western, Banquereau, St. Pierre, Green, and Grand—talking "cod" meantime. Taught him, too, the principle on which the "hog-yoke" was worked.

In this Harvey excelled Dan, for he had inherited a head for figures, and the notion of stealing information from a glimpse of the sullen Bank sun appealed to all his keen wits. In other sea-matters, his age handicapped him. As Disko said, he should have begun when he was ten. Dan could bait up trawl or lay his hand on any rope in the dark; and at a pinch, when Uncle Salters had a gurry-sore on his palm, could dress-down by sense of touch. He could steer in anything short of half a gale by the feel of the wind on his face, humoring the "We're Here" just when she needed it. These things he did as automatically as he skipped about the rigging, or made his dory a part of his own will and body. But he could not communicate his knowledge to Harvey.

Still there was a good deal of general information flying about the schooner on stormy days, when they lay up in the fo'c'sle or sat on the cabin lockers, where spare eye-bolts, leads, and rings rolled and rattled in the pauses of the talk. Disko spoke of whaling voyages in the fifties; of great she-whales slain beside their young; of death agonies on the black, tossing seas, and blood that spurted forty feet in the air; of boats smashed to splinters; of patent rockets that went off wrong-end-first and bombarded the trembling crews; of cutting in and boiling down, and the terrible "nip" of '71, when twelve hundred men were made homeless on the ice in three days—wonderful tales, all true. But more wonderful still were his stories of the cod, and how they argued and reasoned on their private businesses deep down below the keel. Long Jack's tastes ran more to the supernatural. He held them silent with ghastly stories of the "Yo-hoes" on Monomoy Beach, that mock and terrify lonely clam-diggers; of sand-walkers and dune-haunters who were never properly buried; of hidden treasure on Fire Island guarded by the spirits of Kidd's men; of ships that sailed in the fog slap over Truro township; of that harbor in Maine where no one but a stranger will lie at anchor twice in a certain place because of a dead crew who row alongside at midnight with the anchor in the bow of their old-fashioned boat, whistling—not calling, but whistling—for the soul of the man who broke their rest.

Harvey had a notion that the east coast of his native land, from Mount Desert south, was populated chiefly by people who took their horses there in the summer and entertained in country-houses with hardwood floors and Vantine *portières*. He laughed at the ghost tales—not as much as he would have done a month before—but ended by sitting still and shuddering.

Tom Platt dealt with his interminable trip round the Horn on the old "Ohio" in the flogging days; with a navy more extinct than the dodo—the navy that passed away in the great war. He told them how red-hot shot are dropped into a cannon, a wad of wet clay between them and the cartridge; how they sizzle and reek when they strike wood, and how the little ship's boys of the "Miss Jim Buck" hove water over them and shouted to the fort to try again. And he told tales of blockade—long weeks of swaying at anchor—varied only by the departure and return of steamers who had used up their coal (there was no change for the sailing-ships); of gales and cold—cold that kept two hundred men, night and day, pounding and chopping at the ice on cable, blocks, and rigging, when the galley was as red-hot as the fort's shot, and men drank cocoa by the bucket. Tom Platt had no use for steam. His service closed when that thing was comparatively new. He admitted that it was a specious invention in time of peace, but looked hopefully for the day when sails should come back again on ten-thousand-

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ton frigates with hundred-and-ninety-foot booms.

Manuel's talk was slow and gentle—all about pretty girls in Madeira washing clothes in the dry beds of streams, by moonlight, under waving bananas; legends of saints, and tales of queer dances or fights away in the cold Newfoundland baiting-ports. Salters was mainly agricultural, for, though he read "Josephus" and expounded it, his mission in life was to prove the value of green manures, and specially of clover, against every form of phosphate whatsoever. He grew libellous about phosphates; he dragged greasy "Orange Judd" books from his bunk and intoned them, wagging his finger at Harvey, to whom it was all Greek. Little Penn was so genuinely pained when Harvey made fun of Salters's lectures that the boy gave it up and suffered in polite silence.

The cook naturally did not join in these conversations. As a rule, he only spoke when it was absolutely necessary; but at times a queer gift of speech descended on him, and he held forth, half in Gaelic, half in broken English, an hour at a time. He was specially communicative with the boys, and he never withdrew his prophecy that one day Harvey would be Dan's master and that he would see it. He told them of mail-carrying in the winter up Cape Breton way, of the dog-train that goes to Coudray, and of the steamer "Arctic," that breaks the ice between the mainland and Prince Edward Island. Then he told them stories that his mother had told him, of life far down to the southward, where water never froze; and he said that when he died his soul would go to lie down on a warm white beach of sand with palm-trees waving above. That seemed to the boys a very odd idea for a man who had never seen a palm in his life. Then, too, regularly at each meal, he would ask Harvey, and Harvey alone, whether the cooking was to his taste; and this always made the "second half" laugh. But they had a great respect for the cook's judgment, and in their hearts considered Harvey something of a mascot by consequence.

But while Harvey was taking in knowledge of new things at each pore and hard health with every gulp of the good air, the "We're Here" went her ways and did her business on the Bank, and the silvery gray kenches of well-pressed fish mounted higher and higher in the hold. No one day's work was out of the common, but the average days were many and close together.

Naturally, a man of Disko's reputation was closely watched—"scrowged upon," Dan called it—by his neighbors, but he had a very pretty knack of giving them the slip through the curdling, glidy fog-banks. Disko avoided company for two reasons. He wished to make his own experiments, in the first place; and in the second, he objected to the mixed and curious gathering of a fleet of all nations. The bulk of them were mainly Gloucester boats, with a scattering from Provincetown, Harwich, Chatham, and some of the Maine ports, but the crews drew from goodness knows where. Risk breeds recklessness, and when greed is added, there are fine chances for every kind of accident in the crowded fleet, which, like a mob of sheep, is huddled round some unrecognized leader. "Let the two Jeraulds lead 'em," said Disko. "We're baound to lay among 'em fer a spell on the Eastern Shoals; though ef luck holds, we won't hev to lay long. Where we are naow, Harve, ain't considered noways good ground."

"Ain't it?" said Harvey, who was drawing water (he had learned just how to wiggle the bucket), after an unusually long dressing-down. "Shouldn't mind striking some poor ground for a change, then."

"All the ground I want to see—don't want to strike her—is Eastern Point," said Dan. "Say, dad, it looks 's if we wouldn't hev to lay more'n two weeks on the Shoals. You'll meet all the comp'ny you want then, Harve. That's the time we begin to work. No reg'lar meals fer no one then. 'Mug-up when ye're hungry, an' sleep when ye can't keep awake. Good job you wasn't picked up a month later than you was or we'd never ha' had you dressed in shape fer the Old Virgin."

Harvey understood from the Eldridge chart that the Old Virgin and a nest of curiously named shoals were the turning-point of the cruise, and that with good luck they would wet the balance of their salt there. But seeing the size of the Virgin (it was one tiny dot), he wondered how even Disko with the hog-yoke and the lead could find her. He learned later that Disko was entirely equal to that and any other business, and could even help others. A big four-by-five blackboard hung in the cabin, and Harvey never understood the need of it till, after some blinding thick days, they heard the unmelodious tooting of a foot-power fog-horn—a machine whose note is as that of a consumptive elephant.

They were making a short berth; towing the anchor under their foot to save trouble. "Square-rigger bellowin' fer his latitude," said Long Jack. The dripping red head-

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sails of a bark glided out of the fog, and the "We're Here" rang her bell thrice, using sea shorthand.

The larger boat backed her topsail with clamor and shoutings.

"Frenchman," said Uncle Salters, scornfully. "Miquelon boat from St. Malo." The farmer had a weatherly sea-eye. "I'm most outer 'baccy, too, Disko."

"Same here," said Tom Platt. "Hi! *Backez vous—backez vous! Standez away ez*, you butt-ended *mucho-bono!* Where you from—St. Malo, eh?"

"Ah, ha! *Mucho bono! Oui! oui! Clos Poulet—St. Malo! St. Pierre et Miquelon*," cried the other crowd, waving woollen caps and laughing. Then all together, "*Bord! Bord!*"

"Bring up the board, Danny. Beats me how them Frenchmen fetch anywheres, exceptin' America's fairish broadly. Forty-six forty-nine's good enough fer them; an' I guess it's abaout right, too."

Dan chalked the figures on the board, and they hung it in the main-rigging to a chorus of *Mercis* from the bark.

"Seems kinder unneighborly to let 'em swedge off like this," Salters suggested, feeling in his pockets.

"Hev ye learned French then sense last trip?" said Disko. "I don't want no more stone-ballast hove at us 'long o' your callin' Miquelon boats 'footy cochins,' same's you did off Le Have."

"Harmon Rush he said that was the way to rise 'em. Plain United States is good enough fer me. We're all dretful short on terbakker. Young feller, don't *you* speak French?"

"Oh, yes," said Harvey valiantly; and he bawled: "Hi! Say! *Arretez vous! Attendez! Nous sommes venant pour tabac.*"

"Ah, *tabac, tabac!*" they cried, and laughed again.

"That hit 'em. Let's heave a dory over, anyway," said Tom Platt. "I don't exactly hold no certificates on French, but I know another lingo that goes, I guess. Come on, Harve, an' interpret."

The raffle and confusion when he and Harvey were hauled up the bark's black side was indescribable. Her cabin was all stuck round with glaring colored prints of the Virgin—the Virgin of Newfoundland, they called her. Harvey found his French of no recognized brand, and his conversation was limited to nods and grins. But Tom Platt waved his arms and got along swimmingly. The captain gave him a drink of unspeakable gin, and the opera-comique crew, with their hairy throats, red caps, and long knives, greeted him as a brother. Then the trade began. They had tobacco, plenty of it—American, that had never paid duty to France. They wanted chocolate and crackers. Harvey rowed back to arrange with the cook and Disko, who owned the stores, and on his return the cocoa-tins and cracker-bags were counted out by the Frenchman's wheel. It looked like a piratical division of loot; but Tom Platt came out of it roped with black pigtail and stuffed with cakes of chewing and smoking tobacco. Then these jovial mariners swung off into the mist, and the last Harvey heard was a gay chorus:

"Par derrière chez ma tante,
Il y a un bois joli,
Et le rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit . .
Que donneriez vous, belle,
Qui l'amènerait ici?
Je donnerai Québec,
Sorel et Saint Denis."

"How was it my French didn't go and your sign talk did?" Harvey demanded when the barter had been distributed among the "We're Heres."

"Sign talk!" Platt guffawed. "Well, yes, 'twas sign talk, but a heap older 'n your French, Harve. Them French boats are chock full o' Freemasons, an' that's why."

"Are you a Freemason then?"

"Look's that way, don't it?" said the man-o'-war's man, stuffing his pipe; and Harvey had another mystery of the deep sea to brood upon.

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

By Lida Rose McCabe.

AT nightfall in May, 1887, an officer of the law halted at a palatial country seat on the Pacific Slope. A knock at the door was answered by a tall man of military bearing. Traces of trouble were graven on his parchment-like face. His hair and moustache were snow-white. High cheek bones, and a receding forehead, emphasized by bushy eye-brows from which peered restless steel-gray eyes, completed a striking personality.

"I have papers from the United States Court which I wish to serve on William Kissane," said the officer.

The other turned deathly pale, and answered: "Drive round to that clump of eucalyptus and I will send him to you."

The officer did as requested, and under the eucalyptus trees was soon rejoined by the same man of military bearing, who said: "I am William Kissane."

The officer then served a summons to appear in court and answer to a charge of guilt for a crime committed thirty years before. "All right, all right," said the other hurriedly; "I acknowledge service. Please excuse my not asking you into the house. We are all broken down." And feebly he retraced his steps across the lawn.

No romance surpasses in dramatic interest the adventures of this hero of the "Martha Washington" case. To recall that famous trial is to revivify a phase of American civilization now almost obliterated. It is nearly half a century since the singular crime which the trial revealed was perpetrated, and most of the persons identified with either the crime or the trial have passed away.

A steamer called "Martha Washington" left the Cincinnati docks late in the night of January 7, 1852. She was heavily freighted with a cargo consigned to New Orleans and the markets of Texas and California. In her cabin were thirty passengers. When seven days out, on the coldest night known to river men, she burned to the water's edge, off Island Sixty-five, in the Mississippi River. Despite the loss of sixteen lives, together with the cargo, the catastrophe excited no more comment at the time than many like disasters.

Towards the close of the same year, however, there appeared before P. B. Wilcox, United States Commissioner at Columbus, Ohio, one Sidney C. Burton, and charged half a score of men, several of them prominent in the business and social circles of Cincinnati, with loading the "Martha Washington" with simulated freight and then causing her to be set on fire, for the purpose of defrauding the insurance companies whose policies they held on the steamer and her cargo. At Cleveland, Ohio, where Burton carried on business, and in the mercantile world at large, he was favorably known as a prosperous dealer in wool and sheepskins. On the strength of his charges and evidence furnished by him, twelve arrests were made, and a preliminary hearing held before the Commissioner. Foremost among the accused was Captain Cummings, the owner of the "Martha Washington." He was a typical Mississippi steamboat commander of the old time, daring, handsome, and popular. His home was at Grand Cove, Louisiana. During the Mexican War, in company with one Lyman Cole, a man named Holland, and four brothers named Chapin, to whose sister he was married, the captain had plied the waters of the Rio Grande, trafficking with the army. Not the least of the ventures of the partners was a gambling den on the Rio Grande. The close of the war found them all in Cincinnati, where the Chapins, forming a partnership with a young man from the East, embarked in the manufacture of boots and shoes, under the firm name of Filley and Chapin.

They employed some 200 men in their factory, and carried on for a time the largest boot and shoe business in that city. Soon the Chapins formed a friendship with their business neighbors, Smith and Kissane, leading candle-makers and pork merchants. Kissane, young, shrewd, and clever, had been employed in the great pork house of Pugh and Johnson as bookkeeper, and in recognition of his business ability was soon given an interest in the



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firm, with whom he remained until 1849, when their pork house was destroyed by fire, under suspicious circumstances. Then Kissane formed a partnership with Smith.

In his new venture Kissane had the management of all the outside transactions of the firm. The business of his life had necessitated almost constant association with river men. There was little of their traffic with which he was not familiar. In this way he learned that great profits might be made by shipping large consignments of miscellaneous merchandise to Texas and California. On the Pacific coast at that period—shortly after the discovery of gold—Hungarian boots, which were out of style in the Cincinnati market, sold for forty-eight dollars a pair. Other merchandise brought proportionate prices.

JOHN McLEAN, THE JUDGE BEFORE WHOM THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE WAS TRIED.

In time Kissane became acquainted with Captain Cummings, who, since the Mexican War, had been lounging about Filley and Chapin's store and the Cincinnati docks, without apparent occupation. In some manner he even became the captain's creditor for $2,000. In December, 1851, Cummings bought the "Martha Washington," a well-known steamboat that had seen much service. Kissane showed much interest in the purchase. In his insinuating way, which never failed to win confidence, he communicated to the Chapins his idea of the profit of shipping goods to Texas and California. The firm of Filley and Chapin had at this time failed, assigning to one of its creditors, Lyman Cole. The Chapins, themselves men of limited business sagacity, foresaw in Kissane's suggestions a profitable way of disposing of their stock, while Lyman Cole, the assignee, a daring adventurer and a man of brains and resource, detected in them even a further and deeper meaning.

Before the "Martha Washington" set out on her first voyage under the command of Captain Cummings, she took on apparently an immense cargo—rolls of leather; sheepskins; boxes of boots, shoes, and hats; candles, pork, whiskey, brandy, brooms, and barrels of oil. The shippers then took out insurance amounting in all to $300,000, while Captain Cummings insured the steamer for $4,500, taking the policy in the name of his pilot, Lewis Choate, in order to avoid trouble with old creditors.

The unusual severity of the winter had greatly interfered with river traffic. The "Martha Washington" was the first steamer to go down the river after the breaking of the ice. Contrary to the design of the conspirators, thirty persons sought passage on the ill-fated steamer, and sixteen of them perished. To Holland, the boatswain, the conspirators intrusted the burning of the boat. How well he did his hellish work, how skilfully every step was covered, was fully revealed at the trial of the conspirators.

In all probability the crime would never have been detected but for the dogged perseverance of Sidney Burton. He was a heavy creditor of Filley and Chapin. Shortly before the sailing of the "Martha Washington" he went to Cincinnati, and there learned for the first time that the firm had failed, and that Lyman Cole had possession of the stock. The preceding fall he had sold the firm 162 dozen sheepskins, and at the same time had stored in the firm's warehouse 182 dozen more which belonged to him. When he demanded the money for the skins he had sold and the return of those he had stored, the firm refused to pay him what was owing him or to return the skins he had left in store. Burton returned home smarting under the ill-treatment. Some time afterwards he met in New York City one of the Chapins, who told him he was there trying to get $10,000 insurance, due, as he claimed, on goods lost on the "Martha Washington." He said the insurance companies had treated his firm badly and were giving

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it much trouble. He even offered to pay Burton his claim against the firm—$3,000—if he would help him recover the insurance. He refused, however, to let him have the policy.

Burton's suspicions were aroused. He went to the office of the insurance company, where he was shown the application. The policies, he discovered, had been taken out on the very sheepskins which he had stored with Filley and Chapin, and which he knew were in the factory at the time. Further developments convinced him that the whole cargo shipped on the lost steamer was simulated. He communicated his misgivings to the insurance companies, who had already paid $60,000 of the sum claimed; and aided by the companies and his private fortune of $50,000, he set out to run down the conspirators.

HENRY STANBERY, ATTORNEY FOR THE PROSECUTION IN THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

The final trial took place at Columbus, Ohio, October, 1853, before Judge John McLean. It continued a month, and developed into an immense popular sensation. The array of legal talent engaged was brilliant. The defendants were represented by Judge T. Walker and John Kebler of Cincinnati; Judge N. H. Swayne, later Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Samuel Galloway, a close friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln in the darkest days of the war; Ex-Governor Morehead of Kentucky; George E. Pugh, a distinguished member of Congress; George H. Pendleton, subsequently Minister to Germany; T. J. Gallagher; O. Brown; R. H. Stone; General Durbin Ward, long a leading orator and counsellor of the Ohio Democracy; and the elder Thomas Ewing, first Secretary of the Interior. The government was represented by United States Attorney Morton of Cleveland, Ohio, and Henry Stanbery, afterwards Attorney-General in President Johnson's Cabinet, from which he resigned to defend Johnson in the famous impeachment trial. Four hundred witnesses were summoned from towns along the Rio Grande, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers, while curious spectators came in crowds from far and near, travelling often with much discomfort. It was still the day of flatboats, saddle-bags, and stage-coaches. Railroads had barely begun to weave their serpentine network across the country.

### THE TRIAL.

Enter the west door of the quaint old courtroom. Against the east wall rises the judge's bench, a high, wooden structure not unlike the pulpit of a mediæval village church. With all the solemnity of old-time court dignity sits Judge McLean—a large, imposing gentleman of the old school, his thin, long silver hair lending a patriarchal halo to a fine head. In obedience to the impulse of age and the traditions of the Ohio bench, and despite the forensic brilliancy of the attorneys and the harrowing testimony of witnesses, he indulges, at intervals, in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. In front of the judge's bench sits Ewing, towering like a giant among his fellows, Swayne, Walker, and Pugh, all solid, remarkable men. Conspicuous always is the short thick body and Napoleonic head of Judge Walker. Quick, shrewd, brilliant, he is a lawyer of exceptional power and a good appetite for brandy. Three times a day he empties a tumbler.

Every eye, every ear is strained when without is heard the rumbling of the old omnibus which pulls up daily at the court to deposit the prisoners. Their hands and feet are heavily ironed. A cheer of approval or rumble of dissatisfaction from the crowd at the door rends the air as they disappear within the court, followed by lawyers, jurors, and prominent witnesses, all of whom live as one family at the neighboring hotel. Attending the prisoners are their wives, mothers, sisters, or

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sweethearts. Handsome, dashing women, becomingly attired, they never fail to win sympathetic admiration.

The hum of conversation ceases. The defendants take their seats. From the annals of piratical daring might have stepped Lyman Cole, a large, commanding man, with hair as black as a raven's wing, dark eyes, long moustache, and heavy beard. While the most damaging evidence is given, he coolly adjusts his gold-rimmed glasses and calmly surveys the witness. In complete contrast to Cole is Kissane,—tall, slender, graceful, with wavy blond hair, sunny blue eyes, pleasing manner, and voice of irresistible persuasiveness. He smiles often on his pretty sister and trusting mother, the latter a beautiful old Irish lady, who follows his interests with all a mother's watchful love. Farther back are seen the rugged face of Captain Cummings and the younger, but less agreeable, face of Holland, the boatswain, to whom was intrusted the burning of the steamer. On the witness-stand is the pilot, Lewis Choate. "I was at the wheel when the 'Martha Washington' burned," says he. "Captain Cummings was with me in the pilot-house. I remarked that I smelled fire. The captain looked about, and said there was no fire. He went downstairs, however, and immediately the flames broke out.

THOMAS EWING, ONE OF THE ATTORNEYS FOR THE DEFENCE IN THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

"I stood at the wheel until a line was made fast to a tree. There was no person alive in the cabin when the boat struck the shore. I could hear the glass rattling like hail in the burning cabin, where the flames roared like a tornado. I jumped ashore from the pilot-house—a hard spring it was; I struck partly in the water and partly on shore. All the passengers who ever got ashore did so at the instant the steamer struck the bank. Yes," he adds in a tragic voice, "if I had believed that Captain Cummings set the boat on fire, I would have taken his life that night. If you," addressing Mr. Stanbery, who stands erect and alert, the very Bayard of the bar, "had seen the misery, the suffering, that night, on board the 'Martha Washington,' you would not blame me. I am sure I would have killed the incendiary on the spot. It was the coldest night I ever saw in that country. No one could quench the flames. As well describe a hurricane as that fire, so fierce, so swift was the destruction it wrought. In less than a minute after the engineer shouted back to me that there was no fire, the flames flashed ten or twelve feet above the hurricane deck. The cabin of the boat had been painted over, God only knows how often—perhaps twenty times. It was not the coal-tar paint on the chimneys I smelled; it was a pine and turpentine smell."

The thread dropped by the pilot is now picked up by Captain Cummings, who revivifies that fatal night by telling how he strove to save two children by grasping their long hair and dragging them through the flames, until the smoke drove him back. He lost his hold, and the children, falling through the flames, disappeared in the dark, icy bosom of the Mississippi. The tears stream down his weatherbeaten face as he tells his story, while judge, counsel, jury, and the whole crowd of visitors are scarcely less moved.

Many complicated points arose. It seemed scarcely possible that a steamer should float with so large a cargo as it was claimed that the "Martha Washington" had on board. The ablest mathematician of the country testified that no steamer could possibly float with such a cargo. In direct contradiction to this testimony, old river men swore that it was impossible to overload a steamer. The prosecution introduced testimony tending to show that the boxes represented as con-

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taining boots and shoes were filled with scraps of old leather, sand, and sawdust, and that the reputed barrels of oil and brandy were nothing more than so much water.

The prosecution designed to shatter the defence by presenting at the decisive moment the testimony of the father of Chapin's partner Filley. Before the conspiracy was fully detected, Filley himself had died. He was a man of delicate constitution, and the crime so weighed on his conscience as to hasten his death. He made a deathbed confession of the whole plot to his father, in the presence of witnesses. This gave the testimony of the father the highest interest, and the prosecution eagerly awaited his arrival. But at Buffalo, while on his way to the trial, Filley the father was seized by masked men, gagged, and spirited to Canada, where he was concealed in a cellar until after a verdict had been rendered.

S. S. COX, WHO REPORTED THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE FOR THE "OHIO STATESMAN;" FOR MANY YEARS A LEADING MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

In the beginning of the trial, newspaper reporters were excluded by the court, and for some time spirited war waged between the judge and the press. With characteristic persistency the reporters finally gained admittance. In the vanguard was S. S. Cox, for many years a leading member of Congress from New York, then on the staff of the "Ohio Statesman," where he won his famous *soubriquet* of "Sunset." At this trial served the first stenographer ever seen in a Western court.

The jury was chosen with difficulty. During their five weeks' service the members of it were assailed on every side by the zealous feminine sympathizers of the accused. By every art possible to youth, beauty, and wit, and the reckless abandon of lives largely spent in the companionship of adventurers, were they approached. "If you do not go into that jury-room and vote 'not guilty,' in an hour you will be a dead man," said the wife of Captain Cummings, confronting an aged juror on the staircase. Sprung from an old and respected Massachusetts family, she was a singularly beautiful, brilliant, dashing woman. As Olive Chapin she had gone in early girlhood to the West, and become enamoured of the picturesque river captain. Cummings did not see fit to marry her, and went off to Mexico and opened his gambling-house on the Rio Grande. One day as he sat dealing faro there, his affianced presented herself. Disguised in man's attire and armed with a brace of pistols, she had made her way without detection to the Rio Grande. She was a skilled shot, and could hit a dollar across a room. Levelling a pistol at the recreant lover's head, she said in a short, sharp voice, "Captain Cummings, marry me, or take this in your head." The astounded captain replied, "Why, Ollie, my dear, is that you?" The marriage ceremony was performed that day.

Tears were the weapons that Lyman Cole's equally handsome wife employed, while smiles sufficed Kissane's pretty sister and fond mother. The jury were a week in coming to a verdict. Finally, on Monday afternoon, November 14, 1853, they pronounced the defendants "not guilty." The verdict was received, on the part of the accused and their friends, with tears, smiles, laughter, sobs of relief, and cries of joy. Kissane, pale and haggard, fell into his mother's arms. But from the public came curses and grumbling, for there were few outsiders who, having followed the testimony, did not believe the prisoners guilty. With wine and song the acquitted lavishly celebrated their deliverance. The trial cost the government $50,000, while it left the defendants one and all penniless.

To recuperate their fortunes and to reek vengeance on every one who had testified against them, was now the ambition of the conspirators. Few of their opponents escaped a tragic end. The safe of Henry Stanbery was blown open and all the papers of the case removed. Nine witnesses met violent deaths. One was shot dead while seated on his horse, talking to

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his wife at the door of his house, and the assassin was never discovered.

The conspirators were especially relentless in their pursuit of Sidney Burton. Once his house was blown up, and once as he was travelling in a railway train an explosion occurred and shattered the seat he had occupied, but by chance had left only a moment before. Eleven times chemical analysis revealed poison in his food. Counterfeit money was placed in his house. One day in New York he met the wife of Captain Cummings on Fulton Street. She requested an interview and wished him to accompany her to a designated place. He was suspicious, and noticing several men in communication with her, he attempted to get away. The men approached threateningly. Burton stepped into a doorway and drew a revolver. The assailants were arrested, and, when searched, were found armed with pistols and bowie knives; even Mrs. Cummings was armed.

Despite disappointment, broken health, and depleted fortune, Burton continued his efforts against the conspirators. He secured the indictment of Kissane, Cummings, and Cole at Helena, Arkansas, on a charge of arson and murder. Several of the lost passengers of the "Martha Washington" had been residents of Arkansas. The prisoners were admitted to bail, and when the trial was called, neither Kissane nor Cole responded. Captain Cummings was again acquitted.

The remarkable skill and devotion of Burton in the affair attracted the notice of Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. Through the Secretary of the Treasury, President Pierce appointed him a special agent to ferret out abuses in the Treasury. Burton refused to accept the appointment until it was agreed that he should retain a portion of his time to continue his prosecution of the "Martha Washington" people. When the President's intention became known, the Kissane party employed lobbyists to prevent the passage through Congress of the appropriation for the service which Burton was to conduct. The appropriation failed by two votes. Then Burton's health gave way. For months he was unable to lie down, and he finally died sitting in his chair.

Kissane, the head of the conspiracy, on his acquittal was carried to Lebanon, Ohio, to answer to the charge of forgery. He had been under indictment on this charge when arrested for setting the "Martha Washington" on fire. The forgery he had committed on his early benefactors and employers, Johnson and Pugh. He was convicted, but while waiting sentence escaped. Disguised in a garb made of bedticking and tied about him with a rope, he was discovered near Cleveland, serving as an ox-driver. He was captured and taken back to jail, but again escaped.

### THE CHEMICAL BANK FORGERY.

In July, 1854, about seven months after the "Martha Washington" trial, Kissane went to New York, and in company with one Andrew Finlay engaged in buying and selling uncurrent money. Some of their dealings were with John Thompson and Very and Gwynne, brokers, and in the course of them they came into possession of checks of Thompson's and of Very and Gwynne's. Having ascertained who made the blanks on which these checks were written, Kissane visited the maker, and, under pretence of getting a check-book for himself, requested to see samples. He gave an assumed name. While looking over the samples, he purloined several of the blank checks made for Thompson and Very and Gwynne.

Kissane and Finlay now retired from New York for a little while, and Kissane, learning that his old associate Lyman Cole had in some way got hold of $2,000, induced Cole to join him and Finlay in their enterprises. Cole accompanied him when he returned to New York. Kissane and Finlay established themselves at a hotel, where Finlay registered as "Robert Hamilton," and Kissane as "William Johnson." Cole took lodging in a private house. They passed most of their time in Finlay's room at the hotel. There they spent a large portion of several days in practising the writing of signatures, and in preparing several letters of introduction. One of these letters purported to be from Joseph C. Hughes of Kentucky to Mr. Van Brunt of the firm of Van Brunt and Watrous, New York pork brokers; another from White, Cunningham & Co. of Cincinnati to Robert H. Berdell of Robert H. Berdell & Co. of New York. They introduced "James Bishop."

On the 25th of August, 1854, Finlay called at Mr. Van Brunt's packing-house, and under the impersonation of "James Bishop" presented the letter from Joseph C. Hughes. Van Brunt was pleased to meet a friend of "old Joe Hughes." He invited Mr. "Bishop" to call on him again the next day. "Bishop" did so.

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He represented himself as a large dealer in hogs, and in the course of conversation disclosed that he had considerable money with him, and questioned whether it was safe to be carrying so large a sum about in his pocket. Mr. Van Brunt suggested to his partner Watrous that he take Mr. "Bishop" to the Chemical Bank and let him deposit his money. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and on Mr. Watrous's introduction, Mr. "James Bishop" was permitted to open an account at the Chemical Bank with an initial deposit of $2,000 in bills (the $2,000 brought into the enterprise by Cole, as subsequently appeared).

The next day "Bishop" started down town to present his letter to Mr. Berdell. On the way he stopped at the Chemical Bank and drew out $1,950 of the $2,000 he had deposited the day before. His reception by Mr. Berdell was not satisfactory. A "feeler" he threw out towards opening a bank account was met by a proposition on the part of Mr. Berdell that he leave his burden of money with Mr. Berdell's firm. At this Finlay (alias "Bishop") became alarmed. He hastened to Kissane, who decided that their last movement must be made at once. That afternoon, near three o'clock, "Bishop" called again at the bank. He pretended to be a little the worse of "old Kentucky rye." He invited the cashier to inspect a long bill of hogs he had purchased, at the same time requesting him to place to his credit a certified check for $12,000, drawn upon the American Exchange Bank by John Thompson, and another for $6,018.58, drawn on the Continental Bank by Very and Gwynne. He stated that he would have to settle for the hogs that day. But he had been "around with the boys," he felt "a little shaky," would the cashier be kind enough to fill out a check for him for $14,870, and he would sign it? Of course the cashier could not decline to oblige a gentleman so well endorsed. With the check once in hand, "Bishop" lost no time in getting to the paying-teller's desk. As he presented the check he remarked, "Mr. Teller, your city has knocked me up."

"How so?"

"Well, you see I am used to travelling on soft ground, and your hard pavements are too much for me."

It was near the closing hour; all was bustle and hurry; no need to question the check of a patron well introduced, written in the cashier's own hand. The teller swiftly counted out $870 in one-hundred, fifty, and twenty dollar bills, and the $14,000 in $500 bills. "Bishop" asked to have smaller denominations, but in his haste the teller refused, and thereby, as subsequently appeared, he probably saved the bank the loss of a considerable part of the amount of the check. While Finlay, or "Bishop," was playing his part thus triumphantly within the bank, Lyman Cole stood outside, on the opposite side of Broadway, and kept watch. Later in the day, Cole, Finlay, and Kissane met in Thirty-second Street, and divided the spoil. Kissane, it is supposed, took $6,500 as his share, and Finlay $5,300, while Cole got the balance, together with the $1,950 of his $2,000, with which the account was opened.

The forgeries were soon detected, and measures taken to secure the forgers. An old acquaintance of theirs and sufferer at their hands, learning what "Bishop" had said to the teller about the hard pavements of New York, thereby identified him with Finlay. Finlay was found concealed in a house in Baltimore. On his person, hidden under the lining of his vest, was found $4,000 in $500 notes of the Chemical Bank.

Kissane was arrested in Cincinnati. At Hornellsville, New York, while the train was moving at a rapid rate, he escaped the vigilance of the guards and leaped through the water-closet window. The train was stopped, but search failed to find him. Several days later he appeared at Buffalo at the house of John Lynch, formerly bar-keeper on the "Martha Washington." Lynch took him to the house of a man named Sparrow, a small farmer living near Buffalo. Kissane sent Lynch to Cincinnati with a letter to his brother Reuben Kissane. The brother sent back by Lynch a bottle of magnesia, from which, on opening it at Lynch's house, Kissane took $6,500 in $500 Chemical Bank notes. He carried these notes with him to Sparrow's farm. There for three months he assisted in field work. Evening leisure at the farm was devoted to altering bank notes by the cutting and pasting process. Sparrow was detected passing these notes on the storekeepers. Several were cashed before their fraudulency was discovered. He was arrested. He protested innocence, and swore that the bills had been given him on his farm by a man named Lynch, the name by which Kissane was known to the farmer. A raid was made on the farm and Kissane captured, together with a bundle

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of papers he had placed in the charge of Sparrow's wife. In it was found the $6,500 of Chemical Bank notes. Locked fast to an officer with handcuffs, the key of which was in the pocket of the bank teller, Kissane was brought safely to New York. Meanwhile Cole also had been arrested.

Kissane's trial opened March 14, 1855, before Recorder James M. Smith, the prosecution being conducted by A. Oakey Hall, then District Attorney, and James R. Whiting. It was the sensation of the day. Finlay turned State's evidence. In less than ten minutes after retiring the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

When brought up for sentence, Kissane made a plea for mercy which revealed talent of a high order. He told of his early home life, his struggle to business and social eminence, and his fall among evil associates. He humbly accepted the court's decree, and avowed a resolution to lead a better life. The judge was so affected by this appeal, that he mitigated the sentence, to his regret in later years, from the highest to the lowest penalty—two years and six months' imprisonment in Sing Sing. "The whole world may forgive me," said Kissane, "but I cannot forgive myself. I had hoped to reach some distant country where those who had known me could know me no more, where I could have settled down among strangers and once more been a man among men. But Providence has decreed otherwise. Were I permitted to depart this day, and whenever it shall please the powers that be to permit me to depart, such shall be my course—I trust a wiser and a better man."

Cole was tried twice; both times the jury disagreed, and finally he was discharged.

### A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

December 8, 1855, under promise to turn State's evidence against an organized band of insurance swindlers, said to be the outgrowth of the "Martha Washington" conspiracy, after nine months' imprisonment, Kissane was pardoned. Governor Myron H. Clark had been overwhelmed with petitions in the prisoner's behalf. These petitions are still in the archives of the Governor's office, and make a large volume. One of them is from Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed.

Liberty regained, Kissane lost no time in seeking a strange land, where, if he did not become a "man among men," he failed not to commit deeds of prowess that are not without a charm even in this prosaic day.

Into the Walker Nicaragua expedition, made up for the most part of "men of strong character, tired of the humdrum of common life, and ready for a career which might bring them the sweets of adventure or the rewards of fame," Kissane now threw himself with all the abandon of his daring nature. He arrived at Nicaragua February 1, 1856. Under an assumed name he was soon appointed and commissioned assistant commanding general, with the rank of major, and ordered to take charge of the commissariat of the army. He showed such ability that Walker soon promoted him. For eight or nine months he had the entire finances of the country in his hands, and but for his careful management, the filibustering scheme, it is conceded, would have met an earlier defeat.

When General Walker marched to Rivas, he left Granada in charge of Kissane. The latter made sudden sallies on the neighboring haciendas, and capturing the wives and daughters of prominent Nicaraguans, held them as hostages to be exchanged for money or provisions. He is reputed to have made a fortune in the sale of confiscated haciendas and vouchers. Under his direction cathedrals and convents and private dwellings were pillaged of gold, silver, and jewels. The plunder, which filled six large cedar chests, was melted, packed in small bulk, and shipped to New Orleans. Robed in priestly vestments, and carrying the holy eucharist, Kissane led a triumphant procession through the streets of Granada. His audacity and bravery won him devoted followers. Few, if any, of his companions in arms suspected his early history. Nevertheless the tropics did not shield him wholly from memory of the past. Recognizing in one of the youthful followers of the army the son of a man who had testified against him in the "Martha Washington" case, Kissane had the young man arrested on some trumped-up charge, and shot down in cold blood.

At the collapse of the expedition, Kissane caused to be published in the papers accounts of the heroic death of himself under his new name. Meanwhile he escaped from the country to Panama on board the United States sloop of war St. Mary's, Captain Davis. He is next heard of as a participant in the Chinese rebel-

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lion. His shrewdness soon secured him the favor of the Emperor, who raised him to the rank of general of the army. The close of the rebellion found him pursuing pleasure in the capitals of Europe, accompanied by a Japanese body-servant captured by his troops at Shanghai. Finally he drifted to California, whither his mother and brothers had preceded him and were living, also under assumed names.

On the Fraser River, British Columbia, three thousand miles from railroad or telegraphic communication, the soldier of fortune now delved into the bowels of the earth. He had the Midas touch. With bags of gold dust he soon sought Sacramento, where he invested in real estate, embarked in business, and was quickly recognized as a shrewd, spirited, and popular citizen.

Then came the Gold Hill excitement. Kissane again wooed fortune in the mines, and with his usual luck. He retired with a fortune. Then shunning large cities, where the past might confront him, he purchased a fine country seat in Sonoma County, six miles from the little town of Petaluma. This was in 1863. Thenceforth it was his object to make this seat the most beautiful in all that region.

But while Kissane was building up a new life in the land of sunshine and flowers, playing with lordly grace the *rôle* of a wealthy country gentleman, a second Nemesis had picked up the thread dropped by Sidney Burton. Among the Cincinnatians who met financial ruin at the hands of Kissane were members of the family of General Francis Darr. With a fixity of purpose as tenacious, as all-absorbing, as that which possessed Burton, General Darr followed Kissane's migrations for thirty years. A graduate of West Point, General Darr served gallantly in the war on the staffs of Generals Rosecrans, Buell, and Foster, and was in command of New York City after the draft riots. He never credited the report of Kissane's death in Nicaragua, and throughout the Rebellion he hoped to meet him. Some ten years ago he went to San Francisco as civil engineer for a railroad company. At a meeting of the board of directors he recognized in one of the directors the object of his thirty years' search. After the meeting, he encountered the director in the street and accosted him: "Hello, Bill Kissane! How are you?" The director haughtily resented such familiarity in a subordinate, but ever after carefully avoided Darr. Subsequently General Darr became interested in a wine house for which Kissane's vineyards yielded their choicest vintage. At a board meeting, Darr recognized in the firm's counsel a brother of Kissane. It was not long before General Darr was forced to relinquish his interest in the firm.

Having in these various encounters clearly established Kissane's identity, General Darr notified the Chemical Bank of New York, and the bank gave him a power of attorney to collect the balance of principal and interest still due on the old forgery claim. Through reputable lawyers the account was quietly enclosed to Kissane, who, taking the cue, sent an attorney, a man who knew his past, to New York, to satisfy the account and quietly clear his record. But the attorney somehow failed in his mission, the matter got into the courts, and the story of Kissane's career in all its romantic details was recited to the world through the press. Thus Kissane's thirty years' struggle to bury the past came to nought. Yet, never, perhaps, was the power of wealth and personal influence more strikingly exemplified than in the promptitude with which managers of railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers, secret fraternities, and legal authorities combined to shield the man. A California court decided that disguises and changes of name did not stop the running of the statute of limitations, and denied the Chemical Bank its claim. Thus Kissane was discharged of the duty of making restitution, and dismissed to resume his luxurious life in the bosom of his family, whose confidence and love had remained unshaken.

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# IN A BOWERY REGIMENT.

## THE STORY OF MY FIRST COMMAND.

By Captain Musgrove Davis.

HEN my appointment as second lieutenant in the 199th New York Volunteers reached me it was April, and we were in camp at a place known as Catlett's Station, not far from Washington. The next morning I bade the old 15th good-by, and started in high spirits for the Capital to take up my commission. At Manassas, on the way, we were cut off by rebel cavalry for thirty-six hours, with, I remember, nothing to eat but molasses, sweet-cakes, and sardines: a ration which effectually destroyed my liking for sweets.

Reaching Alexandria, finally, in the night, I was promptly clapped into the guard-house for being without the countersign, and languished there for quite half an hour before remembering that, as an officer, I was entitled to receive it. As soon as this fact dawned on me, I made haste to communicate with the officer of the guard, who, on sight of my commission, at once gave me the word, and off I went to the hotel.

In the morning I proceeded to Washington, where I allowed not a spear of grass to start under my feet until I had ordered my complete lieutenant's uniform, including shoulder-straps that made up in size what I lacked in rank. Thus accoutred I felt that I owned Washington. At one time I would issue from my hotel in the full splendor of sword, sash, belt, and gauntlets; at another I would sally forth in fatigue jacket and white gloves. In either array I knew myself for a paragon of martial beauty, and few store windows did I pass without stopping to feast on my reflection in the glass, under pretext of examining the goods displayed for sale.

General Wadsworth was Provost-Marshal-General, and accordingly to him I applied for the location of my regiment. I found it was Colonel Harrison's Regiment, of Benton's Brigade, Couch's Division, Sumner's Corps, McClellan's Army of the Peninsula. Provided with this direction and a pass on a government steamer, I embarked at Alexandria, and so down the Potomac.

About two o'clock of a hot afternoon we arrived at City Landing, where, on all sides, little was to be seen but huge piles of quartermaster's stores, hundreds of army wagons, and in the background corduroy roads diverging into the woods.

The army was at that time encamped before Yorktown. Putting my valise into a wagon that belonged to Benton's Brigade, and strapping on sword, haversack, and canteen, I set out on foot, in company with a number of other officers, for the front. When we had covered three or four miles, guide-boards began to appear, and soon, as my companions separated for their different divisions and brigades, I was proceeding all alone. Coming presently upon a sentry, I asked the way to Benton's Brigade, and arriving in due time at the place indicated, I inquired of another sentry for the 199th New York.

"No such regiment in the brigade," was the reply.

"What regiments are there in it?"

"The 4th Minnesota, 19th Massachusetts, 50th Ohio, and 3d New York Militia."

"You are sure this is Benton's Brigade?" I persisted.

"Yes, and Couch's Division; but there is no 199th New York in this corps, I know."

Here was a fine state of affairs. In the midst of an army of strangers and not able to even hear of my regiment! I could ask at brigade headquarters, the man suggested. I did so, but the assistant adjutant-general knew of no such regiment. "General Wadsworth must have mistaken," he added; "for I have a list of all the regiments in McClellan's Army, and there is no such New York number." He said, further, that he was sorry for me; but I was sorry for myself, for that matter. The question was, What to do?



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As I turned away, I chanced to overhear the clerk say something about the "3d Militia," and immediately the officer called me back to wait while he looked at some new instructions. Then it came out that orders had that day been received from Washington giving the title of "199th New York Volunteers" to the old 3d Militia. This cleared the matter up, my camp was pointed out, and I started off again, with a suggestion from the adjutant that, as all militia regiments disliked very much to have the numbers of their organization changed, I take the figures off my cap, especially since the 199th were a rather ugly lot from the Bowery, and might otherwise make me trouble. I at once acted on the advice. But remembering that "Lieutenant Musgrove Davis, 199th N. Y. Volunteers," was painted in large letters on the end of my valise, I wondered how they would take that.

"I FELT THAT I OWNED WASHINGTON."

Up to this time I had had no doubts as to the importance of my rank, believing that to see my straps would be to respect me. I was soon to realize, however, that possibly such was not the case.

I arrived at my regiment, and, passing the guard-house, made directly for the commanding officer's tent, which is always known by its position. On the way thither I happened upon a feature of my new environment which was, to say the least, a little surprising. It consisted in a ring of officers and men shouting and acting in a way to convince me that a "mill" was going on in the middle. Men and officers mingling to cheer a fight, and that within the regimental lines! "What sort of a place," wondered I, "have I got into?"

It was now about four o'clock, and still very warm. The flaps of the colonel's tent were up, and as I drew near I could see inside the figure of a man lying on a camp bed in his shirt-sleeves, with a newspaper before him. I scratched on the canvas by way of knocking, and a gruff voice said:

"What d'ye want?"

I stepped just inside, took off my cap, and stood for some seconds staring at the immovable newspaper before venturing to ask: "Is this Colonel Harrison?"

Down came the paper, and up rose the man to a sitting posture, revealing a red, bloated, brutal face, with blood-shot eyes and a decidedly ill-pleased expression. With an oath he replied:

"No! He's in jail!"

This seemed a most unlikely statement, but was afterwards found to be perfectly correct. The colonel had been arrested for appropriating and selling regimental rations and forage.

"May I ask your name, sir?" I made bold to inquire.

"Oh, yes [with another oath], you may ask, fer all I care!"

"What I wish to ascertain is who might be in command?"

"I can't tell you who might be in command, but I know who is. I am."

"Then, sir, I should like to know your name and rank," I continued.

"My name and rank is none of your business, that I know of," was the answer, and with that the officer coolly resumed his reading.

By this time I was pretty thoroughly frightened, and wished myself anywhere else and my commission in the moon. Meanwhile a lot of rough-looking brutes had gathered around, attracted by the conversation; and, altogether, for a smooth-faced stripling the situation possessed few attractions. However, I managed to say that I had official orders to the commanding officer of the regiment, and therefore must insist on learning his name and rank.

"Well, I am Lieutenant-Colonel

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Thomas, commanding. Where are your orders?" laying down the paper and thrusting out his hand, in which I placed my orders as second lieutenant of Company B.

"Just what I thought!" he continued. "You're another of those useless young fools that that ass of a Governor has been sending down here. You a second lieutenant? Why, you little runt, you ain't fit fer a gun-swab! I don't want you! Take your orders back to the Governor and tell him that I can fill my own offices, and that he had better get a new set of brains pumped into his fool head. Tell him that I don't keep no nursery. I hain't got no bottles to bring up children on. Get out of this; I hain't got no use fer ye!"

During this astonishing outburst I had stood transfixed. At its conclusion, however, a reaction set in. I seemed to see the whole situation in a flash. Colonel Thomas probably imagined that I was the son of some rich man or influential politician, who had procured my appointment through favoritism, and that I had seen no service—knew as little of soldiering, in other words, as he did of preaching. If he could only frighten me out of camp he had but to report me "absent without leave," to ensure my instant dismissal; for the hundred or more of his men who were standing about might be relied on to swear black was white if I ever succeeded in having the matter brought to trial. That was his "game." The idea was not flattering to the lieutenant-colonel and his command, but further acquaintance with them proved it correct, for if ever there was a set of blackguards outside of "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," this regiment contained them. The extent to which they would steal, and lie, and fight, and fight, and lie, and steal was almost beyond belief. I ought to add, though, that they would stand up against the enemy as stubbornly as any regiment I ever saw in action.

"'JUST WHAT I THOUGHT!' HE CONTINUED. 'YOU'RE ANOTHER OF THOSE USELESS YOUNG FOOLS THAT THAT ASS OF A GOVERNOR HAS BEEN SENDING DOWN HERE.'"

I have said that I saw Colonel Thomas's "game." I perceived, also, that to back down would be to invite disgrace, perhaps violence. Clearly, it was "sink or swim," "fish or cut bait." The knowledge that I was entirely right and he entirely wrong—that he had been guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and was himself liable to court-martial and dismissal, nerved me. The consciousness that not only my honor but my family's was at stake fired me. The recollection of the insults and abuse that I had just listened to sent the hot blood bounding through my veins as if it would burst them. I felt that I would rather die than submit, and that I would rather fight than do either. It seemed as if I weighed a ton. I started a step forward, and my tongue was loosed. Epithets and expletives rose to my lips like water to a pump, and I poured them out as freely. I wound up by assuring him that, as he didn't seem to know to whom he was talking, it should be my early and great pleasure to let him know, through my father's friend, General Sumner, and in a way which he wouldn't soon forget; advising him to pack his little "kit" meanwhile, as he wouldn't be in command of the regiment at midnight.

This threat was a piece of sheer, consummate "cheek" on my part, for, as a matter of fact, General Sumner did not know that such a man as my father existed. But something had to be done, and I was not disappointed in the effect of my little stratagem.

I had finished and was half way through the ruffianly crowd before Thomas recovered himself sufficiently to call out: "Come back here, boy!"

I turned and asked him what he wanted.

"Come here, come here! It won't do you no good to go to General Sumner. I and all my men would swear your story was a lie."

I judged this remark to be a "feeler"; so, standing by my colors, I replied: "You

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did he wish to stultify himself; so he hesitated.

"I refuse duty, captain, unless you comply. That will bring the matter to a point, and then we shall see who wants a court-martial. If it comes to that, one of us will be dismissed, and it won't be I."

This "settled" him. Stepping to the rear of the company, he gave the order: "Mr. Allen, take the rear of the second platoon." Allen accordingly skulked thither, while I, inwardly exulting, took the place of first lieutenant.

The blow was a stunning one to the captain, and not without effect upon the men. Moreover, we moved out so late to parade that the captain came in for a reproof from the adjutant, though little did that officer know the cause of the delay. In due time parade was dismissed, and I walked solitary and alone to my tent, amid the jeers and taunts of officers and men. Meanwhile the quartermaster's wagons had arrived at brigade headquarters, bringing my valise, which I carried to the tent; and. spreading a blanket over the boughs and stretching myself thereon, I drew a little needed strength and comfort from a certain flask which the new arrival contained.

It was growing dusk, and the din of supper-getting filled the air as the men gathered around their fires. As for me, I had no means of preparing a meal, and no one offered me a word or a morsel. I did feel desolate and alone. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Musgrove; you haven't time to get blue," said I to myself; and out I sallied in search of the sutler's tent.

I had to go into the next camp before I found such an institution, for the 199th had, by its peculiar attentions, so impoverished its own sutler that he had finally departed, and nobody seemed desirous of taking his place.

I made my purchases, consisting of herring, crackers, coffee, sugar, and a tin cup, and, regaining my tent, prepared a lonely but tolerable supper. The meal despatched, I lay wearily down upon my blanket and gave myself up to gloomy thoughts. As darkness came on I stepped tentatively outside my quarters, in order to get the fresh air and to obtain a better idea of my surroundings. I was almost instantly seized, and, in the fear, perhaps, that I had not been made to feel sufficiently at home, certain unconventional amenities were offered me—even forced upon me. My rank was not allowed to interfere with the convivial hospitality; in short, I was incontinently tossed in a blanket by the privates of my own company. I went skyward until the men were tired, nor did a single officer appear to interrupt the harmony of the occasion. When I was near swooning they let me go, and I returned giddy and faint to my tent; simply remarking, "You are having your fun now; my turn may come later on."

Presently tattoo sounded, and I had just about concluded that I would try to sleep, when there came a scratch on my tent. I said, "Come in." Immediately the flaps parted, and a head was thrust in with the inquiry: "Is this Lieutenant Davis?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Officer of the guard to-morrow," was the reply.

There it was again! Another violation of the "Regulations," and another act of persecution.

"Are you the adjutant?" I asked.

"I am."

"Whose order is this?"

"The colonel's, sir."

A thousand angry thoughts flashed through my mind, but, resolved that my persecutors should not have the least pretext on which to accuse me of shirking duty, I said: "Very well, sir," and the adjutant departed.

Now guard-mounting is about as difficult and particular a duty as an officer has to perform. Positions are reduced to paces, and paces almost to inches, and salutes and orders must come at exactly certain times; so that a person not well posted in the manual is almost certain to blunder. All this the colonel had no doubt thought of, and he was probably chuckling at that very moment in anticipation of my failure and consequent disgrace on the morrow; for if I did fail he would be sure to have me tried for incompetency.

"No, you won't," thought I, and making another trip to the sutler's, I soon returned with half a dozen candles and a box of matches. Out came next the "Regulations" and a copy of the tactics, and to work I went. I broke the matches into men, platoons, and officers, and put them repeatedly through the entire manœuvre, until when daylight came it found me innocent of a wink of sleep, but with the whole order of guard-mounting and guard duty at my finger's ends. This acquisition was made easier by the fact that, on the Christmas during my connection with the 15th, the colonel had for that day turned over the regiment

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to officers elected from among the privates and "non-coms," and I had been chosen officer of the guard.

I got my breakfast (what little I ate) as I had got my supper, and nervously awaited the guard-mounting call due at half-past eight. When the time came I was belted, gloved, and on the ground, where also the entire regiment, from the colonel down, were gathered "to see the little upstart bilge," as they expressed it.

Desperation had made me perfectly calm to all outward appearances, and I went through the various evolutions, and marched my men off to the guard-house without a blunder. There further formalities were to be gone through between the old and the new guard, and thither, accordingly, the crowd now pressed.

I marched my new guard past the old, and dressed them up on a line with the latter. As I did so I heard a murmur go round, followed by laughter and jeers; and immediately the crowd began to disperse with expressions of satisfaction which seemed to say, "We've got him now." This threw me into a cold perspiration. I could not see the mistake, and I dared not hesitate. With my heart in my boots I aligned the men, and went forward to meet and salute the old officer of the guard and receive from him the standing orders. These he repeated to me as he had received them, and ended by taking from his belt and handing over three or four pairs of handcuffs. Feigning astonishment, I asked what the things were for, and was told that I would find out fast enough before the day was over. With that the old guard marched past, received its proper salute, and departed.

"Here," thought I, "is a chance to score a point. These men have evidently been treated more like beasts than human beings, and if I can awaken a spark of manhood in them, if they have any pride left, I can now turn it to my account." So, with the bracelets still in hand, I stepped to the front of the guard and addressed them as follows:

"Men, for a year I have been, like yourselves, a private. I have carried a gun and knapsack; I have gone through with my duties in camp and on the march; but never did I need one of these things upon my wrists They are for felons, not for honest soldiers; and I see no one here who looks as if he deserved anything of the kind." (A compliment which involved a severe strain of the truth.) "You can, and I am sure you will, discharge your duty without them, and I shall take great pleasure in doing what I can to lighten that duty. I make no threat as to what will happen if you fail, for I am sure you will not. We are all here, not from choice, but to serve our country, and we have equal rights and interests. It is, of course, necessary for every organization to have its officers. The government, feeling that I deserve a commission, has given me one, and I shall do all in my power to honor it. The mere fact of my having shoulder-straps is not proof that I am better than you, but, in this case, evidence of longer service; and I trust you will not follow the example of some of your superiors and condemn me before trial, but rather wait and judge for yourselves. If ever I ask you to go where I will not lead, then censure me. I am sure that when this tour of duty is over we shall be better friends.

"It has been the custom, where I have served, to allow each relief to rest in their tents for the two hours just previous to standing guard, in order that they may be fresh for duty; the other relief not on duty remaining at the guard-house to turn out for general officers. I shall follow that course here until I see good reason to change it. It is needless for me to ask that the instant the call is sounded you come promptly to the guard-house, as that will be necessary not only to a good understanding, but to the continuance of the privilege. Sergeant, tell off the men and send out the first relief."

The guard looked at one another, but whether they meant to say that I did not know the men I had to deal with, or whether I had found and touched a susceptible chord, I could not tell. I threw the handcuffs into the furthest corner of the guard-house, and turned to the inspection of the guard-book. The first relief went out; the old relief came in and were marched away under command of their sergeant; the second relief went to their tents, and I was left to myself with the third.

During the next two hours I managed to say a pleasant word to each of the men left at the guard-house, and to visit all those upon post, changing their beats for the better when I could. This done, I waited most anxiously for eleven o'clock. If then the men promptly responded to the call, I should be master of the situation. If they did not—

At five minutes to eleven I ordered the call to be sounded, and then turned away.

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I cannot begin to describe the agony of that interval. It seemed an hour. Every few seconds I would consult my watch, half believing that it must have stopped. What if they should not come? Were not officers and men against me? Would not the colonel himself wink at disobedience? Possibly he had even given the men secret instructions to disregard me. Should I order a corporal's guard to arrest all delinquents, and if the guard refused, or the men resisted, should I shoot them? I had a right to do this, but it would be a terrible measure. My own life would not be worth a penny in that event, and would be measured by seconds.

At length the five minutes passed. Without turning I ordered the sergeant to "fall in the guard." The order was given. I heard the stir of men and the handling of muskets, and knew that some, at least, were present. In a moment the sergeant began to call the roll, while I listened breathless.

"Number One," "Two," "Three," "Four," "Five," "Six," "Seven," "Eight" (to each came the answer "Here!" and my breast began to heave), "Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," "Twelve," —all there!

My heart leaped to my throat, and tears filled my eyes. I turned, but everything swam before me. I attempted to speak, but my chin trembled and my tongue refused its office. I felt that I was fast losing control of myself; so, whirling upon my heel, I walked a few paces away. A moment sufficed to subdue my feelings, and returning I spoke a few earnest words of gratitude to the men and sent them about their duty. Nor was I the only one affected, for I saw a big corporal draw his sleeve across his face, and thus betray the presence of a heart.

I allowed the next relief to go to their tents, and again visited the sentries. When I returned to the guard-house at noon the big corporal came awkwardly toward me, and, touching his cap, said: "Lootinant, can I make ye a cup o' coffee, sur?"

Again I was ready to break down, and it was seconds before I could answer: "Thank you, Corporal, not only for the coffee, which I shall take with pleasure, but also for the first kind word I have had in this regiment."

That opened the ball. One man wanted to fetch the water, and another, putting a bit of pork on a stick, roasted it over the coals for me. In fact, it was evident that I had won the day. My spirits rose for the first time to something near a healthy level, and I began to see daylight. I talked familiarly but dignifiedly with the men, and the rest of the twenty-four hours passed without so much as a shadow of annoyance. Never were soldiers better behaved or more prompt. Not a word, not an act, that was not both cheerful and respectful. So, when we were relieved the next morning, I marched my guard to the parade-ground, and there spoke briefly my heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude, assuring them that it should not be my fault if we were not soon the best of friends; then dismissed them and turned away. I had gone but a pace or two when the big corporal sang out:

"Three cheers fer the new lootinant!"

And cheer they did, with such a will as to bring the whole camp, officers and men, out of their tents. I raised my cap in acknowledgment, and walked on to my tent, feeling as proud as a lord, and saying to myself, "I've got the men on my side, and the officers may go to—the hospital for all I care."

Tired, nervous, and trembling, I unfastened my belt, loosened my clothes, and, without thought of food, sank upon my blankets. Forty-eight hours had I been without sleep, the greater portion of the time under intense excitement, my nerves strained to the utmost. Now the reaction came, and losing all self-control, prone, with arms outstretched, with the tears streaming down my burning cheeks, and with a heart almost bursting, I wailed: "Mother! Mother! hast thou forgotten thy only son? If there is a God, if there is a heaven, if it is given to those who have passed beyond to guard and guide their loved ones, come to me! Come to me, my mother! I am sore tired. Hold up my hands in this my hour of need;" and there did come to my heart a warm, soothing pressure. Arms—whether of recollection and imagination I care not—but arms encircled me; I seemed to hear a voice of bygone years saying, "Sleep, my poor boy, sleep! The morrow will bring you courage." My eyes closed. My head sank slowly back upon the breast of breasts. I felt the beat of the heart of hearts. I saw the little cot of my childhood and *her* sitting beside it. I smiled, and—and—that is all I recall.

How long I may have slept I do not know, but some time in the afternoon I was roused by a scratch at my tent. Wondering what new form of persecution might be at hand, I said, "Come in." To

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my surprise it was the captain who parted the flaps, and in a seemingly friendly tone asked me how I felt. I answered that I felt quite well, and again bade him come in. Mumbling something about not wanting to disturb me, he finally did step inside. As I turned my valise on end to make him a comfortable seat, I noticed that the name and number had been completely cut out. He observed it the same instant, and our eyes met. For a moment nothing was said. Then, doubling up his fist, he broke silence with:

"If I knew the scoundrel who done that I'd tie him up by the thumbs"—a favorite mode of punishment in the regiment, as I afterwards found.

The incident was a godsend to the man, for it afforded a cloak to his embarrassment, and opened the way for what it was soon evident he had come to say.

"Fact is, Lootinant," said he, "I'm a rough man, but I mean to be square, and I come to tell ye that I made a great fool of myself day before yesterday, and I ax your pardon. I was mad when ye come here, fer I had calc'lated on your place fer the first sergeant, and allowed ye was the son of some rich man who had got ye in by influence. I didn't suppose that ye had been in the army or knowed anything about soldiering; but I see yesterday at guard-mounting that ye wasn't no slouch, and that ye knowed more'n we did. D'ye remember when somebody laughed?"

"I do, Captain. Tell me, what was the mistake I made?"

"That's the joke of it. You didn't make no mistake; it was us! We always dressed the new guard two paces in the rear of the old guard, and when you dressed 'em on a line, I says to myself, 'He's done all the rest right, and maybe he's right in this.' So I went and looked at the tactics, and I'll be dashed if you wasn't right. Then says I to the other officers, 'I guess we better study our "Regulations" instead of laughing at this 'ere young feller, for he's got us where the hair is short.' I watched ye all day, and I see'd ye knowed yer biz; and when the men come back this morning and said ye had been in the army longer'n we had, I wuz ashamed of myself, and I couldn't wait no longer till I come to ax ye to take my hand, and tell ye that I was proud to have such a lootinant."

He extended a long, bony hand, and the tears filled my eyes as I grasped it with both mine.

"Excuse me, Captain," I said, "but I am so unstrung that I cannot control myself."

"WE WALKED BACK TO CAMP ARM IN ARM, AND GREAT WAS THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE REGIMENT AT SIGHT OF US."

"Don't say a word, Lootinant, for if ye ain't made of iron to stand what ye have, I'll swallow my blanket. The game was to make it too hot fer ye; but if any one troubles ye now, they've got me to deal with. I don't think ye'll have no more trouble, though. And I'm doggone sorry about that valise, but the men hate the volunteer number—they want to keep the old '3d Militia,' and that's the reason they cut the number out. Don't think too much of that; but if I knowed the blackguard who done it, I'd buck and gag him, I would."

We talked long and freely after that, the captain and I; he telling of his service and I of mine. Finally, at my request, Sergeant Allen, "the man whose nose I had broken," was sent for. When he presented himself I told him that although my commission interfered with his advancement, I did not see how I could do otherwise than hold it; that I was very sorry, but felt sure that in like circumstances he would do as I had done; and concluded by promising him my best efforts to make his position pleasant and secure for him a speedy commission. He left in excellent humor, and there was no more friction between us. In a short time, through my recommendation and others, he was deservedly promoted.

From that day all went smoothly in the

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regiment, and, with the exception of a few officers who were ashamed to admit that they had been in the wrong, the greatest cordiality existed among us. The men had not been paid off for months, and I won the hearts of my own company by providing them with tobacco.

I could govern them all pretty well, either drunk or sober, excepting my first and staunchest friend, the tall corporal—who, by the way, when he got drunk, which I am sorry to say was often the case, would always reiterate his favorite threat of killing me. He was the only man in the army whom I ever had to order into irons; but, in every instance, after sobering up, he would thank me for having punished him, and abuse himself for having offended.

My reconciliation with the colonel was a matter of more time. He tried repeatedly to engage me in friendly conversation, but beyond official matters I would not go. He even showed me preferment in duty, but I was so thoroughly disgusted with him, so indignant at the way in which he had treated me, that I always avoided him. He often came into tents where I was, simply, as I believed, to make friends with me, and as often I made some excuse to go out. Through the captain and other officers he tried to win me over with compliments, but my wrongs had burned so into my heart that he made no headway.

On the evening of the battle of West Point, a lieutenant of the regiment was mortally wounded, and later the colonel and I met beside his cot in the hospital, while I was taking down the young fellow's last messages and requests. At such a time I could not but speak civilly to the man. He departed shortly, but I stayed with the dying lieutenant until the end.

As I came out of the hospital tent I perceived the colonel standing under a tree. I touched my cap and would have hurried past, but he stopped me with: "Davis, I want to speak to you."

"What are your orders, colonel?" I said.

"No, no, I have no orders; I want to talk to you."

"I wish to hold nothing but official communication with you, sir," I replied, and started on.

"For God's sake, stop, Davis, and hear me," pleaded the colonel, this time with a plaintive earnestness that arrested me at once. So, turning and looking him full in the face, I said:

"Colonel Thomas, more than a month ago I received from you the most brutal, insulting, cowardly treatment it has ever been my misfortune to experience or even hear of. You have never been man enough to apologize for it, and, until you do, I shall decline to have anything but official intercourse with you; and when I tell you that I loathe and despise you, you will probably wish, as I do, that we may have as little to do with each other as possible. So long as I am unfortunate enough to have you as a commanding officer I shall obey your orders; nothing more. You have done your worst, and I defy you. Do we understand each other now, sir?"

"Davis," persisted the man, "I know I did you a great wrong. I wanted to apologize long ago, but you never give me a chance. I can't talk as some men can, but my heart is in the right place, and you haven't got a better friend in the army. I want your friendship; I want to apologize a hundred times over. Tell me what to say, and I'll say anything." And he held out his hands imploringly.

The pain depicted on the poor fellow's countenance touched me, and what he said carried with it the conviction of sincerity. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him that day where cowards would not have ventured. Besides, we had met upon sacred ground at the death-bed of our friend. And had we not faced destruction together that very afternoon, and were we not likely to do so again on the morrow? All this came over me at once, and softened me completely.

"Colonel Thomas," I said, "my hand. You are a brave man, and as such you cannot intend to be unjust. I accept your apology, though I regret that it was not offered long ago. Say not another word."

We walked back to camp arm in arm, and great indeed was the astonishment of the regiment at sight of us.

From that day the colonel and I were fast friends. He recommended me to the vacant first lieutenancy, and offered to make me adjutant. His concern when I was wounded at Seven Oaks was such that he went himself to General McClellan's headquarters to hurry my leave of absence. Afterward, upon my return to the regiment, I found that he had meanwhile recommended me to General Benton for staff duty, which I accepted and remained in until I left the army.

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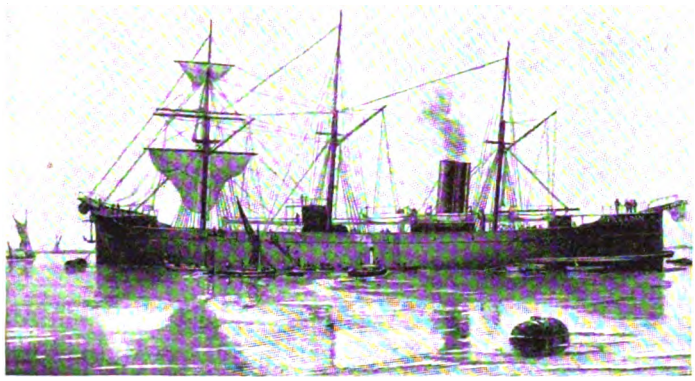

THE CABLE SHIP "FARADAY."

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

# THE MAKING AND LAYING OF AN ATLANTIC CABLE.

By Henry Muir.

MY first visual acquaintance with an Atlantic cable began at Woolwich, London, England, in the central street of the Siemens factory, or electrical village, as it might be called, since it is made up of several buildings, has a dock of its own, runs its own little hotel for officers and guests, and has a population of over two thousand. In this street, before the entrance to one of the workshops, were piled great coils of copper wire. This wire, I was informed, was to be the "conductor" in a new cable which was then in process of construction, copper, in marine lines as in land lines, having been found to carry the electric current better than any other available material. But it must be *good* copper; for only in proportion to its purity is it favorable to the passage of the current. Each hank of this copper wire, which lies ready to trip up the feet of the unwary in the factory street, is carefully tested for resistance before it is set aside to go into the cable; that is, a sample of it is compared with a standard which has been selected. A bit which shows less than ninety-eight per cent. of the standard is thrown out. But this happens rarely.

Even if it shows the required conductivity, however, it must not be supposed that it is ready to go at once under seas. In the first place, a single wire is too easily broken. To make it stronger it is spun into rope. Each hank of accepted wire is first wound on a spool. Twelve of these are then taken (the copper conductor may have more or less than twelve strands, but twelve was the number used in the cable I am describing), and mounted on a spinning machine. The threading of this machine is peculiar. One spool is placed in the centre, and the strand carried horizontally to a guide, and then on straight to an iron "nose," through which it passes. The eleven remaining spools are placed in iron frames, and mounted in a circle around the central spool. The result is a wheel of spools, one forming the hub, and the other eleven the tire. The wires from the eleven exterior spools are carried through eyes on to the guide, through which the central strand passes, and then to the "nose," where they meet the central wire. The machine is now threaded. When started, the central strand is fed horizontally into the "nose"; but as the wheel of outer spools rotates, the spools themselves keep always a horizontal position, just as do the baskets in the Ferris wheel. The result is that the eleven wires, in entering the "nose," are twisted by the revolution of the wheel around the central one, and that, as the whole passes from the "nose," we have a rope of copper wire. It is the conductor. If by

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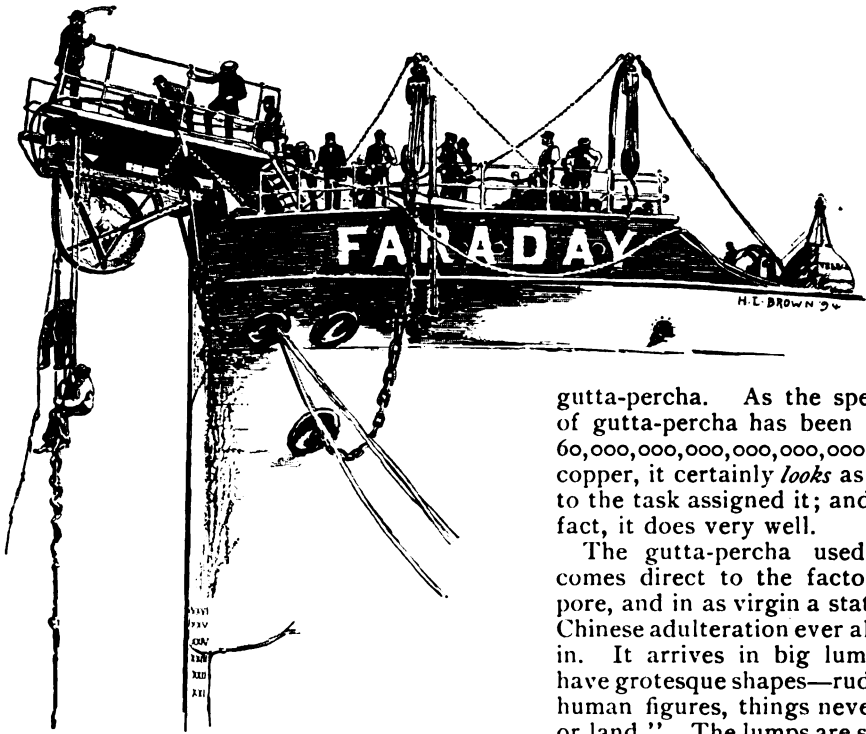


THE STERN OF THE "FARADAY," SHOWING THE STERN-BAULKS —THE APPARATUS FOR LOWERING THE CABLE INTO THE SEA CLEAR OF THE PROPELLER.

chance one strand of it is broken, the usefulness of the whole is not injured. Indeed, ten of them may be broken in one place, and all of them at different places, and the conductivity still not be destroyed.

When the "thread is out" there should be about one nautical mile of copper rope, which, if nothing has happened to the wire in its passage through the machine, will be found, when tested, to be an admirable conductor. Admirable as it is, however, it would be utterly useless under water, for while electricity will travel so fast in copper, it will not stay there if it can help itself. "Electricity a good workman!" I heard an irritated London telegraph manager exclaim. "Why, it takes a battery of seventy cells to work the land line between Land's End and this town, just because the current is always watching for a chance to waltz down the pole and go home again." And in water, matters are worse.

To keep the electricity in the copper rope, then, the cable-maker *insulates* it; that is, he packs round it a substance which offers a great resistance to the passage of the current. The substance chosen is gutta-percha. As the specific resistance of gutta-percha has been estimated to be 60,000,000,000,000,000,000 times that of copper, it certainly *looks* as if it were equal to the task assigned it; and, as a matter of fact, it does very well.

The gutta-percha used at Woolwich comes direct to the factory from Singapore, and in as virgin a state as Malay and Chinese adulteration ever allow it to depart in. It arrives in big lumps which often have grotesque shapes—rude animals, droll human figures, things never seen "on sea or land." The lumps are sliced into small pieces, softened by hot water and steam, and torn to pieces in a "develling" machine to get rid of the sago-flour, sawdust, clay, and stones put in by enterprising Orientals. When cleansed, it is passed into a series of troughs, where it is steamed, crushed, pummelled, and twisted into a reddish-brown substance of an extraordinary rebellious look, quite capable, one would think, of resisting any amount of electricity. More rolling and beating reduce this mass to a pliable condition, and when it comes from the final rollers it is in sheets of varying thicknesses, which are soft and supple, and adapted to all sorts of uses. It is the thicker sheets which are used to insulate the copper rope. They are packed around it so firmly and smoothly that not an air-bubble can remain between conductor and insulator.

When the insulated strand, or the "core" of the cable, as it is henceforth called, passes from this operation, it must go to the testing-room, to determine if the insulation is really perfect, or if a little electricity still can escape from the copper. It would be useless to make this test in the air, since even without an insulator the current does not pass readily into air. It must be tested under water, in the medium in which it is to be employed. Shallow tanks filled with water receive each

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section; and after a section has lain twenty-four hours in the water in order to come to the same temperature as the water, the test is applied. If the effect which ought to be produced on his galvanometer by passing into the core a certain quantity of electricity, does not result, the electrician knows that there is a flaw, and that the insulation is imperfect —that is, that the electricity is escaping.

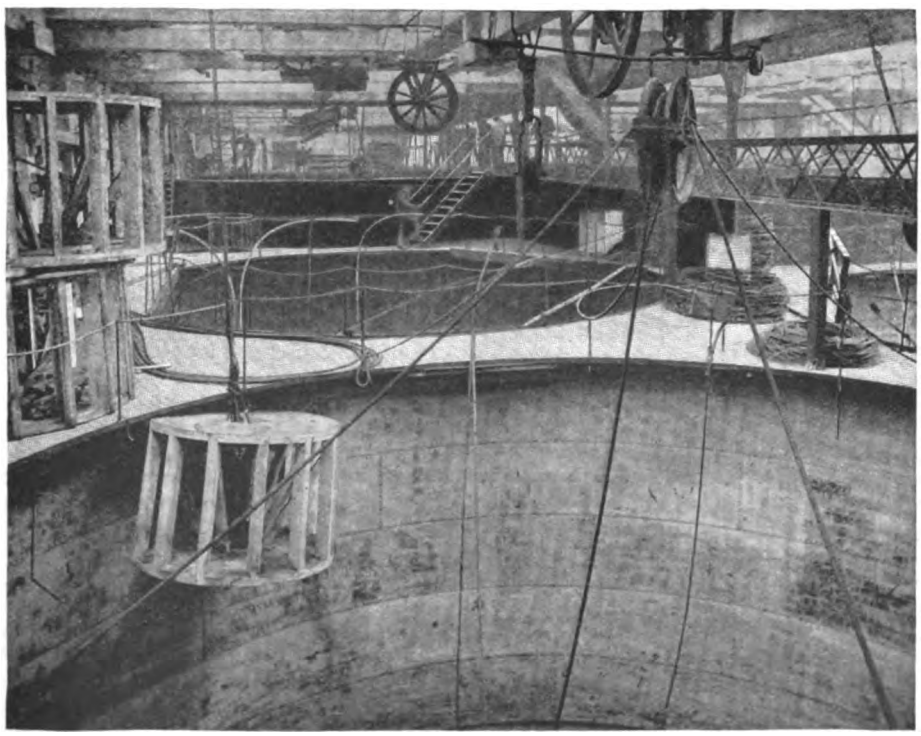
There is nothing that can be measured with more accuracy than electricity. The laws which govern its flow in a body are perfectly understood. The electrician knows how much he pours in. He can draw it out, measure it, treat it, in short, as if it were water in a pipe. A leak in an electric wire is dealt with almost as a leak in a water-pipe is, and can be located quite as exactly. When once located it is easily repaired.

Each section of core is, as said above, about one nautical mile in length. As the cable line in question was to cover 2,201 nautical miles, it would comprise 2,201 sections. The sections, as fast as they had passed the testing-room, were stored in tanks under water until the time came to joint them.

Jointing is one of the most difficult and delicate operations in cable-making. It must be so done that every one of the twelve copper wires in the conductor is perfectly joined and also perfectly insulated. The least imperfection at the joint may cause a future expense of tens of thousands of dollars, and untold inconvenience to business and loss of credit to the makers.

To see a joint made I climbed, on one of my visits to Woolwich, up into a swallow-nest of a cabin, fastened in some mysterious way to the side of a wall of the "core" tank-room. In the centre of the little room sat an imposing individual, whose characteristics seemed to be rotundity, profuse sweating, and absolute cleanliness. An assistant shared the narrow space with him; a few simple iron tools and several big gas-jets served as his equipment.

By the time I had succeeded in perching on the edge of this aerial workshop in such a way as not to fall into the gas-jet burning at my elbow, or into the cable-tank gaping below, two lithe, shiny, black cable-cores were passed up to the assistant. With them came a tag bearing the



THE CABLE TANKS IN THE SIEMENS FACTORY AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

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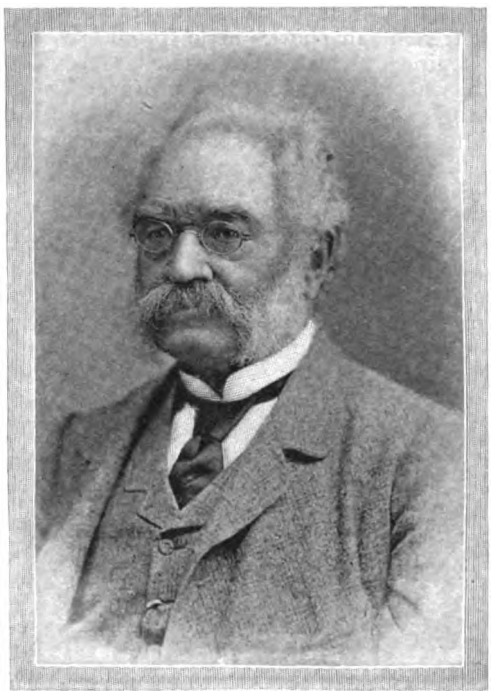
number of the joint to be made, for every joint in all this two thousand miles of cable is numbered and recorded, and its history, from the day it is made up here in the jointer's nest until it falls into the sea, can be traced. First the assistant cut off a few inches from the two ends; pared down the gutta-percha in such a way as to leave two or three inches of copper conductor uncovered; bevelled each end with a file, laid them together, soldered them, and then wrapped the joint tightly for the distance of half an inch with fine copper wire. This wrapping insures a connection in case the soldering should some time break.

The other man so far had done nothing. It was explained that in the work of jointing the copper he was not allowed to share lest it should "spoil his hands." His duty was to joint the gutta-percha, an operation in which much depends on delicacy of touch. When the copper joint was done, the core was passed on to him, and he proceeded to pare down the gutta-percha until he had perhaps a foot in all to work on; he then heated the gum on each side with a spirit-lamp, and with his fingers worked it down until the copper was all evenly covered. His next step was to build up the insulator. One after another, strips of gutta-percha, which had been heated at the end, were applied, wound around the core, and carefully worked and moulded the length of the wound. Should a bit of dust, an air-bubble, a speck of moisture, be left in the insulator, it would give trouble later. Hence this heating and kneading and caution against dirt. Experience has shown, too, that no machine will pack the gutta-percha at this critical point so perfectly as the human fingers. They alone can *feel* when the work is progressing properly and is finished satisfactorily; hence the care to keep them always sensitive, to prevent their becoming callous by rougher work.



DR. WERNER VON SIEMENS, ELECTRICAL INVENTOR AND HEAD OF THE CABLE FACTORY AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

The joints of each day are tested at night by the electrician, first for their size with a gauge, and then for the insulation. This latter test is simple and interesting. One end of the length of core is applied to a battery, and the other insulated in the air. The joint is then laid in a dish of water, placed on an insulated table, and a copper wire is run from the water to a galvanometer. The current being turned on, any electricity escaping from the joint must pass into the water, be taken up by the copper wire, and marked by the galvanometer needle. If none escapes, or not more than the amount allowed—for no absolute insulation is possible—the joint is marked "passed."

The "core" is now finished. But as it now stands it is in no wise fitted to meet the shocks that await it at the bottom of the sea. It must be protected against the chafing of sands and rocks and the possible wrenches of anchors. This protection lies in a sheath of steel wires, separated from the soft gutta-percha of the core by a packing of jute. The jute is spun about the core exactly as the eleven copper wires of the conductor are spun about a central wire; and about all, finally, is spun the steel sheathing in the same fashion.

As one goes about among the spinning machines, he notices that the sections of steel sheathing vary much in thickness. Here is one woven of twenty-four wires, one of thirteen, and one of twelve. And the wires also vary; so that the section of fewest wires is the largest in diameter. Here is a section made, not of single wires at all, but of strands of three wires. In fact, one sees seven different varieties.

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The occasion for such diversity is this: In the middle of the Atlantic a cable is dropped to a depth of two or three statute miles, and as it is payed out to such a depth it must have a great burden to sustain in its own weight. To make the weight as little as possible, consistent with needful quality and strength, becomes therefore important. The deeper a cable is laid the less its liability to disturbance, and the deep-water sections therefore may be made much lighter than the shallow-water sections. As the cable draws nearer the shore, where the dangers grow greater, a heavier and heavier sheathing is adopted, until, in what is known as the "shore end," comes the heaviest of all.

As the finished cable comes from the sheathing machine it is given three or four coatings of tar. From these tar baths it is run out of the strange weaving-room over pulleys into the tank-house, wherein it is stored under water until the time comes to take it to sea. It is an interesting operation. As the cable comes over the pulleys into the tank, the men at the bottom guide it evenly round and round in great coils from the rim to the cone which fills the centre. It is not so simple a matter, and every coil must be watched to keep it from kinking or from overlapping the last. While one man runs round and round, guiding the cable into place, others at equal intervals hold the coils in position. Of the lengths of cable thus stowed away, the ends are always left accessible; so that connections can be made with the testing apparatus, for the testing still continues at frequent intervals even on the finished cable.

As soon as a fair portion of a flake is laid, a curious operation begins—giving the cable its whitewash bath. This is done to keep the freshly tarred coils from sticking. At the end of each day's work the water is turned on, and the cable is left to soak in its element. Indeed, it is never left long enough without water to become dry.

When enough cable has been finished and stored in the tanks, it is conveyed aboard the cable-ship "Faraday," to be carried to sea and laid. The "Faraday" lies moored in the Thames, and the cable is paid rapidly into her hold from the top of the tank-house, passing, in its way, over scaffolding rigged up on a couple of barges to support it, and leaving on pulleys and ways, as it passes, great streaks and blotches of whitewash.

There are three iron tanks on the "Faraday" built into the frame of the ship, and holding altogether 1,700 miles of deep-sea cable. The two larger of these tanks are each forty-five feet in diameter and thirty feet deep. The cable is coiled into them just as it is in the tank-house ashore, but with much more bustle. The tanks are larger; the workmen are more numerous. There is always a circle of spectators hanging silently over the rim, half-hypnotized by the huge swaying, writhing cable, by the steady running of the men, by the crooning songs into which they break when all goes smoothly. It is hard to get away from the tanks, though it is a mistake to stay there too long. There are too many other things to see.

First of all, there is the testing-room, for now, as always, the end of each length of cable is within the reach of the electrician, and receives its daily test. The testing-room lies nearly amidships, forward of the engines, where it feels as little as possible the vibration of the twin screws and the pitch in heavy seas. It is supplied with all the appliances for electrical testing: batteries by the score fitted against the walls, condensers, testing-boxes, telegraphic apparatus for signalling to and from the shore when the cable is paying out, and, on a large table in the centre, the most essential of instruments, the marine galvanometer.

In laying a cable it is of the first importance to have the cable always under control. Control is secured first by passing the cable under and over a series of grooved iron wheels, running aft down the centre of the ship's deck. The hold thus obtained is considerable, but it is the greater if the cable comes slightly bent from the tank. From the series of wheels the cable runs over a pulley, and passes three times around a drum some eight feet in diameter. Connected with this drum is a brake which is used to restrain the cable from paying out too fast. A cable pays out too fast when it goes to the bottom slack instead of taut; and, in spite of the fact that the ship is always steaming ahead, and the further fact that the water in its resistance supplies something of a check, yet as the cable weighs some two and a half tons to the mile, its own weight would pull it over much too rapidly, were it not stopped by the brake.

Aft of the brake there is an instrument called a dynamometer, which shows exactly the strain to which a cable paying out is subjected. This strain is signalled to the man at the brake by an arm which rises

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and falls, and he, knowing just what strain is allowed, manipulates his brake accordingly.

From the drum the cable runs to the stern-baulks—a projection carried out from the stern to keep the cable clear of the propeller—and drops into the sea.

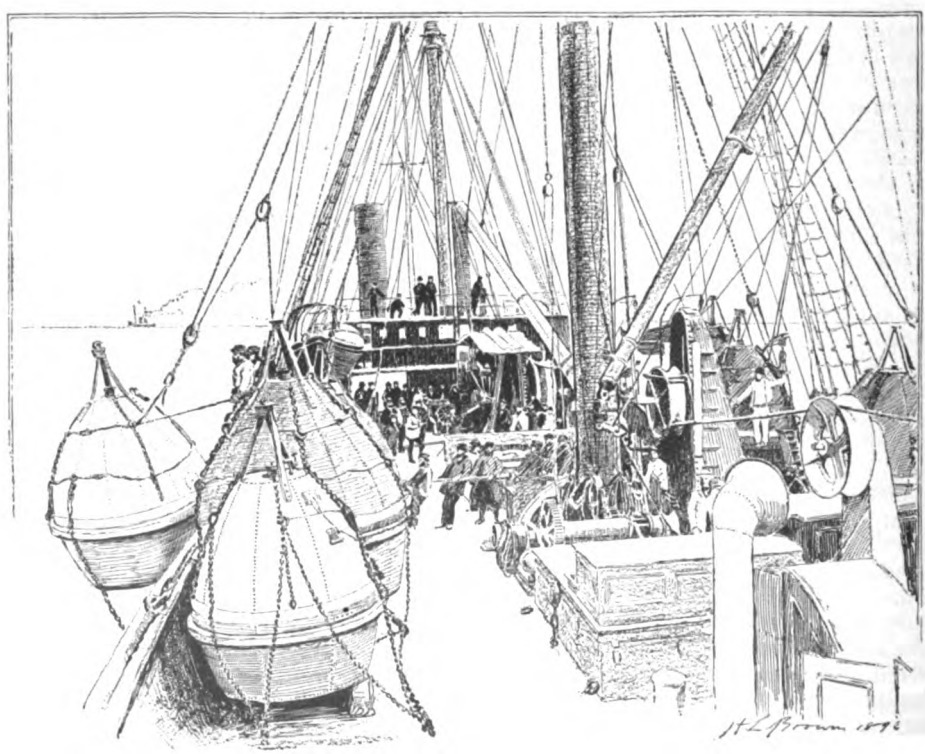
When the "Faraday" moors off the starting point, the end of the cable passed over the stern-baulks is carried ashore, run into a testing-house, and communication with the ship is at once established. As soon as the end is safe ashore, and it has been proved that there has been no disturbance of conductivity in landing, the paying out begins in earnest.

The scene on board a cable-ship is novel in the extreme during the regular work. The ship exists for the cable, and during the paying out it is the cable's staff which gives the orders for the manœuvres. The signals are placed at the bow and stern, in order that the orders to the engine-room can be given according to the demands of the picking-up and paying-out gear.

The cable crew is really threefold: that in the tank, presided over by a cable foreman, which sees that the cable goes out of the tank to the machinery all right; that at the stern, presided over by the cable engineer, which sees that the cable passes properly into the sea; and that in the testing-room, which is responsible for the electrical condition of the cable.

The captain is supposed merely to put the ship where the navigating officer wants her; that is, to follow the cable's path at the speed necessary for the work. This path, in the case of an Atlantic cable, is well known. The hills and valleys of the Atlantic bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland are as clearly marked on the chart as the hills and valleys on a map of England.

In spite of the whitewash, the coils sometimes stick together, and two or three come up together, fouling in the most baffling way. The eye of the cable foreman is always on his charge, however, and at the first indication of kink or foul he can signal to the engine-room to stop. It is in the testing-room that the watch is probably closest. The "spot-chaser," as the electrician is called in cable-ship *argot*, perched on a stool, keeps his eye fixed on the spot of light by which the motions of the magnetic needle are marked on the scale, and if for an instant it quivers and



VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE "FARADAY" LOOKING TOWARD THE STERN.

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hesitates, or if, surest sign of all, it suddenly gasps and disappears, he knows that there is something wrong, and instantly signals to stop the paying out. Then a search begins for the fault or break. Sometimes this means the hauling in of long lengths of cable already paid out, though usually the flaw is in a part still in the ship or only just passed over. The chances of an accident to the cable after it is well clear of the ship are, of course, small.

Science and experience, however, have now reduced the chances of accident to the minimum. In the early days of cable-laying, when the whole business was more or less of an adventure, even so skilful a cable engineer as Fleeming Jenkin might well say "that life, when working with cables, was tame without difficulties." But the modern engineer encounters his most serious obstacles in the draughting-room, the testing-room, and the factory; and the laying is in the main a gratifying demonstration of complete accord between results and calculations, and so an occasion less of trial than of triumph.

When the "Faraday" has laid the shore end and some lengths of an Atlantic cable on the European side, she drops the end. There is no risk whatever in this. The end is properly insulated, to begin with; and then the cable is bent firmly around a mushroom anchor, which has been fastened to one end of a chain. The other end of the chain is attached to one of the huge iron buoys which decorate the "Faraday's" deck, and with a rattle and clamor from men and iron, the whole goes sliding into the sea. As the waves catch the great iron bladder and toss it merrily up and down, the crews give a hearty cheer and a gay "till we meet again." And away steams the "Faraday" for Nova Scotia.

The same operation which we have been tracing from the European shore is repeated from the shore end on the American side. When the "Faraday" has laid some seven hundred miles of cable and her tanks are empty, she steams back to Woolwich to take on a new store.

This time she takes aboard the deep-water cable—a different variety from the cable she has just laid. In a month she is again en route, bound for the end left buoyed on the European side some six weeks before. A landsman has difficulty in realizing that a sea-captain can find his way directly to a particular spot in an apparently shoreless sea. Latitude and longitude seem to him to lose their meaning when there are neither hills nor valleys to fix them to. But not so to the captain; he will turn his ship's head to the buoy without veering. And if the buoy is gone, which may happen from accident or malice? Well, the cable itself is below, out of the reach of storm and meddling; and the first thing to do is to pick it up.

To pick up a cable two miles or more under water does not seem simple. Indeed, so impossible did it seem thirty years ago that many people contended that laying deep-sea cables was nothing more than gambling, since the probability was that they would be lost in the operation and it would be impossible to recover them. And, indeed, there was trouble enough recovering lost cables in the earlier days. But thirty years' experience and study have overcome all difficulties, and it is now possible to pick up a cable even when lost as deep as three miles. The picking up is managed in the following way: Over the cutwater off the bow there runs a narrow projection, similar to the stern-baulks, and called the bow-sheave. On the bow is a large guide-wheel, and farther aft a big machine called the picking-up gear. It is similar to the paying-out gear at the other end of the deck, though heavier, having, like it, a drum, a brake, and an indicator.

Suppose that the end of the cable which the "Faraday" wants is lying a mile down. A manilla rope, strengthened with steel, something over a mile in length, is attached at one end to the drum of the picking-up gear. To the other end is fastened a grapnel. This instrument is simply a huge fishing-hook of six barbs, which vary from short and stubby to long and thin, as the bottom on which the grapnel is to be used is rocky or sandy. When all is ready the grapnel is thrown overboard, and the ship wheeled around at right angles to the course of the cable. By steaming slowly ahead, the ship drags the grapnel across the path of the cable. If nothing is hooked, the ship turns and recrosses. She thus plays back and forth over the path of the cable until something finally is hooked.

The moment that the grapnel catches there is a strain on the rope, which is at once shown on the indicator. If the grapnel continues to hold as the ship pulls continuously at it, the ship is stopped, the picking-up gear put in motion, and an attempt made to wind in the rope. If it is the cable which is hooked, the rope will continue to rise, and the strain on the dynamometer will increase as more and more

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FLOATING THE CABLE ASHORE.

of the cable rises. When this happens the cable engineer is certain he has the end sought, for no other object could be hooked which would produce this result. If the grapnel is caught in a rock, which happens frequently, the rope will not pull in, and the barb caught will either be pulled loose or will be broken off. The essential points in picking up are that the ship be easy to direct—the "Faraday" will turn in her own length—that the rope and grapnel be strong enough to support immense strains, and the gearing so heavy that the tug of the cable and the jerks that must come upon it in winding in a great weight in an unstable element like the Atlantic, will not loosen the grip. The loose end recovered, the next step is to make a joint with the cable on board. With the core this is done exactly as we saw it done in the factory. In the jute packing and the steel-wire sheathing the joints are made at different points over a distance of several feet so as to distribute the weakness.

As soon as the joint is made the ship is of course again in communication with the shore. She now begins reeling out the deep-sea cable. The work is done in about ten days, and the ship has reached the loose end left from the first paying out on the American side. It is a short task to pick up the end, connect it with the end on board, and test the work. This done, the cable is done; Europe and America exchange congratulations, and the ship is free to go back to Woolwich.

The cable is finished, but it is not certain that the "Faraday" has seen the last of it. Cables have their adversities even on the bottom of the Atlantic. Icebergs passing over sometimes cut them in two. Volcanic eruptions sometimes injure them. A few years ago three Atlantic cables went down at the same time and in about the same spot. No other explanation has been found but volcanic disturbance. Near shore the risks multiply. One of the commonest is the anchors of fishing smacks, a whole fleet sometimes riding on a cable at once. The rocks and breakers near the coast are also dangerous.

An Atlantic cable has, fortunately, few animal enemies, though in the English Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea the *teredo*, the special cable pest of the Mediterranean, does some mischief. This "miserable little mollusk," as the cable men call it, first made itself a reputation by eating up wooden ship hulks, until builders took to plating them with iron, and by burrowing into the dikes in Holland until the whole country was threatened with inundation. When the cable came, it took to it at once. It wriggles its way in between the steel wires of the most tightly wrapped core, and eats away jute and gutta-percha until there is nothing but a wire skeleton left. Happily, however, as already indicated, our own particular cable has little to fear from the *teredo;* and the best wish we can give it, as it lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, is that it may never have a history, and that the time may be long before the "Faraday" sees it again.

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# LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS

## EDITED BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:

*Born, Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. Died, Philadelphia, Penn., April 17, 1790.*

THE series of historical portraits begun in this number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE with the portraits of Franklin will include only authentic original portraits from life, of persons in American history whose lives and works have given them an established fame. The aim will be to present such portraits as shall give best an idea of the living man at different periods of his life; and photographs direct from the original pictures will alone be used for reproduction, with a few notable exceptions, in the case of eminently characteristic and typical portraits where the originals are lost. In such instances the most reliable contemporary engravings from the originals will be reproduced. In the case of busts use will be made solely of those modelled from life.

The periods of Franklin's portraits, like those of many other men, have gotten into supreme confusion by failure to keep in mind a record of his habitation. Franklin first walked the streets of Philadelphia, with his memorable roll, in October, 1723. The next year he went to England, where he was detained for nearly two years before he could accumulate sufficient money to carry him back to the land of his birth; arriving in the city of his adoption just three years after he had first entered it. Here he remained thirty-one years—until he was sent to England in 1757. He visited Edinburgh in 1759, Holland in 1761, and returned to Philadelphia November 1, 1762. Two years later he was sent back to England, and made his first visit to France in 1767 and his second in 1769. He remained in England, "watching affairs," until after the commencement of hostilities, returning to Philadelphia in May, 1775. It was at this period that he abandoned his cumbersome bag wig for his thin gray hair. Toward the close of 1776 he went to France, where he remained until the fall of 1785, when he made his final voyage across the ocean, in the company of Houdon, the statuary.

Portraits of Franklin are here repoduced by Matthew Pratt, circa 1756; Mason Chamberlin, between 1760 and 1762; David Martin, 1767; Patience Wright, between 1772 and 1775; Cochin, Nini, and Greuze in 1777; Duplessis in 1778 and 1783; Houdon and Filleul, in 1778; Carmontelle, circa 1780; Ceracchi, circa 1784; Renaud, circa 1785, and Charles Willson Peale, 1787. Thus two Philadelphia artists open and close the pictorial cycle of thirty-one years, furnishing the earliest and latest portraits.

These fifteen portraits, with the addition of that by Wilson, are the only satisfactorily authenticated ones that are known; and while this series will not assume to settle finally controverted questions, yet as the result of long and careful investigation with the sole object of ascertaining which are authentic and original, it is felt that the conclusions may be relied upon. It must be borne in mind that portraits painted of the same subject by different artists at nearly the same time must necessarily, if each is like the sitter, be somewhat like each other; but when we find closely similar portraits by well-known and unknown names, we are forced to the deduction that the unknown names are assumptions by mere copyists. Likewise pictures are frequently assigned to noted names when the work itself, either

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technically or from impossibility of time and place, belies the assignment.

With Franklin these conditions fit exactly the case of Benjamin West. There is no authenticated portrait of the great philosopher known painted by the Pennsylvanian President of the Royal Academy. Yet Franklin and West were familiar friends and correspondents. That West did paint Franklin seems assured from the postscript to a letter from Thomas Pownall to Franklin, February 28, 1783: "I am this day made happy by having received and hung up an excellent portrait of you, my old friend, copied from that which West did for you." Edward Duffield, one of Franklin's executors, had a portrait that was "supposed to have been done by West," but clearly could not have been unless he copied it. It now belongs to one of Franklin's descendants, Dr. Thomas Hewson Bache, of Philadelphia, and from its rigidity and hardness would seem without doubt to be a not very faithful copy of the portrait painted by Benjamin Wilson, which is now known only through McArdell's mezzotinto, published in 1761, and not reproduced here, because so similar to the Pratt portrait of about the same era.

Wilson's picture is doubtless the one Franklin refers to in writing to his wife from London, June, 1758: "I fancy I see more likeness in her [their daughter's] picture than I did at first. Yours is at the painter's, who is to copy and do me of the same size." This match portrait of Franklin was carried off from his house, in Philadelphia, when the British occupied the city, and Major André, who lived in Franklin's house, has the odium of the pillage. Relative to this circumstance, Franklin writes from Philadelphia, October 23, 1788, to Madame Lavoisier, an accomplished amateur, the wife of the great chemist, and afterwards of the American, Count Rumford: "I have a long time been disabled from writing to my dear friend by a severe fit of the gout, or I should sooner have returned my thanks for her very kind present of the portrait which she has done me the honor to make of me. It is allowed by those who have seen it to have great merit as a picture in every respect; but what particularly endears it to me is the hand that drew it. Our English enemies, when they were in possession of this city and my house, made a prisoner of my portrait and carried it off with them, leaving that of its companion, my wife, by itself, a kind of widow. You have replaced the husband, and the lady seems to smile, as well pleased." If this portrait was from life, as it would appear to have been from the comment upon it in Franklin's letter, it was of course painted several years before the acknowledgment. However this may be, it, as well as the stolen one it replaced, is not known to be in existence.

The Louvre possesses a miniature of Franklin by Jaques Thouron or Thourond, which, if painted from life, as is claimed, embodies to such a degree the artist's idealization as to be valueless as a portrait.

One George Rutter, a sign and ornamental painter of more than ordinary ability in his line, painted a portrait of Franklin as a sign for Brook's tavern, near Douglassville, Pennsylvania, which would seem to have been from life, by the entry in John Penn's diary, April 7, 1788: "Left the tavern at half past seven o'clock, after admiring a strong likeness of Dr. Franklin, drawn by one Rutter, a limner I employ in Philadelphia." It is not unlikely it was from this sign a portrait owned by the Library Company of Philadelphia, founded by Franklin, was copied.

In conclusion, three not unfamiliar portraits require noting to be condemned.

It seems the height of absurdity to look upon the so-called "Sumner portrait of Franklin at twenty," belonging to Harvard University, as an authentic portrait. Where did Franklin, who was grubbing for funds to carry him home at the time this picture is supposed to have been painted, get the money for the "purple and fine linen" in which he is arrayed, let alone to pay the artist for his work? Aside from Franklin's circumstances being against its authenticity, his Autobiography is silent upon so important a subject as this portrait, and its history is purely mythical.

Another picture that has no better claim to be considered a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and was painted by Stephen Elmer, an English still-life painter. There is nothing to show that it was given the name of Franklin until 1824, when a plate engraved by Ryder and published in 1782, as "The Politician," was relettered and issued with the name of Franklin.

The last picture to be mentioned in this expurgatorial list is of the first importance as a work of art. It was painted by Thomas Gainsborough, and is in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but it is clearly *not* Benjamin Franklin. It is, in my opinion, the portrait of Governor William Franklin.

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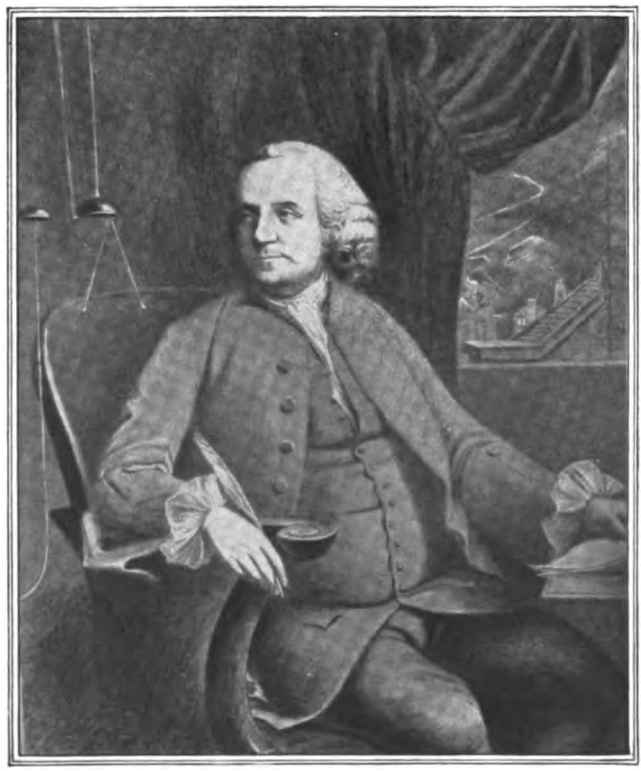
THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, PAINTED BY MATTHEW PRATT, ABOUT 1756.

From the original picture in the possession of the writer. Canvas, 24 by 29 inches. Matthew Pratt was born in Philadelphia, September 23, 1734, and died there January 9, 1805. His father was an intimate friend of Franklin, which afforded the artist the opportunity to give us this portrait. It is the earliest authentic portrait of Franklin, and was painted before his second visit to England, and by an American who had received no training out of his native land. It remained in the possession of the artist and his descendants from the time it was painted until now, and is extremely well done, full of mobility and animation.

EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, PAINTED BY MATTHEW PRATT, ABOUT 1756.

FRANKLIN AS PAINTED BY CHAMBERLIN, BETWEEN 1760 AND 1762.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mr. Victor Van der Weyer, London, England. Mason Chamberlin was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and died in London January 26, 1787. He painted Franklin for Colonel Philip Ludwell of Virginia, who went to England in 1760 and died there. Franklin ordered a replica painted for his son, Governor William Franklin, and Edward Fisher made a fine mezzotinto of it about 1763. Ten years later it was engraved in Paris, for an edition of Franklin's Philosophical Papers, concerning which he wrote to his wife September 1, 1773: "To the French edition they have prefixed a print of your old husband, which, though a copy of that by Chamberlain, has got so French a countenance that you would take him for one of that lively nation." The present owner inherited the picture from his grandfather, Joshua Bates of Boston, who presented a copy by G. D. Leslie to Harvard University.



FRANKLIN AS PAINTED BY CHAMBERLIN, ABOUT 1760.

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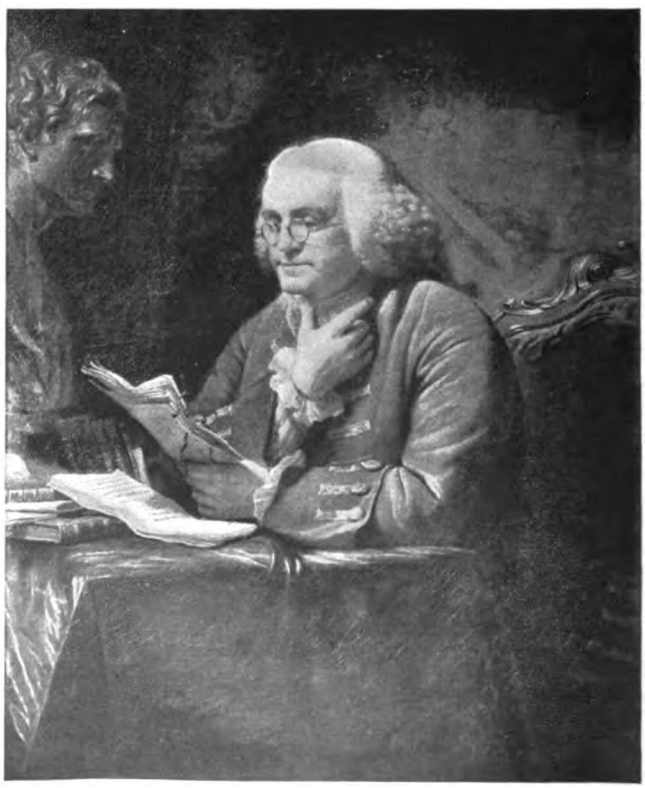
FRANKLIN ABOUT 1772. WAX MODEL BY PATIENCE WRIGHT; NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

FRANKLIN AS MODELLED BY PATIENCE WRIGHT BETWEEN 1772 AND 1775. NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

After a copyright photograph by C. S. Bradford of West Chester, Pennsylvania, made expressly for McClure's Magazine from the original wax in his possession; now made public for the first time. Patience Lovell was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, of Quaker parentage, in 1725, and died in London March 23, 1786. When twenty-three she married Joseph Wright, who left her a widow with three children in 1769. She early showed her aptitude for modelling, using dough, putty, or any material that came in her way, and being left by her husband unprovided for, she made herself known by her small portraits in wax. In 1772 she sought a wider field for her abilities by removing to London, where for many years she was the rage, not only for her plastic work, but for her extraordinary conversational powers, which drew to her all the political and social leaders of the day. By this means she was kept fully advised as to the momentous events transpiring relative to the colonies, and being on terms of familiar intercourse with Doctor Franklin, she communicated her information regularly to him, as shown by her numerous letters in his manuscript correspondence. She visited Franklin in France in 1781, and writes him from London, July 30, 1782: "I am very happy to hear by Mr. Whitefoord and others that my son is painting your portrait." The identity of this portrait, if not the portrait itself, is lost. Mrs. Wright had a piercing eye, which seems to have penetrated to the very soul of her sitters and enabled her to read their inner selves and fix their characters in their features. Thus the wax profile here first published is the strongest characterization of Franklin to be found in any of his early portraits, and its discovery and reproduction mark an important epoch. This truly great "find" was given by Franklin to Mary Hewson, the daughter of Mrs. Stevenson of Craven Street, where Franklin made his home in London. From Mrs. Hewson it descended to her great-grandson, the present owner.

FRANKLIN IN 1767. PAINTED BY MARTIN.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mr. Henry Williams Biddle, Philadelphia. Canvas, 50 by 60 inches. David Martin was born at Anstruther, Fife, in 1736, and died in Edinburgh in 1798. He was a pupil of Allan Ramsay, went with him to Rome, and on his return settled in London and became a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists. He was a mezzotinto engraver as well as portrait painter, but never attained very high rank in either branch of art. This picture, familiarly known as the "Thumb portrait," was painted to the order of Robert Alexander of Edinburgh, to commemorate Franklin's service to him by the advice given after the perusal of certain papers. A niece of Alexander having married Franklin's grand-nephew, Jonathan Williams, the portrait was given to them, "to descend to the eldest male heir in perpetuity as the joint representative of both parties." Franklin has himself given the guinea stamp to the picture as a correct likeness. He had Martin paint him a replica, which he retained during his life, and by his will bequeathed to the State of Pennsylvania. It is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia. Edward Savage made a large mezzotinto plate of this portrait, and not Martin himself, as has frequently been stated.



FRANKLIN IN 1767. PAINTED BY MARTIN.

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FRANKLIN ABOUT 1785. MEDALLION BY RENAUD.

From the terra cotta in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Size, 5 by 5 inches. Jean Martin Renaud was born in Sarreguemines, Bas Rhin, and was living in 1817. He was a modeller in wax and clay, a sculptor in marble, and an engraver of medals. He exhibited at the Salon de la Correspondance, in 1787, and subsequently at the Salons and elsewhere. This medallion was unknown until recently found in Paris and is of considerable interest; not the least being its superlative inscription. It was quite the fashion in Paris to affix simply the word VIR to portraits of Franklin, in honor of his elevated genius. But Renaud had to emphasize his admiration by a contraction of VIR SPECTABILIS. From the contour of the features, the date of Renaud's first public exhibition, and the fact that in May, 1785, Franklin sent his medallion to his friend George Whatley, in London, I assign this terra cotta to the last year of Franklin's sojourn in France.

FRANKLIN IN 1777. MEDALLION BY NINI.

From the terra cotta in the cabinet of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia. Size, 4¼ by 4¼ inches. Jean Baptist Nini was an Italian modeller who was engaged at Chaumont, on the Loire, to manufacture fictile products from the native clay. He made medallions of many prominent persons, including Franklin with the famous fur cap, to which Franklin refers in writing to his daughter, June, 1779: "The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others of different sizes have been made since, some to be set in the lids of snuff boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings, and the number sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints, of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere, have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon." Nini is said to have modelled another medallion of Franklin, without the cap, in 1779.

FRANKLIN IN 1778. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

From the plaster cast in the Boston Athenæum. Jean Antoine Houdon was born at Versailles, March 20, 1741, and died at Paris, in the Palace of the Institute, July 16, 1828. The creator of the great statue of Voltaire, in the Odeon, Paris, needs no comment. His bust of Franklin was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and again in 1791, which would leave the inference that he had made two different busts of Franklin, and would tend to sustain the tradition that he modelled one in Philadelphia, in 1785. As great a sculptor as Houdon was, his bust of Franklin lacks the fine character of the one by Ceracchi. The cast reproduced was presented by Houdon to Thomas Jefferson.

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FRANKLIN IN 1777. DRAWN BY COCHIN.

FRANKLIN IN 1777. DRAWN BY COCHIN.

From a contemporary engraving by Augustin de Saint Aubin, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Charles Nicholas Cochin, the younger, was born in Paris, February 22, 1715, and died there, in the Louvre, April 29, 1790. Eminent as a designer, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1751, and the following year became Keeper of the King's Cabinet of Drawings and was ennobled. His original drawing of the celebrated "fur-cap portrait" of Franklin has not survived; but the print reproduced was engraved for and published by him, which is a guaranty of its correctness. It is dated 1777, and on January 12th, a few weeks after Franklin's arrival in Paris, he writes to Mrs. Hewson: "Figure to yourself an old man with gray hair, appearing under a martin fur cap, among the powdered heads of Paris. It is this odd figure that salutes you with handfuls of blessings on you and your little ones." Three days later the French police enter this description on their record: "Dr. Franklin lately arrived in this country. This Quaker wears the full costume of his sect. He has an agreeable physiognomy, spectacles always on his eyes, but little hair; a fur cap is always on his head. He wears no powder; tidy in his dress; very white linen. His only defence is a walking-stick."

FRANKLIN IN 1777. PASTEL BY GREUZE.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, Boston, Massachusetts. Size, 12 by 25 inches. John Baptiste Greuze was born at Tournus in Burgundy, August 21, 1725, and died in Paris, at the Louvre, March 21, 1805. His career and justly high position as a painter are so well known that repetition would be idle. This picture belonged to Prince Demidoff, and was purchased by the present owner at the famous San Donato sale in March, 1870. It is the only portrait of Franklin attributed to Greuze that shows the unmistakable qualities of his art. Its early history is gleaned from "Mémoires secrets pour servir à l'histoire de la République de lettres en France." Under date of June 30, 1777, we find: "M. Greuze, an excellent painter of character heads, has secured that of Franklin, of which the rough draft has been shown. It exhibits much resemblance as well as character." July 25th, it is stated that "M. Greuze has finished a portrait of Franklin, which is to be engraved;" and September 30th we read, "M. Greuze, who has not for a long time shown anything at the Salon, has opened an exhibition at home to which the public are admitted. The portrait of Franklin is especially noticeable. It would be difficult to find a head with a more characteristic expression. We there see kindliness harmonily allied to high spirit; an equal love of humanity and hatred of tyranny."

FRANKLIN IN 1777. PASTEL BY GREUZE.

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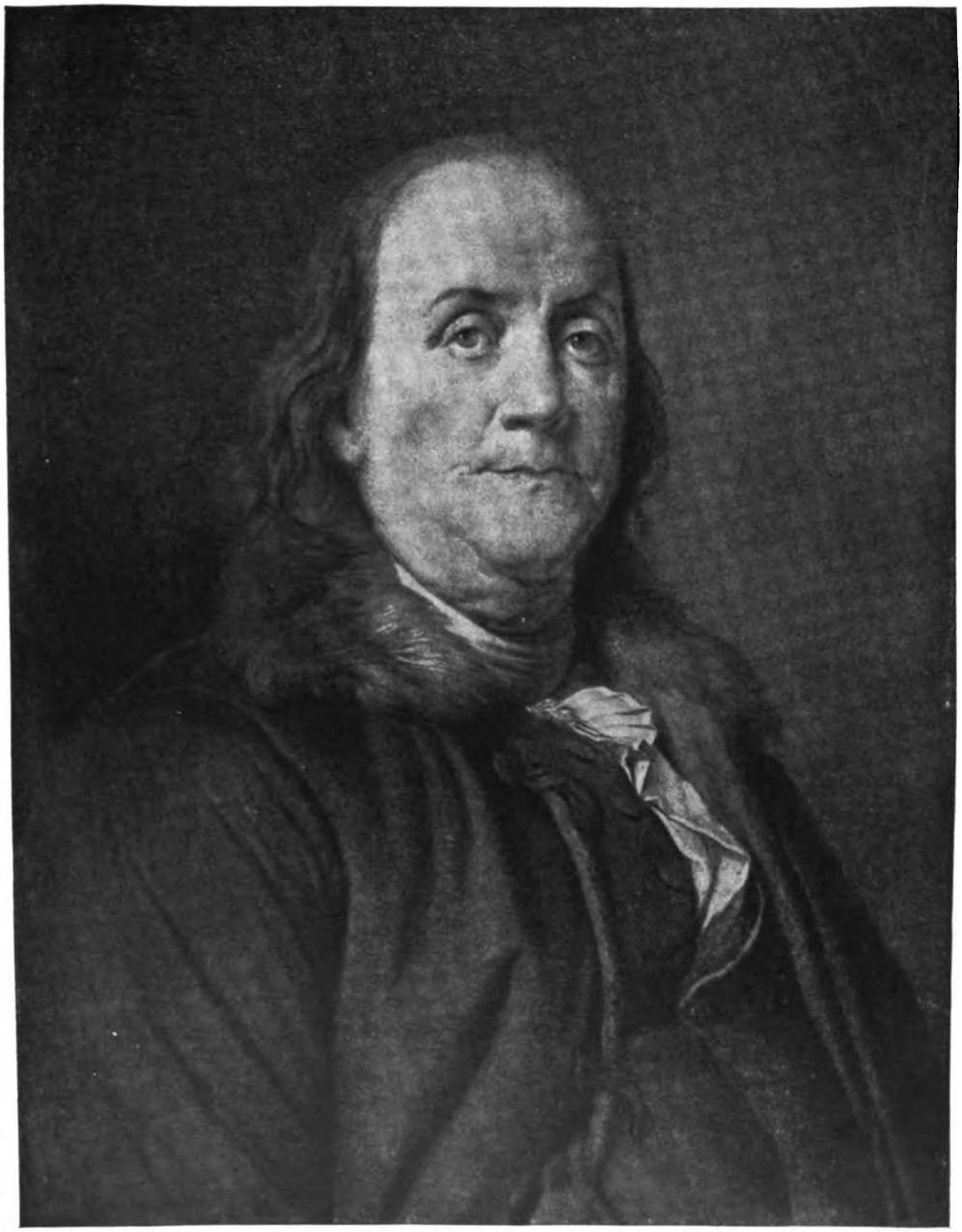

FRANKLIN IN 1778. PAINTED BY DUPLESSIS.

From the picture in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, Berlin, Germany. Canvas, 24 by 28 inches. Joseph Siffrein, Sifrede, or Silfrede Duplessis was born in Carpentras, Vaucluse, September 22, 1725, and died at Versailles, where he was conservator of the Museum, April 1, 1802. He attained a high rank as a portrait painter and was received into the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1774. His original portrait of Franklin was painted in 1778, for M. Donatien le Ray de Chaumont, whose "petite Maison," at Passy, Franklin occupied during his residence in France. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and was sold in 1791 upon the bankruptcy of M. de Chaumont. It is one of the most familiar types of Franklin's portraits, from having been frequently engraved, and is known as the "fur-collar portrait." The picture reproduced has all the intrinsic evidence of originality. Replicas are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the Green Tree Insurance Company of Philadelphia. Many copies of this portrait attributed to Duplessis are by other hands. A miniature belonging to a descendant of Franklin, if original, shows no characteristics distinct from this portrait.

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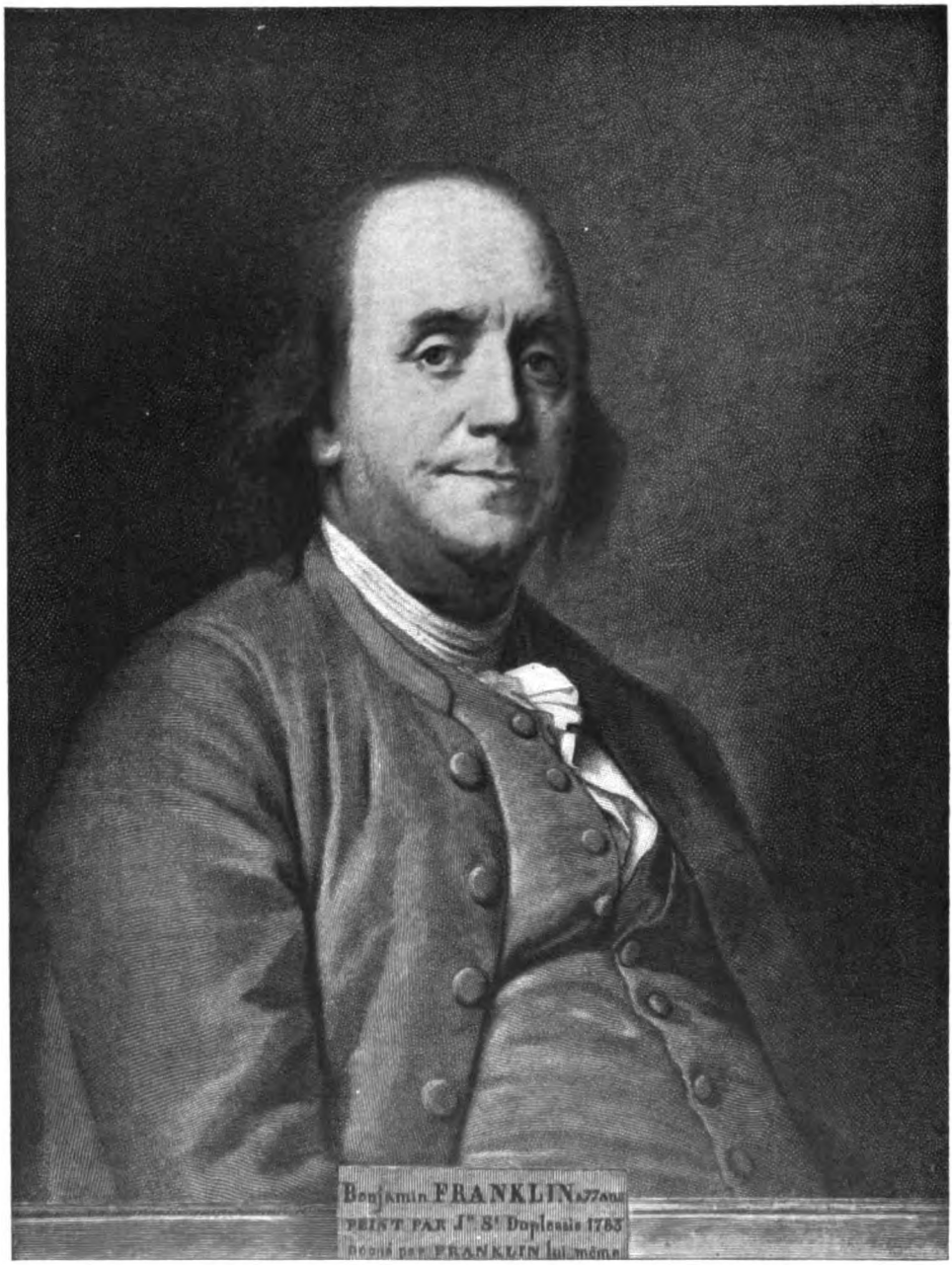


FRANKLIN IN 1783. PASTEL BY DUPLESSIS.

In the Lenox Library, New York; owned by the Hon. John Bigelow. Size, 23 by 28 inches. This exceedingly fine and interesting portrait of Franklin was generally unknown until its acquisition by Mr. Bigelow in 1867, when American Minister to France. It was presented by Franklin to his friend and neighbor at Passy, M. Louis de Veillard, to whom he also presented the manuscript of his notable Autobiography. No replica of this picture is known, although it seems to have served a legion of copyists whose pictures have come down as the works of Duplessis, Greuze, West, and others.

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FRANKLIN IN 1784. MODELLED BY CERACCHI.

From the original marble in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Photographed by Charles Truscott. Giuseppe Ceracchi was born in Rome, July 4, 1751, and died in Paris by the guillotine, January 31, 1801. From Vienna Dr. Ingenhouse writes to Franklin in Paris, April 29, 1783: "A few days since the greatest favorite of the Emperor, Count Laly, maréchal of our armies, requested a favor of me, viz.: to ask you whether you should think it would answer the purpose of the famous statuary, Mr. Ceraqui of Rome, who has worked in London and has now finished an excellent bust of the Emperor, of Maréchal Laly, and others, should go over to America in expectation of being employed in making a public monument commemorative of the revolution." Franklin threw cold water on the project, which failed, however, to dampen Ceracchi's ardor. He went to Paris the next year, made two busts of Franklin, one of which was sent to William Carmichael at Madrid, and then entered a protest against the employment of Houdon to make the statue of Washington, when his application had been refused. With the fire of republicanism burning in his breast, he came to America in 1791, but returned to Europe the following year. He was subsequently detected in a conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon, and went to the guillotine on a Roman triumphal car of his own design. Ceracchi's bust of Franklin is truly the head of a philosopher.

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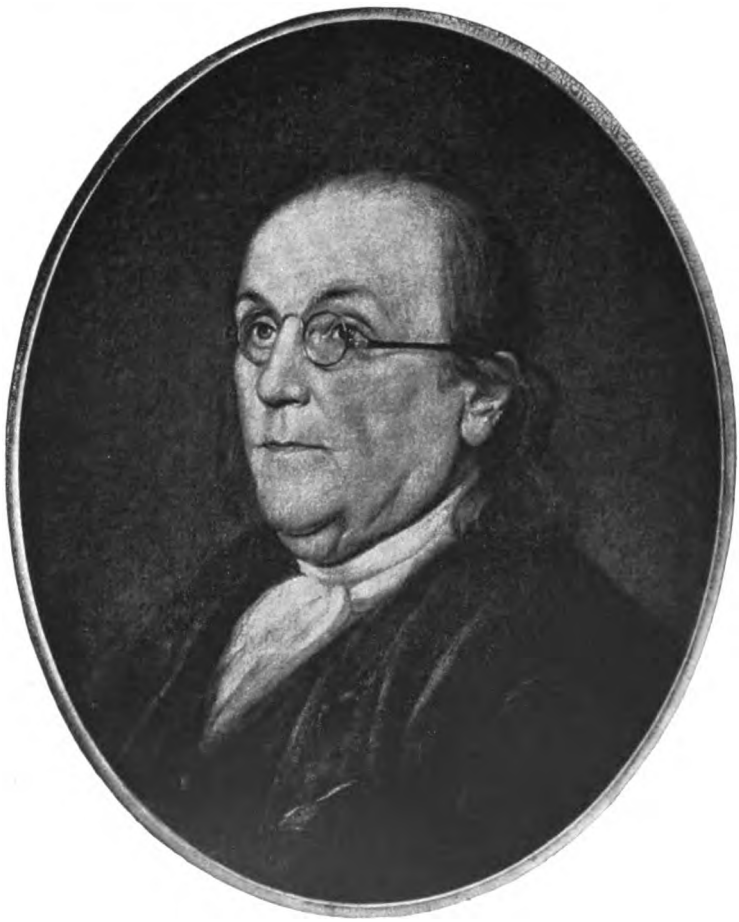
FRANKLIN IN 1778. PAINTED BY MADAME FILLEUL.

From a contemporary engraving by Louis Jacques Cathelin, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Madame Filleul's name is to be found in print only on the plate reproduced, which was exhibited at the Salon in 1779. For a long time it was suspected to be a *nom de guise*, until among the Franklin manuscripts, in the American Philosophical Society, two brief conventional notes were found from her, but without date, and not referring to the picture. It is known as "the open shirt portrait." It is a distinct type of Franklin's physiognomy, and has frequently been engraved. Search in France, as well as in this country, has failed to discover the original, which may have fallen a victim to the ravages of the French revolution.

FRANKLIN ABOUT 1780. DRAWN BY CARMONTELLE.

From a contemporary engraving by François Denis Née, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Louis Carrogis, called Carmontelle, was born in Paris, August 25, 1717, and died there December 26, 1806. He was artist and author, his "Proverbes Dramatiques" having gone through several editions. He drew a considerable number of portraits of eminent persons of his day, which were mostly in profile and highly characteristic. Like that of Cochin, the drawing of Franklin by Carmontelle has not come down to us; but the engraved portrait is full of charming qualities, and its simple dignity could not well be surpassed in the original. The print reproduced is the only one that has come under our notice with the engraver's name.

FRANKLIN ABOUT 1780. DRAWN BY CARMONTELLE.



THE LATEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. 1787. C. W. PEALE.

THE LATEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. 1787. C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Philadelphia. Canvas, 19 by 23 inches. Charles Willson Peale was born in Chestertown, Maryland, April 16, 1741, and died in Philadelphia February 22, 1827. He began life as a saddler, pursued portrait painting without regular instruction until 1768, when he went to England and resided for two years in the household of Benjamin West. He painted most of the celebrated characters of the Revolutionary epoch, and has given us the latest portrait of Franklin from life. It was done during the sittings of the convention to frame the constitution of the United States. This portrait seems to express the individuality of the man as shown in his life more satisfactorily than any other of Franklin's portraits. Peale engraved it, contemporaneously, extremely well in mezzotinto. Some copies of the engraving reached France, where it was transformed into a thoroughly Frenchified physiognomy, and as such has become known as "the Vanloo portrait."

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# THE MAKERS OF THE UNION.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

By W. P. Trent.

THERE are, I conceive, two chief reasons why the name of Franklin is so constantly on our lips and his memory so impressed upon our hearts—why, in other words, he really lives for us instead of being a mere fossil in the strata of history. One is that as an embodiment of practical learning, shrewd mother wit, honesty, and patriotism he is a typical and in many respects unapproachable product of true Americanism. The other is that he is the most complete representative of his century that any nation can point to. With regard to the typical character of his Americanism few cavils will be raised, but with regard to the claim that he best represents the eighteenth century there will probably be not a little dissension. Washington, Dr. Johnson, Frederick the Great, and Voltaire might each and all be put in competition with the sage who snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants, and would have many supporters. But in none of these does the age of prose and reason seem to find such adequate and complete expression as in Franklin. Washington is beyond his own or any century; Dr. Johnson does not sufficiently represent the age on its rational side; Frederick is too extreme a combination of daring and sublime seriousness of purpose and petty affectation; while Voltaire is at once too intense and not radical enough, and is, after all, too entirely a man of letters. Franklin, on the other hand, thoroughly represents his age in its practicality, in its devotion to science, in its intellectual curiosity, in its humanitarianism, in its lack of spirituality, in its calm self-content—in short, in its exaltation of prose and reason over poetry and faith. To convince ourselves, however, of the truth of this proposition, we must briefly review the main events of his well-known but always interesting career.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. His family had been an humble one in England, a fact of which its most famous representative was always too great to be ashamed. His father, Josiah, after being blessed with one wife and seven children, took another wife in the person of a daughter of Peter Folger, one of New England's preposterous poets, and had by her ten other children, of whom the youngest son was appropriately christened Benjamin. What this late comer inherited from his progenitors is hard to determine, but perhaps the almost complete absence of poetical elements in his composition may be traced to the visitation upon his head of the metrical sins of his maternal grandfather. Be this as it may, he naturally got little schooling from a tallow-chandler who had sixteen other children to provide for; so that the rather ludicrous project of educating him for the ministry had to be dropped, and he was set to making candles. On his threatening to run away from this drudgery he was apprenticed to his brother James as a printer, no one foreseeing that the handy youth who spent much of his time over Defoe and Bunyan and Locke was destined to become the most illustrious representative of his craft since Caxton. But he not only read authors as far apart as Bunyan and Shaftesbury; he wrote Addisonian essays and contributed them anonymously to his brother's newspaper. That periodical getting into political troubles, and an elder brother being always a difficult master to serve, the young author, already suspected of being a deistical philosopher,

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sold his books and ran away. He first tried his fortunes in New York, but failing there, made his way to Philadelphia, where he arrived one Sunday morning in October, 1723, in a manner which is inimitably described in his "Autobiography." Whittington and his cat entering London are no more picturesque or poetical than Franklin with his three rolls, one under either arm and the third in his mouth, walking up Market Street, and passing before the eyes of the young girl destined to become his wife.

For the next thirty-four years, with the exception of a brief interval, Franklin's life is practically the history of Philadelphia, in fact of Pennsylvania itself. Other great men have loved and represented a city, but none so completely, it would seem, as Franklin loved and represented the sober little town which, even as a huge city, he still appears to preside over, a tutelary and beneficent genius. He speedily obtained employment as a printer, and won the favor of Sir William Keith, the governor, who encouraged him to go over to London, that he might buy the equipment necessary for an office. Even the shrewd Franklin could be sometimes taken in, for Keith's promised letter of credit never came to hand, and the would-be proprietor of a shop was glad to get employment as a journeyman. His first idea was to save money, in the hope of a speedy return both to America and to Miss Deborah Read, who had overcome her recollection of his ludicrous appearance with his three rolls of bread and had promised to be his wife. But the youth who was two years later to compose a series of prayers which almost tempt one to believe that a spark of spirituality did lurk somewhere in his composition, was as yet far from having attained a moral equilibrium, and he was false both to his betrothed and to his better self. That he gained a knowledge of life and that he did not play the hypocrite about his shortcomings are the only two things to be set down to Franklin's credit at a juncture in his life that meant everything to him; for that he did not drink and that he did not fall lower could only be used fairly as palliatives to the conduct of a man less admirably endowed by nature. He pulled himself together, however, seized an opportunity to return to America, made what amends he could by marrying Miss Read, who had herself made a bad match and was in an equivocal position, and started bravely and unremittingly upon his life's work.

Of the early portion of his career, during which he was accumulating a modest fortune and developing his character, only a few leading facts that will serve as landmarks need be given. In 1729, three years after his return from England, he became editor and proprietor of the "Pennsylvania Gazette," a position which gave him an impetus as a writer. Three years later he showed his commercial shrewdness and widened his influence by publishing the first almanac in which the immortal Richard Saunders made his bow to an extravagant world and began to preach the blessedness of thrift and contentment. The creator of Poor Richard and Father Abraham was already a great man of letters, though neither he nor the thousands of humble people who took his frugal maxims to heart had much or any suspicion of the fact. For pointed application of homely wisdom, whether his own or others' makes little difference, Franklin has had no superior; but it was an evil day for him when he undertook to revise the Lord's Prayer. This last unspeakable performance was, however, at bottom, only an unfortunate illustration of that humanitarianism which was to be his most salient characteristic. The Lord's Prayer must be modified, he contended, to suit the needs of latter-day men and women. Just so a library must be established for the good people of Philadelphia, a debating society or "junto" must be organized for the choicer spirits, a fire company must be started, an academy in which English branches should be stressed must be founded, schemes of defence must be carried through in spite of the Quakers, the streets must be paved and cleaned and lighted—in short, every citizen must be made happy and even moral; for the inventor of a new street lamp was also the conceiver of "the bold and arduous project of arriving at *moral perfection*" and the projector of a "society for extending the influence of virtue." Verily here was an eighteenth-century Carlyle preaching a gospel of work and a philosophy of humanitarianism which the nineteenth century Titan might easily have reviled in a dyspeptic mood, but which thousands, nay millions, of Americans have taken to heart. It is not the highest gospel or the most attractive philosophy, but the pages of the "Autobiography" that set it forth are nothing short of fascinating; and the utilitarian sage and preacher himself is, if not fascinating, at least inimitable.

But the successful business man who devoted his leisure to the improvement of himself and his fellow-citizens was not likely to be suffered long to remain in a

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private sphere. In 1736 he became clerk of the Provincial Assembly, the next year postmaster of Philadelphia, and sixteen years later Deputy Postmaster-General for the Colonies. In the still higher sphere of scientific discovery his fame was also growing. He invented the open stove that bears his name, in 1742; and ten years afterward, by his famous experiments with the kite, showed the electrical origin of lightning. The letters to Peter Collinson and other correspondents, in which his discoveries were announced with the modesty of the true savant, brought him European celebrity, and, in 1753, the Copley medal. A year later he stood forth as the foremost native American statesman, since he was sagacious enough to seize the Albany Congress on Indian Affairs as a fit occasion for presenting the first consistent scheme yet devised for a federal union of the colonies. That this scheme was rejected by the governments it would have most served, and that it would hardly have answered long, cannot take away from Franklin the merit of having begun that mighty work of consolidation which was completed only by the success of Grant at Appomattox.

But the maker of constitutions could also engage in wrangles with the royal governors over that perennial subject of colonial disputes—taxation; and he could even be pressed into military service, where he shone, it must be confessed, chiefly in the quartermaster's department. It is not often that a man like Braddock can command the services of two such men as Franklin and Washington, and it was an augury of what they would accomplish in conjunction when it appeared clear to all men that the only things to be proud of in connection with the expedition to the Ohio were the sagacity of Franklin and the prowess of Washington. But the time was not come for this auspicious conjunction; so Washington returned to Virginia, while Franklin was sent to England in 1757 to plead the cause of Pennsylvania against the proprietors, who naturally objected to the taxation of their own estates. This second visit to England lasted five years, and was productive both of honor to Franklin and good to America. It was the first time that the Old World had been brought face to face with an American whom it was bound to admire and to treat with all the respect due to a wise benefactor of mankind. Franklin's character and achievements gave a dignity to every colony in the eyes of the mother country and of the world —a dignity which England, at least, speedily undertook to insult. The philosophic statesman himself had his patriotism made firmer and more consistent by the treatment accorded his native land, and his character was ennobled by his resistance of all attempts to make him swerve in his duty to his fellow-citizens by offers of place and by the subtle flatteries of social homage. Franklin was as honest and proud as he was shrewd and imperturbable. He accepted with composure the honors paid him as a sage, the degrees of Oxford and Edinburgh, the appointments on scientific commissions, the memberships in various learned societies, the collection and translation of his works; he formed fast friendships with cultivated and representative men like Lord Kames, Sir John Pringle, Dr. Priestley, Burke, and Bishop Shipley; but he never forgot that he was plain Ben Franklin of Philadelphia, whose primary purpose for being in England was to watch over the interests of the Province of Pennsylvania.

These interests seemed protected by his defeat of the proprietors; so he returned home in 1762, apparently to renew a life of domesticity which he had dutifully yet not too keenly regretted. But he was not allowed to remain quiet long, for in 1764, on Grenville's notice of the Stamp Act, he was sent back again, this time for a period of ten years, which he and his wife, who could not be tempted to cross the ocean, managed to pass apart without any appreciable diminution of affection or great access of passion. Franklin could not prevent the passage of the Stamp Act, and when it was an accomplished fact, he counselled submission, his prudence getting somewhat the better of his prescience. But the indignation of the colonies soon awoke nobler impulses in him, and in his testimony before the House of Commons he represented his countrymen in a way that left nothing to be desired. Luther before the Diet of Worms is a subject for pen or brush but little more engaging than this self-contained philosopher before the Commons of Great Britain. The Stamp Act was repealed, but the headstrong determination to humble America remained; so that Franklin's post was one of increasing difficulty and danger. Other colonies made him their agent—Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia—and his services to the first-named led him into the most trying and probably least creditable experience of his public career, the affair of the "Hutchinson Letters."

The details of this celebrated imbroglio are sufficiently familiar. High officials in Massachusetts had in private letters to the

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secretary of George Grenville discussed in bitter terms the liberal movement in the colony, and had recommended coercive measures on the part of the home government. These letters, in some unexplained way, fell into Franklin's hands; and he felt in duty bound to send them to Boston for inspection by the popular leaders. As might have been expected, they caused a great furore both in Massachusetts and in England, and in the latter country a dispute between two gentlemen as to how they had been obtained led to a nearly fatal duel. Franklin now intervened, stated that he had forwarded the letters, but refused to say how he came by them, and faced the storm of popular disfavor as calmly as only a philosopher could. He was examined before the Privy Council, insulted in a scurrilous and shameless manner by the Solicitor-General, Wedderburn, and the Councillors themselves, dismissed from his postmastership, and deprived of much of the public respect that had been previously shown him, but not of the self-respect that marked his behavior throughout the entire affair. His conduct has since been defended and reprobated, and must always, in one particular, be hard to characterize. Our final verdict must plainly depend on a knowledge of how he got the letters; but this is just what he never would reveal. We are therefore left to infer from Franklin's character whether he would have taken them in an improper way. He himself certainly believed that he had done nothing wrong, but it remains to be determined whether he was an absolutely fair judge of what a gentleman should have done under the circumstances. From a purely political point of view he stands abundantly justified; nine-tenths of the English and American statesmen of the time would have taken the letters gladly and asked no inconvenient questions as to how they were obtained; but would Burke or Washington have done so? The answer cannot be doubtful. Neither Burke nor Washington would have touched the papers without being first convinced that the person offering them came by them honestly, and being provided with proper safeguards for his own personal honor.

In 1774 the "Boston tea-party" found Franklin still desirous of avoiding a war, but a year later he gave up his struggles and even his desire for peace, and started home, where, in the meanwhile, his wife Deborah had died. He was, indeed, a much-enduring, far-travelled, and prudent Ulysses, under the especial protection of Athene; and if he found no faithful Penelope awaiting him, he at least found faithful constituents, who had elected him a member of the approaching Continental Congress. He entered upon his duties with alacrity, in spite of his age; supported the war vigorously both at home and in his letters to friends abroad; and the next year was one of the committee appointed to frame the Declaration of Independence. He signed this great document with a witticism on his lips; but in all the list of signatures there is no more patriotic name than his, and only one greater.

Legislative work, however, could be well done by others, and Franklin was just the man to inaugurate our diplomatic service. He was accordingly sent to France in the autumn of 1776, and remained there until 1785. His achievements for his country are too familiar to be dwelt upon. Venerated by every man and woman in France, he was able to secure arms and loans, to effect a treaty of alliance, and to keep French interest in America from flagging during the prosecution of the war. How he managed to wring as much money as he did out of an exhausted treasury will always be matter for astonishment and gratitude; but he did not ask more than he showed himself willing to perform, for he loaned his country all the money he could raise—nearly £4,000. Nor was he any less mindful of the interests of humanity than of those of America, for he granted a passport to Captain Cook, and he inserted an article against privateering in the treaty with Prussia. Toward the last of his stay he was more or less disabled by the gout and other infirmities, and was somewhat complained of for tardiness in matters of business; but his own government did him far more injustice with regard to his accounts than he ever did anyone in his whole long career. This career seemed gloriously ended when in 1783 he signed the Treaty of Paris along with Jay and Adams, but he had more yet to do. He had even to stay in France a little longer, and he had the delicate task of explaining how the treaty came to be signed without due consultation with Vergennes. This he succeeded in doing, though English historians are still wondering how the three clever Yankees managed to make their infant country come out of such a complex diplomatic situation with all the honors and most of the profits.

When Franklin quitted France he was treated to an almost royal progress, and, what was better, he left behind him friends any man might be proud of and a reputation that is still undiminished. He found in America, however, a gratitude and love

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that were even better calculated to cheer his declining years, and his fellow-citizens understood him too well to let him remain in idleness. He was elected President of Pennsylvania a month after his return, and was reëlected for two successive terms. In 1787 he sat in the Constitutional Convention, and though he left most of the hard work to the younger men, his presence and influence made strongly for the cause of union. His last service, as befitted a true philanthropist, was exerted in the cause of human liberty. On February 12, 1790, a petition signed by him was presented to Congress, praying for the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of slaves. Two months later, after an illness of some years' standing, during which he bore his sufferings with philosophic fortitude, he passed away, the date of his death (April 17th) being not quite one year after the inauguration as President of the only American citizen who could be considered his superior.

And now what in conclusion can we say of this great man, save to repeat that he is the most typical American of us all, and the most complete representative of his time? As we gaze into his kindly face, or try to visualize him, with his stout, middle-sized figure; his trim, sober clothes; his fresh complexion; as we recall the anecdotes about him, some of them not too savory, that show him to have been a man of like passions with ourselves; as we tell over his innumerable deeds of kindness and philanthropy; as we read his easy, familiar letters, and the witty trifles that flowed constantly from his pen; as we follow day by day his life spread out before us, with no hint of concealment, we are brought to believe that we know this man as a friend, and have that sort of property in him that Americans have time out of mind claimed to possess in their President. We treat Franklin very much as thousands of Americans are preparing to treat President McKinley—we grip his hand and then proceed to explore his premises. There can be no better proof of the fact that we regard him as a typical American. We are proud of him, but with a different pride from that which we have in Washington, who is so far above us. We trust his democracy in the concrete more than we do that of Jefferson, who was as much an idealist as Franklin was the reverse. We couple him with Lincoln, and like to repeat homely anecdotes about them both. We relish the wit of "We must all hang together, if we would not all hang separately"; we are delighted with the quip, "You are now my enemy and I am—yours—B. Franklin," of the letter to Strahan; for this is true American humor, which we can all understand as well as we can Franklin's interest in silkworms and rice-culture and blankets of a new and pretty pattern,—in short, in everything that pertains to man's comfort here below. And above all, we feel like crying "Bravo" when we find him gravely presenting the wife of the Bishop of St. Asaph's with a package of dried apples from Pennsylvania. For this one act we can forgive him his paraphrase of Job and can even forget to smile at the idea of his being intimate with a bishop. "In small things as well as great," we exclaim, "this man was a genuine American!"

But he is also the most truly legitimate child of his age. There was not in France a more typical *philosophe* than Franklin. Chesterfield himself was hardly a more complete man of the world, Howard hardly a more complete philanthropist. Priestley had no keener interest in science, and even Goldsmith, though he wrote more charmingly, did not write more easily. Burke was a better political philosopher, and Hume and Adam Smith were better economists; but Franklin could have left all three behind in the important matter of putting their theories into practice. He was a conversationalist worthy to be mentioned along with Johnson and Horne Tooke, and a diplomatist whom Talleyrand would not have despised. He had the public spirit of a Turgot and the tolerance of a Voltaire. In fine, as a wit, a moralist, a scientist, a man of letters, a leader in private and public affairs, a cool, unsentimental, self-reliant son of this work-a-day world, Franklin was the epitome and representative of his age. There are greater humorists, though few who would reduce the size of a prayer-book for an aging wife by cutting out "the christenings, matrimonies, and everything else that she might not have immediate and constant occasion for"; there are greater scientists, but few more universal in their range of inquiry; there are greater men of letters, although it should be remembered that his style is limpidity itself and that his "Autobiography" is a genuine classic; there are greater statesmen, but few, at least in his age, who so fully comprehended the importance of the western wilderness; there are finer moralists, yet none more practically beneficent; there are greater men, but few or none who have so thoroughly succeeded along so many lines of activity; and, when all is said, there is assuredly only one Ben Franklin.

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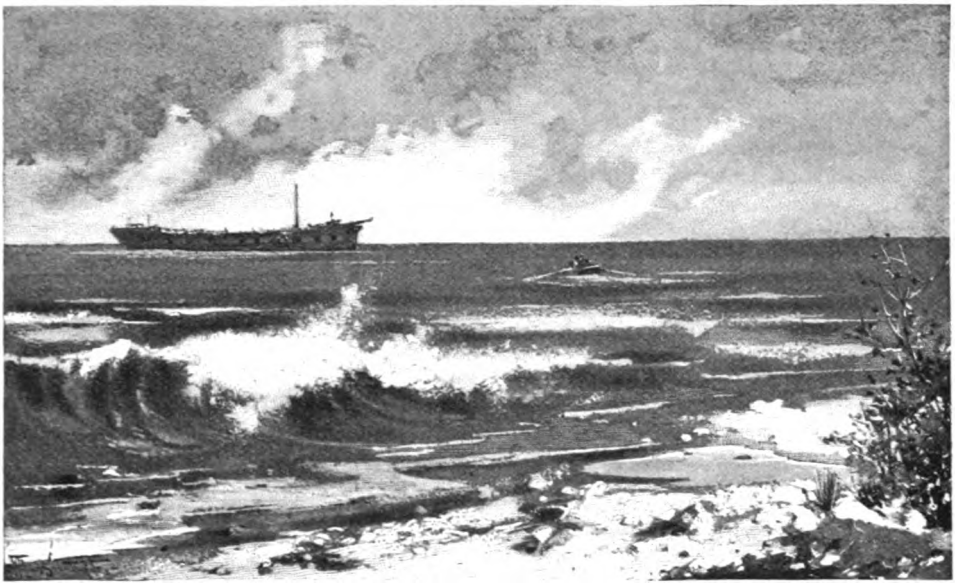

"THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ABOARD; HER SPARS WERE GONE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FOREMAST, BROKEN AT THE HOUNDS."

# THE DERELICT "NEPTUNE."

By Morgan Robertson.

ACROSS the Atlantic Ocean from the Gulf of Guinea to Cape St. Roque moves a great body of water—the Main Equatorial Current—which can be considered the motive power, or mainspring, of the whole Atlantic current system, as it obtains its motion directly from the ever-acting push of the trade-winds. At Cape St. Roque this broad current splits into two parts, one turning north, the other south. The northern part contracts, increases its speed, and, passing up the northern coast of South America as the Guiana Current, enters through the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, where it circles around to the northward; then, colored a deep blue from the fine river silt of the Mississippi, and heated from its long surface exposure under a tropical sun to an average temperature of eighty degrees, it emerges into the Florida Channel as the Gulf Stream.

From here it travels northeast, following the trend of the coast line, until, off Cape Hatteras, it splits into three divisions, one of which, the westernmost, keeps on to lose its warmth and life in Baffin's Bay. Another impinges on the Hebrides, and is no more recognizable as a current; and the third, the eastern and largest part of the divided stream, makes a wide sweep to the east and south, enclosing the Azores and the dead-water called the Sargasso Sea, then, as the African Current, runs down the coast until, just below the Canary Isles, it merges into the Lesser Equatorial Current, which, parallel to the parent stream, and separated from it by a narrow band of back-water, travels west and filters through the West Indies, making puzzling combinations with the tides, and finally bearing so heavily on the young Gulf Stream as to give to it the sharp turn to the northward through the Florida Channel.

In the South Atlantic, the portion of the Main Equatorial Current split off by Cape St. Roque and directed south leaves the coast at Cape Frio, and at the latitude of the River Plate assumes a due easterly direction, and crosses the ocean as the Southern Connecting Current. At the Cape of Good Hope it meets the cold, northeasterly Cape Horn Current, and with it passes up the coast of Africa to join the Equatorial Current at the starting-point in

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the Gulf of Guinea, the whole constituting a circulatory system of ocean rivers, of speed value varying from eighteen to ninety miles a day.

On a bright morning in November, 1894, a curious-looking craft floated into the branch current which, skirting Cuba, flows westward through the Bahama Channel. A man standing on the highest of two points enclosing a small bay near Cape Maisi, after a critical examination through a telescope, disappeared from the rocks, and in a few moments a light boat, of the model used by whalers, emerged from the mouth of the bay, containing this man and another. In the boat besides was a coil of rope.

The one who had inspected the craft from the rocks was a tall young fellow, dressed in flannel shirt and trousers, the latter held in place by a cartridge-belt, such as is used by the American cowboy. To this was hung a heavy revolver. On his head was a broad-brimmed cork helmet, much soiled, and resembling in shape the Mexican sombrero. Beneath this headgear was a mass of brown hair, which showed a non-acquaintance with barbers for, perhaps, months, and under this hair a sun-tanned face, lighted by serious gray eyes. The most noticeable feature of this face was the extreme arching of the eyebrows—a never-failing index of the highest form of moral courage. It was a face that would please. The face of the other was equally pleasing in its way. It was red, round, and jolly, with twinkling eyes, the whole borrowing a certain dignity from closely-cut white hair and moustaches. The man was about fifty, dressed and armed like the other.

"What do you want of pistols, Boston?" he said to the younger man. "One might think this an old-fashioned, piratical cutting out."

"Oh, I don't know, Doc. It's best to have them. That hulk may be full of Spaniards, and the whole thing nothing but a trick to draw us out. But she looks like a derelict. I don't see how she got into this channel, unless she drifted up past Cape Maisi from the southward, having come in with the Guiana Current. It's all rocks and shoals to the eastward."

The boat, under the impulse of their oars, soon passed the fringing reef and came in sight of the strange craft, which lay about a mile east and half a mile off shore. "You see," resumed the younger man, called Boston, "there's a back-water inside Point Mulas, and if she gets into it she may come ashore right here."

"Where we can loot her. Nice business for a respectable practitioner like me to be engaged in! Doctor Bryce, of Havana, consorting with Fenians from Canada, exiled German socialists, Cuban horse thieves who would be hung in a week if they went to Texas, and a long-legged sailor man who calls himself a retired naval officer, but who looks like a pirate; and all shouting for *Cuba Libre. Cuba Libre!* It's plunder you want."

"But none of us ever manufactured dynamite," answered Boston, with a grin. "How long did they have you in Moro Castle, Doc?"

"Eight months," snapped the doctor, his face clouding. "Eight months in that rat-hole, with the loss of my property and practice—all for devotion to science. I was on the brink of the most important and beneficent discovery in explosives the world ever dreamt of. Yes, sir, 'twould have made me famous and stopped all warfare."

"The captain told me this morning that he'd heard from Marti," said Boston, after an interval. "Good news, he said, but that's all I learned. May be it's from Gomez. If he'll only take hold again we can chase the Spanish off the island now. Then we'll put some of your stuff under Moro and lift it off the earth."

In a short time, details of the craft ahead, hitherto hidden by distance, began to show. There was no sign of life aboard; her spars were gone, with the exception of the foremast, broken at the hounds, and she seemed to be of about a thousand tons burden; colored a mixed brown and dingy gray, which, as they drew near, was shown as the action of iron rust on black and lead-colored paint. Here and there were outlines of painted ports. Under the stump of a shattered bowsprit projected from between bluff bows a weather-worn figure-head, representing the god of the sea. Above on the bows were wooden-stocked anchors stowed inboard, and aft on the quarters were iron davits with blocks intact—but no falls. In a few of the dead-eyes in the channels could be seen frayed rope-yarns, rotten with age, and, with the stump of the foremast, the wooden stocks of the anchors, and the teak-wood rail, of a bleached gray color. On the round stern, as they pulled under it, they spelled, in raised letters, flecked here and there with discolored gilt, the name "Neptune, of London." Unkempt and forsaken, she had come in from the mysterious sea to tell her story.

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They climbed the channels, fastened the painter, and peered over the rail. There was no one in sight, and they sprang down, finding themselves on a deck that was soft and spongy with time and weather.

"She's an old tub," said Boston, scanning the gray fabric fore and aft; "one of the first iron ships built, I should think. They housed the crew under the t'gallant forecastle. See the doors forward, there? And she has a full-decked cabin—that's old style. Hatches are all battened down, but I doubt if this tarpaulin holds water." He stepped on the main hatch, brought his weight on the ball of one foot, and turned around. The canvas crumbled to threads, showing the wood beneath. "Let's go below. If there were any Spaniards here they'd have shown themselves before this." The cabin doors were latched but not locked, and they opened them.

"Hold on," said the doctor; "this cabin may have been closed for years, and generated poisonous gases. Open that upper door, Boston."

Boston ran up the shaky poop ladder and opened the companion-way above, which let a stream of the fresh morning air and sunshine into the cabin; then, after a moment or two, descended and joined the other, who entered from the main deck. They were in an ordinary ship's cabin, surrounded by staterooms, and with the usual swinging lamp and tray; but the table, chairs, and floor were covered with fine dust.

"Where the deuce do you get so much dust at sea?" coughed the doctor.

"Nobody knows, Doc. Let's hunt for the manifest and the articles. This must have been the skipper's room." They entered the largest stateroom, and Boston opened an old-fashioned desk. Among the discolored documents it contained, he took out one and handed it to the doctor. "Articles," he said; "look at it." Soon he took out another. "I've got it. Now we'll find what she has in her hold, and if it's worth bothering about."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the doctor; "this paper is dated 1844, fifty years ago." Boston looked over his shoulder.

"That's so; she signed her crew at Boston, too. Where has she been all this time? Let's see this one."

The manifest was short, and stated that her cargo was 3,000 barrels of lime, 8,000 kids of tallow, and 2,500 carboys of acid, 1,700 of which were sulphuric, the rest of nitric acid. "That cargo won't be much good to us, Doc. I'd hoped to find something we could use. Let's find the log-book, and see what happened to her." Boston rummaged what seemed to be the first mate's room. "Plenty of duds here," he said; "but they're ready to fall to pieces. Here's the log."

He returned with the book, and, seated at the dusty table, they turned the yellow leaves. "First departure, Highland Light, March 10th, 1844," read Boston. "We'll look in the remarks column."

Nothing but the ordinary incidents of a voyage were found until they reached the date June 1st, when entry was made of the ship being "caught aback" and dismasted off the Cape of Good Hope in a sudden gale. Then followed daily "remarks" of the southeasterly drift of the ship, the extreme cold (which, with the continuance of the bad weather, prevented them from saving the wreck for jury-masts), and the fact that no sails were sighted.

June 6th told of her being locked in soft, slushy ice, and still being pressed southward by the never-ending gale; June 10th said that the ice was hard, and on June 15th was the terrible entry: "Fire in the hold."

On June 16th was entered this: "Kept hatches battened down and stopped all air-holes, but the deck is too hot to stand on, and getting hotter. Crew insist on lowering the boats and pulling them northward over the ice to open water in hopes of being picked up. Good-by." In the position columns of this date the latitude was given as 62–44 S. and the longitude as 30–50 E. There were no more entries.

"What tragedy does this tell of?" said the doctor. "They left this ship in the ice fifty years ago. Who can tell if they were saved?"

"Who indeed?" said Boston. "The mate hadn't much hope. He said 'Good-by.' But one thing is certain: we are the first to board her since. I take it she stayed down there in the ice until she drifted around the Pole, and thawed out where she could catch the Cape Horn Current, which took her up to the Hope. Then she came up with the South African Current till she got into the Equatorial drift; then west, and up with the Guiana Current into the Caribbean Sea to the southward of us, and this morning the flood tide brought her through. It isn't a question of winds; they're too variable. It's currents, though it may have taken her years to get here. But the surprising part of it is that she hasn't been boarded. Let's look in the hold and see what the fire has done."

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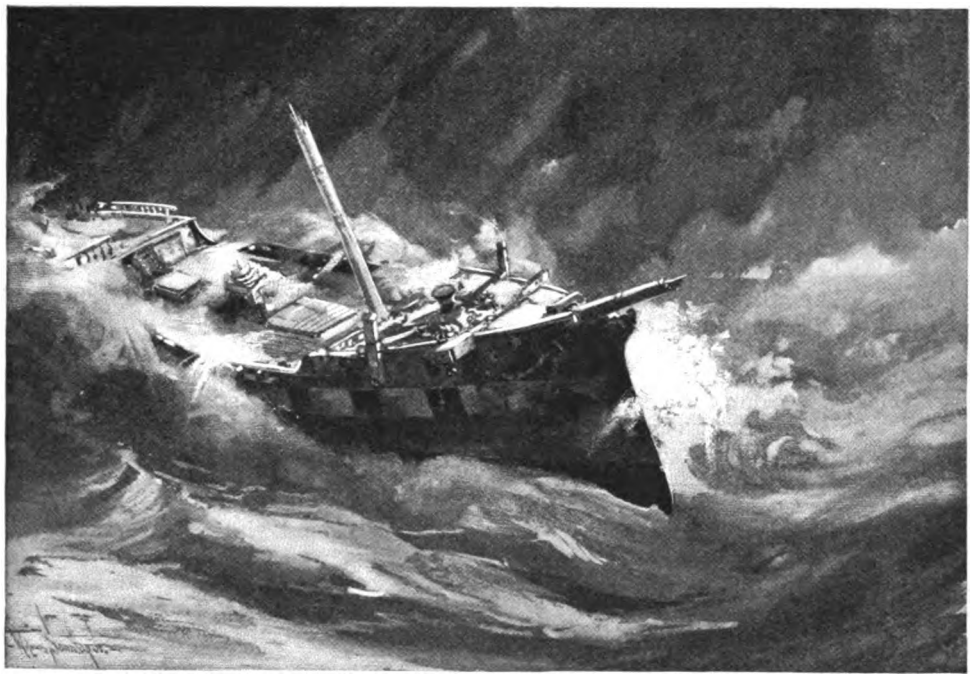

"SOON THE SQUALL, COMING WITH A SHOCK LIKE A SOLID BLOW, STRUCK THE HULK BROADSIDE TO AND CAREENED HER."

When they boarded the hulk, the sky, with the exception of a filmy haze overhanging the eastern end of the island, was clear. Now, as they emerged from the cabin, this haze had solidified and was coming—one of the black and vicious squalls of the West India seas.

"No man can tell what wind there is in them," remarked Boston, as he viewed it. "But it's pretty close to the water, and dropping rain. Hold on, there, Doc. Stay aboard. We couldn't pull ashore in the teeth of it." The doctor had made a spasmodic leap to the rail. "If the anchor chains were shackled on, we might drop one of the hooks and hold her, but it's two hours' work for a full crew."

"But we're likely to be blown away, aren't we?" asked the doctor.

"Not far. I don't think it'll last long. We'll make the boat fast astern and get out of the wet." They did so, and entered the cabin. Soon the squall, coming with a shock like a solid blow, struck the hulk broadside to and careened her. From the cabin door they watched the nearly horizontal rain as it swished across the deck, and listened to the screaming of the wind, which prevented all conversation. Silently they waited—one hour—two hours—then Boston said: "This is getting serious. It's no squall. If it wasn't so late in the season I'd call it a hurricane. I'm going on deck."

He climbed the companion-way stairs to the poop, and shut the scuttle behind him, for the rain was flooding the cabin; then looked around. The shore and horizon were hidden by a dense wall of gray, which seemed not a hundred feet away. From to windward this wall was detaching great waves or sheets of almost solid water, which bombarded the ship in successive blows, to be then lost in the gray whirl to leeward. Overhead was the same dismal hue, marked by hurrying masses of darker cloud, and below was a sea of froth, white and flat; for no waves could raise their heads in that wind. Drenched to the skin, he tried the wheel and found it free in its movements. In front of it was a substantial binnacle, and within a compass, which, though sluggish, as from a well-worn pivot, was practically in good condition. "Blowing us about nor'west by west," he muttered, as he looked at it, "straight up the coast. It's better than the beach in this weather, but may land us in Havana." He examined the boat. It was full of water, and tailing to windward, held by its painter. Making sure that this was fast, he went down.

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"Doc," he said, as he squeezed the water from his limp cork helmet and flattened it on the table, "have you any objections to being rescued by some craft going into Havana?"

"I have—decided objections."

"So have I; but this wind is blowing us there—sideways. Now, such a blow as this, at this time of year, will last three days at least, and I've an idea that it'll haul gradually to the south toward the end of it. Where'll we be then? Either piled up on one of the Bahama cays or interviewed by the Spaniards. Now, I've been thinking of a scheme on deck. We can't get back to camp for a while—that's settled. This iron hull is worth something, and if we can take her into an American port we can claim salvage. Key West is the nearest, but Fernandina is the surest. We've got a stump of a foremast and a rudder and a compass. If we can get some kind of sail up forward and bring her 'fore the wind, we can steer any course within thirty degrees of the wind line."

"But I can't steer. And how long will this voyage take? What will we eat?"

"Yes, you can steer; good enough. And, of course, it depends on food, and water, too. We'd better catch some of this that's going to waste."

In what had been the steward's storeroom they found a harness-cask with bones and a dry dust in the bottom. "It's salt meat, I suppose," said the doctor, "reduced to its elements." With the handles of their pistols they carefully hammered down the rusty hoops over the shrunken staves, which were well preserved by the brine they had once held, and taking it out on deck, cleaned it thoroughly under the scuppers—or drain holes—of the poop, and let it stand under the stream of water to swell and sweeten itself.

"If we find more casks we'll catch some more," said Boston; "but that will last us two weeks. Now we'll hunt for her stores. I've eaten salt horse twenty years old, but I can't vouch for what we may find here." They examined all the rooms adjacent to the cabin, but found nothing.

"Where's the lazarette in this kind of a ship?" asked Boston. "The cabin runs right aft to the stern. It must be below us." He found that the carpet was not tacked to the floor, and, raising the after end, discovered a hatch, or trap-door, which he lifted. Below, when their eyes were accustomed to the darkness, they saw boxes and barrels—all covered with the same fine dust which filled the cabin.

"Don't go down there, yet, Boston," said the doctor. "It may be full of carbonic acid gas. She's been afire, you know. Wait." He tore a strip from some bedding in one of the rooms, and, lighting one end by means of a flint and steel which he carried, lowered the smouldering rag until it rested on the pile below. It did not go out.

"Safe enough, Boston," he remarked. "But you go down; you're younger."

Boston smiled and sprang down on the pile, from which he passed up a box. "Looks like tinned stuff, Doc. Open it, and I'll look over here."

The doctor smashed the box with his foot, and found, as the other had thought, that it contained cylindrical cans; but the labels were faded with age. Opening one with his jack-knife, he tasted the contents. It was a mixture of meat and a fluid, called by sailors "soup and bully," and as fresh and sweet as though canned the day before.

"We're all right, Boston," he called down the hatch. "Here's as good a dish as I've tasted for months. Ready cooked, too."

Boston soon appeared. "There's some beef or pork barrels over in the wing," he said, "and plenty of this canned stuff. I don't know what good the salt meat is. The barrels seem tight, but we won't need to broach one for a while. There's a bag of coffee—gone to dust, and some hard bread that isn't fit to eat; but this'll do." He picked up the open can.

"Boston," said the doctor, "if those barrels contain meat, we'll find it cooked—boiled in its own brine, like this."

"Isn't it strange," said Boston, as he tasted the contents of the can, "that this stuff should keep so long?"

"Not at all. It was cooked thoroughly by the heat, and then frozen. If your barrels haven't burst from the expansion of the brine under the heat or cold, you'll find the meat just as good."

"But rather salty, if I'm a judge of salt horse. Now, where's the sail-locker? We want a sail on that foremast. It must be forward."

In the forecastle they found sailor's chests and clothing in all stages of ruin, but none of the spare sails that ships carry. In the boatswain's locker, in one corner of the forecastle, however, they found some iron-strapped blocks in fairly good condition, which Boston noted.

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Then they opened the main hatch, and discovered a mixed pile of boxes, some showing protruding necks of large bottles, or carboys, others nothing but the circular opening. Here and there in the tangled heap were sections of canvas sails—rolled and unrolled, but all yellow and worthless. They closed the hatch, and returned to the cabin.

"They stowed their spare canvas in the 'tween-deck on top of the cargo," said Boston; "and the carboys—"

"And the carboys burst from the heat and ruined the sails," broke in the doctor. "But another question is, what became of that acid?"

"If it's not in the 'tween-deck yet, it must be in the hold—leaked through the hatches."

"I hope it hasn't reached the iron in the hull, Boston, my boy. It takes a long time for cold acids to act on iron after the first oxidation, but in fifty years mixed nitric and sulphuric will do lots of work."

"No fear, Doc; it had done its work when you were in your cradle. What'll we do for canvas? We must get this craft before the wind. How'll the carpet do?" Boston sprang to the edge, and tried the fabric in his fingers. "It'll go," he said; "we'll double it. I'll hunt for a palm and needle and some twine." These articles he found in the mate's room. "The twine's no better than yarn," said he, "but we'll use four parts."

Together they doubled the carpet diagonally, and with long stitches joined the edges. Then Boston sewed into each corner a thimble—an iron ring—and they had a triangular sail of about twelve feet hoist. "It hasn't been exposed to the action of the air like the ropes in the locker forward," said Boston, as he arose and took off the palm; "and perhaps it'll last till she pays off. Then we can steer. You get the big pulley blocks from the locker, Doc, and I'll get the rope from the boat—it's lucky I thought to bring it; I expected to lift things out of the hold with it."

At the risk of his life Boston obtained the coil from the boat, while the doctor brought the blocks. Then, together, they rove off a tackle. With the handles of their pistols, they knocked bunk-boards to pieces and saved the nails; then Boston climbed the foremast, as a painter climbs a steeple—by nailing successive billets of wood above his head for steps. Next he hauled up and secured the tackle to the forward side of the mast, with which they pulled up the upper corner of their sail, after lashing the lower corners to the windlass and fife-rail.

It stood the pressure, and the hulk paid slowly off and gathered headway. Boston took the wheel and steadied her at northwest by west—dead before the wind, while the doctor, at his request, brought the open can of soup and lubricated the wheel-screw with the only substitute for oil at their command; for the screw worked hard with the rust of fifty years.

Their improvised sail, pressed steadily on but one side, had held together, but now, with the first flap as the gale caught it from another direction, appeared a rent; with the next flap the rag went to pieces.

"Let her go," sang out Boston, gleefully; "we can steer now. Come here, Doc, and learn to steer."

The doctor came; and when he left that wheel, three days later, he had learned. For the wind had blown a continuous gale the whole of this time, which, with the ugly sea raised as the ship left the lee of the land, necessitated the presence of both men at the helm. Only occasionally was there a lull during which one of them could rush below and return with a can of the soup. During one of these lulls, Boston had examined the boat, towing half out of water, and concluding that a short painter was best with a waterlogged boat, had reinforced it with a few turns of his rope from forward. In the three days they had sighted no craft except such as their own—helpless, hove-to, or scudding.

Boston had judged rightly in regard to the wind. It had hauled slowly to the southward, allowing him to make the course he wished—through the Bahama and up the Florida Channel with the wind over the stern. During the day he could guide himself by landmarks, but at night, with a darkened binnacle, he could only steer blindly on with the wind on his back. The storm centre, at first to the south of Cuba, had made a wide circle, concentric with the curving course of the ship, and when the latter had reached the upper end of the Florida Channel, had spurted ahead and whirled out to sea across her bows. It was then that the undiminished gale, blowing nearly west, had caused Boston, in despair, to throw the wheel down and bring the ship into the trough of the sea—to drift. The two wet, exhausted, hollow-eyed men slept the sleep that none but sailors and soldiers know; and when they wakened, twelve hours later, stiff and sore, it was to look out on a calm, starlit evening, with an eastern moon silvering the

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surface of the long, north-bound rollers, and showing in sharp relief a dark horizon, on which there was no sign of land or sail.

They satisfied their hunger; then Boston, with a rusty iron pot from the galley, to which he fastened the end of his rope, dipped up some of the water from over the side. It was warm to the touch, and, aware that they were in the Gulf Stream, they crawled under the musty bedding in the cabin berths and slept through the night. In the morning there was no promise of the easterly wind that Boston hoped would come to blow them to port, and they secured their boat—reeving off davit tackles, and with the plug out, pulling it up, one end at a time, while the water drained out through the hole in the bottom.

"Now, Boston," said the doctor, "here we are, as you say, on the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, drifting out into the broad Atlantic at the rate of four miles an hour. We've got to make the best of it until something comes along; so you hunt through that storeroom and see what else there is to eat, and I'll examine the cargo. I want to know where that acid went."

They opened all the hatches, and while Boston descended to the lazarette, the doctor, with his trousers rolled up, climbed down the notched steps in a stanchion. In a short time he came up with a yellow substance in his hand, which he washed thoroughly with fresh water in Boston's improvised draw-bucket, and placed in the sun to dry. Then he returned to the 'tween-deck. After a while, Boston, rummaging the lazarette, heard him calling through the bulkhead, and joined him.

"Look here, Boston," said the doctor; "I've cleared away the muck over this hatch. It's caulked, as you sailormen call it. Help me get it up."

They dug the compacted oakum from the seams with their knives, and by iron rings in each corner, now eaten with rust to the thinness of wire, they lifted the hatch. Below was a filthy-looking layer of whitish substance, protruding from which were charred, half-burned staves. First they repeated the experiment with the smouldering rag, and finding that it burned, as before, they descended. The whitish substance was hard enough to bear their weight, and they looked around. Overhead, hung to the under side of the deck and extending the length of the hold, were wooden tanks, charred, and in some places burned through.

"She must have been built for a passenger or troop ship," said Boston. "Those tanks would water a regiment."

"Boston," answered the doctor, irrelevantly, "will you climb up and bring down an oar from the boat? Carry it down—don't throw it, my boy." Boston obliged him, and the doctor, picking his way forward, then aft, struck each tank with the oar. "Empty—all of them," he said.

He dug out with his knife a piece of the whitish substance under foot, and examined it closely in the light of the hatch.

"Boston," he said, impressively, "this ship was loaded with lime, tallow, and acids—acids above, lime and tallow down here. This stuff is neither; it is lime soap. And, moreover, it has not been touched by acids." The doctor's ruddy face was ashen.

"Well?" asked Boston.

"Lime soap is formed by the causticizing action of lime on tallow in the presence of water and heat. It is easy to understand this fire. One of those tanks leaked and dribbled down on the cargo, attacking the lime, which was stowed underneath, as all these staves we see on top are from tallow-kids. The heat generated by the slacking lime set fire to the barrels in contact, which in turn set fire to others, and they burned until the air was exhausted, and then went out. See, they are but partly consumed. There was intense heat in this hold, and expansion of the water in all the tanks. Are tanks at sea filled to the top?"

"Chock full, and a cap screwed down on the upper end of the pipes."

"As I thought. The expanding water burst every tank in the hold, and the cargo was deluged with water, which attacked every lime barrel in the bottom layer, at least. Result—the bursting of those barrels from the ebullition of slacking lime, the melting of the tallow—which could not burn long in the closed-up space—and the mixing of it in the interstices of the lime barrels with water and lime—a boiling hot mess. What happens under such conditions?"

"Give it up," said Boston, laconically.

"Lime soap is formed, which rises, and the water beneath is in time all taken up by the lime."

"But what of it?" interrupted the other.

"Wait. I see that this hold and the 'tween-deck are lined with wood. Is that customary in iron ships?"

"Not now. It used to be a notion that

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"POISED ON END IN MID-AIR, WITH DECK AND SPONSONS STILL INTACT, A BOWLESS, BOTTOMLESS REMNANT OF THE CRUISER."

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an iron skin damaged the cargo; so the first iron ships were ceiled with wood."

"Are there any drains in the 'tween-deck to let water out, in case it gets into that deck from above—a sea, for instance?"

"Yes, always; three or four scupper-holes each side amidships. They lead the water into the bilges, where the pumps can reach it."

"I found up there," continued the doctor, "a large piece of wood, badly charred by acid for half its length, charred to a lesser degree for the rest. It was oval in cross section, and the largest end was charred most."

"Scupper plug. I suppose they plugged the 'tween-deck scuppers to keep any water they might ship out of the bilges and away from the lime."

"Yes, and those plugs remained in place for days, if not weeks or months, after the carboys burst, as indicated by the greater charring of the larger end of the plug. I burrowed under the debris, and found the hole which that plug fitted. It was worked loose, or knocked out of the hole by some internal movement of the broken carboys, perhaps. At any rate, it came out, after remaining in place long enough for the acids to become thoroughly mixed and for the hull to cool down. She was in the ice, remember. Boston, the mixed acid went down that hole, or others like it. Where is it now?"

"I suppose," said Boston, thoughtfully, "that it soaked up into the hold, through the skin."

"Exactly. The skin is caulked with oakum, is it not?" Boston nodded.

"That oakum would contract with the charring action, as did the oakum in the hatch, and every drop of that acid—ten thousand gallons, as I have figured—has filtered up into the hold, with the exception of what remained between the frames under the skin. Have you ever studied chemistry?"

"Slightly."

"Then you can follow me. When tallow is saponified there is formed, from the palmitin, stearin, and olein contained, with the causticizing agent—in this case, lime—a soap. But there are two ends to every equation, and at the bottom of this immense soap vat, held in solution by the water, which would afterwards be taken up by the surplus lime, was the other end of this equation; and as the yield from tallow of this other product is about thirty per cent., and as we start with eight thousand fifty-pound kids—four hundred thousand pounds—all of which has disappeared, we can be sure that, sticking to the skin and sides of the barrels down here, is—or was once—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, or sixty tons, of the other end of the equation—glycerine!"

"Do you mean, Doc," asked Boston, with a startled look, "that—"

"I mean," said the doctor, emphatically, "that the first thing the acids—mixed in the 'tween-deck to the right proportions, mind you—would attack, on oozing through the skin, would be this glycerine; and the certain product of this union under intense cold—this hull was frozen in the ice, remember—would be nitro-glycerine; and, as the yield of the explosive mixture is two hundred and twenty per cent. of the glycerine, we can be morally sure that in the bottom of this hold, held firmly in a hard matrix of sulphate or nitrate of calcium—which would be formed next when the acids met the hydrates and carbonates of lime—is over one hundred and thirty tons of nitro-glycerine, all the more explosive from not being washed of free acids. Come up on deck. I'll show you something else."

Limp and nerveless, Boston followed the doctor. This question was beyond his seamanship.

The doctor brought the yellow substance—now well dried. "I found plenty of this in the 'tween-deck," he said; "and I should judge they used it to pack between the carboy boxes. It was once cotton-batting. It is now, since I have washed it, a very good sample of gun-cotton. Get me a hammer—crowbar—something hard."

Boston brought a marline-spike from the locker, and the doctor, tearing off a small piece of the substance and placing it on the iron barrel of a gipsy-winch, gave it a hard blow with the marline-spike, which was nearly torn from his hand by the explosion that followed.

"We have in the 'tween-deck," said the doctor, as he turned, "about twice as many pounds of this stuff as they used to pack the carboys with; and, like the nitro-glycerine, it is the more easily exploded from the impurities and free acids. I washed this for safe handling. Boston, we are adrift on a floating bomb that would pulverize the Rock of Gibraltar!"

"But, Doctor," asked Boston, as he leaned against the rail for support, "wouldn't there be evolution of heat from the action of the acids on the lime—

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enough to explode the nitro-glycerine just formed?"

"The best proof that it did not explode is the fact that this hull still floats. The action was too slow, and it was very cold down there. But I can't yet account for the acids left in the bilges. What have they been doing all these fifty years?"

Boston found a sounding-rod in the locker, which he scraped bright with his knife; then, unlaying a strand of the rope for a line, sounded the pump-well. The rod came up dry, but with a slight discoloration on the lower end, which Boston showed to the doctor.

"The acids have expended themselves on the iron frames and plates. How thick are they?"

"Plates, about five-eighths of an inch; frames, like railroad iron."

"This hull is a shell! We won't get much salvage. Get up some kind of distress signal, Boston." Somehow the doctor was now the master spirit.

A flag was nailed to the mast, union down, to be blown to pieces with the first breeze; then another, and another, until the flag locker was exhausted. Then they hung out, piece after piece, all they could spare of the rotten bedding, until that too was exhausted. Then they found, in a locker of their boat, a flag of Free Cuba, which they decided not to waste, but to hang out only when a sail appeared.

But no sail appeared, and the craft, buffeted by gales and seas, drifted eastward, while the days became weeks, and the weeks became months. Twice she entered the Sargasso Sea—the graveyard of derelicts—to be blown out by friendly gales and resume her travels. Occasional rains replenished the stock of fresh water, but the food they found at first, with the exception of some cans of fruit, was all that came to light. The salt meat was leathery, and crumbled to a salty dust on exposure to the air. After a while their stomachs revolted at the diet of cold soup, and they ate only when hunger compelled them.

At first they had stood watch-and-watch, but the lonely horror of the long night vigils in the constant apprehension of instant death had affected them alike, and they gave it up, sleeping and watching together. They had taken care of their boat and provisioned it, ready to lower and pull into the track of any craft that might approach. But it was four months from the beginning of this strange voyage when the two men, gaunt and hungry —with ruined digestions and shattered nerves—saw, with joy which may be imagined, the first land and the first sail that gladdened their eyes after the gale in the Florida Channel.

A fierce gale from the southwest had been driving them, broadside on, in the trough of the sea, for the whole of the preceding day and night; and the land they now saw appeared to them a dark, ragged line of blue, early in the morning. Boston could only surmise that it was the coast of Portugal or Spain. The sail which lay between them and the land, about three miles to leeward, proved to be the try-sail of a white craft, hove-to, with bows nearly toward them.

Boston climbed the foremast with their only flag and secured it; then, from the high poop-deck, they watched the other craft, plunging and wallowing in the immense Atlantic combers, often raising her forefoot into plain view, again descending with a dive that hid the whole forward half of the craft in a white cloud of spume.

"If she was a steamer I'd call her a cruiser," said Boston; "one of Uncle Sam's white ones, with a storm sail on her military mainmast. She has a ram bow, and—yes, sponsons and guns. That's what she is, with her funnels and bridge carried away."

"Isn't she right in our track, Boston?" asked the doctor, excitedly. "Hadn't she better get out of our way?"

"She's got steam up—a full head: see the escape-jet. She isn't helpless. If she don't launch a boat, we'll take to ours and board her."

The distance lessened rapidly—the cruiser plunging up and down in the same spot, the derelict heaving to leeward in great, swinging leaps, as the successive seas caught her, each one leaving her half a length further on. Soon they could make out the figures of men.

"Take us off," screamed the doctor, waving his arms, "and get out of our way!"

"We'll clear her," said Boston; "see, she's started her engine."

As they drifted down on the weather side of the cruiser they shouted repeatedly words of supplication and warning. They were answered by a solid shot from a secondary gun, which flew over their heads. At the same time, the ensign of Spain was run up to the masthead.

"They're Spanish, Boston. They're firing on us. Into that boat with you! If

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a shot hits our cargo, we won't know what struck us."

They sprang into the boat, which luckily hung on the lee side, and cleared the falls —fastened and coiled in the bow and stern. Often during their long voyage they had rehearsed the launching of the boat in a seaway—an operation requiring quick and concerted action.

"Ready, Doc?" sang out Boston. "One, two, three—let go!" The falls overhauled with a whir, and the falling boat, striking an uprising sea with a smack, sank with it. When it raised they unhooked the tackle blocks, and pushed off with the oars just as a second shot hummed over their heads.

"Pull, Boston; pull hard—straight to windward!" cried the doctor.

The tight whaleboat shipped no water, and though they were pulling in the teeth of a furious gale, the hulk was drifting away from them, and in a short time they were separated from their late home by a full quarter-mile of angry sea. The cruiser had forged ahead in plain view, and, as they looked, took in the try-sail.

"She's going to wear," said Boston. "See, she's paying off."

"I don't know what 'wearing' means, Boston," panted the doctor, "but I know the Spanish nature. She's going to ram that hundred and thirty tons of nitro. Don't stop. Pull away. Hold on, there; hold on, you fools!" he shouted. "That's a torpedo; keep away from her!"

Forgetting his own injunction to pull away, the doctor stood up, waving his oar frantically, and Boston assisted. But if their shouts and gestures were understood aboard the cruiser, they were ignored. She slowly turned in a wide curve and headed straight for the "Neptune," which had drifted to leeward of her.

What was in the minds of the officers on that cruiser's deck will never be known. Cruisers of all nations hold roving commissions in regard to derelicts, and it is fitting and proper for one of them to gently prod a "vagrant of the sea" with the steel prow and send her below to trouble no more. But it may be that the sight of the Cuban flag, floating defiantly in the gale, had something to do with the speed at which the cruiser approached. When but half a length separated the two crafts, a heavy sea lifted the bow of the cruiser high in air; then it sank, and the sharp steel ram came down like a butcher's cleaver on the side of the derelict.

A great semi-circular wall of red shut out the gray of the sea and sky to leeward, and for an instant the horrified men in the boat saw—as people see by a lightning flash—dark lines radiating from the centre of this red wall, and near this centre, poised on end in mid-air, with deck and sponsons still intact, a bowless, bottomless remnant of the cruiser. Then the spectacle went out in the darkness of unconsciousness; for a report, as of concentrated thunder, struck them down. A great wave left the hollow vortex in the sea, which threw the boat on end, and with the inward rush of surrounding water arose a mighty gray cone, which subsided to a hollow, while another wave followed the first. Again and again this gray pillar rose and fell, each subsidence marked by the sending forth of a wave. And long before these concentric waves had lost themselves in the battle with the storm-driven combers from the ocean, the half-filled boat, with her unconscious passengers, had drifted over the spot where lay the shattered remnant, which, with the splintered fragments of wood and iron strewn on the surface and bottom of the sea for a mile around, and the lessening cloud of dust in the air, was all that was left of the derelict "Neptune" and one of the finest cruisers in the Spanish navy.

A few days later, two exhausted, half-starved men pulled a whaleboat up to the steps of the wharf at Cadiz, where they told some lies and sold their boat. Six months later, these two men, sitting at a camp-fire of the Cuban army, read from a discolored newspaper, brought ashore with the last supplies, the following:

"By cable to the 'Herald.'

"CADIZ, March 13, 1895.—Anxiety for the safety of the 'Reina Regente' has grown rapidly to-day, and this evening it is feared, generally, that she went down with her four hundred and twenty souls in the storm which swept the southern coast on Sunday night and Monday morning. Despatches from Gibraltar say that pieces of a boat and several semaphore flags belonging to the cruiser came ashore at Ceuta and Tarifa this afternoon."

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A CORRECTION.—We regret the appearance, in a recent issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, of an article on Mr. Whistler which, we learn, has caused annoyance to our distinguished countryman, and we take this opportunity of tendering him our apologies. In justification of ourselves, it should be said that the article was written by a man who represented himself as enjoying Mr. Whistler's confidence. Upon examination, it was judged unsuited for the magazine and so put aside. Through some mistake the manuscript was put into type and the proofs filed with those of other articles that had been accepted as available. During the editor's absence last summer, the necessity arose for a short article to fill a place in the September number left vacant by delay in receipt of a certain contribution. This article was hastily made up in pages, and, in the belief that it had been passed for publication, unwittingly included in the contents of that number.

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WASHINGTON'S COAT OF ARMS.

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THE EARLIEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. AGE 40. PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 1772.

From the original portrait, in the possession of General G. W. Custis Lee, Lexington, Virginia. Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. This is the earliest portrait of Washington painted and the first of the series that Peale was destined to draw. Washington is depicted in the uniform of a Virginia colonel—blue coat with scarlet facings, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, with a purple scarf hanging from shoulder to hip. The silver gorget, suspended from a ribbon around his neck, is preserved in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This picture was begun at Mount Vernon on May 20, 1772, and was completed and paid for in ten days, Washington entering in his accounts under May 30th: "By Mr. Peale drawing my pict. £18 4s." There has recently been exploited a small copy of this head, as the original study from life, which is emphatically negatived by the dates given. The opportunity thus given Peale to know and paint Washington, before he was Commander-in-chief and first President, was undoubtedly what gave him the unrestrained intercourse which enabled him to delineate so truthfully the man as he really was. General Lee inherits the picture in direct line from Mrs. Washington.

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# McClure's Magazine.

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[THE SERIES OF LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS BEGAN IN JANUARY WITH THE PORTRAITS OF FRANKLIN.]

## LIFE PORTRAITS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

IN these degenerate days, when the deafening huzzas of spurious patriotism pass for the genuine ring, the unsullied grandeur of George Washington's pure love of country cannot too constantly be blazoned before the people, and in no more salutary way can this be done than by the continual exhibition of his "counterfeit presentment." To those who have given close attention to his portaiture, the number of times that he submitted to the painter's yoke cannot but seem appalling.

As early as May 16, 1785, he wrote: "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the Painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument, whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof of what habit and custom can effect. At first, I was as impatient at the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time, I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now, no dray moves more readily to the Thill, than I do to the Painter's chair." Thus it will be seen it was an ordeal that he felt to be a great burden; but he was conscious that he was performing a duty to posterity, and posterity, wonderful to relate, acknowledges and appreciates the debt, recognizing that "he was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

It is almost superfluous to say that it is impossible to do justice to such a subject in the pages of a popular magazine. It would require a volume to adequately discuss the mooted questions of copies, replicas, and originals, and refute the heresies that surround a theme of such importance. The material for it is ample, and there is no field more ready to be garnered; but all that can be given here are the bare conclusions, resulting from years of study and investigation.

The thirty portraits reproduced, covering a period of twenty-six years, are originals from life, taken by artists of almost every nation, and it is the most sumptuous pictorial tribute to the Father of his Country that has ever been attempted under one cover. Portraits will be found from pictures by Charles Willson Peale, in 1772, 1777, 1779, 1784, 1785, 1787, 1794, and 1795; by Joseph Wright, in 1783, 1784, and 1790-1793; by Robert Edge Pine and Jean Antoine Houdon, in 1785; by James Peale, in 1788 and 1795; by the Marchioness de Brehan and John Ramage, in 1789; by Edward Savage, in 1790; by John Trumbull, in 1790 and 1792; by Giuseppe Ceracchi, in 1791–1795; by Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, in 1794; by Jean François Vallée, in 1795; by Gilbert Stuart, in 1795 and 1796; by James Sharples, in 1796, and by George Miller and Fevret de St. Memin, in 1798.

While this is a goodly array, it does not

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include all. Beside the six necessary to make up Peale's full complement, there are two by Trumbull, one by Savage, and the whole length by Gilbert Stuart, mentioned particularly in the notes to the portraits by these painters.

In addition, Pierre Eugene Du Simitière, a native of Switzerland, who about 1766 settled in Philadelphia, made, on February 1, 1779, a "drawing in black lead of a likeness in profile of his Excellency General Washington." This portrait is known only through engravings. It forms one of a set of thirteen heads of illustrious Americans, from originals by Du Simitière, published in London, May, 1783.

William Dunlap, in 1783, at the age of seventeen, made a pastel sketch of Washington, at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, but it has no artistic or delineative value.

Christian Gülager, a Dane, had a sitting from Washington at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 3, 1789, but the canvas has nothing to commend it.

In 1791, Archibald Robertson came from Scotland to America, and Washington sat to him December 13, for a miniature, from which he painted a larger picture for the Earl of Buchan. The miniature remains in the possession of the artist's descendants, while the large picture is still in Scotland.

Walter Robertson, who was neither kith nor kin to Archibald, crossed the ocean with Gilbert Stuart, and painted a miniature of Washington, in 1794, which Robert Field, no mean miniature painter himself, wrote, "is as good a likeness and as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw." The original is owned by the estate of the late Edmund Law Rogers of Baltimore, and it is hard to believe that Field's endorsement of the likeness is correct.

Washington Lodge of Alexandria, Virginia, owns a picture of Washington, painted in 1794, by William Williams, but it is beneath consideration as a portrait.

Raphaelle and Rembrandt Peale each drew Washington, during the last sitting to their father, in 1795. Raphaelle made a small water-color profile, in uniform, which was owned by the late H. H. Houston of Philadelphia, but wrongly attributed to James Peale. Rembrandt made a more ambitious attempt in oil, resulting in a feeble picture, which he took to Charleston, South Carolina, and, after making several copies, sold to Chancellor De Saussure. It is now owned by Mr. George Sanderson of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Rembrandt Peale's familiar portrait of Washington is a composite picture, painted in 1823, concerning which he says, in a letter to the writer, September 24, 1860, nine days before his death: "Besides having painted thirty-nine copies of my father's Washington, I have made seventy-nine copies of my own." There are sketches, silhouettes, and shadow profiles galore, by Latrobe, Folwell, Powel, and others, but few of them merit consideration. Claims are made for the originality of miniatures by Birch, Field, Trott, and some of less renown, but they are nearly all traceable to Stuart.

While of Franklin there is no pen portrait giving an accurate description of his coloring and person, the difficulty in the case of Washington is to determine which one is correct. His hair, eyes, and complexion apparently partook of each individual color of the rainbow. He was not, however, in truth, such a chameleon. His eyes were grayish-blue, his hair sandy brown verging on auburn, and his skin that fair mottled complexion, rather than ruddy, that commonly accompanies the hair and eyes described. He was "straight as an Indian," six feet two inches high, of large frame "without fulness of covering," broad shoulders, and had large hands and feet.

A British traveller, Isaac Weld, who was here from 1795 to 1797, says: "His head is small, in which respect he resembles the make of a great number of his countrymen. . . . Mr. Stewart, the eminent portrait painter, told me that there were features in his face totally different from what he ever observed in that of any other human being; the sockets for the eyes, for instance, are larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader." While Brissot de Warville writes that "there are few portraits which resemble him," another contemporary says Washington "could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length picture of him, and yet no pictures accurately resembled him in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics, which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. . . . It was observed to me, there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking." We are not in a position to question the accuracy of this closing sentence. But we do know that the following pages will exhibit much dissimilarity in feature, yet a countenance always the same, so that the life portraits of George Washington cannot well be mistaken.

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WASHINGTON IN 1777. AGE 45. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1777. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the Huntington Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Reproduced here in its actual size. This portrait, engraved for Irving's "Washington," was inscribed "Washington at the age of twenty-five," and this unauthorized statement laid the foundation for the assumption that it was painted in Boston in 1755, by Copley, then at the mature age of eighteen. It is curiously youthful in appearance for a man of forty-five, but it must be remembered that Washington wore a youthful visage, and that miniatures discount at least a decade from a man's years. In 1777, "on the march to the battle of Germantown," Peale did paint Washington's miniature, and this is doubtless the one, since it is wholly monochrome, in blue, the limit of Peale's marching palette. It fell to the heirship of Harriot Washington, Mrs. Parks, from whose descendants it was acquired by the late W. H. Huntington, through Mr. S. P. Avery. The same youthfulness will be observed in the Valley Forge picture of a few months later, reproduced for the first time in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for last December.

WASHINGTON IN 1779. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean, Philadelphia. Canvas, 59 by 93 inches. This is the identical picture painted by Peale on resolution of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania adopted January 18, 1779, while Washington was temporarily in Philadelphia. When completed it was hung in the Council Chamber, in Independence Hall, where on Sunday night, September 9, 1781, vandals broke in and "totally defaced" it. Popular writers, not giving words their exact value, have been pleased to write this picture out of existence, by understanding "DEFACED" to be synonymous with "*destroyed*." Not so. Peale the artist and mechanician understood how to reline and restore the defaced picture, and it remained in the State House, and afterwards in Peale's Museum collection, until the latter was dispersed under the hammer in 1854, when it was purchased for the father of the present owner. There are many replicas of it and of portions of it, Peale himself having made a mezzotinto plate of it in half length. Their history is most interesting, for which see the writer's paper read before the American Historical Association, December 29, 1896, entitled "Defaced, *not* Destroyed."

WASHINGTON IN 1779. AGE 47. C. W. PEALE.

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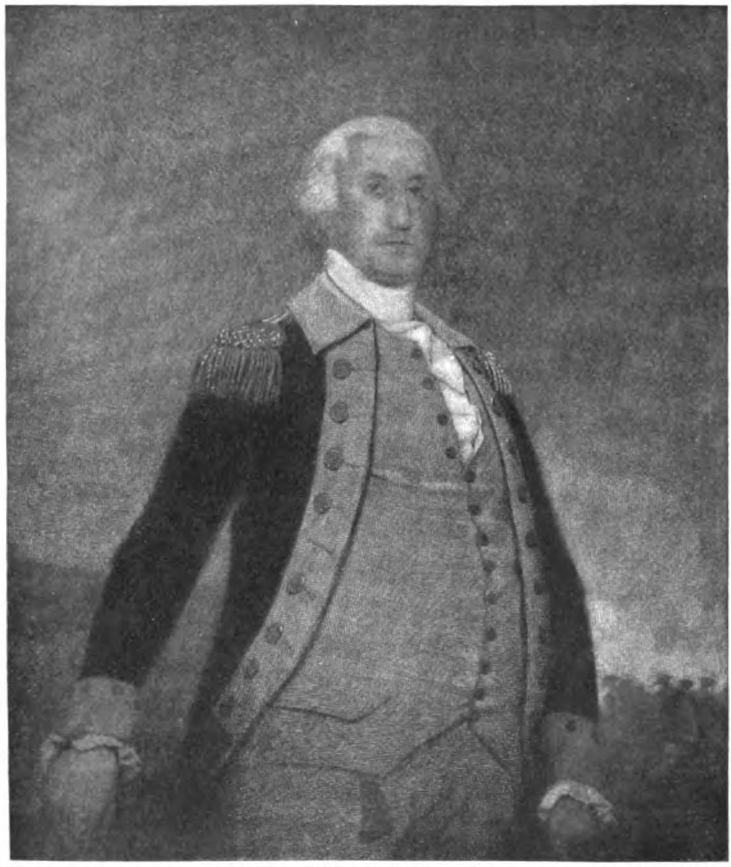
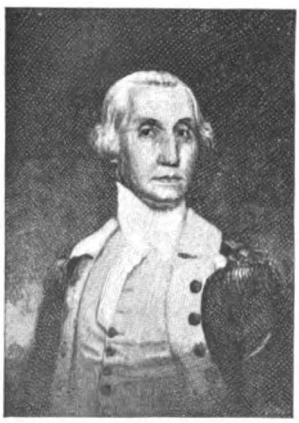


WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original painting, belonging to the Powel family, Newport, Rhode Island. Canvas, 40 by 48 inches. See note to the next picture.



WASHINGTON IN 1783. AGE 51. JOSEPH WRIGHT.

WASHINGTON IN 1783. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

From the original study in the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Panel, 12 by 14. Joseph Wright was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, July 16, 1756, and died in Philadelphia, of the yellow fever epidemic, in December, 1793. He was the son of Mrs. Patience Lovell Wright, with whose artistic temperament he seems to have been imbued, as he painted in oil and miniature, modelled in wax and clay, etched, and engraved dies for coins and medals. He accompanied his mother to England, receiving instruction from West and Hoppner (the latter married his sister), and was in France before returning to this country late in 1782. He brought from France a letter from Franklin to Washington, which was delivered at headquarters, Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey, in October, 1783, and resulted in his then painting Washington's portrait, with but little doubt the small crude study reproduced here. It became the property of Francis Hopkinson, and remained in his family until within a few years. This likeness is of marked importance, although strangely unlike any other portrait of Washington, for it has received his emphatic stamp of approval. In July, 1783, the Count de Solms, commandant of the Fortress of Königstein, solicited Washington for his portrait, writing: "Let the best pencil trace your image; let no pains or cost be spared to favor me with the most faithful likeness." To comply with this earnest entreaty, Washington employed Wright to paint the portrait, telling him: "As the Count de Solms proposes to honor it with a place in his collection of military characters, I am persuaded you will not be deficient in point of execution." Washington paid for the picture (£18) and sent it to Königstein, so we may rest assured that it was a "most faithful likeness." Nor is this his only endorsement. He had a second portrait painted by Wright, which he presented to Mrs. Samuel Powel, of Philadelphia. It is the large picture reproduced above, and is signed and dated "J. Wright, 1784." If these portraits are "deficient in point of execution," their historical value is second to none. A replica of the head, with some variations of detail, is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 54.
JOSEPH WRIGHT.

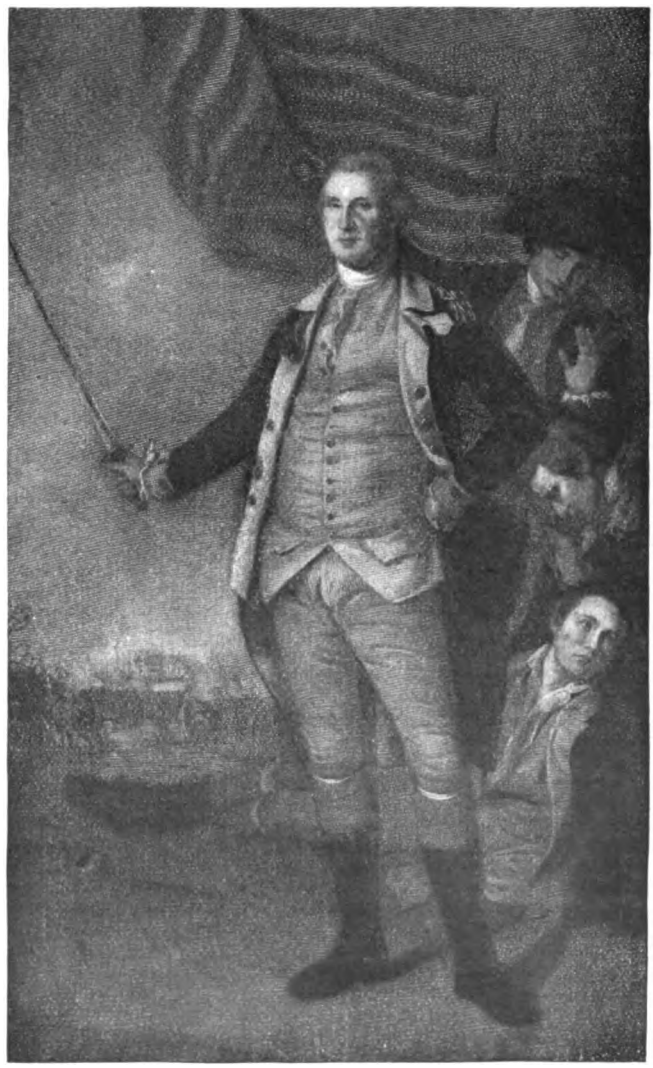
WASHINGTON IN 1784. MODELLED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original bas-relief in wax, owned by Mr. Benjamin R. Smith of Philadelphia. Size, 5 by 6 inches. Joseph Wright seems to have quickly gotten into favor with Washington, who, soon after sitting for the portrait reproduced on page 294, submitted to Wright's making a plaster mould of his face. This is said to have been broken irreparably in removing from the skin; but whether this statement is correct or not, Wright made, in the style of his mother's work, the present profile, signed "J. Wright, fecit," and also a bust, for which Congress voted, April 6, 1785, to pay him "233⅓ dollars." Of this bust Washington writes to Patience Wright, in London, June 30, 1785: "If the bust which your son has modelled of me should reach your hands and afford your celebrated genius any employment that can amuse Mrs. Wright, it must be an honor done me." This bust, if it has survived, is not identified; but from it Mrs. Wright made a wax profile. The laureated head on Wright's bas-relief would indicate that he had made it with a view to the resolution of Congress providing for an equestrian statue, "the General to be represented in a Roman dress, holding a truncheon in his right hand and his head encircled with a laurel wreath." A copy of this profile, life-size, reversed, in plaster of Paris, hung in Washington's library at Mount Vernon, and now belongs to General Custis Lee. Washington further showed his esteem for Wright by appointing him the first engraver and die-sinker in the mint, which position he held at the time of his death.

WASHINGTON IN 1784. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original picture, belonging to Princeton University. Canvas, 57 by 94 inches. This is the most dramatic portrait of Washington that we have, and the verge of caricature it has reached shows that Peale was not at home in depicting action. The picture is interesting for its history, as it was painted to replace a portrait of George II. which was shot out of its frame by an American ball during the battle of Princeton. It is a general commemoration of the battle and the death of Mercer, as well as of the Commander-in-chief. The story goes that Washington presented the college with fifty guineas as a contribution to its pressing needs, but the trustees preferred to apply it to having Peale paint his portrait, to fill the frame his cannon-balls had made vacant. The same head and figure, with a change in the position of Washington's arms, are repeated in the picture of Washington, with Lafayette and Tilghman on Yorktown Heights, in the House of Delegates, Annapolis, Maryland. The miniature shown herewith was painted the following year, and is one of the best examples of Peale's work on ivory I have ever seen. It belongs to the Long Island Historical Society, having been received from the estate of Robert Benson, and its ownership is traced from the painter's brother-in-law, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay. It is reproduced about half its actual size.

1785. AGE 53.



WASHINGTON IN 1784. AGE 52. C. W. PEALE.

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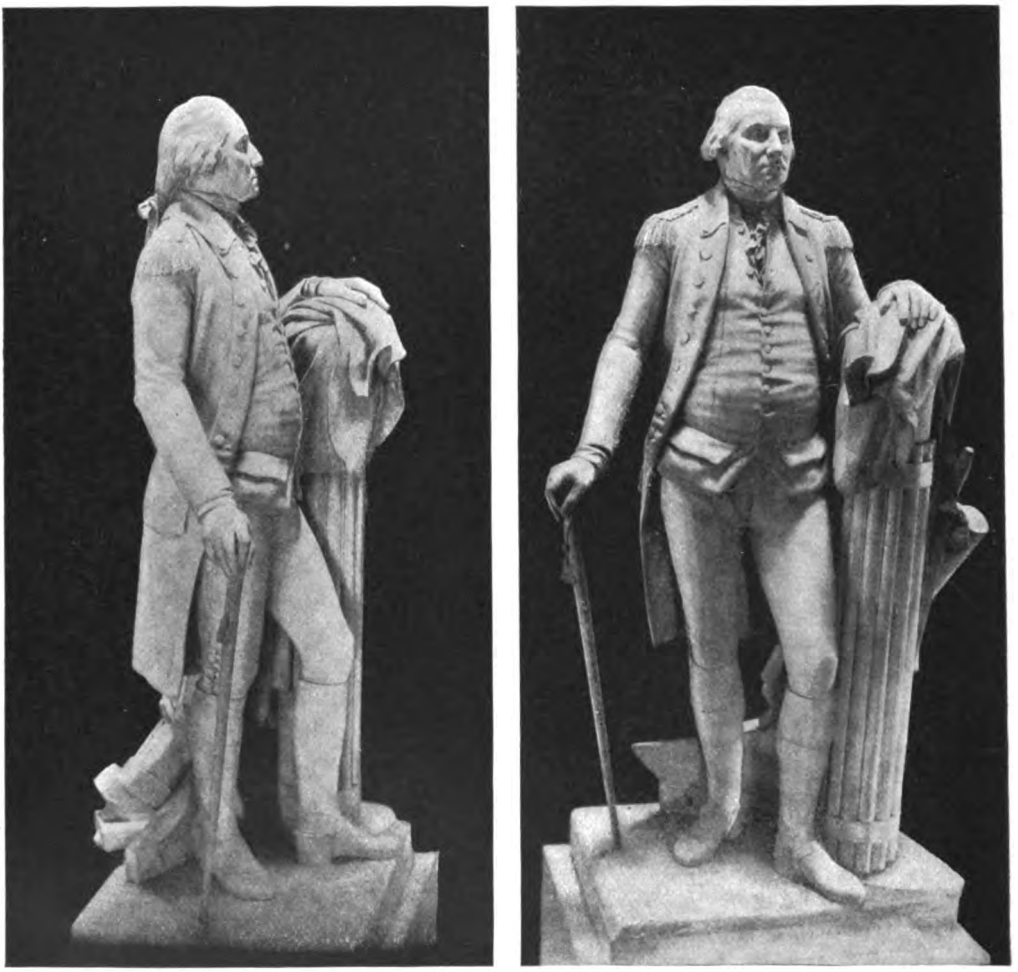

WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia. Houdon came to this country to model Washington from life for the statue ordered by the State of Virginia. He arrived at Mount Vernon late on a Sunday night, October 2, 1785, and remained Washington's guest a fortnight, studying his host's pose, action, and physiognomy. While there he made a mould of Washington's face, head, and the upper part of the body, and took accurate measurements of the entire frame. From these he completed the life-size statue within the contract time of three years; but there being no place ready for its reception, it was not delivered until the spring of 1796, when it was placed where it now is. Washington's supreme manhood seems to have paralyzed the power of many of the artists who undertook to delineate him. Even the great Houdon essayed to convey too complete an idea of the man, and thus has overcrowded his statue with symbolism. The cane, the sword, the ploughshare, and the fasces take away from the majesty and simple dignity of the figure, until one might irreverently suppose that the "Father of his Country" required a support on either side, or in boyish awkwardness knew not what to do with his hands. The truthfulness and artistic qualities of the head are beyond criticism, and must be the canon of comparison for all other portraits. As they approach this, or fall away from it, their due relation to the original can be assigned. That it is idealized goes without saying when the craftsman is recalled. But truth has not been sacrificed to imagination; they have been blended and commingled, but not lost in each other. In other words, this portrait is both real and ideal, the perfection of true art. In its present elevated position the delicate and subtle modelling is lost, so that its full value cannot be discerned. Houdon's willingness to cross the ocean to make this statue for £1,000 arose from his eagerness to be employed to make the equestrian statue that had been authorized by Congress, August 7, 1783, and for which he not only prepared himself, but actually made a model, exhibited in the Salon of 1793. If this plaster model could be recovered and reproduced in bronze, we might have one equestrian statue at least to point to with pride as a work of art. Houdon exhibited a marble bust of Washington in the Salon of 1786, which was at Versailles.

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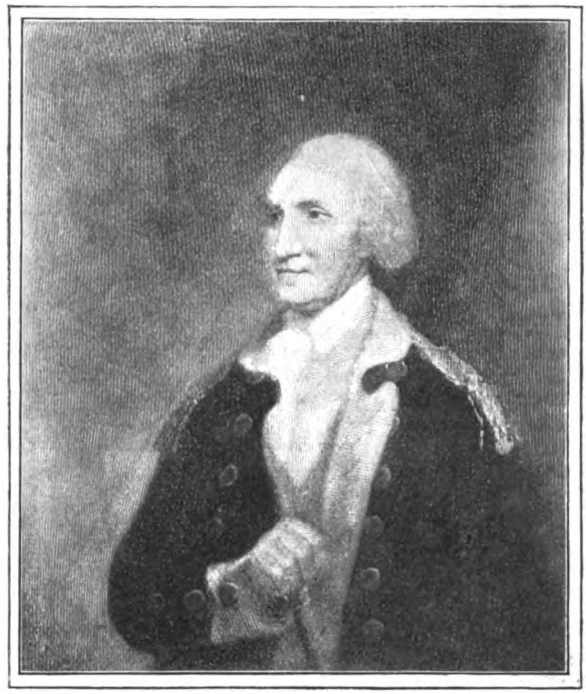
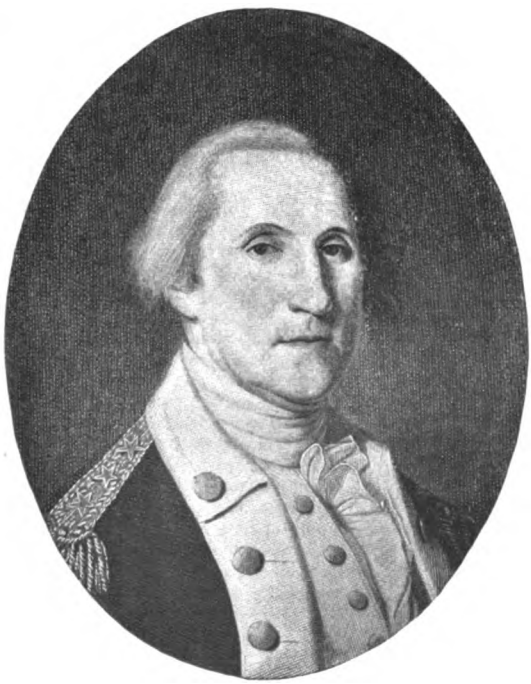
WASHINGTON IN 1785. PAINTED BY PINE.

From the picture in the National Museum, Independence Hall; owned by the city of Philadelphia. Canvas, 28 by 34 inches. Robert Edge Pine was born in London in 1730, and died in Philadelphia November 19, 1788. Imbued with the spirit of "Wilkes and Liberty," he came to America in 1784, with the object of painting a series of pictures representing the principal events of the war, but his sudden death by apoplexy prevented the fulfilment of his design. Washington sat to Pine, at Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1785, and when in Philadelphia, July, 1787, sat again "to Mr. Pine who wanted to correct his portrait of me." The result of these sittings, however, cannot be deemed satisfactory. While the general contour of the face is quite close to Houdon's bust, there is a lack of characterization, which seems to have been a failing in Pine's American portraits. It was regarding the sittings for this picture that Washington wrote his famous "In for a penny, in for a pound" letter. A duplicate of Pine's portrait of Washington is owned by Mr. Grenville Kane, Tuxedo, New York, which was purchased by his grandfather Mr. Henry Brevoort, in Canada, in 1817. Two others, left by Pine at his death, are unaccounted for. The picture reproduced here bears a tablet that it was "presented by Genl. Washington to his godson G.W. Phillips." The statement, however, needs verification.



WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. R. E. PINE.



WASHINGTON IN 1787. AGE 55. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1787. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Philadelphia. Canvas, 19 by 24 inches. During the session of the convention to frame a Constitution for the United States, which met in Philadelphia, May to September, 1787, Washington enters in his diary three sittings to Peale, "who wanted my picture to make a print or metzotinto (sic) by." The print from this portrait is among the rarities of early American engravings, and the painting was reserved by Peale for his own gallery, whence it was sold in 1854 and purchased for Mr. Harrison. From it Charles Peale Polk, a nephew and close imitator of his uncle, made many copies, generally extending it to half length, but oftentimes making the simple bust. Many of these copies were carried to Europe on speculation, where they were bought with avidity, and to-day come back to this side of the ocean as original portraits presented by Washington himself to the officer ancestor of the present owner. So much for the value of tradition, that baseless fabric of a dream. The pictures attributed to James Peale, in Independence Hall and the Lenox Gallery, are from this head.

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WASHINGTON IN 1788. AGE 56. JAMES PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1788. PAINTED BY JAMES PEALE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the Pennsylvania Historical Society; owned by the Artillery Corps, Washington Grays. Reproduced here in its actual size. James Peale was born in Annapolis, Maryland, 1749, and died in Philadelphia, May 24, 1831. He was the youngest brother of Charles Willson Peale, from whom he received instruction in painting. He devoted himself almost exclusively to painting miniatures, in which field he became highly distinguished and showed himself possessed of much higher artistic qualities than his more famous brother. He served in the Continental line during the Revolution, and was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati. The miniature reproduced, signed with his initials and dated, as was his wont, he retained during life. It was purchased from his representatives by the Washington Grays, and served until the company's disbandment as its target-shooting prize. It is exquisitely beautiful as a picture, rather too poetical in its expression for Washington, yet in contour not unlike the Houdon bust, which vouches its general accuracy.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. AGE 57. DE BREHAN.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. PAINTED BY THE MARCHIONESS DE BREHAN.

From the original medallion, in the possession of Mrs. Kate Upsher Moorhead, Washington, District of Columbia. Reproduced here in nearly its actual size. Madame de Brehan was the sister of the Count de Moustier, who succeeded the Chevalier de la Luzerne as minister from France to this country. She was an eccentric and accomplished woman, and painted *en camaïeu* in monochrome several portraits of Washington, one showing the head accolated with the head of Lafayette. She made repeated visits to Mount Vernon, and on one occasion Washington enters in his diary: "October 3, 1789. About two o'clock sat for Madame de Brehan to complete a profile miniature of me which she had begun from memory and which she had made exceedingly like the original." She returned to France a year later, where the medallion was engraved by A. F. Sergent. Several proofs of the engraving she sent to Washington, and he gave them to his lady friends. One, presented to Mrs. Robert Morris, with the autograph inscription, "The President's compliments accompany the enclosed to Mrs. Morris," was given, by her granddaughter, to General McClellan, after the battle of Antietam. The picture reproduced was inherited in a direct line from Mrs. Washington by her great-great-great-granddaughter, the present owner.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. AGE 57. JOHN RAMAGE.

WASHINGTON IN 1789. PAINTED BY JOHN RAMAGE.

From the original miniature on ivory, in the possession of Mrs. Moses S. Beach, Peekskill, New York. Reproduced here in its actual size. John Ramage was an Irishman, who emigrated to Boston, became lieutenant of the Royal Irish Volunteers, organized in 1775 for the defence of the town during the siege, and the next year embarked for Halifax with the British army. He subsequently went to New York, and was commissioned by General Patterson, February 2, 1780, lieutenant of Company 7, City Militia. He remained after the British evacuation and became the fashionable miniature painter of his day, in New York, painting all the belles and beaux of the period in a charming manner and setting them himself with much taste. He became involved in debt, and to escape prison fled to Montreal in 1794, where he died about 1803, poor and friendless. Washington sat to him October 3, 1789, and the miniature here reproduced was purchased in 1884 from the daughter of the man in whose house Ramage died, and to whom the artist had given it on his death-bed. Another miniature, claimed to be by Ramage, is owned in Maryland.

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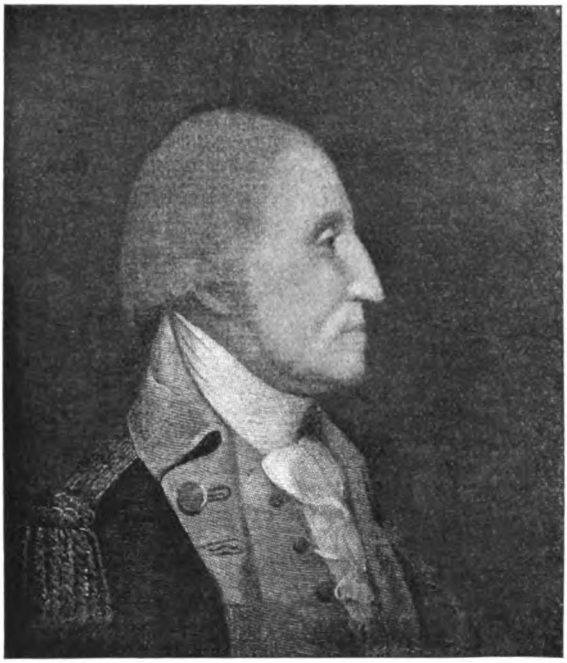


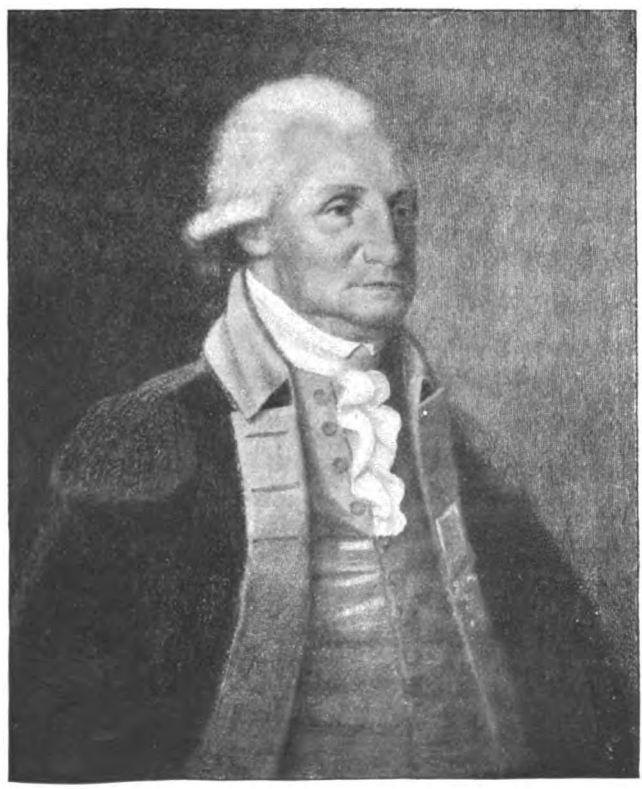
WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. JOSEPH WRIGHT.

WASHINGTON IN 1790. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original portrait, in the United States National Museum, Washington, District of Columbia; owned by Mr. G. L. McKean, Chicago, Illinois. Canvas, 17 by 21 inches. In 1790 Joseph Wright painted a portrait of Washington and etched a small profile, which is the same as the portrait reproduced except that the body in the etching is also in profile. Washington's profile is very attractive, and the simplicity and directness of this one have a charm of reality which is its highest recommendation, while the etched profile from its first publication was universally accepted for its correctness of line and expression.

WASHINGTON IN 1790. PAINTED BY EDWARD SAVAGE.

From the original portrait, owned by Harvard University. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. Edward Savage was born in Princeton, Massachusetts, November 26, 1761, and died there July 6, 1817. Originally a goldsmith, he turned his attention to portrait painting and engraving, and produced some very creditable work in both departments, although his paintings are of very unequal merit. The portrait for Harvard was begun in New York December 21, 1789, and finished January 6, 1790, as we learn from Washington's diary. The venerated Josiah Quincy pronounced it "the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington," and there certainly is a striking life-likeness about it, especially in Savage's own fine large mezzotinto plate, for which he first painted a panel, the same size, adapting Wright's figure and composition to his Harvard College head. This panel, signed, and dated "1703," belongs to his grandson, and is on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Savage subsequently painted another portrait of Washington (25 by 30 inches), which he used in his well-known print of "The Washington Family." It is owned by Mr. Luther Kountze, of Morristown, New Jersey, but cannot be obtained for reproduction. The large canvas of "The Washington Family" is owned by Mr. William F. Havemeyer, of New York.



WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. EDWARD SAVAGE.

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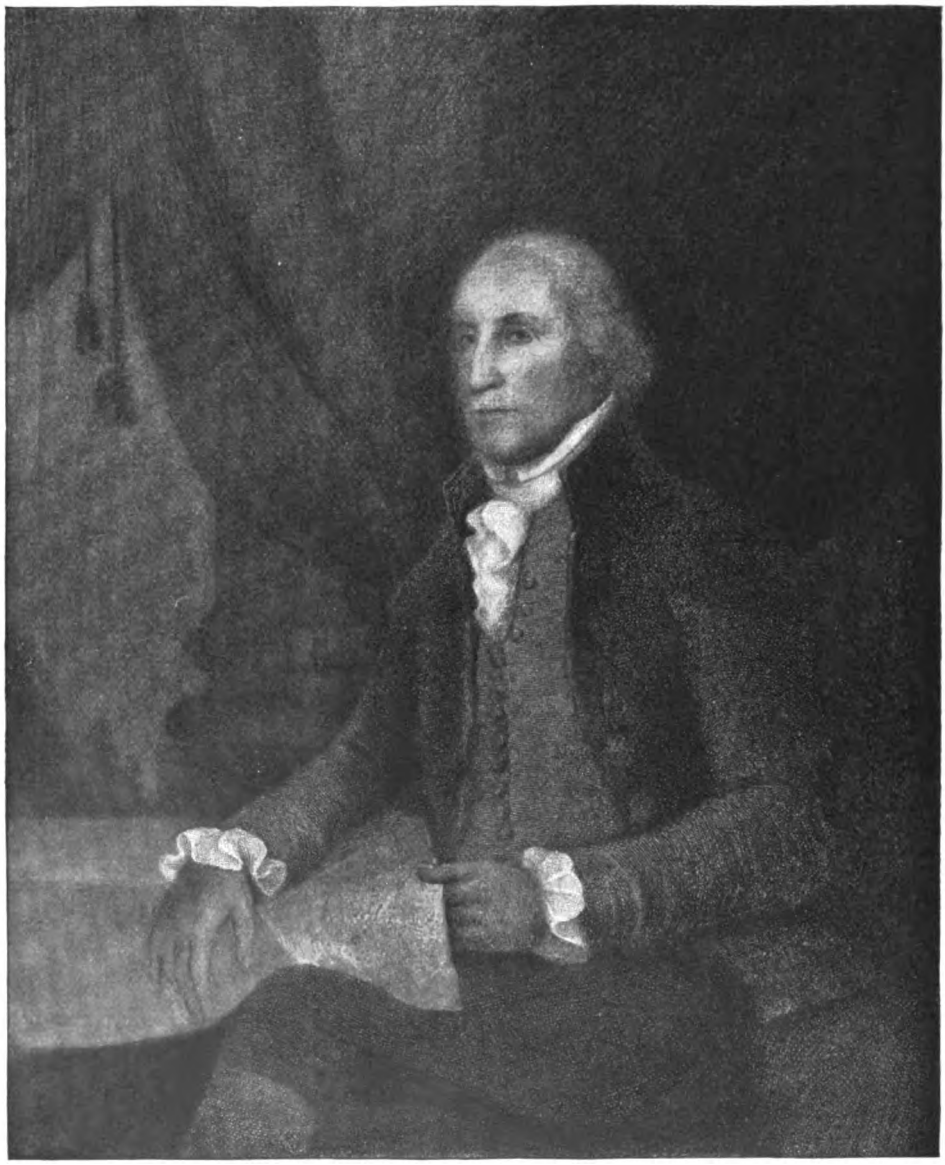

WASHINGTON ABOUT 1792. AGE 60. PAINTED BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

From the original portrait, belonging to Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, New York, Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. When and where this picture was painted is not known; but it was exhibited in the New York Museum prior to 1798, and must have been painted after 1789, since the plan of the new city of Washington appears in it. It is simple in treatment, as are all of Wright's portraits, and is exceedingly interesting, with every indication of originality. Its composition was used by Edward Savage in the well-known large mezzotinto plate of Washington which he published in London June 25, 1793.

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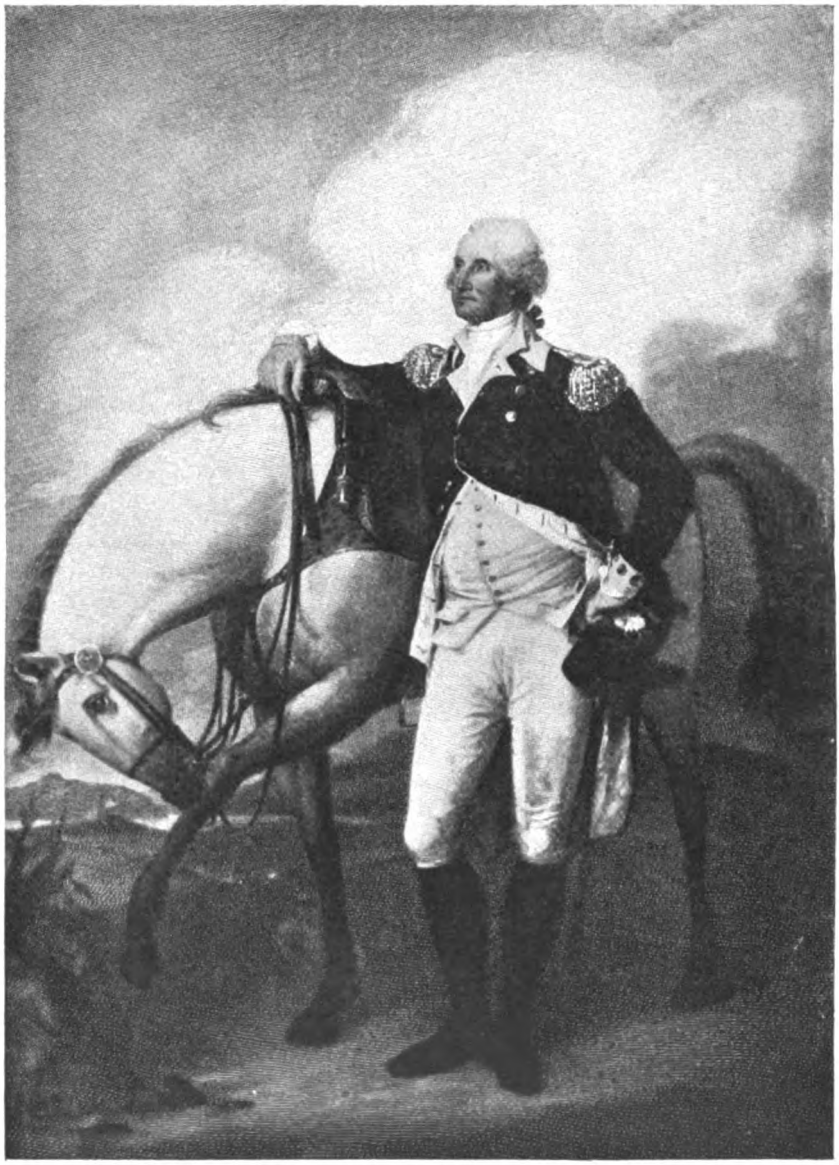

WASHINGTON IN 1790. AGE 58. PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

From the original picture, belonging to the Rogers estate, Baltimore, Maryland. Canvas, 20 by 30 inches. John Trumbull was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756, and died in New York November 10, 1843. When a mere lad he joined the army at Cambridge, and owing to the ability he showed as a topographical draughtsman was attached to Washington's staff. He left the service in February, 1777, owing to some dissatisfaction regarding rank, and three years later went to London to study under West. Upon the execution of Major André he was arrested and thrown into prison, and only released, to leave the country, upon the suretyship of Copley and West. He returned to West's studio towards the close of 1782, where he remained seven years. He came back home, and in February and July, 1790, had a number of sittings from Washington. On Tuesday, July 8, Washington writes in his diary: "Sat from 9 o'clock till after 10 for Mr. Jno. Trumbull, who was drawing a portrait of me at full length which he intends to present to Mrs. Washington." This is the picture reproduced. Mrs. Washington by her will left it to her granddaughter Eliza Parke Law, who bequeathed it to her grandson, the late General Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore. The head in this picture is exceedingly fine, equal to the very best of Trumbull's small cabinet heads in the collection he gave to Yale College. From this perfect and complete study Trumbull painted the large canvas, 72 by 108, for the city of New York, which, with the portrait of Governor George Clinton, also painted for the city, he materially altered in 1804.

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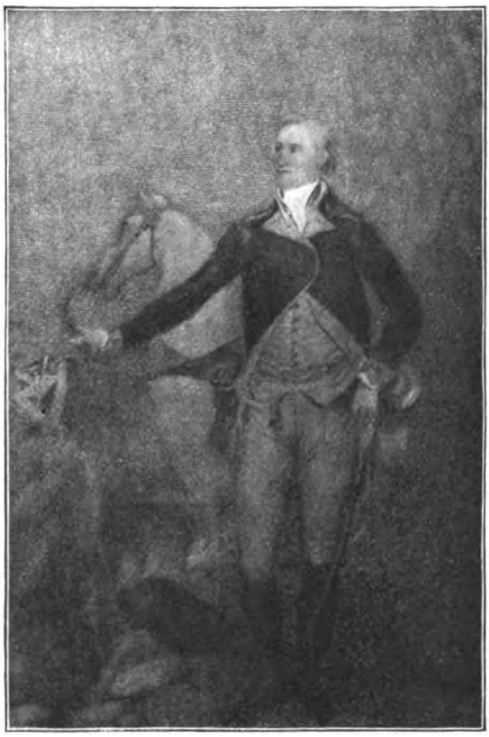


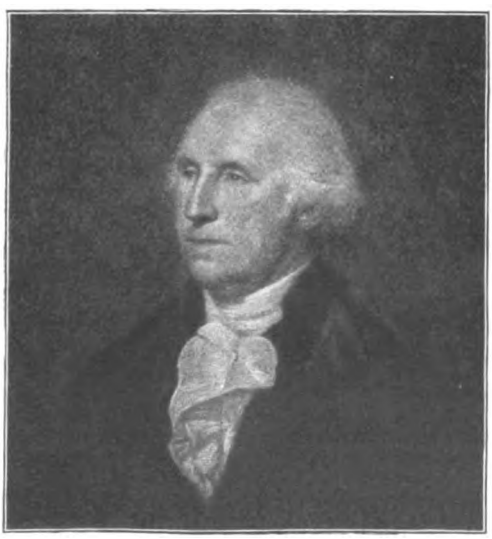
WASHINGTON IN 1792. AGE 60. TRUMBULL.

WASHINGTON IN 1792. PAINTED BY TRUMBULL.

From the original picture, in the Trumbull Gallery, School of Fine Arts, New Haven. This picture, which has been termed the best military portrait of Washington, was painted for Charleston, South Carolina, but that city not being satisfied with it, it remained in the painter's hands and went with his other pictures to the gallery he founded as a monument to himself. Owing to its size and position on the wall, it cannot be adequately photographed for reproduction. In 1793 Trumbull painted a bust portrait of Washington, and the following year one of his favorite cabinet size; but neither is satisfactory. The first is at New Haven, and the other in the United States National Museum, Washington, District of Columbia. Perhaps few painters were more unequal in their work than the old patrician, Colonel Trumbull.

AN UNPUBLISHED PROFILE OF WASHINGTON, 1794. AGE 62.

From the original silhouette cut at Peale's Museum, 1794, in the possession of Mr. Edward S. Miles, Philadelphia. Reproduced here half its actual size. This interesting profile, never before published, was cut out of white paper by an instrument that gave an exact outline, and was presented by Washington to Alice Poultney, wife of James Todd, whose brother John Todd married Dorothea Payn, afterwards the wife of President Madison. From Mrs. Todd, who was at the Museum with Washington when the profile was cut, it has descended to her great-grandson, the present owner, who has heard from her own lips the story of her intimacy with President and Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Todd died in Philadelphia February 26, 1867, in her one hundredth year, possessed of all her faculties.



WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. C. W. PEALE.

WASHINGTON IN 1795. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait, in the Bryan Collection, New York Historical Society. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. This is the last portrait of Washington painted by Peale from life, and the sittings for it were given in the artist's quarters, on the second floor of the Hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. It was on this occasion that his sons Raphaelle and Rembrandt essayed a delineation of the historic features, and his brother James painted the water-color profile reproduced on page 305. If the Houdon bust is what we regard it to be, then this portrait must be an accurate likeness. It certainly so appeals to the observer, and the artist valued it too much to part with it. Mr. Bryan secured it at the final sale of the museum collection. Peale painted several replicas of it, and Rembrandt Peale frequently copied it.

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WASHINGTON AS MODELLED BY CERACCHI, 1791–95. AGE ABOUT 60.

From the original marble, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; owned by the estate of Gouverneur Kemble; photographed by Charles Truscott, of Philadelphia. Giuseppe Ceracchi came to America in 1791 with an elaborate scheme for the erection of a monument to the American Revolution. Madison wrote: "He was an enthusiastic worshipper of Liberty and Fame; and his whole soul was bent on securing the latter by rearing a monument to the former, which he considered as personified in the American Republic." The monument was to be embellished with statues of the chief actors in the Revolution, and he invited several of them to sit to him, among others Washington, who took a lively interest in the project. Ceracchi went back to Europe to formulate his plans, and returned to America in the fall of 1793, bringing with him an elaborate model, anticipating, with southern ardor, that all he would have to do was to proceed with the work. In this he was of course mistaken, and he complained bitterly to Washington of the failure of his plans, which induced Washington to sign a recommendatory circular letter, asking for private subscriptions to carry on the work and naming the members of his cabinet as trustees of the fund, all of whom, save Hamilton, also put signatures to the letter. Even this failed, and Ceracchi, disgruntled, shook the dust of freedom from his feet, after demanding payment for the busts he had asked as a favor to make. Washington, who had sat to him in 1791–92, sat again at his request for some alterations in the bust, which, after these were made, was cut in marble and signed, "Ceracchi faciebat Philadelphiæ, 1795." Washington demurred to the unjust demand for payment, and the bust was purchased by the Spanish minister, who sent it to his home government, where, unwelcome, it was sold to the American agent, Richard W. Meade, father of General Meade, who brought it back to Philadelphia. At the sale of the important Meade collection of works of art, in 1847, it was bought by Mr. Kemble, of Coldspring, New York. Ceracchi was a well-equipped and thoroughly accomplished statuary, but his bust of Washington partakes, perhaps, too much of the character of "the old Roman." The expression of the mouth, however, has been highly commended for its faithfulness.

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, DRAWN BY VALLÉE.

From the original drawing in India ink, in possession of the writer. Reproduced here in nearly its actual size. Jean François Vallée came to this country with the intention of starting cotton mills near Alexandria, Virginia, relative to which he had corresponded with Washington, Jefferson, and others. His enterprise was not a success, and he removed to Philadelphia, where for several years he maintained a *pension*, but subsequently went South and settled in New Orleans. He was of an artistic turn, as were many of the French *emigrés*, and after the battle of New Orleans painted a miniature of General Jackson, which the latter presented to Edward Livingston. The above profile, now for the first time published, is signed "J. F. Vallée, 1795."

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, BY VALLÉE.

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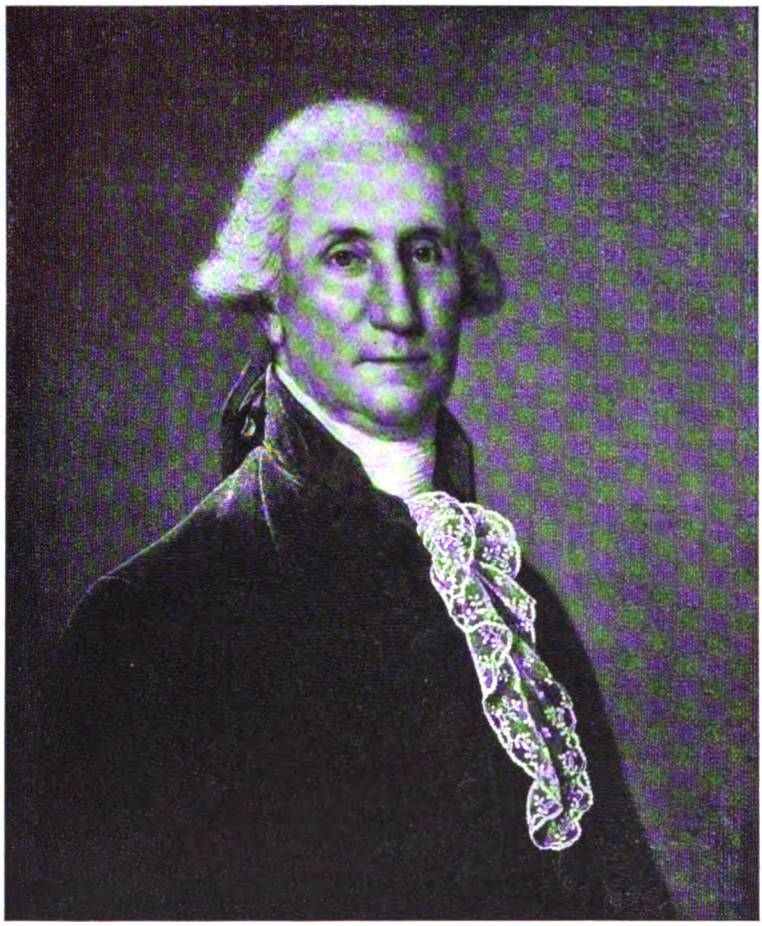

WASHINGTON IN 1794. AGE 62. PAINTED BY WERTMÜLLER.

From the original portrait, belonging to Mr. John Wagner, Philadelphia. Canvas, 21 by 25 inches. Adolph Ulric Wertmüller was born in Stockholm, Sweden, February 18, 1751, and died near Wilmington, Delaware, October 5, 1811, and is buried in the old Swedes' churchyard, Philadelphia. When twenty-one he left Stockholm for Paris, to put himself under his cousin Roslin, one of the chief portrait painters of the French capital, and subsequently received instruction from Vien. He was admitted a member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture July 30, 1784, upon the presentation of portraits of Bachelier and Caffiere, having the year previous been brevetted First Painter of the King of Sweden. Upon this appointment he painted for Gustavus III. "Ariadne" and "Marie Antoinette with her Two Children in the Garden of the Little Trianon," both now in the National Museum, Stockholm. In 1787 he painted his famous picture of "Danaë Receiving Jupiter in a Shower of Gold," which, both for conception and purity of execution, entitles him to a commanding place among the painters of his time. Driven from France by the exigencies of the Revolution, he sought a home in America, reaching Philadelphia May 13, 1794. Here, in August, Washington sat to him "dans la maison du Congreés ou le Senat s'assemble," and November 8 he makes record: "Fini le portrait du General Washington, prem. President du Congreés, un habit de velour noir, buste quaré toile de 15. *Ce port. est pour moi.*" These two entries in the artist's autograph, now first published, are of the first importance, as the originality of Wertmüller's portrait of Washington has been directly questioned. He was called to Sweden in 1796 by the death of his agent; but he left his precious portrait of Washington in the care of the lady destined to become his wife, having made replicas of it for Messrs. Greenleaf, Casenove, and Robert Morris. He returned to America in November, 1800, and on January 8 following, married a granddaughter of Herr Gustavus Hesselius, one of the early Swedish settlers, who was an artist and also the first organ-builder in the colonies. Wertmüller purchased land at Namans Creek, in the State of Delaware, and devoted more attention to the farm than to the easel, although he died from the noxious effects of paint upon his system. His original portrait of Washington, scrupulously preserved, was, after the death of his widow, three months later, sold at auction in Philadelphia, with his other pictures, for $50. It is certainly the portrait of a dignified gentleman, and while it may be slightly tinctured with a foreign air, commends itself as a good likeness. It is carefully signed "A. Wertmüller S. Pt. Philadelphia 1794." This note is prepared from the painter's manuscripts, never before used for publication, and now for the first time are given in print accurate and exact data of his life and chief works.

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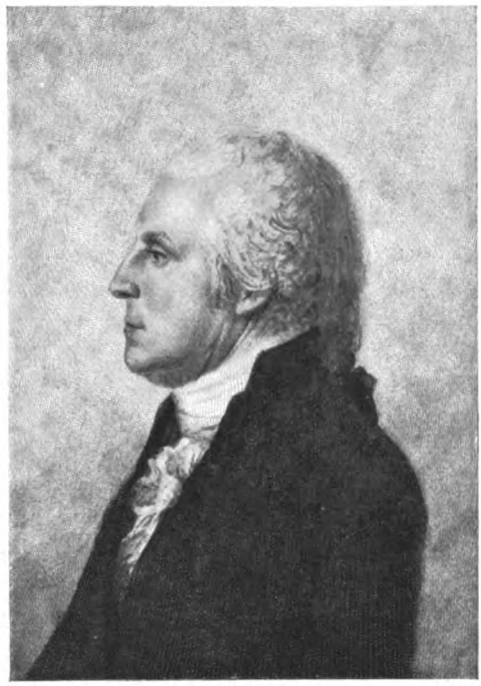

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. PAINTED BY JAMES PEALE.

From the original water-color drawing upon paper, 4¼ by 3¼ inches, in the possession of the writer. While his brother Charles Willson and Charles Willson's sons Raphaelle and Rembrandt were painting Washington in the old Philosophical Society's hall, James Peale painted this miniature, which remained in the possession of the artist and his family until it came to the writer. For placid dignity and serene repose no portrait of Washington surpasses it. There are two oil portraits of Washington attributed to James Peale with some show of reason. But if they are from his easel (and he did paint in oil), they are not from life, but are copies of his brother's portrait of 1787, with accessories. One is in the Lenox Gallery, New York, and the other in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON IN 1798. CARVED BY GEORGE MILLER.

From the original bas-relief in gypsum, in the possession of the writer. Size, 4¼ by 6¼ inches. George Miller was a potter, stonecutter, and modeller, an academician of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, a fellow of the first Society of Artists, and an associate of the Columbian Society of Arts, of which Jefferson was first president; so that his position in the art world was fully recognized by his contemporaries. He was doubtless a German, as his name is found early spelled Müller. He contributed to the Academy exhibition of 1813 portraits of Albert Gallatin and Mrs. Madison, "modelled in colours," and of Bishop White and other persons of consideration to the exhibitions of the two succeeding years. He died in 1819, and in the catalogue for 1821 is entered "likeness of the late Talbot Hamilton, finely modelled in wax by the late George Miller." The bas-relief of Washington is not cast, but carved in low relief, and was the property of the celebrated William Bingham, who left this country in 1800 and died at Bath, England, in 1804. It was purchased at the sale of his effects in 1807, and remained for eighty-five years in the possession of the purchaser and his son. As the earliest notice we have of Miller in Philadelphia is in 1798, this bas-relief must have been made when Washington was last in that city, between November 10 and December 14, 1798.

WASHINGTON IN 1798. AGE 66. GEORGE MILLER.

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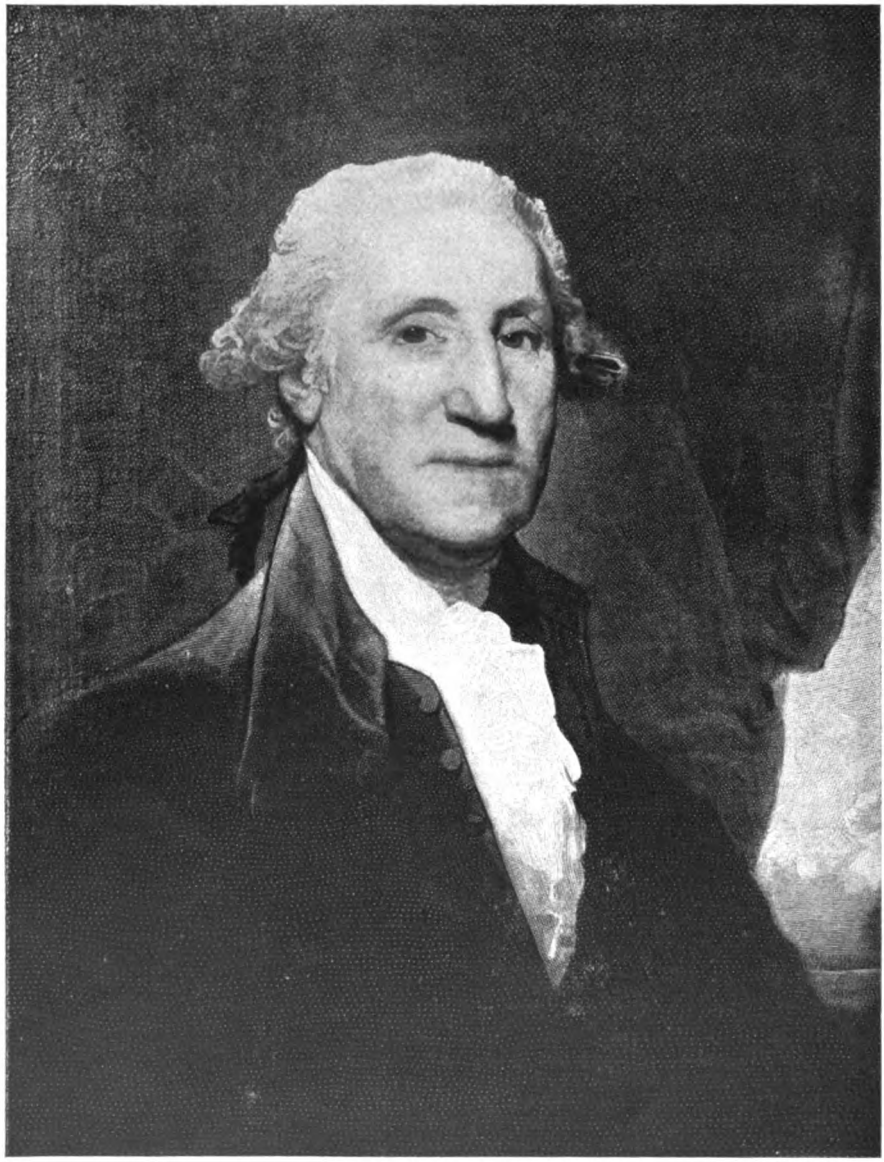

WASHINGTON IN 1795. AGE 63. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original portrait, in the possession of the writer. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. Gilbert Stuart was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755, and died at Boston July 27, 1828. He is easily first of American artists, and the peer of any portrait painter that has ever lived. Thus he is entitled to take his place with the great masters of all time. The portrait here reproduced is the first painted of Washington by Stuart, and shows the right side of the face. It is a superb example of Stuart's art, and his great reputation could safely be left to it. Until recently it was an unknown type to the general public, but it is gradually coming to the front, its proper place, and being accepted as a more correct and real portrait of Washington than the familiar Athenæum head. A duplicate of this portrait is owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, and these two are the only ones by Stuart of this type known. The beautiful Gibbs portrait, belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery of New York, shows the same side of the face, but otherwise is different.

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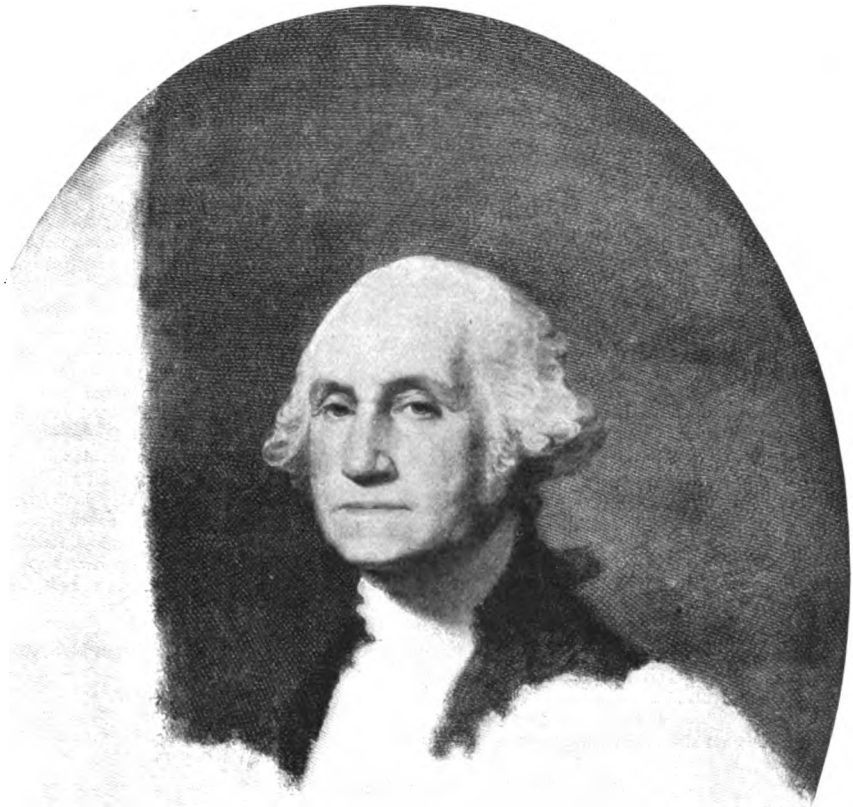

WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. PAINTED BY STUART.

From the original, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; owned by the Athenæum. This world-famed portrait may properly be termed "The Household Washington," for doubtless there are many in this broad land who know Washington's countenance only through its medium. It was the painter's favorite, and he retained it, unfinished, through life, making from it a vast number of completed copies, a few good, some fair, and many very indifferent, but all showing unmistakable evidence of Stuart's hand. It has been engraved more than three hundred times, and has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with Stuart's Washingtons, each, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the last few months the writer has had nearly a score of them submitted for his opinion; but all, save one, were copies. Between the limning of his first head of Washington and the present one, Stuart painted the whole-length Washington known as the Lansdowne picture, from the supposition that the original had belonged to the Marquis of Lansdowne. The supposition was mistaken, however. The original canvas, painted from life, signed and dated by Stuart, is in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. There is not sufficient difference between the head in that picture and the Athenæum head to warrant its reproduction. "Stuart's Washington," as the Athenæum portrait is called, measured by the Houdon bust and other accepted likenesses, is certainly less like the original than the portrait of 1795, reproduced on the opposite page. This was Mrs. Washington's verdict, who did not consider the Athenæum portrait a "true resemblance."

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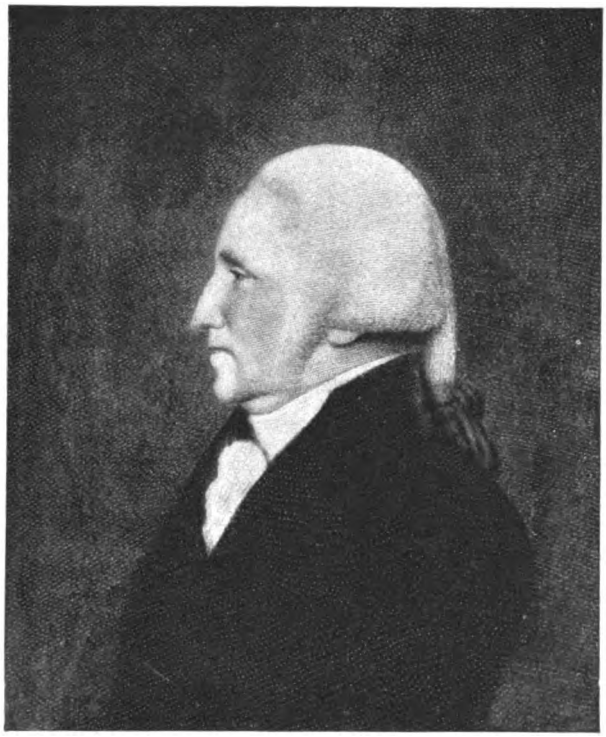

WASHINGTON IN 1796. AGE 64. JAMES SHARPLES.

WASHINGTON IN 1796. DRAWN IN PASTEL BY JAMES SHARPLES.

From the original, in the National Museum, Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Size, 8 by 10 inches. James Sharples was born in England in 1761, and died in New York, February 26, 1811. He came to this country in 1794, and made pastel portraits, chiefly in profile, of many prominent people. He was of a mechanical mind and constructed a travelling carriage, in which he journeyed about the country drawing portraits at fifteen dollars for profile and twenty dollars for full face. He used a thick gray paper, softly grained and of woolly texture. His colored crayons, which he manufactured himself, were kept finely powdered in small glass cups, and he applied them with a camel's-hair pencil. He worked with great rapidity, completing a portrait in two hours. The originals he generally retained, in order to duplicate them if required, and this personal collection was pledged by him, or his son Felix, to General Winder, of Virginia, for a debt, and was never redeemed. In 1876 such fragments of it as had been saved from the ravages of time and war were brought to Philadelphia, and forty of the identified portraits were purchased for the city, including the original of Washington, which was drawn from life in 1796. A comparison of this one with the many duplicates that exist will show its superiority. G. W. Parke Custis said that it had an "uncommon truthfulness of expression." Sharples's wife copied it extensively in miniature, his son in crayon, and his daughter in needle-work. The artist's name is commonly spelled incorrectly Sharpless.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON FROM LIFE. DRAWN BY ST. MEMIN IN 1798.

From the original crayon when in the possession of the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, New York. Charles Balthazer Julien Fevret de Saint Memin was born at Dijon, France, March 13, 1770, and died there, Director of the Museum, June 23, 1852. He came to this country in 1793, and exercised his mechanical and artistic knowledge in the construction of a physionotrace and pantograph, by which contrivances he could take a mathematically accurate outline of the head on paper and reduce it to any size on copper, the original being cleverly finished in crayon and the latter in mezzotinto. He followed in this work Chrétien and Queneday in France, and became so skilful at it that his portraits are replete with animation and character. In November, 1798, Washington was summoned to Philadelphia to take command of the army on the threatened war with France, and St. Memin made good the opportunity to secure the last portrait of Washington taken from life. It is of especial interest for this reason and also because it is absolutely correct. St. Memin did not engrave this the usual size of his plates, two inches in diameter; but upon Washington's decease reduced it to half an inch in width by a little more in height, and used the prints for insertion in mourning rings. The present location of this drawing is not known, which is the more to be regretted as the public have a *quasi* ownership in historical works of such importance.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON FROM LIFE, 1798. AGE 66. ST. MEMIN.

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# THE MAKERS OF THE UNION

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By W. P. Trent.

THERE are two widely dissimilar views of Washington that have been held of recent years in this country. One represents him as a rather commonplace man made prominent by force of circumstances; the other ranks him among the few supremely great characters of the world's history. It is safe to say that the latter view is the one now held by a majority of the serious students of his career; but it is equally safe to affirm that the view which degrades him from his lofty eminence is shared by a large number of persons of average culture and intelligence. To the generality of people and to the scholar Washington is still our greatest hero; but to the numerous class lying between these two extremes his fame is, unfortunately, too often matter either of conventional acquiescence or of ungenerous cavil. If this latter proposition were not true, the mention of his name would elicit greater enthusiasm, and fewer sneers or silly jokes. But Frenchmen do not sneer at Napoleon, and Italians do not joke about Garibaldi; how is it, then, that Americans fail to revere their own national hero, who in the eyes of competent judges is inferior to no character in the range of history? There are perhaps two causes for this strange phenomenon. Many of us do not really understand how truly great Washington is, because silly biographies, like that of Weems, and pompous eulogies have obscured the actual man from our gaze and led to a natural reaction against him. Again, our Anglo-Saxon propensity to drag illustrious men down to the level of mediocrity and to worship the average, has caused many of us unconsciously to derogate from Washington's richly earned fame, and to seek to class him with the other public men of more or less ability whom we have produced in great numbers. With regard to this unworthy propensity, we may at least plead in extenuation the difficulty mankind has always labored under of recognizing and properly appreciating what may be called the genius of balance. A perfect equipoise of powers which taken separately would not be supreme, appears to be the characteristic mark of this rare variety of genius, which, among men of action, is illustrated in Alfred the Great, and among men of letters, in Sophocles. It is to this class that Washington belongs—to the class of men whose balance of faculties is so serenely perfect as to constitute genius of perhaps the highest order. If such be the case, it is no wonder that many of us who understand by genius only the exceptional faculty or faculties, and not the exceptional balance of faculties, should be misled into underrating Washington, and should fatuously apply the epithets "commonplace" and "goody-goody" to the noble hero who headed and carried to success a tremendous revolution, and laid broad and deep the foundations of an empire. But that we may judge more clearly in this important matter, let us briefly review the story of his life—a story which has been told and retold for a century, but which will nevertheless be told and told again as long as the world endures.

George Washington was born of good English stock in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father died early, but his mother, Mary Ball, gave him an admirable training, which was continued later by his elder half-brother Augustine. Of actual schooling he got little, save such as sufficed to make him a practical surveyor. He spelt badly, but did



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accounts well; he wrote poor verses, but was careful to copy out fifty odd "rules of behaviour;" he had as little of the true literary afflatus as any youth of genius could well have, but he tamed the wildest horses and dominated the most unruly of his schoolmates. In short, he was a young Virginian Cyrus, riding well, shooting well, and telling the truth, which was far better than being a young Virginian Milton, not mute, yet likely to be inglorious. But if it was fortunate for his country that he escaped becoming an epic poet of the Barlow variety, it was equally fortunate that he gave up the idea of entering the English service as a midshipman on account of a dutiful regard for his mother's wishes. Washington as a profane old sea dog in the service of George the Third is not a picture which one can contemplate with equanimity.

One can contemplate with pleasure, however, the picture he presents as a sixteen-year-old explorer, surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax amid the wild passes of the Alleghanies. The youth who so bravely fronted all "moving accidents by flood and field," who gained a reputation for sobriety and prudence both with the savage tribes he was forced to encounter and the official circles of Williamsburg, was doing precisely the work best fitted to prepare him for the higher labors of his manhood. He rose rapidly, and in three years was made adjutant-general of militia in one of the border districts. But he was soon called away to accompany his invalid brother Lawrence on a voyage to the West Indies. This was destined to be his only experience of foreign travel; but, like Shakespeare, he was by nature little capable of being tainted by provincialism. Returning to Virginia, he found his military charge renewed, and was given speedy opportunity for active service. He was despatched by Governor Dinwiddie in the fall of 1753 on a mission to the French invaders of the Ohio region—a dangerous task, which others had declined, but which he accepted with alacrity. He braved the rigor of the season and the perils of the long and almost unknown way, and in about three months' time was back at Williamsburg with the French answer. Neither savages, nor treacherous guides, nor ice-gorged rivers could prevail against so bold a heart or so keen an eye; nor could flattery at home undermine a nature so well balanced, a modesty so innate and pure.

He was at once put in command of the temporary militia of the colony, and was subsequently made lieutenant-colonel of the augmented forces. His superior officer soon died, however, and he was left in full charge of the expedition to the Ohio. He acquitted himself admirably in the fight at the Great Meadows, but was forced to capitulate shortly after, the result being honorable, and, on the whole, fortunate, considering the rashness of the enterprise. The death of the French officer Jumonville in a preliminary skirmish, led to a curious sort of European reputation for the young colonial soldier, the future liberator of America being denounced as an assassin because of an absurd mistake by which the leader of a scouting party was converted into the bearer of a flag of truce. But while French censure could not hurt Washington, Dinwiddie's conduct with regard to the reorganization of the Virginian troops did; and after a manly remonstrance he resigned, showing in this matter, as well as in his subsequent refusal to submit to be out-ranked by officers holding royal commissions, that perfectly poised dignity of character for which he is probably more noted than any other great man in history. When Braddock, however, offered him a position as aide-de-camp which he could accept with honor, he was glad enough to march against the foe and to tender advice which no man in America was better fitted to give and no commanding officer less likely to profit by. The prudence of Washington as a counsellor, as well as his intrepid conduct at Fort Du quesne, taught all discerning observers that he had in him the stuff of which not only good border soldiers but also great generals are made; and one of these observers, the eloquent preacher, Samuel Davies, was wise enough to predict that "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington," would one day render his country some distinguished service. For a time his services were chiefly directed toward securing the safety of the Virginia borders, and he found leisure to make a visit to Boston on military business, as well as to fall in love. His marriage with the widow Martha Custis took place in January, 1759, and those who are wont to accuse Washington of lacking sentiment may be advised to study carefully all that can be learned about the romantic affair. Military life seemed over for him, and he settled down as a gentleman farmer, serving his colony in the House of Burgesses, where he was formally thanked for his exertions in the public behalf, but was too modest to be

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able to reply; looking after the interests of his parishes in the local vestries, dispensing hospitality in true Virginian fashion, and superintending his estates in a thrifty fashion peculiarly his own; and last, but not least, keeping up his spirits and his health by frequent indulgence in the manly sport of fox-hunting. At the age of thirty he was plainly the greatest soldier in the colonies, the man to whom all eyes would turn should any public danger impend; and if no danger came, he would nevertheless be one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of the "Ancient Dominion." He had thus little to wish for, except children.

But if children did not come, his life was destined to be filled with a higher love and more absorbing cares. He was to be the Father of his Country. From his seat at Mount Vernon, which he had been progressive enough to link with the rest of the world by a private wharf, he watched the clouds gathering in the political heavens, and he showed a statesmanly prescience in being almost the first American to perceive that a complete break with England was necessary to the peace and prosperity of the colonies. He was no revolutionist, but neither was he afraid to trust the conclusions of his own mind; and if he was no orator, he was at least not the man to mince his words. Cæsar himself did not more thoroughly see the necessity for one-man rule at Rome than Washington saw the necessity for public independence in America. He declared at Williamsburg, in 1774, that he was ready to raise a thousand men, support them at his own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston. A few weeks later he rode on horseback with Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton to attend the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He was, by the confession of Henry himself, easily the greatest man among the delegates. The second Congress saw him again in attendance, and ready to give his life for his country. But although he could brave death he could not face praise, and he left the chamber when John Adams nominated him to be commander-in-chief of the Continental forces. The next day he accepted the position, while protesting his own unworthiness and refusing to accept any pay beyond a reimbursement of his expenses. No Roman of old ever came forward to save the state with purer intentions or with more favorable auguries of success. Although to weaker spirits the prospect was appalling, strong men drew happy omens, not from the flight of birds and the entrails of victims, but from the justice of the common cause and the character of Washington.

Nor did they mistake, nor do we now mistake, when we assign the success of the Revolution to these two causes. As we retrace the weary years that elapsed between Washington's taking command (July 3, 1775), and his laying down his office (December 23, 1783) we perceive clearly that under Providence the issue of the mighty struggle depended on him. Had he lost heart at the supineness and bickerings of the people at large, had he grown weary of correcting the blunders of incapable subordinates, had he disdained to control a fatuous Congress, or to put down a wretched cabal among his own officers, had his nerves given way at the sight of the sufferings at Valley Forge, had his spirit wavered at frequent defeat—in short, had he been anything but the noble patriot and great commander that he was, the course of history might have been changed, and these United States might have died in their birth and forever, or come into existence again years later and under far different auspices. But he was Washington—the noblest figure that any people has ever set in the forefront of its life and history. While he lived and fought on with his ragged troops, the Union was maintained in spite of all State squabbles; while he was in command, any alliance made with France must be one which America could accept with dignity; while his brave heart beat, repulse meant only fresh resolve, and hardship and suffering only more splendid rewards of triumph. It is idle to deny that he was the soul of the Revolution, and it is equally idle to ask whether or not he was a great general. Whether he was, technically speaking, a master of the art of war, students of that art may decide, though it as well to remind them that Frederick the Great praised his Trenton campaign as a masterpiece of strategy. But that he is worthy to rank with the supreme commanders of history no man of sound judgment and capable imagination will deny. Not that he always won his battles, or won them in the most approved way; not that he flamed like a comet in the heavens, threatening desolation to the nations; not that he moved across the world's stage like a Karl or a Timour. His career does not enthrall us as does that of Alexander; it has not such tragic elements of inspiration and pathos as has that of Hannibal; it does not leave

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us breathless with admiration as does that of Cæsar; it does not exalt us and horrify us as does that of Napoleon. But it does give us that supreme sense of satisfaction which flows from the perception of harmony and proportion; it does thrill us with the intense and elevated joy which must ever follow the spectacle of great powers consciously working for the successful accomplishment of divine justice; it does fascinate us by means of those elements of sublimity and pathos that are never absent from the contemplation of a lonely but serene elevation above the common tide of humanity. Nor are concrete evidences of his greatness as a soldier lacking. We remember the Berserker rashness and daring displayed at Fort Duquesne and at Monmouth, and we recall William the Conqueror at Hastings. We watch him at the crossing of the Delaware and at Valley Forge, and we recall Hannibal upon the Alps. We observe him turning a ragged body of suspicious New Englanders into trained soldiers ready to die for him, and we recall no less a man than Cæsar. We see him put down the Conway cabal, and reduce Congress to do his bidding, and we recall Marlborough. We see him quell Lee with his fiery eye and biting words, and we somehow recall Cromwell. We watch him in his tent, brooding over the treason of Arnold and weighing the claims of mercy and of justice in the case of André, and we recall only his own imperial self.

Yes, Washington the general is a supremely great man, and those who deny the fact do so because they have not been able to survey his career from the proper point of view. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that to the trained student his greatness is even implicit in his proclamations to his soldiers from first to last. He was no master of style, but certainly for directness and vigor of phrase, for patriotic purpose, for clear-sighted content, his circular letter to the governors of all the States (June 8, 1783) is unsurpassed among the political documents of the world. His entire correspondence from the time he retired from command of the army till he reëntered the service of his country as its first President, is a monument to his modesty, his magnanimity, his prudence, and his wisdom. Frederick the Great himself, resting from war that he might restore order and peace to his people, is no grander figure than this victorious American general watching from Mount Vernon the fortunes of his country, and lending the weight of his counsel and his example to the sacred cause of union. He served this cause still further by presiding over the convention of 1787, and in 1789 he entered upon the Presidency of the nation, assuming a new *rôle* for which he was admirably fitted and in which he was destined to achieve magnificent success.

To many persons Washington the statesman is harder to realize than Washington the general. This is probably a result of political partisanship. Men look back to those two great founders of parties, Jefferson and Hamilton, and forget the chief who dominated and controlled them. Washington really made Hamilton, and he always used Jefferson when he needed him; it was thus perhaps in accordance with weak human nature that Hamilton should have been ungrateful to his memory, while Jefferson was impelled to pay him a tribute noble in spite of its jealous touches. No fact in history is more clearly established than that Washington was the chief figure in his own administrations. He came to the chair of state with the best equipment possible, and he would have left it vacant forever had it been requisite to fill it with a successor who should be his equal. He had not the analytic mind of Hamilton nor the philosophic grasp of Jefferson, but his training for the duties of a statesman had been superior to theirs. He came of a race used to act and to command. From an early age he had to rely upon himself, and so he attained to that self-discipline which is indispensable to a political leader. Circumstances determined that he should learn the lessons of life from men rather than from books; thus he stood in no danger of becoming a doctrinaire. His early experiences as a surveyor, a backwoodsman, and a soldier gave him a true sympathy with democracy, and hence enabled him to understand the only rational principle on which a stable government could be founded in America; while his good birth and training, and his position as a planter-aristocrat, put him in touch with that English past from which it would have been impossible for the new nation to break entirely. Add to all this the fact that his nature was essentially straightforward and manly, that he had not a conspicuous weakness, that his mind was clear and flexible, and if not quick, certainly not slow, and we surely have as well equipped a statesman as the world's history can furnish. Compared with him, how the other

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figures of the period, even the greatest, shrink and diminish. The spiritual dignity of his altruism sits not upon Franklin; his breadth and catholic clarity of judgment belong neither to Hamilton nor to Jefferson; and who would think of comparing with him the Madisons, the Jays, the Morrises, the Ameses, the Wilsons of the time, able and patriotic men though they all were? Dignity, steadfastness, uprightness, serenity, benignity, wisdom—these are the characteristics of Washington's statesmanship, whether we regard his firm policy of resistance to the insolence of revolutionary France, or his refusal to plunge his country into a second war with England, or his cordial acceptance of the financial measures of Hamilton, or his steady accentuation of the national principle, or his noble efforts to reconcile his cabinet, or his strong but humane policy toward the Indians, or his prompt crushing of the Whiskey Rebellion, or, finally, his progressive views on the subjects of slavery and national education, and his prophetic comprehension of the importance of the West. What shall we say of such a man, save that he was as great in peace as he was in war; that he was veritably the Father of his Country?

# AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY LINCOLN

## REGARDING HIS DEFEAT BY DOUGLAS IN 1858.

THE autumn of 1858 is distinguished in the political history of the United States by the important series of public debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas on the justice and constitutionality of the extension of slavery into free territories. The occasion for these debates was the contest between the two men for a seat in the Senate of the United States. Douglas won the senatorship and was the apparent victor; the real rewards, as we now know, were in the end to Lincoln. This, however, Lincoln did not at the moment understand. The defeat seemed to him the probable end of his political career. Yet not for an instant did he regret the bold and hazardous line of argument he had taken in the campaign. He believed implicitly that he had contributed to the struggle against the extension of slavery, and that some time his work would be recognized, though he thought it probable this would not be until after he had fallen.

Nowhere, so far as we know, are Lincoln's feelings regarding his defeat and the part he had played in the debates so concisely and comprehensively stated as in a private letter written, a month after the election of Douglas, to Mr. H. D. Sharpe of Brooklyn, and here printed for the first time. Mr. Sharpe, who in spite of his eighty-five years is still an active man, going daily to his post at Tiffany & Co.'s, with which house he has been for many years connected, was in Illinois on business through the fall of 1858. He had been all his life an active opponent of slavery, and was in correspondence for many years with most of the great anti-slavery leaders of the day. He was the author of a plan of emancipation which had received considerable attention from many anti-slavery thinkers, being first published in 1849 in the "National Era," and again in 1859 in the New York "Evening Post." Naturally, he followed the debates between Lincoln and Douglas with keen and critical interest. As they progressed, he, like all the candid political thinkers of that day whatever their peculiar point of view, was deeply impressed by the new light in which Lincoln's clear and convincing logic placed Douglas's arguments. Realizing, when the defeat at the polls came, that Lincoln might feel that his efforts had been a failure, Mr. Sharpe, who by this time had returned to New York, wrote Lincoln the following letter:

NEW YORK, *Nov. 9th*, 1858.

HON. ABRM. LINCOLN,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Dear Sir,

I have watched the progress of your late political canvass in the Prairie State with great interest, and hoped (though against hope) that the party whose leader for the time you have been might triumph. It was too much to expect; though not too much to hope for. Had you been successful in the contest, I should not have written you; but as the reports indicate the contrary, I wish to thank you, as a man and as a Republican of the type of Franklin, Sherman, and Jefferson, for your advocacy of the rights of man as understood by those sages. Your opening remarks at Springfield interested me much, being in harmony with my own views of the subject, the correctness of which time will determine.

As it is an attribute of Providence to help the weak and defenceless, let this encourage you, with everyone, in future endeavors to extend the blessings of liberty, until equal rights and franchises may be enjoyed by all in our beloved country.

Respt. yours,
H. D. SHARPE.

Nearly a month after this letter was received Lincoln sent the following reply:

SPRINGFIELD, *Dec.* 8, 1858.

H. D. SHARPE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Your very kind letter of Nov. 9th was duly received. I do not know that you expected or desired an answer; but glancing over the contents of yours again, I am prompted to say that, while I desired the result of the late canvass to have been different, I still regard it as an exceeding small matter. I think we have fairly entered upon a durable struggle as to whether this nation is to ultimately become all slave or all free, and though I fall early in the contest, it is nothing if I shall have contributed, in the least degree, to the final rightful result.

Respectfully yours,
A. LINCOLN.

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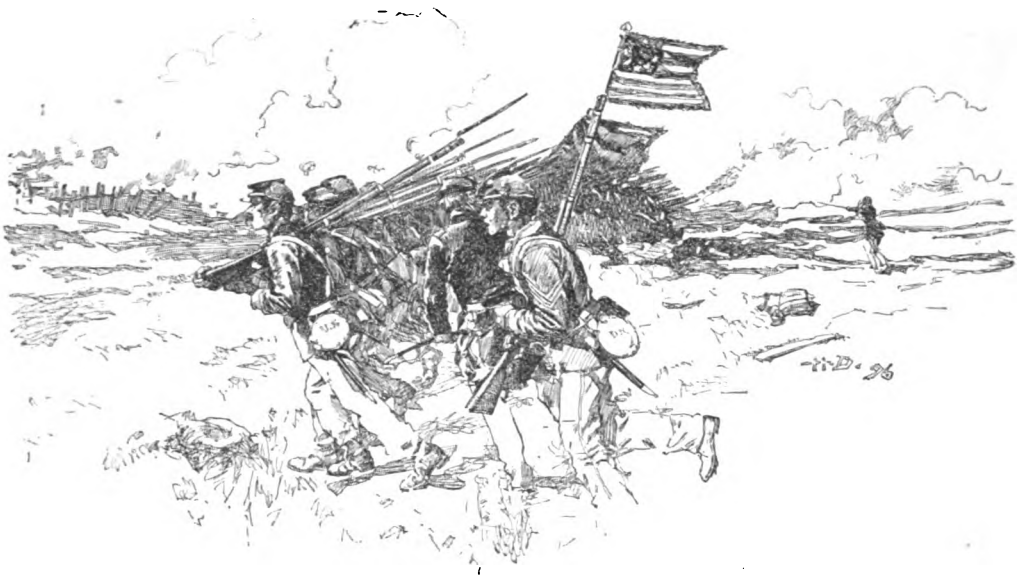

# THE SONG OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

## THE REAL EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE OF A YOUNG SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By Ira Seymour.

THE Song has been silent for more than thirty years. In another thirty years it will cease to be a living memory save to a handful of very old men. But those who once heard can never forget its weird, fantastic, sinister tones. Sometimes it was a fearful yet persuasive whisper addressed to you personally; again it would burst in uncontrolled passion into a chorus of awful and discordant screams mingled with thunderous and reverberating roar. With marvellous range of tone and expression it was, however, always one Song with one fateful burden.

I was a young soldier of the Army of the Potomac in those days; one of the several thousand who wore the white cross of the Second Division of the Sixth Army Corps, and the Song in all its variations became a familiar sound.

For instance, once when we were occupying the hills north of the Rappahannock, nearly half the regiment were on the sick list by reason of the bad water which supplied our camp. Down by the river bank, perhaps a mile and a half away, was a spring of good clear water. "Joe" and myself, both non-commissioned officers, thought we must at all hazards keep fit for duty, and on alternate mornings one of us would make the trip to fill our canteens. Wide and open fields lay between us and the spring, and I think I never crossed that open space without hearing the Song. Following a distant detonation from beyond the river, a faint quavering whistle would come, growing louder as with apparently increasing hurry it drew near. It seemed to speak in fascinating, insinuating tone, of some very special message to you alone; then suddenly, with venomous buzz in your very ear, while your heart stood still, it would speed by and die away again in the farther distance. It was the voice of a minié bullet from the rifle of some sharpshooter on the Confederate picket line. But the range was long, the risk slight, as such things went, and not to be compared, so Joe and I thought, to the very real danger of the camp water.

Toward evening one of our field batteries would gallop down to the river bank and open fire upon those troublesome sharpshooters; then the heavy guns on the other side would make reply, and a new variation of the Song would be heard—a very Wagnerian orchestral effect: the quick crack of the field guns, the more distant boom of the siege cannon, the scream of



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shells rushing hither and thither through the evening air, always with that rising and falling cadence, that mournful moan, and that peculiar hurrying, threatening, almost speaking quaver which, once heard, goes with you evermore, so that years afterwards you hear it in your dreams.

Those big shells from the enemy's guns three miles away made regular evening visits to our camp. They seldom did any real harm. When we first occupied the position, a few tents were pitched too near the crest of the hill, within sight of the gunners beyond; but after one of those tents had been torn to rags and the head of a poor fellow standing near had been neatly shorn off, everything came down behind the slope out of view; and though we were always favored with our vesper serenade and close calls were not uncommon, no one else, I think, was seriously hurt.

The evening performance had, if not an appreciative, certainly a grimly critical audience. A veteran in the adjoining regiment calmly proceeds with the all-important business of boiling his coffee until a shell explodes uncomfortably close. Then you hear his disgusted growl: "The rascals! They spoil my supper every night!" and the answering jeer of his comrades: "Jim, did you hear what that one said? It said, 'Which 'un, which 'un, which 'un, *you!*'"

The ring of the bursting shells was not the least impressive of the notes of the Song. It is hard to describe; but strange as it may seem to say so, it was certainly music, often with absolutely sweet tones like the sudden stroke of a bell, followed by the singing hum, in curious harmony, of the rushing, jagged iron fragments through the air. One of the friends of my boyhood was a musical genius, a pianist of no mean power, who had studied his profession in Germany. The democratic make-up of our army is illustrated by the fact that, in the early sixties, this man enlisted as a private soldier. And he used to amuse himself while lying in the trenches by noting the varying keys of the music of moaning and bursting shells.

But the Song was not always harmless or ineffectual. No one knows precisely how many men suffered wounds and death beside the banks of the pretty, placid Rappahannock. It is within bounds to put the number at fifty thousand. The war history of that region is peculiar. It is a tale of incessant and resultless strife, seldom without at least the intermittent fire of opposing picket lines. Three of the greatest, most deadly, yet most indecisive battles of the war were fought there.

The veil of time has begun to fall over the actual agonies of the nation while the fury of that great war tempest lingered; but some of us remember how real it was, and the Song of the Rappahannock seems its very voice. It was Delphic in the ambiguity of its utterance. Neither the pæan of victory nor the wail of the conquered, it was the breath of the Titanic struggle, with its bitter pain, its dark suspense, its grim and terrible stress and strain.

In early May, that sweet season when in Virginia springtime is just passing into summer, we came to the banks of the Rappahannock, about to take our heavy share in the battle of Chancellorsville. The river was no stranger: we had formed its intimate acquaintance in December, during the bloody days of Fredericksburg; and now, separated from the main body of the army, which had crossed about fifteen miles above, we found ourselves once more facing the old battle-ground, with its familiar sleepy town, its wide fields and amphitheatre of gentle hills spread out in portentous panorama before us. Peace seemed to have settled down upon the scene, blotting out all memory of strife; yet we knew the semblance was but a mocking phantasm, for our comrades of the First Corps stirred up a very hornet's nest of enemies and had a sharp brush before they could lay their pontoon bridge. And though with this exception the Song was ominously silent in our front, we could hear its distant voice from up the river.

On one day it rose into an angry roar, and immediately afterward the First Corps received marching orders, and went filing past us along the river road toward the sound of the Song, and the Sixth was left alone. On Saturday night our time came. It was a lovely evening, full of the breath of springtime; but our hearts were very solemn as, in the darkness and in sternly enforced silence, our lines crept across the pontoon bridge out into the fields full of the ghosts of December's awful sacrifices, and finally, with rifles loaded and with sixty rounds of cartridge and battle rations to every man, we halted before the spectral outlines of the Fredericksburg hills.

Then in low tones the order passed from company to company: "Lie down where you are. Let every man keep his gun by his side. Do not take off any of your

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equipments; do not even loosen your belts. Keep silence!"

A battery moves like a group of shadows out a little way to the front; we can hear the subdued orders of the officers, the unlimbering and loading of the guns, and then all is quiet along the Rappahannock. Beyond the guns we know there are pickets whose duty it is to wake and watch; but soon all along the inner lines the May moon shines peacefully on rows of sleeping men. By to-morrow night many of them will lie very quiet in another and a deeper sleep.

Dawn comes soon in May, and the first gray light brought the Song. With hum and buzz like that of ghostly insects, the bullets came stealing over from the enemy's skirmish line. It was a grim awakening, and its first impression inexpressibly mournful. Each singing bullet seemed to chant a dirge—and the morning air held a very graveyard chill. Swearing is a common dialect with soldiers, but not an oath was heard as that morning Song began. Everyone was solemn; we were thinking of home and of loved ones, and there was a great despairing sense of separation in our hearts. I think almost any man who has seen war would tell the same story, and count those moments of the skirmish firing in the gray dawn on the brink of battle among the most gloomy of his life.

But hark! The batteries are opening fire, the Song is bursting into fuller voice; and up and down the line orders ring out sharply, "Attention, battalion!" There is movement now, and it brings life and dispels the gloom. There is marching and countermarching for better position, and soon the line is placed in a sunken road whose banks protect us against the enemy's shot and shell, while just behind, on slightly higher ground, our own batteries fire over our heads. And so the morning passes; the Song, never silent, sometimes swells out clamorously; and anon it sinks to intermittent growls.

Suddenly, about noontime, there is a restless movement along the line; staff officers are galloping furiously hither and thither; something is in the air. We are ordered to unsling our knapsacks and pile them together by companies, while our batteries open a furious fire. The men say to each other, "The bulldogs are barking, and our turn is coming!" And as the Song swells with their baying, by quick orders our line is formed for the charge. We must storm those hills flaming with the fire of the Confederate batteries. A few breathless moments that seem like hours, and suddenly our batteries cease fire, the expected order is given, and the line surges forward.

I make no attempt to tell how the Sixth Corps on that Sunday morning won the Fredericksburg heights, storming successfully, though with fearful loss, the very same works from which the army had been beaten back in December.

I am not a military critic, I can tell only what one very young and obscure soldier saw and felt.

I was a sergeant, and on that day my especial duty was that of "left general guide." The regiment was comparatively new and raw, and in our rush across the rough ploughed fields under the awful fire of the enemy's batteries we were thrown into some confusion. With great presence of mind our colonel halted us, ordered the men to lie down, and then called for "guides on a line." That meant that I and the two other guides, one on the right and one in the centre, were to stand up and take position by which the regiment could align itself. I sprang to my feet, soon caught the line from the others, and there we stood, while the regiment crawled up and "dressed" by us. It was a trying situation; and the Song! it was deafening. The air was full of wild shrieks of grape and shrapnel; the ringing shells were bursting all about with maddening and stunning detonations. I remember, as I stood there for those few moments, I seemed indeed to have lost all sense of fear, and yet I wondered whether I was actually myself and whether my head was really on or off my shoulders.

Then, as we raced forward once more and neared the enemy's position, I remember that at regular intervals a bullet would strike close to my feet and throw a stinging little shower of gravel in my face. I thought little of it at the time, but among the prisoners captured were some sharpshooters who had been posted off at our left; and when I heard how those fellows had bragged about the number of shots they had fired at individual officers in our regiment, then I understood. My place as guide had brought me into view, and one of those skirmishers had tried to pick me off, but had each time made a little too much allowance for my running.

When we neared the face of the hill against which our charge was directed, the storm of fire first went harmlessly over our heads, then it ceased; and stumbling

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through a thicket of brush and felled trees, we came suddenly upon a great, frowning earthwork. How its yellow sides loomed up! And just over its edge the muzzles of two great brass guns gaped at us; but everything within was silent as death. The same thought flashed through every mind. "They are lying low for us, and presently we shall look into the barrels of a row of rifles and receive their deadly volley at this short range!" For an instant the regiment as one man recoiled and faltered. Then a sergeant from one of the centre companies stepped forth. I can see him now, a handsome, fair-haired young fellow. With cool and quiet voice he called, "Boys, let's see what is inside of this thing!" and straight up the slope of the yellow mound he started, and the regiment followed with a cheer. We found a deserted fort. It had been outflanked by the regiment on our right. They received from another side the volley which we narrowly missed, and it laid low more than a hundred of their men. Away to our right, all along the line, the charge had been successful, and the heights of Fredericksburg were won.

Is there any intoxication like the joy of victory? For the moment, men forget everything else: fatigue, thirst, wounds, dead and suffering comrades, the parting shots of fleeing foe. But it is a short-lived joy; at least ours was, for the victory had been costly, and there were sad gaps in the ranks of all the regiments as we reformed on the crest of the hills. Moreover, our work was but begun. The Sixth Corps had been ordered to join Hooker by cutting a road for itself through Lee's army.

Regaining our knapsacks, we were speedily on the march, the First Division now in the advance, as ours, the Second, had been in the morning. Ghastly sights met us as we passed through the old town where the Light Division had charged; almost every house showed marks of shot or shell, and here and there on the sidewalks or at street corners, in the hot sunshine, lay the dead bodies of poor heroes whose last battle was fought. I remember how almost always some comrade's friendly hand had pulled the corner of a blanket over their swollen and blackening faces. On we went, leaving the town behind, marching along a well-made highroad into a country of small fields set in the midst of dense and scrubby pine woods, and the afternoon was wearing away when suddenly, from the direction in which we were going, out of those mysterious thickets of pine, came the Song.

This time there was no prelude of cracking rifles and whispering bullets; but, as though some mighty hand smote at once all the bass notes of a great organ, the cannonade roared out, swelling louder and louder all along our front. Soon we reached an open field where an ammunition train was parked, and here we were halted to rest and replenish our cartridge boxes, while the fierce roar of the Song still thundered until, as we were thus busied, there was a hush—one of those instant and ominous silences which smite the heart more loudly than any sound: the Song did not die away, it stopped. And then, after a breathless moment, a new movement of the symphony began. Like the pattering roar of rain after thunder, or like the long roll from a hundred tenor drums, it swept along and swelled out until the woods seemed to vibrate to its rattle. It was the file-fire of the line of battle. We could see nothing, not even the smoke, through the dense wood; we could only listen. "Hark!" said an old soldier standing near me. "D'ye hear that? Them's the little things that kills!"

But swiftly now we are on the march again, pressing toward the sound of the Song. And soon the wounded begin to appear, making their way past us toward the rear by the side paths of the road on which we march; every moment their numbers increase, until we find ourselves marching between two ghastly lines of wounded men: only a detachment, indeed, from the growing company of the victims of the Song, only those who can walk. But there were gruesome sights in that procession of pain. Here a man holding up his hand, across which a bullet has ploughed a bloody track; there one with a ragged hole through his cheek; and then an officer leaning on two other men, both wounded, the ashy hue of death on his face and the blood streaming from his breast. This is no picture of the imagination. I am telling things that I saw, things that burned themselves into my memory; and I remember that every one of those wounded men, whether his hurt were great or small, was pale as death and wore a fixed expression, not of terror, but of stony despair. They all walked slowly and wearily, and if you asked one of them, "How is the battle going?" you got the invariable answer, "Our regiment is all cut to pieces;" and they said it in a tone of tired reproach, as though you ought

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to know and had insulted them by asking, or else with an inflexion which meant, "Presently you will catch it yourselves." It was a procession of spectres, and cold cheer it furnished for us, hurrying forward toward the ever-nearing and now frightful tones of the Song; yet I think the emotion chiefly uppermost in our minds was not precisely fear but a sort of awful curiosity: we burned to see as well as hear the dreadful mystery beyond the pines; the Song seemed to come from a deadly but luring siren whose call we must obey.

But night was now coming fast, and all the ways began to darken; and just when we expected to emerge into the heart of battle, as though an invisible conductor had suddenly raised his wand, as abruptly as it began the Song ceased, and there was a great silence. We had heard though we had not seen the fight at Salem Church, a bitterly contested but drawn battle, in which many hundreds of brave men fell. The Sixth Corps had begun to feel the weight of Lee's army.

The night after battle was one of those sweet nights of early summer when earth seems not to sleep, but to unloosen her bands and lie down to play with her merry brood of new-born children. But there was strange mystery abroad: everywhere a weird sound—was it of sorrow or of foreboding, nature's wail or nature's warning? It seemed to mingle both as the May moon shone down on those who died yesterday and those who were to die to-morrow. I have often heard the spirit-like cry of the whippoorwill, but never as I heard it that night. It came from every tree and bush, from every side and all around, until it pervaded all the air. Perhaps I thought more of it because I was not one of the fortunate ones who could sleep undisturbed. The first sergeant was among the missing, the second sergeant had to take his duty, and I was obliged to act as "commissary," rouse a detail of sleepy and unwilling men, stumble through the fields with them until we found the supply train, and bring back a load of rations for the company; but I never hear a whippoorwill that I do not think of that night.

In the morning we found a little brook near our lines; it was a welcome friend; it offered us water for coffee, and for a much-needed wash, and its banks were speedily lined with chaffing, gossiping, half-dressed soldiers. But the coffee-pots had scarce begun to send their grateful fragrance through the lines when that monotonously awful Song broke forth again. From the hills in our rear, which we had victoriously assaulted yesterday, came screaming shells from an enemy's battery. Our breakfast was cut short: "Fall in, men!" "Attention, battalion!" The orders flew from rank to rank, and soon the lines were formed. A pleasant Virginia mansion stood on rising ground near by, and the pretty lawn in front offered a good position, which was speedily taken by one of our batteries, the horses ruthlessly trampling down the flowers and shrubbery; and there before that peaceful home the war-dogs began their baying answer to the hostile shots. Meantime the regiments were in motion, and as we crossed a field below the house its fleeing occupants went by us. I was near enough to see them closely: an intelligent-looking man, with his fair, pale wife and two little children. They were friends of our foes, but every heart ached for them, and we let them pass in respectful silence. I noticed that the man's face bore the same set, despairing expression that I had seen the day before in the faces of the wounded men. A new and horrid discord sounded in the Song as that sad little company went by.

The firing soon ceased; but all the morning we marched and countermarched, taking up first one, then another position, while now and then in the valleys below we caught glimpses of the brown ranks of the Confederates, who seemed pouring in from all sides. The situation was evident even to us in the ranks. Hooker had abandoned the Sixth Corps, and Lee was concentrating all his available force to crush us. I remember that Joe tried all day to keep the bearings of the river in mind, and proposed that, if worst came to worst, we should, even under fire, attempt to swim it rather than go to Andersonville.

But the day passed quietly, and all the afternoon we lay in a little field with woods on three sides, in apparent security, and the men talked and joked and laughed as though battles were a far-off story. And thus time wore on, until toward evening a distant cannon shot sounded; then another, and a spent shell came harmlessly over the tree-tops, tumbling end over end to the ground; and then, all at once, pandemonium seemed let loose. It was the Song in another of its wild and wonderful variations. As yesterday at Salem Church, there was no prelude of skirmish fire; but unlike yesterday's evening song, this did not begin with the growl of the bulldogs. All instruments of wrath and war seemed

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taking part in it, and it seemed to come, not from our front alone, but from three sides—in the woods, in front, and to the right; while out in the open space a battery of ours was savagely firing at an enemy we could not see. Quickly but quietly we formed in line. Even now I can see my dear comrade, Sergeant W——, passing along the company front counting off the files in his grave, careful way. Then he took his place next the captain, and I saw him no more: he fell in the battle, a noble young Christian, with a wife and child waiting for him in the far-away home to which he never returned.

Presently our orders came, and we moved at the double-quick past the wood out into a larger field, which sloped gently toward a dry ditch and then rose in the same manner on the other side. Coming over the crest of the farther slope, in full view, was a brigade of the enemy; another body of them was well up into the wood in front of the field we were leaving; just before us was our battery already mentioned: we could hear the captain shouting his orders for the timing of the shells in seconds and half-seconds. It was getting too hot for him: his horses were beginning to fall, and to save his guns he was, as we passed him, calling out to his men to "limber up and be off."

Every incident of that scene is wonderfully vivid to me even now. I was conscious of none of "the frenzy of battle," but, instead, every sense seemed more than naturally quickened. I remember that, as we entered the larger field and the panorama of war opened full before me, and the Song roared its diapason, I thought and said to myself, "How inexpressibly grand this is!" And I noticed everything: the very color of the ground and of the evening light and the brown ranks of the oncoming foe; and a little tragedy that was being enacted at one side, which I always think of as illustrative of the sort of stuff which was to be found in that old Army of the Potomac and of the grit which makes the Anglo-Saxon the hardest of all men to conquer. A little regiment of veterans, either a Maine or a Wisconsin regiment—I never certainly knew which—was in that field, and as we came near they were being outflanked by the enemy, who were penetrating the woods at close range. Their position was untenable, they were suffering severely, and the regulation move for them would have been to fall back; but instead they deliberately changed front and moved up nearer, wheeling slowly by battalion, not an easy manœuvre even on the parade ground; and they did it without ceasing or even slacking their fire; and all the while they had to close up the gaps left in their ranks by men who were dropping, dropping, dropping, to the savage fire of the foe.

I suppose the commander of the division thought such raw troops as we fit only for sacrifice. At any rate, we were rushed to the bottom of the field and posted in the ditch, to check the onset of a Confederate brigade as best we might. It is needless to say that we suffered severely, or that we could hold our desperate position only for a little while. But our fire must have told, for the enemy swerved to the right as we opened on them; yet they kept coming on, and soon began to outflank us.

The same strange intensity of perception with which I entered the field stayed with me and photographed its scenes upon my mind. I can see the man several files away, just too far for me to reach, who vexed me because in his excitement he would, every time he fired, shoot before he aimed, with his rifle pointed toward the sky; and little S——, a boy whom we were all fond of, shot through the body, yet coolly walking off toward the rear, saying, "Well, boys, I'm hit!" And I can hear our brave but eccentric colonel shouting: "Give it to them! Give them Blissom!" And I remember that just above my head there seemed to be a stratum of flying bullets, so that in loading, every time I was about to raise my arm to ram down the charge, I said to myself, "Here goes a bullet through this arm." And yet, at the same time, I noticed the vicious snips with which the grass blades all about were being cut. How anyone escapes in close battle is a mystery; yet the killed and wounded are almost always a small minority.

Strange to say, the companies on the left, which were most exposed, held out longest, and when, as was inevitable, the regiment broke, many of their men and officers refused to run but retired fighting stubbornly. I remember how one captain, a fiery little man, tried to hold his men together, how he implored and threatened and swore at them and drew his revolver upon them, and at last, when it was no use, flung himself down upon the ground and cried like a baby; and how another, a tall German, whose company was next to ours, held his men to their work nobly until they could be held no longer, and then with slow and moody steps walked

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up that deadly slope, muttering oaths to himself and switching off the grass blades with his sword. Some veterans who saw him told me afterward that they expected every moment to see him drop.

Our regiment was not the only broken one: the whole front line was apparently gone; the sudden savage charge of twice our number was sweeping everything before it. As the fragments of our company retired up the slope of the field, a few, of whom I happened to be one, came to a slightly sunken road, a mere farm track, but in it lay the Sixth Regiment of the old Vermont Brigade. As they saw us they called out, "Rally on us, boys!" and we gladly accepted the invitation. A few weeks before I had been on duty on the picket line: it was the reserve, and we were allowed to kindle fires, and all night by the blazing logs I had talked to a young Vermonter, a plain Green Mountain farmer lad, and we had made a soldier's friendship. When I came to the sunken road, the first man I saw in that prone line of men was my camp-fire friend. I called out to him, and dropped by his side. Others of our men fell in, and we lengthened out their too short line by about a dozen files.

It was apparently the last desperate hope of the corps. Our division commander, sitting on his horse and watching us, is reported to have said to one of his aides, "If that line breaks, we're gone!"

We lay at full length on the ground, silent save for the exhortation of the officers: "Hold your fire, boys!" "Keep quiet, there!" "Down with that rifle!" For we had reached the point where heed of consequences was gone, and a cold recklessness had taken possession of us, and it was hard to restrain the men.

On came the Confederates, their rebel yell now sounding shrill and clear; and they were firing as they came with so deadly an aim that several of our officers who rose up slightly the better to control their men were hit and fell back dead or wounded.

They crossed the ditch where our regiment had been, and we could see each separate star and bar upon their red battle-flags, and their slouch hats pulled down to shield their eyes from the setting sun, and then their very faces. I remember how I singled out one and another and admired certain big brown beards as they swarmed up the slope straight toward us.

They were almost on us—some of the men said, not ten feet away, but perhaps imagination shortened the distance—when the Vermont colonel, who, as I remember, wore a long, black rubber coat over his uniform and looked like a Methodist parson, shouted out the command: "Rise! Fire!"

Like spectres rising from the grave, the line of men stood up, and the Song shrieked out in one awful death-laden volley. The field before us was changed as though by some dire magic. A moment before it had been filled with a yelling, charging host; now it was suddenly cleared. As though an October gust had swept across that May evening, away down to the bottom of the field and beyond, the ground was strewn with brown, prostrate forms; but they were not leaves, they were dead and wounded men!

The little Vermont regiment had repulsed and shattered a charging Mississippi brigade: the battle of Bank's Ford, the closing scene in the sad drama of Chancellorsville, was over; and the Sixth Corps was saved.

Thank God, the Song is silent now.

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# KANSAS STORIES.

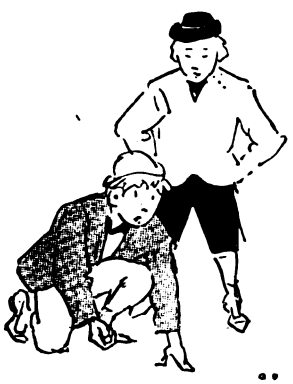
By William Allen White,

Editor of the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette."

[Editorial writing is not usually a very quick way to literary fame; but a single editorial in the Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette,"—"What's the Matter with Kansas?"—has lately made the name of William Allen White pretty well known the country over. Mr. White now makes a still stronger claim on public attention in a collection of short stories, published by Way and Williams of Chicago, and entitled "The Real Issue." By the special permission of the author and publishers we present two of these stories here. Mr. Allen is native to the land of which he writes. He was born in Kansas, at El Dorado; grew up in that town, and graduated from the high school there. He spent a year in Emporia College; then, returning to El Dorado, learned the printer's trade. This was in 1885. Next, he returned to Emporia, where he worked at his trade and at "odd times" went to school. He spent three years in the State University at Lawrence, at the same time doing work now and then on the Lawrence "Journal." In 1890 he returned again to El Dorado, and took a position on the weekly "Republican." Before long he received an invitation to join the Kansas City "Journal" as an editorial writer. Just after he had accepted it he was offered a similar position on the Kansas City "Star." Six months later he went to Topeka to follow Kansas politics for the Kansas City "Journal" in the campaign of 1892. He travelled all over Kansas during that campaign, attending conventions and rallies, and having, as he himself once expressed it, "all kinds of fun." Then he joined the Kansas City "Star" as editorial writer, and remained with it until June, 1895, when he went back to Emporia and bought the "Gazette," which, under his direction, began at once to attract particular attention. As Mr. White is still only twenty-eight years old, his work, one may hope, is but begun. That it is begun, however, with exceptional force and originality, the stories given here are ample proof.—Editor.]

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

## THE KING OF BOYVILLE.



Boys who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits. The son of the banker who owns a turning-pole in the back yard does homage to the baker's boy who can sit on the bar and drop down and catch by his legs; while the good little boy who is kept in wide collars and cuffs by a mistaken mother gazes through the white paling of his father's fence at the troop headed for the swimming-hole, and pays all the reverence which his dwarfed nature can muster to the sign of two fingers.

In the social order of boys who live in country towns, a boy is measured by what he



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can do, and not by what his father is. And so Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other one straight in the air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could chin a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air from the level ground, both backwards and forwards; he could "tread" water, and "lay" his hair; he could hit any marble in any ring from "taws" and "knucks" down; and, better than all, he could cut his initials in the ice on skates, and whirl around and around so many times that he looked like an animated shadow, when he would dart away up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping behind him like a laugh of defiance. In the story-books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad; but Piggy was not a story-book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodies to the other boys, but kept them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights of Boyville.

There was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do, and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not, under any circumstances, say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. He was invited, with nearly all the boys of his age in town, to children's parties. And while any other boy, whose only accomplishment was turning a cart-wheel, or skinning the cat backwards, or, at most, hanging by one leg and turning a handspring, could boldly ask a girl if he could see her home, Piggy had to get his hat and sneak out of the house when the company broke up. He would comfort himself by walking along the opposite side of the street from some couple while he talked in monosyllables about a joke which he and the boy knew, but which was always a secret to the girl. Even after school Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the post-office. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like

> "First the cat and then her tail;
> Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"

and shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining the courtly troupe, Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the post-office and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and time again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. Hanging by his heels from an apple-tree limb over the sidewalk in front of her, unexpectedly, did not tell the tender tale for which his lips could find no words. And the nearest he could come to an expression of the longing in his breast, was to cut her initials in the ice beside his own when she came weaving and wobbling past on some other boy's arm. But she would not look at the initials, and the chirography of h s

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skates was so indistinct that it required a key; and, everything put together, poor Piggy was no nearer a declaration at the end of the winter than he had been at the beginning of autumn. So only one heart beat with but a single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative. But Piggy Pennington did not take to the enchantment of corn-silk cigarettes and rattan and grapevine cigars; he tried to sing, and wailed dismal ballads about the "Gipsy's Warning," and "The Child in the Grave with its Mother," and "She's a Daisy, She's a Darling, She's a Dumpling, She's a Lamb," whenever he was in hearing distance of his Heart's Desire, in the hope of conveying to her some hint of the state of his affections; but it was useless. Even when he tried to whistle plaintively as he passed her house in the gloaming, his notes brought forth no responsive echo.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom and all his kite-string. His mother had to call three times before he would leave his work. The youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again. Before the first schoolbell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the schoolhouse with a strange-looking parcel under his arm. He tried to put his coat over it, but it stuck out, and the newspaper that was wrapped around it bulged into so many corners that it looked like a home-tied bundle of laundry.

"What you got?" asked the freckle-faced boy who was learning at Piggy's feet how to do the "muscle-grind" on the turning-pole.

But Piggy Pennington was the King of Boyville, and he had a right to look straight ahead of him, as if he did not hear the question, and say: "Lookie here, Mealy, I wish you would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."

"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and its ways, so he pushed his inquiry.

"Say, Piggy, have you got your red ball-pants in that bundle?"

There was no reply. The freckle-faced boy grew tired of tattooing with a stick as they walked beside a paling fence, so he began touching every tree on the other side of the path with his fingers. They had gone a block when the freckle-faced boy could stand it no longer, and said:

"Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart about your old bundle; now, honest, Piggy, what have you got in that bundle?"

"Aw—soft soap, take a bite—good fer your appetite," said the King, as he faced about and drew up his left cheek and lower eyelid pugnaciously. The freckle-faced boy saw he would have to fight if he stayed, so he turned to go, and said, as though nothing had happened, "Where do you suppose old Abe is, anyhow?"

Just before school was called, Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his Heart's Desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses tied to a shaky wire frame. There was a crowd of girls round her, admiring it and speculating about the probable author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent-medicine card on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement, "Yours truly, W. H. P."

When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his Heart's Desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she

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filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did meet at last, just as Piggy, leading the marching around the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pinwheel of handsprings toward the ball ground, shouting "scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer bubbling joy. Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out if they had used a hand-grenade or a Babcock fire-extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin whom he found tagging along by the way, and whooping at the top of his voice. When his friends met in his barn, some fifteen minutes later, Piggy tried to turn a double somersault from his spring-board, to the admiration of the crowd, and was only calmed by falling with his full weight on his head and shoulders at the edge of the hay, with the life nearly jolted out of his little body.

The next morning Piggy Pennington astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before; and when he had run the gauntlet of the big boys, who were not afraid to steal them from him, he made straight for his school-room, and stood holding them in his hands while the girls gathered about him, teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that

his Heart's Desire would be in the room by the time he got there. He was not mistaken. But Heart's Desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. Piggy stood off their pleadings as long as he could with "Naw;" "Why, naw, of course I won't;" "Naw, what I want to give you one for?" and "Go away from here, I tell you;" and still Heart's Desire did not ask for her flowers. There were but a few moments left before school would be called to order, and in desperation Piggy gave one rose away. It was not a very pretty rose, but he hoped she would see that the others were to be given away, and ask for one. But she, his Heart's Desire, stood near a window, talking to the freckle-faced boy. Then Piggy gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring, he gave them to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still she came not. There was one rose left, the most beautiful of all. She went to her desk, and as the teacher came in, bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, the teacher, and the school, by laying the beautiful flower, without a word, on the teacher's desk. That day was a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly:

"What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face towards his Heart's Desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy

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Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire, he dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for an answer as they marched out that night; so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher would not see him. The King of Boyville walked home alone that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

So his lonely way was strewn with broken stick-horses which he took from the little boys, and was marked with trees adorned with the string which he took from other youngsters who ran across his pathway playing horse. In his barn he sat listlessly on a nail-keg, while Abe and the freckle-faced boy did their deeds of daring on the rings and the trapeze. Only when the new boy came in did Piggy arouse himself to mount the flying bar, and, swinging in it to the very rafters, drop, and hang by his knees, and again drop from his knees, catching his ankle in the angle of the rope where it meets the swinging bar. That was to awe the new boy.

After this feat the King was quiet.

At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire, and howled out a doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darky wee-eep,
Why he like others am not gay."

But a man on the sidewalk, passing, said, "Well, son, that's pretty good; but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" So the King went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him the next morning, and dragged it over the schoolground, playing crack-the-whip and "stinkbase." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden —the Penningtons had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath he had given her; and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geography or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls from the schoolhouse to the post-office, and in a burst of enthusiasm walked on his hands in front of the crowd for nearly half a block.

When his Heart's Desire said, "Oh! ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself doing that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, and said to the boys:

"Aw, that ain't nuthin'; come down to my barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make your head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself; and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words came from his heart. He had not yet learned to speak otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it.

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

"Oh, you know," returned the boy, stepping irregularly, to make the tips of his toes come on the cracks in the sidewalk. There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a pebble and threw it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinking rapidly.

"Oh, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. "Why, here it is in my grammar. I'm taking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much," replied the boy.

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"I bet you can't do this," he added, as he glowed up into her eyes from an impulsive handspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light little foot upon the soil of an unknown country.

## THE HOME-COMING OF COLONEL HUCKS.

A GENERATION ago, a wagon covered with white canvas turned to the right on the California road, and took a northerly course toward the prairie stream that nestled just under a long, low bluff. When the white pilgrim, jolting over the rough, unbroken ground, through the tall "blue-stem" grass, reached a broad bend in the stream, it stopped. A man and a woman emerged from under the canvas, and stood for a moment facing the wild, green meadow and the distant hills. The man was young, lithe, and graceful, but despite his boyish figure, the woman felt his unconscious strength, as he put his arm about her waist. She was aglow with health; her fine, strong, intelligent eyes burned with hope, and her firm jaw was good to behold. They stood gazing at the virgin field a moment in silence. There were tears in the woman's eyes, as she looked up after the kiss and said:

"And this is the end of our wedding journey; and—and—the honeymoon—the only one we can ever have in all the world—is over."

The horses moving uneasily in their sweaty harness, cut short the man's reply.

When he returned, his wife was getting the cooking utensils from under the wagon, and life—stern, troublous—had begun for them.

It was thus that young Colonel William Hucks brought his wife to Kansas.

They were young, strong, hearty people, and they conquered the wilderness. A home sprang up in the elbow of the stream. In the fall, long rows of corn shucks trailed what had been the meadow. In the summer the field stood horse-high with corn. From the bluff, as the years flew by, the spectator might see the checkerboard of the farm, clean cut, well kept, smiling in the sun. Little children frolicked in the king row, and hurried to school down the green lines of the lanes where the hedges grow. Once, a slow procession, headed by a spring wagon with a little black box in it, might have been seen filing between the rows of the half-grown poplar trees and out across the brown stubble-covered prairie, to the desolate hill and the graveyard. Now, neighbors from miles around may be heard coming in the rattling wagons across vale and plain, laden with tin presents; after which the little home is seen ablaze with lights, while the fiddle vies with the mirth of the frolicking party, dancing with the wanton echoes on the bluff across the stream.

There were years when the light in the kitchen burned far into the night, when two heads bent over the table, figuring to make ends meet. In these years the girlish figure became bent, and the light faded in the woman's eyes, while the lithe figure of the man was gnarled by the rigors of the struggle.

There were days—not years, thank God—when lips forgot their tenderness; and, as fate tugged fiercely at the curbed bit, there were times when souls rebelled and cried out in bitterness and despair at the roughness of the path.

In this wise went Colonel Hucks and his wife through youth into maturity, and in this wise they faced towards the sunset.

He was tall, with a stoop, grizzled, brawny, perhaps uncouth in mien. She was stout, unshapely, rugged, yet her face was kind and motherly. There was a boyish twinkle left in her husband's eyes, and a quaint, quizzing, one-sided smile often stumbled across his care-furrowed countenance. As the years passed, Mrs. Hucks noticed that her husband's foot fell heavily when he walked by her side, and the pang she felt when she first observed his plodding step was too deep for tears. It was in these days that the minds of the Huckses unconsciously reverted to old times. It became their wont, in these latter days, to sit in the silent house, whence the children had gone out to try issue with the world, and of evenings to talk of the old faces and of the old places in the home of their youth. Theirs had been a pinched and busy life. They had never returned to visit their old Ohio home. The colonel's father and mother were gone. His wife's relatives were not there. Yet each felt the longing to go back. For years they had talked of the charms of the home of their childhood. Their children had been brought up to believe that the place was

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little less than heaven. The Kansas grass seemed short and barren of beauty to them, beside the picture of the luxury of Ohio's fields. For them the Kansas streams did not ripple and dimple so merrily in the sun as the Ohio brooks that romped through the dewy pastures, in their memories. The bleak Kansas plain, in winter and in fall, seemed to the colonel and his wife to be ugly and gaunt, when they remembered the brow of the hill under which their first kiss was shaded from the moon, while the world grew dim under a sleigh that bounded over the turnpike. The old people did not give voice to their musings. But in the woman's heart there gnawed a yearning for the beauty of the old scenes. It was almost a physical hunger.

After their last child, a girl, had married and had gone down the lane towards the lights of the village, Mrs. Hucks began to watch with a greedy eye the dollars mount toward a substantial bank account. She hoped that she and her husband might afford a holiday.

Last year Providence had blessed the Huckses with plenty. It was the woman who revived the friendship of youth in her husband's cousin, who lives in the old township in Ohio. It was Mrs. Hucks who secured from that cousin an invitation to spend a few weeks in the Ohio homestead. It was Mrs. Hucks, again, who made her husband happy by putting him into a tailor's suit—the first he had bought since his wedding—for the great occasion. Colonel Hucks needed no persuasion to take the trip. Indeed, it was his wife's economy which had kept him from being a spendthrift and from borrowing money with which to go on a dozen different occasions.

The day which Colonel and Mrs. William Hucks set apart for starting upon their journey was one of those perfect Kansas days in early October. The rain had washed the summer's dust from the air, clearing it, and stencilling the lights and shades very sharply. The woods along the little stream which flowed through the farm, had not been greener at any time through the season. The second crop of grass on the hillside almost sheened in vividness. The yellow of the stubble in the grain fields was all but a glittering golden. The sky was a deep, glorious blue, and the big, downy clouds which lumbered lazily here and there in the depths of it, appeared near and palpable.

As Mrs. Hucks "did up" the breakfast dishes for the last time before leaving for the town to take the cars, she began to feel that the old house would be lonesome without her. The silence that was about to come seemed to her to be seeping in, and it made her feel "creepy." In her fancy she petted the furniture as she "set it to rights," saying mentally that it would be a long time before the house would have her care again. To Mrs. Hucks every bit of furniture brought up its separate recollection, and there was a hatchet-scarred chair in the kitchen which had come with her in the wagon from Ohio. Mrs. Hucks felt that she could not leave that chair. All the while she was singing softly, as she went about her simple tasks. Her husband was puttering around the barnyard with the dog under his feet. He was repeating, for the twentieth time, the instructions to a neighbor about the care of the stock, when it occurred to him to go into the house and dress. After this was accomplished, the old couple paused outside the front door while Colonel Hucks fumbled with the key.

"Think of it, father," said Mrs. Hucks, as she turned to descend from the porch. "Thirty years ago—and you and I have been fighting so hard out here—since you let me out of your arms to look after the horses. Think of what has come—and—and—gone, father, and here we are alone after it all."

"Now, mother, I—" But the woman broke in again with:

"Do you mind how I looked that day? Oh, William, you were so fine and so handsome then. What's become of my boy—my young, sweet, strong, glorious boy?"

Mrs. Hucks's eyes were wet, and her voice broke at the end of the sentence.

"Mother," said the colonel, as he went around the corner of the house, "just wait a minute till I see if the kitchen door is fastened."

When he came back, he screwed up the corner of his mouth into a droll, one-sided smile, and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, to the woman emerging from her handkerchief:

"Mother, for a woman of your age, I should say you had a mighty close call to being kissed just then. That kitchen door was all that saved you."

"Now, pa, don't be silly," was all that Mrs. Hucks had the courage to attempt, as she climbed into the buggy.

Colonel Hucks and his wife went down the road, each loath to go and leave the place without their care. Their ragged,

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uneven flow of talk was filled with more anxiety about the place which they were leaving than it was with the joys anticipated at their journey's end. The glories of Ohio, and the wonderful green of its hills, and the cool of its meadows, veined with purling brooks, was a picture that seemed to fade in the mental vision of this old pair, when they turned the corner that hid their old Kansas home from view. Mrs. Hucks kept reverting in her mind to her recollection of the bedroom, which she had left in disorder. The parlor and the kitchen formed a mental picture in the housewife's fancy, which did not leave space for speculations about the glories into which she was about to come. In the cars, Colonel Hucks found himself leaning across the aisle, bragging mildly about Kansas, for the benefit of a travelling man from Cincinnati. When the colonel and his wife spread their supper on their knees in the Kansas City Union Depot, the recollection that it was the little buff Cochin pullet which they were eating made Mrs. Hucks very homesick. The colonel, on being reminded of this, was meditative also.

They arrived at their destination in the night. Mrs. Hucks and the women of the homestead refreshed old acquaintance in the bedroom and in the kitchen, while the colonel and the men sat stiffly in the parlor and called the roll of the dead and the absent. In the morning, while he was waiting for his breakfast, Colonel Hucks went for a prowl down in the cow lot. It seemed to him that the creek which ran through the lot was dry and ugly. He found a stone upon which as a boy he had stood and fished. He remembered it as a huge boulder, and he had told his children wonderful tales about its great size. It seemed to him that it had worn away one half in thirty years. The moss on the river bank was faded and old, and the beauty for which he had looked was marred by a thousand irregularities, which he did not recall in the picture of the place that he had carried in his memory since he left it.

Colonel Hucks trudged up the bank from the stream with his hands clasped behind him, whistling "O Lord, Remember Me," and trying to reconcile the things he had seen with those he had expected to find. At breakfast he said nothing of his puzzle, but as Mrs. Hucks and the colonel sat in the parlor alone, during the morning, while their cousins were arranging to take the Kansas people over the neighborhood in the buggy, Mrs. Hucks said:

"Father, I have been lookin' out the window, and I see they've had such a dreadful drought here. See that grass there; it's as short and dry—and the ground looks burneder and crackeder than it does in Kansas."

"Uhm, yes," replied the colonel. "I had noticed that myself. Yet the crops seem a pretty fair yield this year."

As the buggy in which the two families were riding rumbled over the bridge, the colonel, who was sitting in the front seat, turned to the woman in the back seat and said:

"Lookie there, mother, they've got a new mill—smaller'n the old mill, too." To which his cousin responded, "Bill Hucks, what's got into you, anyway? That's the same old mill, where me and you used to steal pigeons."

The colonel looked closer, and drawled out, "Well, I be doggoned! What makes it look so small? Ain't it smaller, mother?" he asked, as they crossed the mill-race, that seemed to the colonel to be a diminutive affair compared with the roaring mill-race in which as a boy he had caught minnows.

The party rode on thus for half an hour, chatting leisurely, when Mrs. Hucks, who had been keenly watching the scenery for five minutes, pinched her husband and cried enthusiastically as the buggy was descending a little knoll:

"Here 'tis, father. This is the place."

"What place?" asked the colonel, who was head over heels in the tariff.

"Don't you know, William?" replied his wife, with a tremble in her voice which the woman beside her noticed.

Every one in the buggy was listening. The colonel looked about him; then, turning to the woman beside his wife on the back seat, he said:

"This is the place where I mighty nigh got tipped over trying to drive two horses to a sleigh with lines between my knees. Mother and me have remembered it, someway, ever since."

And the old man stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to smile on the wrong side of his face, that the women might see his joke. They exchanged meaning glances when the colonel turned away, and Mrs. Hucks was proudly happy. Even the dulness of the color on the grass, which she had remembered as luscious green, did not sadden her for half an hour.

When the two Kansas people were alone that night, the colonel asked:

"Don't it seem kind of dwarfed here to

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what you expected it would be? Seems to me like it's all shrivelled, and worn out, and old. Everything's got dust on it. The grass by the road is dusty. The trees that used to seem so tall and black with shade are just nothing like what they used to be. The hill I've thought of as a young mountain don't seem to be so big as our bluff back—back home."

Kansas was home to them now. For thirty years the struggling couple on the prairie had kept the phrase "back home" sacred to Ohio. Each felt a thrill at the household blasphemy, and both were glad that the colonel had said "back home" and that it meant Kansas.

"Are you sorry you come, father?" said Mrs. Hucks, as the colonel was about to fall into a doze.

"I don't know; are you?" he asked.

"Well, yes; I guess I am. I haven't no heart for this, the way it is, and I've some way lost the picture I had fixed in my mind of the way it was. I don't care for this, and yet it seems like I do, too. Oh, I wish I hadn't come, to find everything so washed out like it is."

And so they looked at pictures of youth through the eyes of age. How the colors were faded! What a tragic difference there is between the light which springs from the dawn and the glow which falls from the sunset!

After the first day Colonel Hucks did not restrain his bragging about Kansas. And Mrs. Hucks gave rein to her pride when she heard him. Before that day she had reserved a secret contempt for the Kansas boaster, and had ever wished that he might see what Ohio could do in the particular line which he was praising. But now Mrs. Hucks caught herself saying to her hostess, "What small ears of corn you raise here!"

The day after this concession Mrs. Hucks began to grow homesick. At first she worried about the stock; the colonel's chief care was about the dog. The fifth day's visit was their last. As they were driving to the town to take the train for Kansas, Mrs. Hucks heard her husband discoursing something after this fashion:

"I tell you, Jim, before I'd slave my life out on an 'eighty' the way you're doin', I'd go out takin' in whitewashin'. It is just like this—a man in Kansas has lower taxes, better schools, and more advantages in every way, than you've got here. And as for grasshoppers! Why, Jim West, sech talk makes me tired. My boy Bill's been always born and raised in Kansas, and now he's in the legislature, and in all his life, since he can remember, he never seen a hopper. Wouldn't know one from a sacred ibex, if he met it in the road."

While the women were sitting in the buggy at the depot waiting for the train, Mrs. Hucks found herself saying:

"And as for fruit—why, we fed apples to the hogs this fall. I sold the cherries, all but what was on one tree near the house, and I put up sixteen quarts from just two sides of that tree, and never stepped my foot off the ground to pick 'em."

When they were comfortably seated on the homeward-bound train, Mrs. Hucks said to her husband:

"How do you suppose they live here in this country, anyway, father? Don't any one here seem to own any of the land joinin' them, and they'd no more think of puttin' in water-tanks and wind-mills around their farms than they'd think of flyin'. I just wish Mary could come out and see my new kitchen sink with the hot and cold water in it. Why, she almost fainted when I told her how to fix a dreen for her dishwater and things." Then, after a sigh, she added, "But they are so onprogressive here, nowadays."

That was the music which the colonel loved, and he took up the strain, and carried the tune for a few miles. Then it became a duet, and the two old souls were very happy.

They were overjoyed at being bound for Kansas. They hungered for kindred spirits. At Peoria, in the early morning, they awakened from their chair-car naps to hear a strident female voice saying:

"Well, sir, when the raid did finally come, Mr. Morris he just didn't think there was a thing left worth cutting on the place, but, lo and behold, we got over forty bushel to the acre off of that field as it was."

The colonel was thoroughly awake in an instant, and he nudged his wife as the voice went on:

"Mr. Morris he was so afraid the wheat was winter killed; all the papers said it was; and then came the late frost, which every one said had ruined it—but law me—"

Mrs. Hucks could stand it no longer. With her husband's cane she reached the owner of the voice, and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but what part of Kansas are you from?"

It seemed like meeting a dear relative.

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The rest of the journey to Kansas City was a hallelujah chorus, wherein the colonel sang a powerful and telling bass.

When he crossed the Kansas State line, Colonel Hucks began, indeed, to glory in his State. He pointed out the schoolhouses that rose in every village, and asked his fellow-passenger to note that the schoolhouse is the most important piece of architecture in every group of buildings. He told the history of every rod of ground along the Kaw to Topeka. He dilated eloquently, and at length, upon the coal mines in Osage County, and he pointed with pride to the varied resources of his State. Every prospect was pleasing to Colonel Hucks, as he rode home that beautiful day, and his wife was more radiantly happy than she had been for many years.

As the train pulled into the little town of Willow Creek that afternoon, the colonel craned his head at the car window to catch the first glimpse of the big, red standpipe, and of the big stone schoolhouse on the hill. When the whistle blew for the station, the colonel said:

"What is it that fool Riley feller says about 'Grigsby's Station, where we used to be so happy and so pore'?"

As the colonel and his wife passed out of the town into the quiet country, where the shadows were growing long and black, and where the gentle blue haze was hanging over the distant hills that undulated the horizon, a silence fell upon the two hearts. Each mind sped back over a lifetime to the evening when they had turned out of the main road in which they were travelling. A dog barking in the meadow behind the hedge did not startle them from their reveries. The restless cattle wandering down the hillside toward the bars, made a natural complement to the picture which they loved.

"It is almost sunset, father," said the wife, as she put her hand on her husband's arm.

Her touch and the voice in which she had spoken tightened some cord at his throat. The colonel could only repeat, as he avoided her gaze:

"Yes, almost sunset, mother; almost sunset."

"It has been a long day, William, but you have been good to me. Has it been a happy day for you, father?"

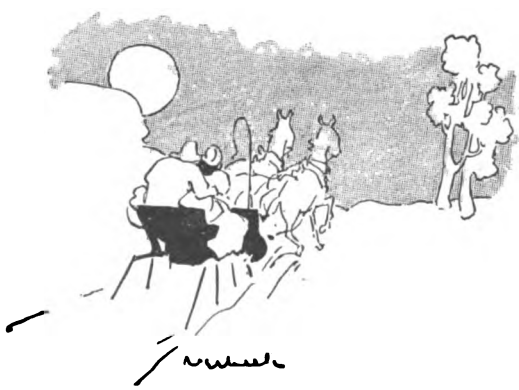
The colonel turned his head away. He was afraid to trust himself to speech. He clucked to the horses and drove down the lane. As they came into the yard, the colonel put an arm about his wife and pressed his cheek against her face. Then he said drolly:

"Now, lookie at that dog, come tearin' up here like he never saw white folks before."

And so Colonel William Hucks brought his wife back to Kansas. Here their youth is woven into the very soil they love; here every tree around their home has its sacred history; here every sky above them recalls some day of trial and hope.

Here in the gloaming to-night stands an old man, bent and grizzled. His eyes are dimmed with tears, which he would not acknowledge for the world, and he is dreaming strange dreams, while he listens to a little, cracked voice in the kitchen half humming and half singing:

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore."



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# THE MAKING OF THE BIBLE.

By H. J. W. Dam.

HAVING undertaken the responsibility of an article on the making of the Bible—a book you do not know too much about—you naturally repair at once to the Bible House of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a massive and imposing structure in Queen Victoria Street near the "Times" Building, London.

As you enter the airy vestibule, which is panelled in polished light brown marble, an inscription, the letters of which are cut deep in the stone and painted in vivid red, catches your eye and holds it. There is food for thought, even to the lay mind, in this inscription. It clings to you, even after you have mounted the broad stairways and are waiting in the library for the genial head of the translation department, Dr. William T. Wright.

"Here," says Dr. Wright, waving his hand towards the east side of the great room, "is the finest and largest collection of Bibles in the world."

You nod, somewhat absently, for your mind is still dwelling upon the inscription in the vestibule.

HENRY FROWDE, PUBLISHER AND LONDON REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

From a photograph by Henry Van der Weyde, London.

Dr. Wright, the most admirable of raconteurs, touches in a continuously interesting way upon this wonderful collection of nearly all the famous and curious Bibles that ever were, which now seem to have found a haven of safety on these shelves reaching from floor to ceiling. Here are sixteenth century Bibles, some perfect, many mutilated, having columns and pages daubed out in dull red ochre by the Roman Catholic censors of the dead centuries. Here are the Bibles of dead kings and dead queens, with the royal signatures of hands which have long been dust. Here is the "Wicked Bible," issued in 1632, which said, "Thou shalt commit adultery," and brought a fine of 1,000 marks to its unhappy publisher for leading the weak world astray in so authoritative and magnificent a fashion. Here is the "Breeches Bible" (the Geneva Bible of 1560), which says that Adam and Eve "sewed fig leaves together and mayde themselves breeches." Here is the Geneva Bible of 1557, the first one in which the text was printed in verses, and you wonder how ministers managed to properly announce the texts of their sermons before that happy day. Here is the Tyndale Bible of 1525, the first printed in English; the Coverdale of 1535, and the Matthew's of 1537.

It is profoundly interesting, and yet—your mind seems somehow glued to that inscription in the vestibule.

"Wyclif," says the doctor, "who first translated the Bible into English, about 1382, escaped torture, but his bones were dug up by the frenzied Roman priests and burned. Tyndale was strangled and burned near Brussels. Matthew, whose real name was Rogers, was burned at Smithfield."

Everybody, in fact, who translated this strange book, which came from beyond the earth to men, seems to have met with a violent death.

Down past the products of clumsy old hand-presses of the centuries, through convocations of devout men in spectacles fighting bitter battles over the nine parts of speech, through edition after edition from the Authorized Version of 1611 to the Revised Version of 1884, through a pilgrimage of publications lasting three hundred years, your eloquent guide leads you in thirty charming minutes; and—still your mind goes back to the red letters cut deep

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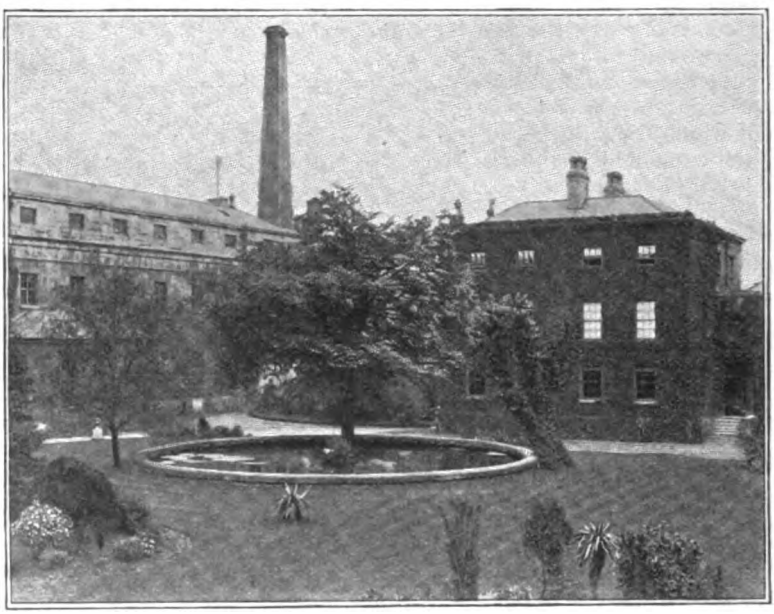
in stone on the polished panels of the vestibule walls.

And finally you bid adieu to the genial doctor, go down the broad stairways, and once more stand gazing thoughtfully at the red letters. And with your mind full of great Bible houses; of eight thousand Bibles per day going out of these doors, in all languages, to all parts of the earth; of three great presses in England alone, which last year printed six millions of Bibles and parts of Bibles, for Christian worship—with all these in your mind you gaze at the simple words which were pronounced on the Mount of Olives in Palestine, nearly nineteen hundred years ago:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

Nineteen hundred years ago these words were merely spoken—not written or imperishably recorded in any way. And nineteen hundred years afterwards they dominate the social system and the lives of one hundred and fifty millions of the world's most advanced peoples. Beside this great fact, the miracles of the New Testament seem for the moment comparatively trivial. This impressive contemporaneous fact becomes the miracle of miracles to any mind. For be that mind saintly or sinful, it is unable to deny that from the moment the Words were uttered they spread abroad like a running fire of fervor, they seized upon and entered into people like the germs of a benignant epidemic, in a way which history clearly records but which science cannot remotely explain. It is the miracle of all the miracles because it is a cold, inexplicable but indisputable fact among the facts of today.



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS: INNER COURT, SHOWING THE CONTROLLER'S RESIDENCE IN THE BACKGROUND, ON THE RIGHT.

The founder of the Christian religion left no writing. No apostle was deputed to keep the record, and none, so far as is known, kept it. Matthew and John, who were of the twelve, and Mark and Luke, who were not, wrote accounts, many years after the death of the Master, of his life and doings. But no man known to history ever saw these original accounts, and no allusion has ever been made to them by any ancient writer whose writings exist. No manuscript written within three hundred years after the death of Christ has ever been seen by any modern eye. How those Words have lived no man knows. The most tremendous empire of antiquity massed all its forces against them without avail. The Words, living mainly in men's minds, passed from mouth to ear and meeting to meeting, until they vanquished the Roman Empire and set a Christian king upon a pagan throne. Time, decay, the errors of translators, the injurious vanity of copyists, the distortion of fought-for creeds, the bloodthirstiness of inquisitors, and the malignant persecution by the world's greatest hierarchy of those who would put the Words into the hands of the people—all these the Words have overcome with a seemingly effortless supremacy, and after nineteen centuries are still moving forward majestically, invincibly, and irresistibly to ends that no men know.

The making of the Bible in its modern aspect does not begin until the middle of the fourth century after Christ. It is a

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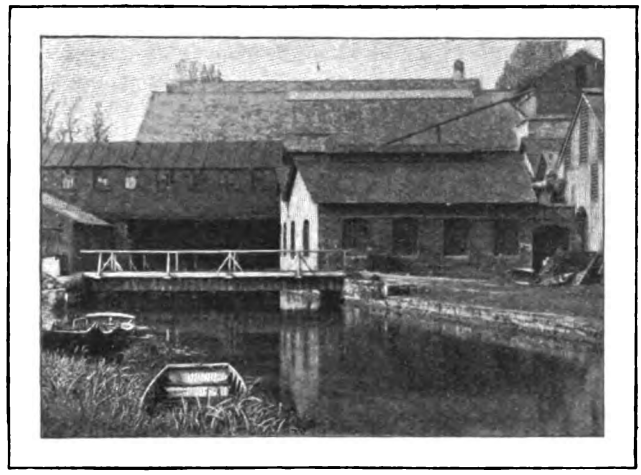
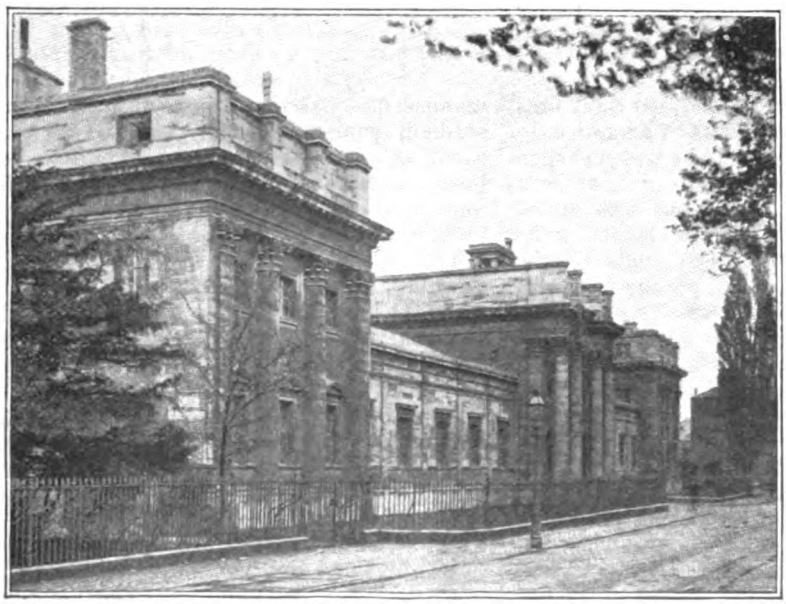


WOLVERCOTE MILLS, WHERE THE INDIA PAPER IS MADE FOR THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

story of manuscripts and of researches concerning which libraries of history and of criticism have been written. But as these volumes are read by the student of theology rather than the general public, a brief outline of the work may prove of general interest and be not inappropriate in an article of this kind. The authority for it is Mr. W. G. Kenyon, the keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, who has written a valuable book on the subject. In one of the locked rooms of the Museum is an ancient document in vellum, fifteen hundred years old, which is perhaps the rarest and most priceless object in that great collection. This is the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the four great manuscripts from which the Bible of to-day has mainly come. As Mr. Kenyon places it before you, it consists of 773 sheets of dull gray goatskin, the skin being exceptionally thin. Each sheet measures 12¾ by 10¾ inches, and is written on both sides of the sheet in two columns of faint but clear Greek characters. The Museum has bound the leaves in four volumes, and has had photographic copies made of each page for the use of students, in order that the precious original need not be touched.

The manuscript—one of the best, if incomplete, copies of the Bible handed down from antiquity—was a copy made by Thecla, a noble Christian lady of Alexandria, in the fifth century. It was brought from Alexandria to Constantinople by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople, who in 1624 gave it into the charge of the English ambassador for presentation to King James I.; but owing to James's death before the presentation could be made, it was presented instead to Charles I. It remained in the possession of the English sovereigns until the Royal Library was presented to the nation by George II. With the exception of the greater part of Matthew to Chapter xxv., two leaves of John, and three of Second Corinthians, it contains the whole Greek Bible, including the two Epistles of Clement of Rome, which in early times ranked



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

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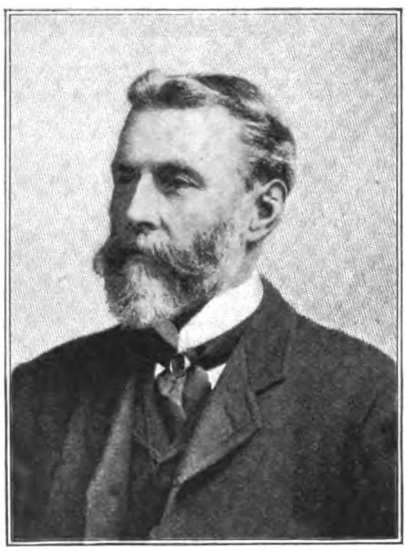
among the inspired books. Its table of contents shows that it once included also the Psalms of Solomon, though, from their position and title in the index, it is evident that they were regarded as standing apart from the other books.

The other three manuscripts, all more or less incomplete, are the Codex Vaticanus, the Codex Sinaiticus, and the Codex Ephraemi. The Codex Vaticanus, the most ancient and most valuable of the four, has been in the Vatican since about 1450. Napoleon carried it to Paris as a prize, but it was returned to the Vatican in 1815. It originally contained the whole Greek Bible, but the beginning to Genesis xlvi. 28, has been lost. The Psalms from cvi. to cxxxviii. inclusive have dropped out; and the latter part of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the whole of the Apocalypse have disappeared.



HORACE HART, CONTROLLER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Codex Sinaiticus, next in age and next in importance, was discovered so late as 1859, by Constantine Tischendorf, the great biblical scholar, in the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. While visiting the monastery in 1844, he seized upon some leaves of old manuscripts which the monks were using to light fires, and found them to be parts of a manuscript of the Bible older than any he had ever seen. He picked out forty-three leaves, and was permitted to keep them; but was unable to get sight of eighty more leaves which the monks possessed. For years he tried in vain to obtain them, paying a special visit to the monastery for the purpose in 1853. Finally, through the intervention of the Czar in 1859, he was enabled to obtain from the steward of the monastery a bundle of loose leaves which contained a part of the Old Testament, and the New Testament from beginning to end; and this he quickly found to be one of the most valuable copies of the Bible in the possession of man.

The Codex Ephraemi was brought from the East to Italy early in the sixteenth century, and taken from Italy to Paris by Queen Catherine de' Medici. Its discovery as a Bible manuscript occurred in the seventeenth century. Up to that time it was supposed to contain merely the writings of St. Ephraem the Syrian, who wrote in the twelfth century. But underneath these writings, more or less imperfectly erased, was found a portion of the text of the Bible. The removal of the later writing and the restoration of the old gave the world sixty-four leaves containing portions of the Old Testament and one hundred and forty-five leaves containing fragments of the New. All the rest was undiscoverably lost. This manuscript dates from the fifth century.

From manuscripts such as these; from the old Latin version of the fourth century; from manuscript translations of the Bible into Syriac, Coptic, and other languages, dating from the sixth century; and from the writings of early Christian fathers, dating as far back as the middle of the second century, our Bible has come in its present form. Two manuscripts date from the fourth century, two from the fifth, and twenty-seven, only five of which contain a complete book, from the sixth century. These materials, and the later manuscripts based upon them, have been studied, compared, and collated by the great scholars of the ages. There have been corrections, convocations, and revisions in the past, and there will doubtless be corrections, convocations, and revisions in the future. The debates and disputes, however, have dealt mainly with minor matters, important only to scholars; the essential message, the good tidings of great joy to all the world, have never at any time been the subject of doubt.

From the most ancient of the ancient manuscripts to the most modern of the modern Bibles is a long step. It is sixty-one miles long in fact, the distance from the British Museum to the University Press at Oxford. As you are carried toward Oxford you naturally reflect that there, in the field of mere printing and publication, there can be no novelty, no

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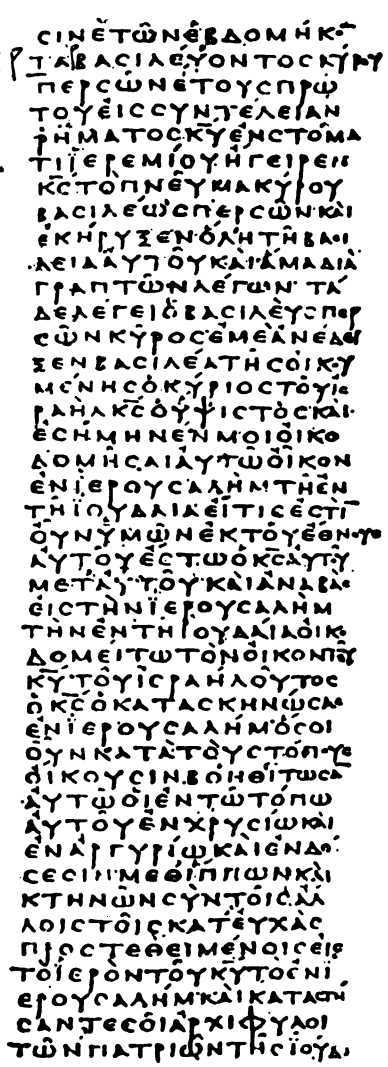
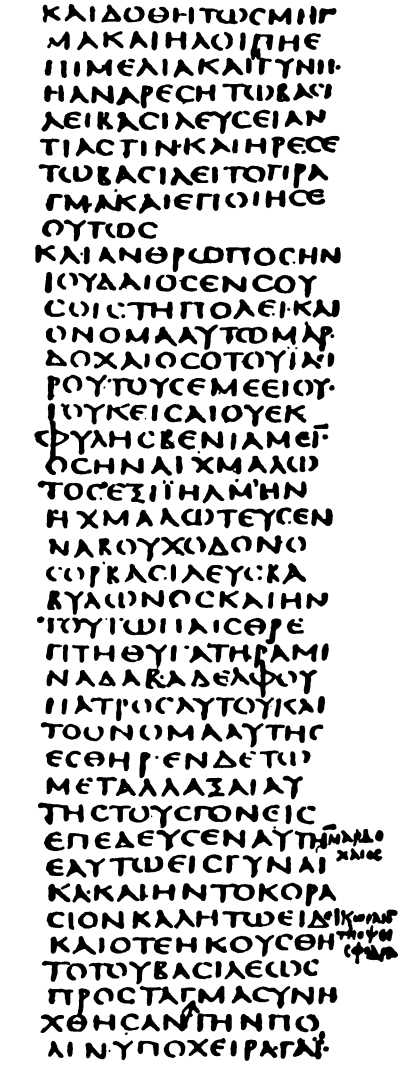


A PASSAGE FROM THE CODEX VATICANUS.
FOURTH CENTURY.



A PASSAGE FROM THE CODEX SINAITICUS.
FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

The above facsimiles are reproduced, by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1896. The Codex Vaticanus is the oldest and most valuable of the four manuscripts from which the Bible as we now have it is mainly derived. It is of the fourth century; but nothing is known of its history prior to the fifteenth century, when it was already in the Vatican Library in Rome, where it is still treasured. The passage shown above is 1 Esdras ii. 1–8. The Codex Sinaiticus, next in age and importance to the Vaticanus, is of the fourth or fifth century. It is the manuscript discovered by Tischendorf in 1859 in the monastery on Mount Sinai. The passage given here is Esther ii. 3–8. Both manuscripts are Greek, written in the uncial letter.

mystery. But no sooner do you reach the great Bible press of the historic university than the same atmosphere of the unusual becomes apparent. The Bible is the Bible, and even in its printing is unlike any other book on earth.

The Oxford Press has been actively engaged in the printing of books for more than four centuries, and has been print[illegible] Bibles for more than three hundred years. Its first volume bears the date of 1468, but through an error (they made errors in those days); it should have been marked 1478. The main building, which was erected and became the home of the Press in 1830 is quadrangular, in the usual college [illegible]s a large square court [illegible]rs. The right wing

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constitutes the Learned Press, an institution established in 1669 "for the printing of learned books." The left wing is the "Oxford Press," a name probably known to every Bible-reader in the world.

The head, for thirteen years past, of this great press has been Mr. Horace Hart, an autocrat of the sternest rigidity, but a martinet of the most courteous kind. Upon your entrance he asks you to excuse him for twenty minutes until a business conference is concluded. And while you are waiting for him you are conducted through the various departments—composing, proof-reading, and press rooms—of the Learned Press. You quickly perceive that this is, beyond question, the most learned press on the face of the earth. The very forms and type-boxes contain a metallic knowledge that no man could reach in a lifetime. Here they will print for you a Bible in any type of any tongue, past, present, or future. There may be an error about the future, but this is certainly your first impression. Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, Hebrew, these are mere details; their daily bread, so to speak. But when it comes to Arabic, Syriac, Javanese, Burmese, Macassar, Tinneh, Jaski, and a hundred other kinds of hieroglyphics that you never heard of, it is too much to be instantly digested, and you wish to pause and think. Your guide explains to you that Jaski and Multain are really one and the same. This is gratifying, and you nod gravely. It is good to know that Jaski and Multain are really one, and not two or four or seven, as designing men might easily have induced you to believe. As if languages were mendicants, Mr. Hart says quietly: "We never turn a language away." And the metallic evidences before you do not permit the statement to be clouded by any doubt. In this great composing-room are types representing the sound symbols of all the savages of earth, so far as they have been caught and listened to; and unless your eyes are prejudiced, the more fiendish the character of the hoped-for proselyte, the more awful are his literary tools, so to speak. The erstwhile humble compositor now assumes in your eyes the glamour of greatness. The despised and hated proof-reader becomes a leader among his kind.

At one case a compositor is setting up a little brochure in Peshito Syriac, a thesaurus for the use of the old manuscript students of by and by, which has engaged the steady labor of the Press for the past thirty-three years, having been begun in 1863. Thirty-one compositors have gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, while engaged on this piece of work; and this is by no means to be wondered at. The compositor's case has a thousand boxes, a thousand dots, curls, curves, bacteria, and microbes, while the ordinary Roman case holds only one hundred simple characters. He, the compositor, sets up for you one simple letter by way of illustration. This requires six different pieces of metal, and would further require, if left to you, a journey to Syria to inquire as to its correctness. He proceeds to set up another letter, requiring perhaps ten pieces of metal—a compositorial *tour de force*. You feel, however, that the other achievement is quite sufficient for one day's labor, and that a half-holiday for him would really be no more than right.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," are the quoted words of the Founder. And in three hundred and twenty different languages, in all the byways and highways of the globe, these mute types are preaching it to-day.

Mr. Hart is as full of surprising facts as a tenement house of children. They develop unexpectedly, at every turn and corner, quite in the fashion of the children aforesaid. In the type-foundry, the oldest in England, we learn that the Press makes all its own type, and that the type from which the Bible is printed is different from any other type in the world. The "type-heights" are different, and they will not "range" with any other. The lead used in their making is all purchased from house to house in the country roundabout. It is lead from tea chests, and it is used partly because it is pure, being free from solder, and partly because it is accessible, the freight being an item in dealing with the metal which stands for the description of heaviness.

He has a language of his own, this printer of the Oxford Bible. He speaks of Bibles only in tons. In a great ex-malt house, now a Bible storehouse, he shows you sheets in millions upon millions, printed and ready for the binder, and filling the whole building from floor to rafters. "Editions" in his speech take on new magnitudes. Fifty thousand is an ordinary order. The demand from Mr. Frowde for half a million of this or that leaves him calm. You incline to believe that if Mr. Frowde should send him from London, on one of the blue paper

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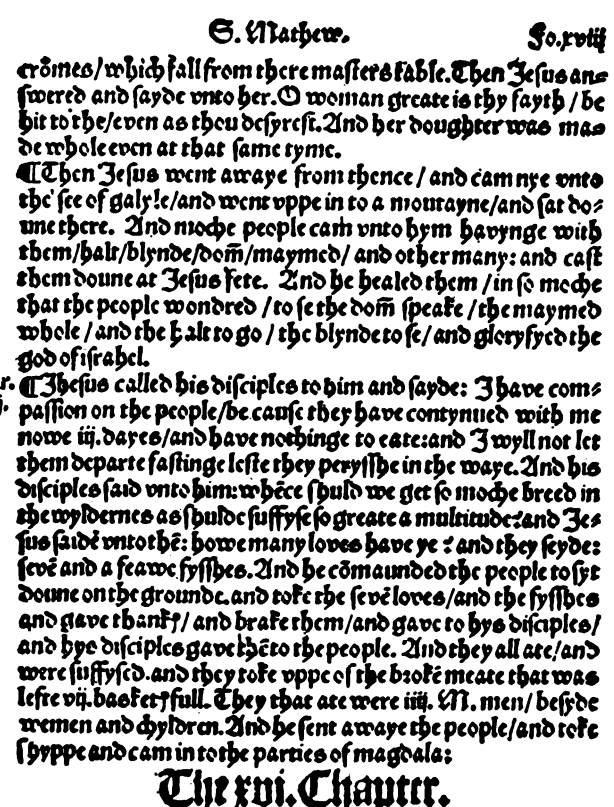

S. Mathew. Fo. xviij

crōmes/which fall from there masters table. Then Jesus answered and sayde vnto her. O woman greate is thy fayth/be hit to the/even as thou desyrest. And her doughter was made whole even at that same tyme.

Then Jesus went awaye from thence/and came nye vnto the see of galylee/and went vppe in to a mountayne/and sat downe there. And moche people cam vnto hym havynge with them/halt/blynde/dom̄/maymed/and other many: and cast them doune at Jesus fete. And he healed them/in so moche that the people wondred/to se the dom̄ speake/the maymed whole/and the halt to go/the blynde to se/and gloryfyed the god of israhel.

Mar. viij. Then Jhesus called his disciples to him and sayde: I have compassion on the people/because they have contynued with me nowe iij. dayes/and have nothinge to eate: and I wyll not let them departe fastinge leste they perysshe in the waye. And his disciples said vnto him: whēce should we get so moche breed in the wyldernes as shulde suffyse so greate a multitude: and Jesus saide vnto thē: howe many loves have ye? and they seyde: seve and a feawe fysshes. And he cōmaunded the people to syt doune on the grounde. and toke the seve loves/and the fysshes and gave thankes/and brake them/and gave to hys disciples/and hys disciples gave thē to the people. And they all ate/and were suffysed. and they toke vppe of the broke meate that was lefte vij. baskettes full. They that ate were iiij. M. men/beside wemen and chyldren. And he sent awaye the people/and toke shyppe and cam in to the parties of magdala:

## The xvi. Chapter.

Mar. viij. Luc. xj. Then cam to him the phariseis with the saduces also/and dyd tēpte him/desyringe that he wolde shewe thē some sygne frō heven. He answered and saide vnto them: At even ye saye/we shall have fayre wedder. and that be cause the skye is reed: Ti the mornige: ye saye/to daye shalbe foule wedder/because the skye is rōbeleus and reed. O ye ypocrytes/ye

Luc. xij.

G ij.

A PAGE FROM TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT, THE EARLIEST SPECIMEN OF A PRINTED VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES IN ENGLISH: 1525.

Reproduced by special permission of the Oxford University Press, from the new copyright edition of the Oxford Teachers' Bible, copyrighted by Henry Frowde, 1896. The first edition of Tyndale's New Testament was printed at Cologne in 1525. The above page is from the only remaining fragment of it, consisting of thirty-one leaves, and now preserved in the British Museum.

forms, an order for a round billion, Mr. Hart, upon reading it, would perhaps knit his brows; but this evidence of discomposure cannot be predicted with any degree of certainty.

Mr. Hart tells about the printing of the Revised Version of the New Testament in May, 1881. Early in April, Mr. Frowde, who is the publisher and the London representative of the Oxford Press, had received orders for over a million copies, and would undertake the delivery of no more than these upon the day of publication. The pressure to obtain an advance copy was enormous. One American publisher had offered $25,000. Enterprising American journalists hung about in the shadows of Oxford like Russian diplomatic agents at Sofia. Bribes up to $10,000 were offered where it was hoped they would do the most good, or the most bad, according to the point of view. All tricks were tried, even the forgery of Mr. Frowde's name on an order. They did not succeed at Oxford, because the thirty press sheets, each carrying thirty-two pages of the Testament, were, in bundles of a million, in the hands of thirty different employees. Moreover, the employees were incorruptible. At the last moment, the bundles were brought together and the volumes collated and bound. Mr. Frowde tells us later that thousands of copies were in the hands of nearly every bookbinder in London. There was no betrayal, no mishap, and no opening for journalistic enterprise, beyond that of the Chicago "Times," which telegraphed the whole book from New York to Chicago.

Mr. Hart recalls a curious incident. When they were printing the revised Bible, in 1884, there was one day a high wind, and as he was coming up Walton Street a printed sheet from one of the windows fluttered out and fell nearly into his own hands. It was so strange, he says, that this sheet, carrying thirty-two pages of the new Bible, the only sheet that went astray, should blow into the hands of the man in the street who was chiefly responsible and in whose hands it could do no harm.

Through composing-rooms, press-rooms, proof-reading rooms we pass, and then look at the ink-houses. These are three

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large brick structures, on the ground floor of which creosote is burned, the smoke passing upward into chambers lined with green baize hung an inch from the walls and ceiling. The soot gathers on the baize to a depth of four inches, is swept off, purified, and specially treated with boiled linseed oil. The Bible is printed with its own special ink. Why? Because they are compelled to use a special ink for its special paper. And now we have come to the special paper, the "India paper" on which the Oxford Bibles are printed, the great specialty and pride of the Oxford Press.

India paper is indeed a wonderful paper. It has revolutionized Bible-making. It is a mechanical mystery and a trade secret, a secret known only to three men. It is made at the Wolvercote Mills of the Oxford Press, but as no employee is in touch with more than one stage of the process the complicated secret is held in hand. In 1842 an Oxford graduate returned from India with a paper peculiarly thin, peculiarly tough, and peculiarly opaque. A few Bibles were made from it, one of which was presented to the Queen. It reduced the thickness of the Bible by one half. Every effort was made to obtain a supply of it, but without success. Efforts to make it were equally futile. Attempts were made and abandoned, made and abandoned, for thirty years. Mr. Gladstone's ubiquity of research was drawn upon, and his letter to Mr. Hart is on file. He could only recommend a search in Japan. Papers equally thin and equally tough were obtained, but they were too transparent. It was not possible to print them on both sides of the sheet. Finally a paper thin enough, and tough enough, and opaque enough developed; but it was too yellow. It was tried, but the color was unacceptable to the public. It was not till thirty years had passed that the tenacity and perseverance of Mr. Frowde triumphed over all obstacles, and Bibles were issued in 1874 on the wonderfully thin paper on which they are issued to-day, a paper which distinguishes the Oxford Bible from all the other books of the world.

The printing standard of Mr. Hart is an ideal one. It is nothing less than infallibility. When an edition of the Bible is issued, a guinea is paid to the discoverer of any mistake. About five guineas per year are thus paid out as the reward of diligence. When one person discovers an error and gets his guinea, some thousands discover it after him; and this entails much correspondence of a diplomatic character and much postal expense. Once, after an edition of 50,000 Bibles had been printed, it was discovered that early in the printing two letters had pulled out of one of the pages. The first was "t," turning teaching into "eaching." The second was "e," turning "eaching" into aching. It finally read through most of the edition, "Christ aching in the temple." Some thousands had been bound and sent out to the trade. These were recalled; and Mr. Frowde's special stamper, a unique, unparalleled, and wonderful stamper, was set to work, and stamped into nearly 50,000 Bibles the letters "t" and "e" by hand. It appears that there are fashions, fads, if you will, in Bibles. The American church-goer likes a Bible with a pocket or slide in the cover for the prayer-book. These the English devotee will have none of, but desires only two unattached volumes. The American Bible-reader wants a single reference column down the centre of the page; the English, two reference columns at the two sides. And neither country will have the other at any price.

Bible-printing in England is done *cum privilegio*, by privilege of the Queen. This privilege is held by the Oxford Press, the Cambridge Press, and the Queen's printers, Messrs. Spottiswoode and Eyre. They hold it, however, only in the public interest, and if any man can print a Bible better or cheaper, or in any way benefit the public in this connection, the privilege will go to him. Some printers assume this: Mr. Bagster, for instance, who prints a polyglot Bible; and now and then a Scotch printer prints an edition by special privilege. It is interesting to know that the Bible is ever being reduced in price and improved in quality. Certain sixpenny Bibles and penny Testaments are full evidence of this. The Oxford Press, in the year ending March, 1896, published Bibles, parts of Bibles, and prayer-books numbering 2,906,977. In 1894–95 the number was 2,622,807.

All this and more, too much to be set down, from Mr. Hart. Then away to London, to Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, in the shadow of St. Paul's. Here is the Oxford Press Publishing House, and here is Mr. Henry Frowde, whose name is on every Oxford Bible issued in the last twenty years. Mr. Frowde is a tall, grave man, whose speech gives faint evidences of having been acquired north of the border. Like all the other men connected

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with Bibles, he combines a unique savor of his exalted business responsibilities with the shrewd worldly experience that is only learned in the marts of men.

You have depended upon Mr. Frowde for the statistical portion of your inquiry, which has an importance of its own. The output of Oxford Bibles averages 20,000 per week, or say one million per year. The weekly shipment to America is five and a half tons, and is increasing, the Press having established its own agency in Fifth Avenue, New York. There are seventy-one editions of the Oxford Bible, ranging from mighty folios for pulpits to tiny little squares in "brilliant." The Revised Version, though it has been fifteen years before the public, makes slow progress. The setting generation, even the rising generation, prefer the old version with the verses. You now remember that Dr. Wright mentioned the same fact in connection with the Authorized Version of 1611. It was forty years before it began to seriously displace its predecessor.

Mr. Frowde as a publisher is visibly proud of the fine art of his trade. The special binding treatment made necessary by the precious India paper, the sewing with silk, the new processes of handling, are all due to him. So also the treatment of the skin for covers, the special processes of stone-rolling for bringing up the grain—all these he exhibits as Oxford specialties. To oblige Macmillan, the Press has done editions of Tennyson, Shakespeare, and other classics on India paper. They seem incredible. All of Tennyson, all of Shakespeare, in a little box of eight or five volumes, clearly printed, the thinnest, daintiest *éditions de luxe* that could be conceived. Mr. Frowde says, too, that a notable change in the last twenty years has been the great demand for the finest possible editions in Bibles and Testaments.

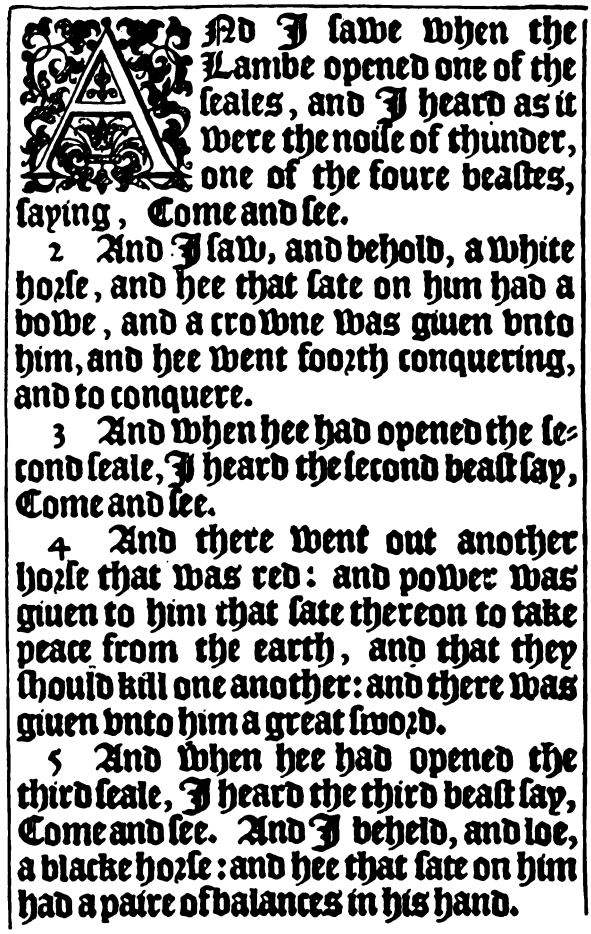
Mr. Frowde's statistics are most important. His own records as publisher go back only about twenty-five years. In that period the demand for the Bible, so far as it can be measured by the Oxford Press, has about doubled, as the following figures illustrate.

Approximate figures of Oxford Bibles sold:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1875 . . . . | 500,000 |
| 1880 . . . . | 650,000 |
| 1885 . . . . | 700,000 |
| 1890 . . . . | 900,000 |
| 1895 . . . . | 1,000,000 |

Here are the totals of the Bibles, Testaments, and bound portions of the Bible issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society in the years named, since 1808:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1808 . . . . | 81,157 |
| 1818 . . . . | 272,101 |
| 1828 . . . . | 430,895 |
| 1838 . . . . | 594,398 |
| 1848 . . . . | 1,124,067 |
| 1858 . . . . | 1,602,187 |
| 1868 . . . . | 2,400,776 |
| 1878 . . . . | 2,943,597 |
| 1883 . . . . | 2,964,636 |
| 1896 . . . . | 3,970,439 |



And I sawe when the Lambe opened one of the seales, and I heard as it were the noise of thunder, one of the foure beastes, saying, Come and see.

2 And I saw, and behold, a white horse, and hee that sate on him had a bowe, and a crowne was giuen vnto him, and hee went forth conquering, and to conquere.

3 And when hee had opened the second seale, I heard the second beast say, Come and see.

4 And there went out another horse that was red: and power was giuen to him that sate thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was giuen vnto him a great sword.

5 And when hee had opened the third seale, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and loe, a blacke horse: and hee that sate on him had a paire of balances in his hand.

KING JAMES'S BIBLE: "AUTHORIZED VERSION" (REV. VI. 1–5). 1611.

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In July, 1884, the penny Testament was issued, and this carried the figures above four millions in 1885, 1886, 1888, and 1893. People bought the penny Testament by dozens and hundreds, and gave them away in hundreds and thousands broadcast. There have been issued of the penny Testament, from 1884 to 1896, 5,956,958 copies, and the society's total Bible issue since 1804 is 147,366,669.

Thus it is that the Bible, nineteen hundred years after Christ, is moving ever onward, reaching out farther and faster to the unknowing men of the unknown lands. However it may be regarded by faith, this book must be accepted by fact as one of the great natural, terrestrial forces. The vanity of professed believers, the jealousy of sects, the intolerance of churches, do not appear to have affected it. In the light of history these seem more like the vagaries of sea-gulls on the surface of a great tide which obeys no law of earth, but follows only the invisible beck of its unseen moon. The champions of religion and of science have recently broken lances, as they have broken them before in the past and will doubtless break them again in the future. But they seem to be only doughty warriors fighting on the floor of a great glacier, which, heedless of them, tears its way onward through the mountain gorges of all time toward its own conscious goal. Perhaps, however, they are more than this. For the Bible, in its human interpretation, is governed by the law of evolution which controls all things human, and in this process they play an undoubted part.

Huxley has come and gone. To-day he is numbered among the enemies of the faith, but in a not distant to-morrow he may be named as one of the greatest of its friends. In the language of pure science, and for all time, he laid down a principle which removes the greatest stumbling-block in the path of the eager seekers of this and future time. This is, that the apprehension of the higher truths of life is within the reach of the æsthetic faculties only; that the human reason is not the door by which the truths of religion find entrance to the mind, and that it is no evidence of the untruth of religion that the reason alone cannot receive it. This had been said before, nineteen hundred years before, but Huxley's statement is the one for modern sceptics' need.

Science learned in the late conflict to admit that, since its own deeps are fathomless, it may not reasonably expect that the great mysteries of life and death shall be any less so. And science is to-day beginning to bring to the aid of religion a help it has never given before. Moral science, using an infidel Napoleon who failed at forty and a Gladstone eloquent at eighty as illustrations, is now presenting the practical theorem that lasting success in the life of any man depends directly upon moral strength. Social science is demonstrating that that healthy state of public opinion which can alone conserve the vitality and progress of communities and nations depends absolutely upon the united support of a majority of the citizens given to a moral code which can have no existence except upon a basis of religious faith. And the physical and human sciences, which are known to be converging to a period of great and wonderful discovery, may eventually present us with the physical organization of thoughts, with the permanency of memory apart from the recording body, and with the indefinite endurance of post-mortem personality—these and other facts which will certainly smooth the way to the general acceptance of religious conceptions now difficult to the minds of many men.

And when all these have been discovered, and all these have been told, they will all be found to have been clearly stated, in simple words, in the peaceful land of Palestine, nineteen hundred years ago.

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# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

### SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connection is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and hide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

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### CHAPTER VI.

THE thing that struck him most was the exceedingly casual way in which some craft loafed about the broad Atlantic. Fishing-boats, as Dan said, were naturally dependent on the courtesy and wisdom of their neighbors; but one expected better things of steamers. That was after another interesting interview, when they had been chased for three miles by a big lumbering old cattle-boat, all boarded over on the upper deck, that smelt like a thousand cattle-pens. A very excited officer yelled at them through a speaking-trumpet, and she lay and lollopped helplessly on the water while Disko ran the "We're Here" under her lee and gave the skipper a piece of his mind. "Where might ye be—eh? Ye don't deserve to be anywheres. You barn-yard tramps go hoggin' the road on the high seas with no blame consideration fer your neighbors, an' your eyes in your coffee-cups instid o' in your silly heads."

At this the skipper danced on the bridge and said something about Disko's own eyes. "We haven't had an observation for three days. D'you suppose we can run her blind?" he shouted.

"Wa-al, *I* can," Disko retorted. "What's come to your lead? Et it? Can't ye smell bottom, or are them cattle too rank?"

"What d'ye feed 'em?" said Uncle Salters with intense seriousness, for the smell of the pens woke all the farmer in him. "They say they fall off dretful on a v'yage. Dunno as it's any o' my business, but I've a kind o' notion that oil-cake broke small an' sprinkled——"

"Thunder!" said a cattle-man in a red jersey as he looked over the side. "What asylum did they let His Whiskers out of?"

"Young feller," Salters began, standing up in the fore-rigging, "let me tell *yeou* 'fore we go any further that I've——"

The officer on the bridge took off his cap with immense politeness. "Excuse me," he said, "but I've asked for my reckoning. If the agricultural person with the hair will kindly shut his head, the sea-green barnacle with the wall eye may per-haps condescend to enlighten us."

"Naow you've made a show o' me, Salters," said Disko angrily. He could not stand up to that particular sort of guying, and snapped out the latitude and longitude without more lectures.

"Well, that's a boat-load of lunatics," said the skipper, as he rung up the engine-room and tossed a bundle of newspapers into the schooner.

"Of *all* the blamed fools, next to you, Salters, him an' his crowd are abaout the likeliest I've ever seen," said Disko as the

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"We're Here" slid away. "I was jest givin' him my jedgment on lullsikin' round these waters like a lost child, an' you must cut in with your fool farmin'. Can't ye never keep things sep'rate?"

Harvey, Dan, and the others stood back, winking one to the other and full of joy; but Disko and Salters wrangled seriously till evening, Salters arguing that a cattle-boat was practically a barn on blue water, and Disko insisting that, even if this were the case, decency and fisher pride demanded that he should have kept "things sep'rate." Long Jack stood it in silence for a time—an angry skipper makes an unhappy crew—and then he spoke across the table after supper:

"Fwhat's the good o' bodderin' fwhat they'll say?" said he.

"They'll tell thet tale agin us fer years—thet's all," said Disko. "Oil-cake sprinkled!"

"With salt, o' course," said Salters the impenitent, reading the farming reports from a week-old New York paper.

"It's plumb mortifyin' to all my feelin's," the skipper went on.

"Can't see ut that way," said Long Jack the peacemaker. "Look at here, Disko! Is there another packet afloat this day in this weather cud ha' met a tramp an', over an' above givin' her her reckonin'—over an' above that, I say—cud ha' discoorsed wid her quite intelligent on the management av steers an' such at sea? Forgit ut! Av coorse they will not. 'Twas the most compenjus conversation that iver accrued. Double game an' twice runnin'—all to us." Dan kicked Harvey under the table, and Harvey choked in his cup.

"Well," said Salters, who felt that his honor had been somewhat plastered, "I said I didn't know as 'twuz any business o' mine, 'fore I spoke."

"An' right there," said Tom Platt, experienced in discipline and etiquette. "Right there, I take it. Disko, you should ha' asked him to stop ef the conversation wuz likely, in your jedgment, to be anyways—what it shouldn't."

"I dunno but that's so," said Disko, who saw his way to an honorable retreat from a fit of the dignities.

"Why, o' course it was so," said Salters, "you bein' skipper here; an' I'd cheerful hev stopped on a hint—not from any leadin' *or* conviction, but fer the sake o' bearin' an example to these two blame boys of aours."

"Didn't I tell you, Harve, 'twould come araound to us 'fore we'd done? Always those blamed boys. But I wouldn't have missed the show fer half-share in a halibutter," Dan whispered.

"*Still*, things should ha' been kep' sep'rate," said Disko, and the light of new argument lit in Salters's eye as he crumbled cut plug into his pipe.

"There's a power av vartue in keepin' things sep'rate," said Long Jack, intent on stilling the storm. "That's fwhat Steyning of Steyning and Hare's f'und when he sent Counahan fer skipper on the 'Marilla D. Kuhn,' instid o' Cap. Newton that was took with inflam'try rheumatism an' couldn't go. Counahan the navigator we called him."

"Nick Counahan, he never went aboard fer a night 'thout a pond o' rum somewheres in the manifest," said Tom Platt, playing up to the lead. "He used to bum araound the c'mission houses to Boston lookin' fer the Lord to make him captain of a tow-boat on his merits. Sam Coy, up to Atlantic Avenoo, give him his board free for a year or more on account av his stories. Nick Counahan the navigator! Tck! Tck! Dead these fifteen year, ain't he?"

"Seventeen, I guess. He died the year the 'Caspar McVeagh' was built; but he could niver keep things sep'rate. Steyning tuk him fer the reason the thief tuk the hot stove—bekaze there was nothin' else that season. The men was all to the Banks, and Counahan he whacked up an iverlastin' hard crowd fer crew. Rum! Ye cud ha' floated the 'Marilla,' insurance an' all, in fwhat they stowed aboard her. They lef' Boston Harbor for the great Grand Bank wid a roarin' nor'wester behind 'em an' all hands full to the bung. An' the hivens looked after thim, for divil a watch did they set, an' divil a rope did they lay hand to, till they'd seen the bottom av a fifteen-gallon cask o' bug-juice. That was about wan week, so far as Counahan remembered. (If I cud only tell the tale as he told ut!) All that whoile the wind blew like ould glory, an' the 'Marilla'—'twas summer, and they'd give her a fore topmast—struck her gait and kept ut. Then Counahan tuk the hog-yoke an' thrembled over it for a whoile, an' made out, betwix' that an' the chart an' the singin' in his head, that they was to the south'ard o' Sable Island, gettin' along glorious; but speakin' nothin'. Then they broached another keg, an' quit speculatin' about anythin' fer another spell. The 'Marilla' she lay down when she dropped Boston Light, and she never lufted her lee-rail up to that time—hustlin' on one an' the same slant. But they saw no weed, nor gulls, nor schooners; an' prisintly they ob-

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"IT WAS WONDERFUL FISHING. HARVEY COULD SEE THE GLIMMERING COD BELOW, . . . BITING AS STEADILY AS THEY SWAM. . . . BUT SO CLOSE WERE THE BOATS THAT EVEN SINGLE HOOKS SNARLED."

sarved they'd bin out a matter o' fourteen days, and they mistrusted the Bank had suspended payment. So they sounded, an' got sixty fathom. 'That's me,' sez Counahan. 'That's me iv'ry time! I've run her slat on the Bank fer you, an' when we get thirty fathom we'll turn in like little men. Counahan is the b'y,' sez he. 'Counahan the navigator!'

"Nex' cast they got ninety. Sez Counahan: 'Either the lead-line's tuk to stretchin' or else the Bank's sunk.'

"They hauled ut up, bein' just about in that state when ut seemed right an' reasonable, and sat down on the deck countin' the knots, an' gettin' her snarled up hijjus. The 'Marilla' she'd struck her gait, an' she held ut, an' prisintly along come a tramp, an' Counahan spoke her.

"'Hev ye seen any fishin'-boats now?' sez he, quite casual.

"'There's lashin's av them off the Irish coast,' sez the tramp.

"'Oh! go shake yerself,' sez Counahan. 'Fwhat have I to do wid the Irish coast?'

"'Then fwhat are ye doin' here?' sez the tramp.

"'Sufferin' Christianity!' sez Counahan (he always said that whin his pumps sucked an' he was not feelin' good)—'sufferin' Christianity!' he sez, 'where am I at?'

"'Thirty-five mile west-sou'west o' Cape Clear,' sez the tramp, 'if that's any consolation to you.'

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"Counahan fetched wan jump, four feet sivin inches, measured by the cook.

"'Consolation!' sez he, bould as brass. 'D'ye take me fer a dialect? Thirty-five mile from Cape Clear, an' fourteen days from Boston Light. Sufferin' Christianity, 'tis a record, an' by the same token I've a mother to Skibbereen!' Think av ut! The gall av um! But ye see he could niver keep things sep'rate.

"The crew was mostly Cork an' Kerry men, barrin' one Marylander that wanted to go back, but they called him a mutineer, an' they ran the ould 'Marilla' into Skibbereen, an' they had an illigant time visitin' around with friends on the ould sod for a week. Thin they wint back, an' it cost 'em two an' thirty days to beat to the Banks again. 'Twas gettin' on towards fall by thin, and grub was low, so Counahan ran her back to Boston, an' no more bones to ut."

"And what did Steyning say?" Harvey demanded.

"Fwhat could they? The fish was on the Banks, an' Counahan was at T-wharf talkin' av his record trip east! They took their satisfaction out o' that, an' ut all came av not keepin' the crew and the rum sep'rate in the first place; an' confusin' Skibbereen wid 'Queereau, in the second. Counahan the navigator!"

"Once I was in the 'Lucy Holmes,'" said Manuel, in his gentle voice. "They not want any of her feesh in Gloucester. Eh, wha-at? Give us no price. So we go across the water, and think to sell to some Fayal man. Then it blow fresh, and we cannot see well. Eh, wha-at? Then it blow some more fresh, and we go down below and drive very fast—no one know where. By and by we see a land, and it get some hot. Then come two, three nigger in a brick. Eh, wha-at? We ask where we are, and they say—now, what you all think?"

"Grand Canary," said Disko, after a moment. Manuel shook his head, smiling.

"Blanco," said Tom Platt.

"No. Worse than that. We was below Bezagos, and the brick she was from Liberia! So we sell our fish *there!* Not bad, so? Eh, wha-at?"

"Can a schooner like this go right across to Africa?" said Harvey.

"Go araound the Horn ef there's anythin' worth goin' fer, and the grub holds aout," said Disko. "My father he run his packet, an' she was a kind o' pinkey, abaout fifty ton, I guess—the 'Rupert'—he run her over to Greenland's icy mountains the year ha'af our fleet got tryin' after cod there. An' what's more, he took my mother along with him,—to show her haow the money was earned, I presoom,—an' they was all iced up, an' I was born at Disko. Don't remember nothin' abaout it, o' course. We come back when the ice eased in the spring, but they named me fer the place. Kinder mean trick to put up on a baby, but we're all baound to make mistakes in aour lives."

"Sure! Sure!" said Salters, wagging his head. "All baound to make mistakes, an' I tell you two boys here thet after you've made a mistake—ye don't make fewer 'n a hundred a day—the next best thing's to own up to it, like men."

Long Jack winked one tremendous wink that embraced all hands, except Disko and Salters, and the incident was closed.

Then they made berth after berth to the northward, the dories out almost every day, running along the east edge of the Grand Bank in thirty to forty fathom water, and fishing steadily.

It was here Harvey first met the squid, who is one of the best cod-baits, but uncertain in his moods. They were waked out of their bunks one black night by yells of "Squid O!" from Salters, and for an hour and a half every soul aboard hung over his squid-jig—a piece of lead painted red and armed at the lower end with a circle of pins bent backward like half-opened umbrella ribs. The squid—for some unknown reason—wraps himself round this thing and is hauled up ere he can escape from the pins. But as he leaves his home, he squirts first a stream of water and next a stream of ink into his captor's face; and it was curious to see the men weaving their heads from side to side, to dodge the shot. They were as black as sweeps when the flurry ended; but a pile of fresh squid lay on the deck, and the cod thinks very well of a little shiny piece of squid tentacle at the tip of a clam-baited hook. Next day they caught many fish, and met the "Carrie Pitman," to whom they shouted their luck, and she wanted to trade—seven cod for one fair-sized squid; but Disko would not agree at the price, and the "Carrie" dropped sullenly down wind and anchored half a mile away, in the hope of striking on to some for herself.

Disko said nothing till after supper, when he sent Dan and Manuel out to buoy the "We're Here's" cable and announced his intention of going to bed with the broad-axe. Dan naturally repeated these remarks to a dory from the "Carrie," who wanted to know why they were buoying their cable since they were not on rocky bottom. "Dad sez he wouldn't trust a ferryboat within five mile o' you," Dan howled cheerfully.

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"Why don't he git out then? Who's hinderin'?" said the other.

"'Cause you've jest the same ez lee-bowed him, an' he don't take that from any boat; not to speak o' sech a driftin' gurry-butt as you be."

"She ain't driftin' any this trip," said the man angrily, for the "Carrie Pitman" had an unsavory reputation for breaking her ground-tackle.

"Then haow d'you make berths?" said Dan. "It's her best p'int o' sailin'. An' ef she's quit driftin', what in thunder are you doin' with a new jib-boom?" That shot went home.

"Hey, you Portugoosy organ-grinder, take your monkey back to Gloucester. Go back to school, Dan Troop," was the answer.

"Overalls! Overalls!" yelled Dan, who knew that one of the "Carrie's" crew had worked in an overall factory the winter before.

"Shrimp! Gloucester shrimp! Get aout, you Novy!"

To call a Gloucester man a Nova Scotian is not well received. Dan answered in kind.

"Novy yourself, ye Scrabble-towners! ye Chatham wreckers! Get aout with your brick in your stockin'!" And the forces separated, but Chatham had the worst of it.

"I knew how t'would be," said Disko. "She's drawed the wind raound already. Some one oughter put a *dee*sist on thet boat. She's snore till midnight, an' jest when we're gettin' our sleep she'll strike adrift. Good job we ain't crowded with craft hereaways. But I ain't goin' to up anchor fer *her*. She may hold—perhaps."

The wind, which had hauled round, rose at sundown and blew steadily. There was not enough sea, though, to disturb even a dory's tackle, but the "Carrie Pitman" was a law unto herself. At the end of the boys' watch they heard the *crack-crack-crack* of a huge muzzle-loading revolver aboard her.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" sung Dan. "Here she comes, dad; butt-end first, walkin' in her sleep same's she done on 'Queereau."

With any other boat Disko would have taken his chances, but now he cut the cable as the "Carrie Pitman" lurched down directly upon them. The "We're Here," under jib and riding-sail, gave her no more room than was absolutely necessary. Disko did not wish to spend a week hunting for his cable, but scuttled up into the wind as the "Carrie" passed within easy hail, a silent and angry boat, at the mercy of a raking broadside of Bank chaff.

"Good evenin'," said Disko, raising his head-gear, "an' haow does your garden grow?"

"Go to Ohio an' hire a mule," said Uncle Salters. "We don't want no farmers here."

"Will I lend you my dory-anchor?" cried Long Jack.

"Unship your rudder an' stick it in the mud," said Tom Platt.

"Say!" Dan's voice rose shrill and high. "Sa-ay! Is there a strike in the overall factory; or hev they hired girls, ye Shackamaxons?"

"Veer out the tiller-lines," cried Harvey, "and nail 'em to the bottom." That was a salt-flavored jest he had been put up to by Tom Platt. Manuel leaned over the stern and yelled: "Johnna Morgan play the organ! Ahaaaa!" He flourished his broad thumb with a gesture of unspeakable contempt and derision, while little Penn covered himself with glory by piping up: "Gee a little. Hssh! Come here. Haw!"

They rode on their chain for the rest of the night, a short, snappy, uneasy motion as Harvey found, and wasted half the next forenoon recovering the cable. But the boys agreed the trouble was cheap at the price of triumph and glory, and thought over all the beautiful things that they might have said to the discomfited "Carrie."

## CHAPTER VII.

NEXT day they fell in with more sails, all circling slowly from the east northerly towards the west. But just when they expected to make the shoals by the Virgin the fog shut down, and they anchored, surrounded by tinklings of invisible bells. There was not much fishing, but occasionally dory met dory in the fog and exchanged news.

That night, a little before dawn, Dan and Harvey, who had been sleeping most of the day, tumbled out to "hook" fried pies. There was no reason why they should not have taken them openly; but they tasted better so, and it made the cook angry. The heat and smell below drove them on deck with their plunder, and they found Disko at the bell, which he handed over to Harvey.

"Keep her goin'," said he. "I mistrust I hear somethin'. Ef it's anything, I'm best where I'm so's to get at things."

It was a forlorn little jingle; the thick

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air seemed to pinch it off; and in the pauses Harvey heard the muffled shriek of a liner's siren, and he knew enough to know what that meant. It came to him, with horrible distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-colored jersey—he despised fancy blazers now with all a fisherman's contempt—how an ignorant, rowdy boy had once said it would be "gay" if a steamer ran down a fishing-boat. That boy had a stateroom with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare. And that same boy—no, his very much older brother—was up at four of the dim dawn in streaming, crackling oilskins, hammering, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller than the steward's breakfast bell, while somewhere, close at hand, a thirty-foot steel stem was storming along at twenty miles an hour! The bitterest thought of all was that there were folks asleep in dry cabins who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast. So Harvey rang the bell.

"Yes, they slow daown one turn o' their blame propeller," said Dan, applying himself to Manuel's conch, "fer to keep inside the law, an' that's consolin' when we're all at the bottom. Hark to her! She's a humper!"

"Hoooo—whoooo—whupp!" went the siren. "Wingle—tingle—tink," went the bell. "Graaa—ouch," went the conch, while sea and sky were all milled up in milky fog. Then Harvey felt that he was near a moving body, and found himself looking up and up at the wet edge of a cliff-like bow, leaping, it seemed, directly over the schooner. A jaunty little feather of water curled in front of it, and as it lifted it showed a long ladder of Roman numerals—XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and so forth—on a salmon-colored, gleaming side. It tilted forward and downward with a heart-stilling "Ssssooo"; the ladder disappeared; a line of brass-rimmed portholes flashed past; a jet of steam puffed in Harvey's helplessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot water roared along the rail of the "We're Here," and the little schooner staggered and shook in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's stern vanished in the fog. Harvey got ready to faint or be sick, or both, when he heard a crack like a trunk thrown on a sidewalk, and, all small in his ear, a far-away telephone voice drawling: "Heave to! You've sunk us!"

"Is it us?" he gasped.

"Shucks, no; some one outside. Ring! We're goin' to look," said Dan, running out a dory.

In half a minute all, except Harvey, Penn, and the cook, were overside and away. Presently a schooner's foremast, snapped clean across, drifted past the bows. Then an empty green dory came by, knocking on the "We're Here's" side, as though it wished to be taken in. Then followed something, face down, in a blue jersey, but—it was not the whole of a man. Penn changed color and caught his breath with a click. Harvey pounded despairingly at the bell, for he feared they might be sunk at any minute, and jumped at Dan's hail as the crew came back.

"The 'Jennie Cushman,'" said Dan, hysterically, "cut clean in half—graound up an' trompled on at that! Not a quarter of a mile away. Dad's got the old man. There ain't anyone else, and—there was his son too. Oh, Harve, Harve, I can't stand it! I've seen—" He dropped his head on his arms and sobbed while the others dragged a gray-headed man aboard.

"What did you pick me up for?" the stranger groaned. "Disko, what did you pick me up for?"

Disko dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder, for the man's eyes were wild and his lips trembled as he stared at the silent crew. Then up and spoke Pennsylvania Pratt, who was also Haskins or Rich or McVitty when Uncle Salters forgot; and his face was changed on him from the face of a fool to the countenance of an old, wise man, and he said in a strong voice: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I was—I am a minister of the Gospel. Leave him to me."

"Oh, you be, be you?" said the man. "Then pray my son back to me! Pray back a nine-thousand-dollar boat an' a thousand quintal of fish. If you'd left me alone my widow could ha' gone on to the Provident an' worked fer her board, an' never known—an' never known. Now I'll hev to tell her."

"There ain't nothin' to say," said Disko. "Better lie down a piece, Jason Olley."

When a man has lost his only son, his summer's work, and his means of livelihood, in thirty counted seconds, it is hard to make consolation.

"All Gloucester men, wasn't they?" said Tom Platt, fiddling helplessly with a dory becket.

"Oh, *that* don't make no odds," said Jason, wringing the wet from his beard. "I'll be rowin' summer boarders araound East Gloucester this fall." He rolled heavily to the rail, singing:

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DRESSING DOWN ON THE "WE'RE HERE."

"Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O Most High!"

"Come with me. Come below!" said Penn, as though he had a right to give orders. Their eyes met and fought for a quarter of a minute.

"I dunno who you be, but I'll come," said Jason, submissively. "Mebbe I'll get back some o' the—some o' the—nine thousand dollars." Penn led him into the cabin and slid the door behind.

"That ain't Penn," cried Uncle Salters. "It's Jacob Boller, an'—he's remembered Johnstown! I never seed such eyes in any livin' man's head. What's to do naow? What'll I do naow?"

They could hear Penn's voice and Jason's together. Then Penn's went on alone, and Salters slipped off his hat, for Penn was praying. Presently the little man came up the steps, huge drops of sweat on his face, and looked at the crew. Dan was still sobbing by the wheel.

"He don't know us," Salters groaned. "It's all to do over again, checkers and everything—an' what'll he say to *me?*"

Penn spoke; they could hear that it was

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to strangers. "I have prayed," said he. "Our people believe in prayer. I have prayed for the life of this man's son. Mine were drowned before my eyes, she and my eldest and—the others. Shall a man be more wise than his Maker? I prayed never for their lives, but I have prayed for this man's son, and he will surely be sent him."

Salters looked pleadingly at Penn to see if he remembered.

"How long have I been mad?" Penn asked suddenly.

"Pshaw, Penn! You weren't never mad," Salters began. "Only a little distracted like."

"I saw the houses strike the bridge before the fires broke out. I do not remember any more. How long ago is that?"

"I can't stand it. I can't stand it!" cried Dan, and Harvey whimpered in sympathy.

"Abaout five year," said Disko, in a shaking voice.

"Then I have been a charge on some one every day of that time. Who was the man?"

Disko pointed to Salters.

"Ye hain't—ye hain't!" cried the sea-farmer, twisting his hands together. "Ye've more'n earned your keep twice-told; an' there's money owin' you, Penn, besides ha'af o' my quarter-share in the boat, which is yours fer value received."

"You are good men. I can see that in your faces. But——"

"Mother av Mercy," whispered Long Jack, "an' he's bin wid us all these trips! He's clean bewitched."

A schooner's bell struck up alongside, and a voice hailed through the thinning fog: "O Disko! Heard abaout the 'Jennie Cushman'?"

"They have found his son," cried Penn. "Stand you still and see the salvation of the Lord!"

"Got Jason aboard here," Disko answered, but his voice quavered. "There warn't anyone else."

"We've f'und one, though. 'Run acrost him snarled up in a mess o' lumber thet might ha' bin a foc'sle. His head's cut some."

"Who is he?"

The "We're Here's" heart-beats answered one another.

"Guess it's young Olley," the voice drawled.

Penn raised his hands and said something in German. Harvey could have sworn that a bright sun was shining upon his lifted face; but the drawl went on: "Sa-ay! You fellers guyed us consid'rable t'other night."

"We don't feel like guyin' any now," said Disko.

"I know it; but to tell the honest truth we was kinder—kinder driftin' when we run agin young Olley."

It was the irrepressible "Carrie Pitman," and a roar of unsteady laughter went up from the deck of the "We're Here."

"Hedn't you 'baout's well send the old man aboard? We're runnin' in' fer more bait an' graound-tackle. Guess you won't want him, any way, an' this blame windlass work makes us short-handed. We'll take keer of him. He married my woman's aunt."

"I'll give you anything in the boat," said Troop.

"Don't want nothin', 'less, mebbe, an anchor that'll hold. Say, young Olley's gittin' kinder baulky an' excited. Send the old man along."

Penn waked him from his stupor of despair, and Tom Platt rowed him over. He went away without a word of thanks, not knowing what was to come, and the fog closed over all.

"And now," said Penn, drawing a deep breath as though about to preach. "And now"—the erect body sank like a sword driven home into the scabbard; the light faded from the overbright eyes; the voice returned to its usual pitiful little titter—"and now," said Pennsylvania Pratt, "do you think it's too early for a little game of checkers, Mr. Salters?"

"The very thing—the very thing I was goin' to say myself," cried Salters promptly. "It beats all, Penn, how ye git on to what's in a man's mind."

The little fellow blushed and meekly followed Salters forward.

"Up anchor! Hurry! Let's quit these crazy waters," shouted Disko, and never was he more swiftly obeyed.

"Now what in creation d'ye suppose is the meanin' o' that all?" said Long Jack, when they were working through the fog once more.

"The way I sense it," said Disko, at the wheel, "is this: The 'Jennie Cushman' business comin' on an empty stummick——"

"He—we saw one of them go by," sobbed Harvey.

"An' *that*, o' course, kinder hove him outer water, julluk runnin' a craft ashore; hove him right aout, I take it, to rememberin' Johnstown an' Jacob Boller an' such-like reminiscences. Well, consolin' Jason there held him up a piece, same's shorin'

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up a boat. Then, bein' weak, them props slipped an' slipped an' he slided down the ways an' naow he's water-borne agin. That's haow *I* sense it."

They decided that Disko was entirely correct.

"'Twould ha' bruk Salters all up," said Long Jack, "if Penn had stayed Jacob Bollerin'. Did ye see his face when Penn asked who he'd been charged on all these years? How is ut, Salters?"

"Asleep—dead asleep. Turned in like a child," Salters replied, tiptoeing aft. "There won't be no grub till he wakes, natural. Did ye ever see sech a gift in prayer? He everlastin'ly hiked young Olley outer the ocean. Thet's my belief. Jason was tur'ble praoud of his boy, an' I mistrusted all along 'twas a jedgment on worshippin' vain idols."

"There's others jest as sot," said Disko.

"That's dif'runt," Salters retorted quickly. "Penn's not all caulked, an' I ain't only but doin' my duty by him."

They waited, those hungry men, three hours, till Penn reappeared with a smooth face and a blank mind. He said he believed that he had been dreaming. Then he wanted to know why they were so silent, and they could not tell him.

Disko worked all hands mercilessly for the next three or four days; and when they could not go out, turned them into the hold to stack the ship's stores into smaller compass, to make more room for the fish. The packed mass ran from the cabin partition to the sliding door behind the foc'sle stove; and Disko showed how there is great art in stowing cargo so as to bring a schooner to her best draft. The crew were thus kept lively till they recovered their spirits; and Harvey was tickled with a rope's end by Long Jack for being, as the Galway man said, "sorrowful as a sick cat over fwhat couldn't be helped." He did a great deal of thinking in those dreary days; and told Dan what he thought, and Dan agreed with him—even to the extent of asking for fried pies instead of hooking them.

But a week later the two nearly upset the "Hattie S." in a wild attempt to stab a shark with an old bayonet tied to a gob-stick. The grim brute rubbed alongside the dory begging for small fish, and between the three of them it was a mercy they all got off alive.

At last, after playing blind man's buff in the fog, there came a morning when Disko shouted down the foc'sle: "Hurry, boys! We're in taown!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

To the end of his days, Harvey will never forget that sight. The sun was just clear of the horizon they had not seen for nearly a week, and his low red light struck into the riding-sails of three fleets of anchored schooners—one to the north, one to the westward, and one to the south. There must have been nearly a hundred of them, of every possible make and build, with, far away, a square-rigged Frenchman, all bowing and courtesying one to the other. From every boat dories were dropping away like bees from a crowded hive; and the clamor of voices, the rattling of ropes and blocks, and the splash of the oars carried for miles across the heaving water. The sails turned all colors, from black to pearly gray and white, as the sun mounted; and more boats swung up through the mists to the southward.

The dories gathered in clusters, separated, reformed, and broke again, all heading one way; while men hailed and whistled and cat-called and sang, and the water was speckled with rubbish thrown overboard.

"It's a town," said Harvey. "Dan was right. It *is* a town!"

"I've seen smaller," said Disko. "There's about a thousand men here; an' yonder's the Virgin." He pointed to a vacant space of greenish sea, where there were no dories.

The "We're Here" skirted round the northern squadron, Disko waving his hand to friend after friend, and anchored as neatly as a racing yacht at the end of the season. The Bank fleet pass good seamanship in silence; but a bungler is jeered all along the line.

"Jest in time fer the capelin," cried the "Mary Chilton."

"Salt most wet?" asked the "King Phillip."

"Hey, Tom Platt! Come t' supper tonight?" said the "Henry Clay"; and so questions and answers flew back and forth. Men had met one another before, dory-fishing in the fog, and there is no place for gossip like the Bank fleet. They all seemed to know about Harvey's rescue, and asked if he were worth his salt yet. The young bloods jested with Dan, who had a lively tongue of his own and inquired after their health by the town-nicknames they least liked. Manuel's countrymen jabbered at him in their own language; and even the silent cook was seen riding the jib-boom and shouting Gaelic to a friend as black as himself. After they had buoyed

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the cable—all around the Virgin is rocky bottom, and carelessness means chafed ground-tackle and danger from drifting—after they had buoyed the cable, their dories went forth to join the mob of boats anchored about a mile away. The schooners rocked and dipped and courtesied at a safe distance, like mother ducks watching their brood, while the dories behaved like mannerless ducklings.

As they drove into the confusion, dory banging against dory, Harvey's ears tingled at the comments on his rowing. Every dialect from Labrador to Long Island, with Portuguese, Neapolitan, Lingua Franca, French, and Gaelic, with songs and shoutings and now oaths, rattled round him, and he seemed to be the butt of it all. For the first time in his life he felt shy—perhaps that came from living so long with only the "We're Heres"—among the scores of wild, strange faces that rose and fell with the reeling boats. "Watch out!" said Dan, flourishing a dip-net. "When I tell you dip, you dip. The capelin 'll school any time from naow on. Where'll we lay, Tom Platt?"

Pushing and shoving and hauling, greeting old friends here and warning old enemies there, Commodore Tom Platt led his little fleet well to leeward of the general crowd, and immediately three or four men began to haul on their anchors with intent to lee-bow the "We're Heres." But a yell of laughter went up as a dory shot from her station with exceeding speed, its occupant pulling madly on the roding.

"Give her slack!" roared twenty voices. "Let him shake it out."

"What's the matter?" said Harvey, as the boat flashed away to the southward. "He's anchored, isn't he?"

"Anchored, sure enough, but his graound-tackle's kinder shifty," said Dan, laughing. "Whale's fouled it. . . . Dip, Harve! Here they come!"

The sea round them clouded and darkened, and then frizzed up in showers of tiny silver fish, and over a space of five or six acres the cod began to leap like fingerling trout in May; while, behind the cod, three or four broad gray-black backs broke the water into boils.

Then everybody shouted and tried to haul up his anchor to get among the school, and fouled his neighbor's line and said what was in his heart, and dipped furiously with his dip-net, and shrieked cautions and advice to his companions, while the deep fizzed like freshly opened soda-water; and cod, men, and whales together flung in upon the luckless bait. Harvey was nearly knocked overboard by the handle of Dan's net. But in all the wild tumult he noticed, and never forgot, the wicked set little eye—something like a circus elephant's eye—of a whale, that drove along almost level with the water, and, so he said, winked at him. Three boats found their rodings fouled by these reckless hunters, and were towed away half a mile ere their horses shook the line free.

Then the capelin moved off, and five minutes later there was no sound except the splash of the sinkers overside, the flapping of the cod, and the whack of the "muckles" as the men stunned them. It was wonderful fishing. Harvey could see the glimmering cod below, swimming slowly in droves, biting as steadily as they swam. Bank Law strictly forbids more than one hook on one line when the dories are on the Virgin or the Eastern Shoals; but so close were the boats that even single hooks snarled, and Harvey found himself in hot argument with a gentle, hairy Newfoundlander on one side and a howling Portuguese on the other.

Worse than any tangle of fishing-lines was the confusion of the dory-rodings below water. Each man had anchored where it seemed good to him; drifting and rowing round his fixed point. As the fish struck on less quickly, each man wanted to haul up and get to better ground; but each man found himself intimately connected with some four or five neighbors. To cut another's roding is crime unspeakable on the Banks; but it was done, and done without detection, three or four times that day. Tom Platt caught a Maine man in the black act and knocked him over the gunwale with an oar, and Manuel treated a fellow-countryman in the same way. But Harvey's line was cut, and so was Penn's, and they were turned into relief-boats to carry fish to the "We're Here" as the dories filled. The capelin schooled once more at twilight, when the mad clamor was repeated; and at dusk they rowed back to dress down by the light of a kerosene lamp on the edge of the pen.

It was a huge pile, and they went to sleep while they were dressing. Next day, several boats fished right above the cap of the Virgin; and Harvey with them looked down on the very weed of that lonely rock, which rises to within twenty feet of the surface. The cod were there in legions, marching solemnly over the leathery kelp. When they bit, they bit all together; and so when they stopped. There was a slack time at noon, and the dories began to search for

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amusement. It was Dan who sighted the "Hope of Prague" just coming up, and as her boats joined the company they were greeted with the question: "Who's the meanest man in the Fleet?"

Three hundred voices answered cheerily: "Nick Bra-ady." It sounded like an organ chant.

"Who stole the lamp wicks?" That was Dan's contribution.

"Nick Bra-ady," sang the boats.

"Who biled the salt-bait fer soup?" This was an unknown backbiter a quarter of a mile away.

Again the joyful chorus. Now, Brady was not especially mean, but he had that reputation, and the fleet made the most of it. Then they discovered a man from a Truro boat who, six years before, had been convicted of using a tackle with five or six hooks—a "scrowger," they call it—on the Shoals. Naturally, he had been christened "Scrowger Jim"; and though he had hidden himself on the Georges ever since, he found his honors waiting for him full blown. They took it up in a sort of fire-cracker chorus: "Jim! O Jim! Jim! *O* Jim! Sssscrowger Jim!" That pleased everybody. And when a poetical Beverly man —he had been making it up all day, and talked about it for weeks—sang, "The 'Carrie Pitman's' anchor doesn't hold her for a cent!" the dories felt that they were indeed fortunate. Then they had to ask the Beverly man how he was off for beans, because even poets can't have things all their own way. Every schooner and nearly every man got it in turn. Was there a careless or dirty cook anywhere? The dories sang about him and his food. Was a schooner badly found? The Fleet was told at full length. Had a man hooked tobacco from a messmate? He was named in meeting; the name tossed from roller to roller. Disko's infallible judgments, Long Jack's market-boat that he had sold years ago, Dan's sweetheart (oh, but Dan was an angry boy!), Penn's bad luck with dory anchors, Salters's views on manure, Manuel's little slips from virtue ashore, and Harvey's ladylike handling of the oar—all were laid before the public; and as the fog fell around them in silvery sheets beneath the sun, the voices sounded like a bench of invisible judges, pronouncing sentence.

The dories roved and fished and squabbled till a swell underran the sea. Then they drew more apart to save their sides, and some one called that if the swell continued the Virgin would break. A reckless Galway man with his nephew denied this, hauled up anchor, and rowed over the rock itself. Many voices called them to come away, and others dared them to hold on. As the smooth-backed rollers passed to the southward, they hove the dory high and high into the mist, and dropped her in ugly, sucking, dimpled water, where she spun round her anchor, within a foot or two of the rock. It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their roding.

"Can't ye hear ut knockin'?" he cried. "Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!"

The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious, and ghastly against the shoal sea. Then all the boats greatly applauded Long Jack, and the Galway men held their tongue.

"Ain't it elegant?" said Dan, bobbing like a young seal at home. "She'll break about once every ha'af hour now, 'less the swell piles up good. What's her reg'lar time when she's at work, Tom Platt?"

"Once ivry fifteen minutes to the tick. Harve, you've seen the greatest thing on the Banks; an' but for Long Jack you'd seen some dead men too."

There came a sound of merriment where the fog lay thicker and the schooners were ringing their bells. A big bark nosed cautiously out of the mist, and was received with shouts and cries of, "Come along, darlin'," from the Irishry.

"Another Frenchman?" said Harvey.

"Hain't you eyes? She's a Baltimore boat; goin' in fear an' tremblin'," said Dan. "We'll guy the very sticks out of her. Guess it's the fust time her skipper ever met up with the Fleet this way."

She was a black, buxom, eight-hundred-ton craft. Her mainsail was looped up, and her topsail flapped undecidedly in what little wind was moving. Now a bark is feminine beyond all other daughters of the sea, and this tall, undecided creature, with her white and gilt figurehead, looked just like a bewildered woman half-lifting her skirts to cross a muddy street under the jeers of bad little boys. That was very much her situation. She knew she was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Virgin, had caught the roar of it, and was, therefore, asking her way. This is part of what she heard from the dancing dories:

"The Virgin? Fwhat are you talkin'

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of? This is Le Have on a Sunday mornin'! Go home an' sober up."

"Go home, ye tarrapin! Go home an' tell 'em we're comin'."

Half a dozen voices together, in a most tuneful chorus, as her stern went down with a roll and a bubble into the trough: "Thay-aah—she—strikes!"

"Hard up! Hard up fer your life! You're on top of her now."

"Daown! Hard daown! Let go everything!"

"All hands to the pumps!"

"Daown jib an' pole her!"

Then the skipper lost his temper and said things. Instantly all fishing was suspended to answer him, and he heard a great many curious facts about his boat and her next port of call. They asked him if he were insured; and whence he had stolen his anchor, because, they said, it belonged to the "Carrie Pitman"; they called his boat a mud-scow, and accused him of dumping garbage to frighten the fish; they offered to tow him and charge the bill to his wife; and an audacious youth slipped almost under the counter, smacked it with his open palm, and yelled: "Gid up, Buck!"

The cook emptied a pan of ashes on him, and he replied with cod-heads. The bark's crew fired small coal from the galley, and the dories threatened to come aboard and "razee" her. They would have warned her at once had she been in real peril; but, seeing her well clear of the Virgin, they made the most of their chances. It was all over when the lurking rock spoke again, a half-mile to windward, and the tormented bark set everything that would draw and went her ways; but the dories felt that the honors lay with them.

All that night the Virgin roared hoarsely; and next morning, over an angry, white-headed sea, Harvey saw the whole Fleet with flickering masts waiting for a lead. Not a dory was hove over till ten o'clock, when the two Jeraulds of the "Day's Eye," imagining a lull which did not exist, set the example. In a minute half the boats were out and bobbing in the cockly swells, but Troop kept the "We're Here's" at work dressing down. He saw no sense in "dares"; and as the storm grew that evening they had the pleasure of receiving wet strangers, only too glad to make any refuge in the gale. The boys stood by the tackles with lanterns, the men ready to haul; all watching for a sweeping sea that would make them drop everything and hold on for the dear life. Out of the dark would come a yell of, "Dory, dory!" They would hook up and haul in a drenched man and a half-sunk boat, till their decks were littered down with nests of dories and the bunks were full. Five times that night did Harvey, with Dan, jump for the fore-gaff where it lay lashed on the boom, and cling with arms, legs, and teeth to rope and spar and sodden canvas as a big wave filled the decks. One boat was smashed to pieces, and the sea pitched the man head first on to the decks, cutting his forehead open; and about dawn, when the racing seas glimmered all along their cold edges, another man, white and ghastly, crawled in with a broken hand, asking for his brother. Seven extra mouths sat down to breakfast—a Swede; a Chatham skipper; a boy from Hancock, Maine; one Duxbury, and three Provincetown men.

There was a general sorting out among the Fleet next day; and though no one said anything, all ate with better appetites when boat after boat reported all hands aboard. Only a couple of Portuguese and an old man from Gloucester were drowned, but many were cut or bruised; and two schooners had parted their tackle and been blown to the southward, three days' sail. A man died on a Frenchman—it was the same bark that had traded tobacco with the "We're Here's." She slipped away quite quietly one wet, white morning, moved to a patch of deep water, her sails all hanging anyhow, and Harvey saw the funeral through Disko's spy-glass. It was just an oblong bundle slid overside. They did not seem to have any form of service, but in the night, at anchor, Harvey heard them singing something that sounded like a hymn. It went to a very slow tune.

La brigantine
Qui va tourner,
Roule et s'incline
Pour m'entrainer.
Oh, Vierge Marie,
Pour moi priez Dieu!
Adieu, patrie;
Québec, adieu!

Tom Platt visited her, because, he said, the dead man was his brother as a Freemason. It came out that a wave had doubled the poor fellow over the heel of the bowsprit and broken his back. The news spread like a flash, for, contrary to general custom, the Frenchman held an auction of the dead man's kit—he had no friends at St. Malo or Miquelon—and everything was spread out on the top of the house, from his red knitted cap to the empty leather belt with the sheath-knife at the back. Dan and

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Harvey were out on twenty-fathom water in the "Hattie S.," and naturally rowed over to join the crowd. It was a long pull, and they stayed some little time while Dan bought the knife, which had a curious brass handle. When they dropped overside and pushed off into a drizzle of rain and a lopping sea, it occurred to them that they might get into trouble for neglecting the lines.

"Guess 'twon't hurt us any to be warmed up," said Dan, shivering under his oilskin, and they rowed on into the heart of a white fog, which, as usual, dropped on them without warning.

"There's too much blame tide hereabouts to trust to your instinks. Heave over the anchor, Harve, and we'll fish a piece till the thing lifts. Bend on your biggest lead. Three pound ain't any too much in this water. See how she's tightened on her rodin' already."

There was quite a little bubble at the bows, where some irresponsible Bank current was holding the dory full stretch on her rope; but they could not see a boat's length in any direction. Harvey turned up his collar and bunched himself over his reel with the air of a wearied navigator. Fog had no special terrors for him now. They fished a while in silence, and found the cod struck on well. Then Dan drew the sheath-knife and tested the edge of it on the gunwale.

"That's a daisy," said Harvey. "How did you get it so cheap?"

"On account o' their blame Cath'lic superstitions," said Dan, jabbing with the bright blade. "They don't fancy takin' iron frum off of a dead man, so to speak. See them Arichat Frenchmen step back when I bid?"

"But an auction ain't taking anything off a dead man. It's business."

"*We* know it ain't, but there's no goin' in the teeth o' superstition. That's one o' the advantages o' livin' in a progressive country." And Dan began whistling:

> "Oh, Double Thatcher, how are you?
> Now Eastern Point comes inter view.
> The girls an' boys we soon shall see,
> At anchor off Cape Ann!"

"Why didn't that Eastport man bid, then? He bought his boots. Ain't Maine progressive?"

"Maine? Pshaw! They don't know enough, or they hain't got money enough, to paint their haouses in Maine. I've seen 'em. The Eastport man he told me that the knife had been used—so the French captain told him—used up on the French coast last year."

"Cut a man? Heave's the muckle." Harvey hauled in his fish, rebaited, and threw over.

"Killed him! Course, when I heard *that* I was keener'n ever to get it."

"Christmas! I didn't know it," said Harvey, turning round. "I'll give you a dollar for it when I—get my wages. Say, I'll give you two dollars."

"Honest? D'you like it as much as all that?" said Dan, flushing. "Well, to tell the truth, I kinder got it for you—to give; but I didn't let on till I saw how you'd take it. It's yours and welcome, Harve, because we're dory-mates, and so on and so forth, an' so followin'. Catch a-holt!"

He held it out, belt and all.

"But look at here. Dan, I don't see——"

"Take it. 'Tain't no use to me. I wish you to hev it."

The temptation was irresistible. "Dan, you're a white man," said Harvey. "I'll keep it as long as I live."

"That's good hearin'," said Dan, with a pleasant laugh; and then, anxious to change the subject: "'Looks 's if your line was fast to somethin'."

"Fouled, I guess," said Harve, tugging. Before he pulled up he fastened the belt round him, and with deep delight heard the tip of the sheath click on the thwart. "Con-cern the line!" he cried. "She acts as though she were on strawberry bottom. It's all sand here, ain't it?"

Dan reached over and gave a judgmatic tweak. "Holibut 'll act that way 'f he's sulky. Thet's no strawberry bottom. Yank her once or twice. She gives, sure. Guess we'd better haul up an' make certain."

They pulled together, making fast at each turn on the cleats, and the weight rose sluggishly.

"Prize, oh! Haul!" shouted Dan; but the shout ended in a shrill, double shriek of horror, for out of the sea came—the body of the dead Frenchman buried two days before! The hook had caught him under the right armpit, and he swayed, erect and horrible, head and shoulders above water. His arms were tied to his side, and—he had no face. The boys fell over each other in a heap at the bottom of the dory, and there they lay while the thing bobbed alongside, held by the shortened line.

"The tide—the tide brought him!" said Harvey with quivering lips, as he fumbled at the clasp of the belt.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Harve!" groaned Dan,

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"be quick. He's come for it. Let him have it. Take it off."

"I don't want it! *I* don't want it!" cried Harvey. "I can't find the bubuckle."

"Quick, Harve! He's on your line!"

To unfasten the belt Harvey had to sit up, and that brought him face to face with the head that had no face under its streaming hair. "He's fast still," he whispered to Dan, who slipped out his knife and cut the line, while Harvey flung the belt far overside. The body shot down with a plop, and Dan rose to his knees, whiter than the fog.

"He come for it. He come for it. I've seen one hauled up on a trawl and I didn't much care, but *he* come to us special."

"I wish—I wish I hadn't taken the knife. Then he'd have come on *your* line."

"Dunno as thet would ha' made any differ. We're both scared out o' ten years' growth. Oh, Harve, did ye see his head?"

"Did I? I'll never forget it. But look at here, Dan; it couldn't have been meant. It was only the tide."

"Tide! He come for it, Harve. Why, they sunk him six mile to south'ard o' the Fleet, an' we're two miles from where she's lyin' now. They told me he was weighted with a fathom an' a half o' chain-cable."

"'Wonder what he did with the knife—up on the French coast?"

"Something bad. Guess he's bound to take it with him to the Judgment, an' so—What are you doin' with the fish?"

"Heaving 'em overboard," said Harvey.

"What for? *We* shan't eat 'em."

"I don't care. I had to look at his face while I was takin' the belt off. You can keep your catch if you like. I've no use for mine."

Dan said nothing, but threw his fish over again.

"Guess it's best to be on the safe side," he murmured at last. "I'd give a month's pay if this fog ud lift. Things go abaout in a fog that ye don't see in clear weather—yo-hoes an' hollerers and such like. I'm sorter relieved he come the way he did instid o' walkin'. He might ha' walked."

"Do-on't, Dan! We're right on top of him now. 'Wish I was safe aboard, bein' pounded by Uncle Salters."

"They'll be lookin' fer us in a little time. Gimme the tooter." Dan took the tin dinner-horn, but paused before he blew.

"Go on," said Harvey. "I don't want to stay here all night."

"Question is, haow *he* 'd take it. There was a man frum down the coast told me once he was in a schooner where they darsen't ever blow a horn to the dories, becaze the skipper—not the man he was with, but a captain that had run her five years before—he'd drownded a boy alongside in a drunk fit; an' ever after, that boy he'd row alongside too and shout, 'Dory! dory!' with the rest."

"Dory! dory!" a muffled voice cried in the fog. They cowered again, and the horn dropped from Dan's hand.

"Hold on!" cried Harvey, "it's the cook."

"Dunno what made me think o' thet fool tale, either," said Dan. "It's the doctor, sure enough."

"Dan! Danny! Oooh, Dan! Harve! Harvey! Oooh, Haarveee!"

"We're here," sung both boys together. They heard oars, but could see nothing till the cook, shiny and dripping, rowed into them.

"What iss happened?" said he. "You will be beaten at home."

"Thet's what we want. Thet's what we're sufferin' for," said Dan. "Anything homey's good enough fer us. We've had company here that was kinder depressin'." As the cook passed them a line Dan told him the tale.

"Yess! He come for hiss knife," was all he said at the end.

Never had the little "We're Here" looked so deliciously home-like as when the cook, born and bred in fogs, rowed them back to her. There was a warm glow of light in the cabin and a satisfying smell of food forward, and it was heavenly to hear Disko and the others, all alive and solid, leaning over the rail and promising them a first-class pounding. But the cook was a master of strategy. He took care not to get the dories aboard till he had given the more striking points of the tale and explained how Harvey was the mascot to destroy any possible bad luck. So the boys came overside as rather uncanny heroes, and every one asked them questions instead of pounding them for making trouble. Little Penn delivered quite a speech on the folly of superstitions; but public opinion was against him and in favor of Long Jack, who told the most excruciating ghost stories till nearly midnight. Under that influence no one except Salters said anything about "idolatry" when the cook put a lighted candle, a cake of flour and water, and a pinch of salt on a shingle, and floated them out astern to keep the Frenchman quiet in case he was still restless. Dan lit the candle because he had bought the belt, and the cook

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grunted and muttered charms as long as he could see the flame.

Said Harvey to Dan, as they turned in after watch: "How about progress and Catholic superstitions?"

"Huh! I guess I'm as enlightened and progressive as the next man, but when it comes to a dead St. Malo deck-hand scarin' a couple o' pore boys fer the sake of a thirty-cent knife, why, then, the cook can take hold fer all o' me. I mistrust furriners, livin' or dead."

Next morning all, except the cook, were rather ashamed of the ceremonies, and went to work double tides, speaking gruffly to one another.

*(To be continued.)*

# ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON.

By Will Allen Dromgoole.

SOME lives there are that seem to run in perpetual sunshine and roses. Some are rounded to darker lines, running always beside the deeper abysses of tragedy.

Some there are who live their threescore and drop out of existence, and the memory of them, for good or ill, ceases with the tolling of the bell that tells their going. And there are some, short little lives, to be sure, but so brim full of sweetness that the sunshine of them lingers in the hearts of those who knew them long after the little lives are ended.

When Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nashville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Crane's, on the hill just above the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch. For the engineer was from home most of the time, and Jerry being a cripple, Jack knew, would insure his own wife considerable company and protection in Jerry's wife.

The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened towards the railroad. The village, indeed, was built so — straight down the railroad, for the train was about the biggest thing around Antioch.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine when she stood in the door, as she usually did, to see No. 6 go by.

The trainmen were pretty well acquainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

"Little Jack," they called him; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood-pile to see his father's engine go by.

He seldom went farther than the wood-pile: that was his mother's order; though the brakeman and the "train butcher" would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy. But he would shake his

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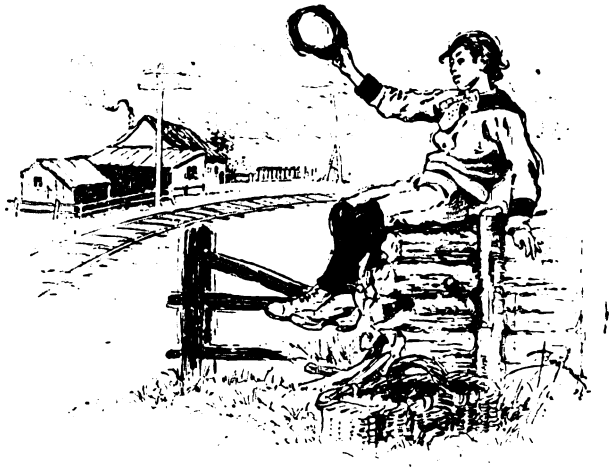

LITTLE JACK.

yellow curls and throw them a kiss as the long train pulled out.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good-by, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been permitted to "pull."

"Just naturally takes to the engine," the fireman would often say; "gets that from his pappy."

And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive. Jerry Crane used to say:

"I can allus tell when the cyars are coming—there's a sapbang of neighbor Connor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood; and when I see it I allus say to my wife, 'Mary, the cyars are coming.' And she looks out, not at the railroad track, but at the wood-pile, and says she, 'Yes, they are coming, Jerry.'"

Sometimes a neighbor would pass and speak to him:

"Any news to-day, Jack?"

"Father's abroad to-day, sir," he would answer; or else, "There's a bridge down between here and Chattanooga, sir;" or, "No. 6 will be fifteen minutes late to-day, sir."

He always had something to tell, and it was mostly of the trains or the track, engines or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting to Jack.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature.

But one day trouble came to her door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, both legs mashed and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee River.

Every man had jumped but him—fireman, brakemen, all but Jack.

"Jump, Connor, for your life!" the fireman had called to him when the timbers

"'HERE I AM, MOTHER,' HE SAID, AND SHE UNDERSTOOD HIM."

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began to crack; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said:

"You forget I'm engineer."

And there he stood until the crash came.

He was not quite dead when the boys found him, and all the time they were working with him he was praying. Just for life to get home, they heard him whisper. "Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and boy."

His prayer was granted; he reached home and the two he loved best on God's earth. Just before he died he reached for his pocketbook under his pillow and handed it to his wife.

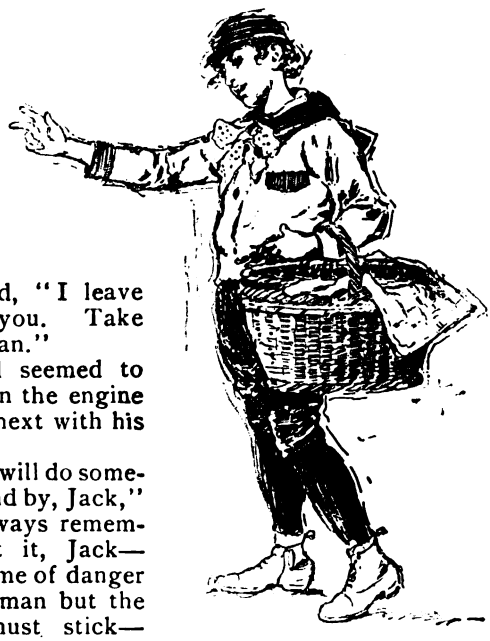
"It is all I've got, Annie," he said. "I wish it was more, wife."

Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed to forget the boy was only a baby.

"Jack," he said, "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my man."

Then his mind seemed to wander; he was on the engine one moment, the next with his family again.

"The company will do something for you by and by, Jack," he said, "and always remember—don't forget it, Jack—that any man in time of danger may desert—any man but the engineer. He must stick—stick—stick—to his post, Jack."



"'PIES! PIES! FRESH PIES AND CAKES!'"

The hand on the boy's head grew heavy; the little fellow choked back his sobs and laid one hand tenderly on his father's brow. The dying engineer opened his eyes and smiled.

"Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack," he whispered. The hand on the boy's head grew cold, and when they lifted it and laid it back upon the dead man's breast Jack turned to his mother.

There was no childish outburst of grief; only an awakening, as it seemed, of the young manhood in him as he opened his arms.

"Here I am, mother," he said, and she understood.

It was then Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of "Baby Jack" no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead "My son," "My boy," or else 'twas "Mother's man." So is the heart wont to clothe with strength that which it leans upon. She trusted him entirely, and his quick mind recognized it.

The prohibition no longer confined him to the wood-pile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cottage door would open, the gate click, and a pair of bright stockings flash for a moment in the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

"Pies! pies! fresh pies and cakes!" He had turned peddler. Such a tiny, industrious little peddler as he was, too; and with so many rough-bearded, warm-hearted friends among the trainmen, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stockings went dancing down to the platform with unusual speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from his engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.

"Catch the little engineer, Sam," he shouted. "I've promised to let him run No. 6 to-day."

There was a happy little laugh, and then a vision of golden curls at the window.

"Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day?"

She smiled and nodded.

"I'll come back at 5.10"—the wheels began to turn—"and the wood is in, mother"—the train was moving—"and the kindling"—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice—"box full"—how the steam roared! Not one word of what he was saying could reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and the train glided smoothly out, he leaned from the window. "Good-by, mother."

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She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the "train butcher" had sent up for him.

It was a marvellous ride to the boy, who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boyish face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel. He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on the window-sill, and dropping his cheek into his hand, fall to dreaming while he watched the clouds or the trees flitting by.

"IT WAS A WONDERFUL RIDE FOR THE BOY."

Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the window.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir; remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open."

Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's just what father used to say."

Engineer Robinson turned to look out at the other window, down the track—the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had travelled to eternity.

Young Jack talked on, softly but distinctly: "And father said, the night they brought him home, sir, he said: 'Every man may jump but the engineer—the engineer must stick to the engine.' And he said, father said, away off it seemed to me, like you try to speak when the steam's a-sizzing, sir; he said: 'Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack.' And I've been a-thinking, Mr. Robinson,"—the engineer leaned farther out, the sleeve of his blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack talked on,—"I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by herself a whole day."

The engineer answered, without turning his head:

"Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe."

"But you know what father said. 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I am away off on your engine, sir."

The delayed freight rattled by twenty minutes late; the fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6 sped on its way.

The wind, could it have spoken, must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine box that day; strange stories of rough forms and gentle hearts, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek pressed together in sympathy and love.

No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5.10. A door flew open as the whistle sounded four times, as if it said, "Here I am, mother."

A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the mist and fog towards the lighted doorway. As the

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train pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.

"Here I am, mother," the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him.

"Here I am, mother,"—that became a very familiar cry among the nearest neighbors; and more than one eye filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a winter's morning.

One evening he was late returning from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.

Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the wood-pile.

"I'll gather the chips," she said, "and save him that much work."

But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill.

"Why, mother," he called, "didn't you know I was coming?"

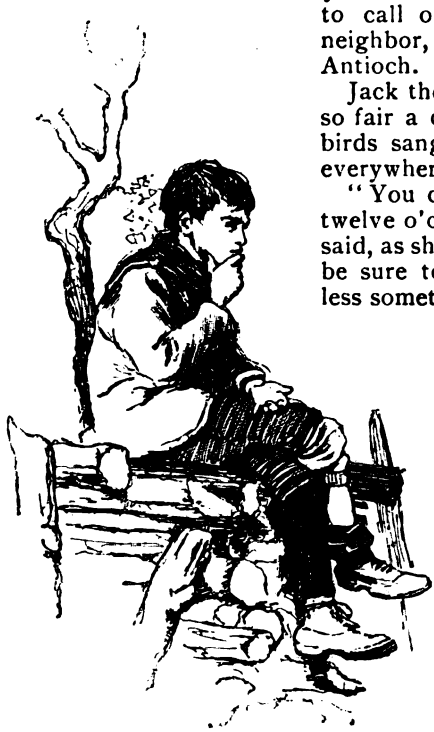
He expected her to lean upon him; as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so.

One morning she went out to her milking, and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did, she threw the milking pail at him and screamed for Jack.

He came with a bound, seizing a club as he passed the wood-pile.

"I'm coming, mother." Old Peter Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry and ran down to see what was the matter. There he stood between his mother and the mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog be gone.

Peter relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which he afterwards declared to his wife was "raving mad."



"DAY AFTER DAY, WHEN THE WHISTLE SOUNDED, A LITTLE FIGURE WAS SEEN TO CLIMB THE WOOD-PILE, . . . TO WATCH FOR HIS MOTHER."

"But mad or not," he added, "it wouldn't a-hindered that boy's pitching right in to fight for his mammy. It always brings the tears to my eyes, somehow, when I come in contact with that manful little chap of Jack Connor's."

Peter Glass was not the only one whose heart softened for Jack Connor's son. Aye, many an eye wept and many a heart bled for him when the little fellow ceased to appear on the hill above the railroad track.

It was June, glad, sunshiny June, when Jack's mother went one morning to call on a sick friend, an old neighbor, at the station just above Antioch.

Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day—the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers were everywhere.

"You can come to meet me at twelve o'clock, Jack," his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. "I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens."

"I'll be here, mother," said Jack, "to every train until you come."

The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "slowed up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like."

And the telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him. The fireman, too, turned his face the other way and was busy with his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.

"Here I am, mother."

The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.

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"Here I am, mother." He was scanning every face eagerly, longingly, when the conductor stepped out.

"Jack," he said, "she isn't aboard."

A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

"Jack, my boy," he said, "you must be a man. Your mother has not come, — *will* not come, Jack. Your mother is dead, my son."

And the sun still shone, but not for Jack.

He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train her foot slipped and she fell beneath the wheels, which passed over her body. He never knew — for from that day he never knew anything, except that she never came back to him.

"JACK RAISED HIMSELF IN BED AND GAVE A CRY OF JOY. 'SHE'S IN!' HE SHOUTED. 'NO. 6 IS IN. HERE I AM, MOTHER!'"

Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the wood-pile — Jerry Crane's wood-pile now — to watch for his mother.

"Here I am, mother," the shrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: "It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother." They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years. "Every train until you come back," he had said; and day or night, winter or summer, the trainmen would see the cottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.

One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever. Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow; the poor little life was going. At ten o'clock he opened his eyes.

"Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jack," they told him.

He smiled and closed his eyes again.

"She'll be here on that train," he said. "I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in."

At eleven he started and sat up in bed. "Is she in yet?" he asked. "Is No. 6 in?"

"Not yet, Jack, dear," they told him, and he dropped back among his pillows, where he lay for an hour talking, first to the engine, then to Engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

"'Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack,'" they heard him whisper.

At midnight a whistle sounded sharp and shrill, and Jack raised himself in bed and gave a cry of joy: "She's in!" he shouted. "No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother!"

The train pulled up and stopped. It was only a freight stopping for water, but that was nothing to Jack. A smile flitted across his face. "She's come," he said, and with a look of unutterable peace held out his arms and went to meet her.

The next day old Engineer Robinson swung himself clear of his engine and went down the platform to speak to the agent. When he climbed back to his seat at the engine window, he drew his sleeve across his eyes and told the fireman that little Jack Connor had gone to meet his mother.

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# ROBIN ADAIR: THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SONG.

By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald.

PERHAPS in the whole range of songs, new and old, none is so popular as the plaintive "Robin Adair." The real Robin Adair, in whose honor the words were written, was a native of County Wicklow, Ireland, and a descendant of the Desmond Fitz-Geralds, "the mighty Geraldines." His father was made a knight-baronet after the battle of the Boyne. Robin or Robert, while studying in Dublin for the medical profession, got into some scrape, and as he possessed little money and few friends, the only way he saw out of the difficulty was flight. So he set out on foot for London. He had not gone far when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned, for the roads at that time were in a horrible condition. The owner and occupant of the vehicle, a well-known leader of fashionable society, was greatly alarmed at the accident, and had, besides, received some slight personal injury. Adair at once offered his services, and soon had the carriage righted, and the lady carefully attended to. He then, at her invitation, took a seat in her carriage as a protector. Arrived in London, she presented him with a hundred guineas, and invited him to come to her house as often as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously; and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, and one night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight—mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her "folly," but without avail; and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health (about 1750), she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill, that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to.

A short time after his marriage Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and was afterwards made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Good fortune did not spoil him, and he continued to work hard at his profession; and the king was so greatly gratified at the successful way in which he treated the Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to make him a baronet. Adair, however, declined. Adored and admired by all who knew him, he lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and his death was deeply lamented. Lady Caroline, however, died rather early; and her husband, except on state occasions, when he was obliged to don court costume, wore mourning in remembrance of his love for his wife until he died, in 1790, when he was buried with her in the family vault. Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855, at the advanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, especially as a diplomatist.

I here append the song as originally written by Lady Caroline at Bath:

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wish to see,
Wish so to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
O! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair!
And now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet he I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell.
O! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.



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# A NEW RHYTHMIC VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

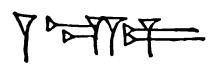
By Clifton Harby Levy.

A MOST important and interesting work is now in process of issuing: nothing less than an edition of the corrected text of the Old Testament and a modern translation, done by the hands of many of the most eminent American and European scholars. Among them are, in the United States, Professors Briggs, Toy, Moore, and Harper, and Dr. Ward of the "Independent"; and, in Europe, Professors Delitzsch, Wellhausen, Driver, Kautsch, Socin, and Cheyne. There are some thirty-five contributors, among whom are the most learned Semitic scholars in the world. Their aim is to send forth an edition of the Bible which will show the results of the latest and best scholarship and give a translation in modern, idiomatic English.

The idea and plan of the work originated with Professor Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, who is assisted in editing the English translation by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the famous Shakespearean scholar. Professor Haupt has invented a novel method of illustrating the different periods in which the several parts of the Bible were composed. He does this by having the text printed upon backgrounds of different colors, thus offering to the eye a perspective, as it were, of the periods of the composition. From this distinguishing and important feature the work is called the "Polychrome Bible."

While the Polychrome Bible will be of particular interest to critical students, it will in its new translation be of great interest also to the general reader. Ten parts of the text are already published, but the translation is just on the eve of publication. One of the first translations to appear will be that of the Psalms, advance sheets of which have been kindly placed before us by the general editor, Professor Haupt. The text and a German translation have been prepared by Professor J. Wellhausen, a noted German scholar, and the English version has been done by Professor Haupt and Dr. Furness in collaboration. It is a verse translation, and it approaches the original Hebrew very closely in idea, form, and rhythm. Former attempts at translating the Psalms into English verse have failed because too much was attempted. Here the spirit and the form of the original have been reproduced with remarkable faithfulness. In their original form the Psalms are not only poetical, but are real poems, and the endeavor has been, in this new translation, to so present them. Here are some specimens of the new version, which will show the aim and character of it much better than any description.

DR. PAUL HAUPT.



DR. HAUPT'S AUTOGRAPH IN CUNEIFORM CHARACTERS.

### Psalm I.

1 Happy the man who follows not the counsel of the wicked,
Nor treads the path of sinners,
Nor sits in the company of scoffers;
2 But who delights in the Law of JHVH,
And on that Law meditates day and night.
3 He is like a tree planted by the water-side,
Which brings forth fruit in due season,
And whose leaf never withers;
And all that he does prospers.
4 Not so the wicked; not so;
They are like chaff which the wind scatters away.
5 Therefore the wicked cannot stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For JHVH gives heed to the course of the righteous,
6 But the course of the wicked is ruin.

### Psalm II.

*For the Liturgy. Of David.*

1 In JHVH I trust; how can ye say to me:
"Flee, O ye birds, to your mountains!
2 For the wicked are bending the bow,
They are fitting the shaft to the string,
Under darkness to shoot at those who are honest in thought;
3 The pillars they are now tearing down:
What do the righteous avail?"
4 JHVH in His holy Temple,
JHVH, whose throne is in heaven—
His eyes behold men,
Yea, His eye-lashes try them.



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5 JHVH holds dear the righteous,
But the wicked and lover of outrage His soul does abhor.
6 Coals of fire and brimstone He rains on the wicked,
And in their goblet is a wind that is scorching.
7 For JHVH is just, and uprightness he loves,
His face shall the blameless behold.

PSALM 15.

*Psalm of David.*

1 O JHVH, in Thy tent who dares to sojourn?
On Thy holy mountain who dares to dwell?
2 He who lives blamelessly, and practises righteousness,
And speaks from his heart what is true,
3 Who utters no slander with his tongue,
Does no wrong to another,
And his neighbor he does not calumniate,
4 Pompous arrogance He despises,
The God-fearing man he respects,
He pledges his word to his neighbor, and keeps it,
5 He puts not out his money at interest,
And cannot be bribed to injure the innocent,
He who does this, for all time cannot be shaken.

PSALM 24.

*Of David. A Psalm.*

1 The world is JHVH's, and the fulness thereof,
The earth and its inhabitants.
2 He has founded it on seas,
And established it on floods.
3 Who dares ascend to worship on the mountain of JHVH?
Who dares set foot on His holy abode?
4 He who has sinless hands and a pure conscience,
Who cherishes no longing for evil,
And never swears falsely.
5 He will receive blessing from JHVH
And righteousness from God, his Help.
6 This is the circle of those who inquire after Him,
Who seek Thy face, O God of Jacob! *Selah.*

7 Lift up your heads, ye gates!
Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors!
That the King of glory may come in!
8 Who is the King of Glory?
JHVH, the Mighty, the Hero,
JHVH, the Hero in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Lift yourselves up, ye primeval doors!
That the King of Glory may come in.
10 Who, then, is the King of Glory?
JHVH Sabaoth, He is the King of Glory
*Selah.*

PSALM 26.

*Of David.*

1 Right me, O JHVH! my conscience is clear,
And in JHVH I trust without wavering.
2 Try me, O JHVH, and prove me,
Test thou my mind and my heart!
3 Ever-present is Thy kindness before me,
And in Thy faithfulness do I walk.
4 I sit not in the company of men who are false,
And with dissemblers I have no converse.
5 I hate the society of caitiffs,
And sit not in the company of the wicked.
6 I wash my hands in innocence,
And I go about Thine altar, O JHVH,
7 To chant aloud my gratitude,
And to recount all Thy wonders.
8 O JHVH, I love the house where Thou dwellest,
And the mansion of Thy majesty.
9 Snatch not away my soul together with sinners,
And my life with men of blood,
10 In whose hand is violence,
Whose right hand is full of bribes.
11 As for me, my conscience is clear,
Deliver me, and be gracious to me.
12 My foot stands on even ground;
In congregations will I praise JHVH.

One Psalm with the accompanying explanatory notes is subjoined, to give some idea of the character of the notes appended to all of the Psalms when necessary.

PSALM 87.[1]

*Of the Sons of Korah: A Psalm, a Song.*

1 How fair is the city of God
Which He has founded on holy mountains!
2 JHVH loves the gates of Zion
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
3 A glorious thing is told of thee,
O thou city of God! *Selah.*
4 Natives of Rahab[2] and Babylon,
Of Philistia and Tyre, and even of Cush,
Are among my followers;
5 But every one calls Zion his mother,
And of it is every one native.[3]
He Himself, the Most High, keeps it.
6 JHVH writes in the Book of Nations[4]:
This one is native here and that one there, *Selah.*
But, gentle or simple[5]—
The home of them all is in thee, O Jerusalem!

[1] The text is corrupt in several places, but the meaning is clear. The Jews are dispersed over the whole world, but the home and mother of them all is Zion.
[2] *i.e.*, Egypt; *cf.* Ps. 89, 10; Isa. 30, 7; 51, 9.
[3] The real home of every Jew is Zion, no matter where he may have been born.
[4] The civic register in which the names of all the dispersed citizens of JHVH's people are recorded.
[5] noble or humble.

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# THE BELL-BUOY

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THEY christened my brother of old,
And a saintly name he bears;
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the bidding of checked Desire,
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob-majors die.
Could I wait for my turn in the pimping choir?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

When the smoking scud is blown,
And the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling towers;
I war with darkling sea.
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not he.

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard o' the bay
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock and I reel and I roll;
My four great hammers ply.
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-bank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest;
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell, I cry.
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.



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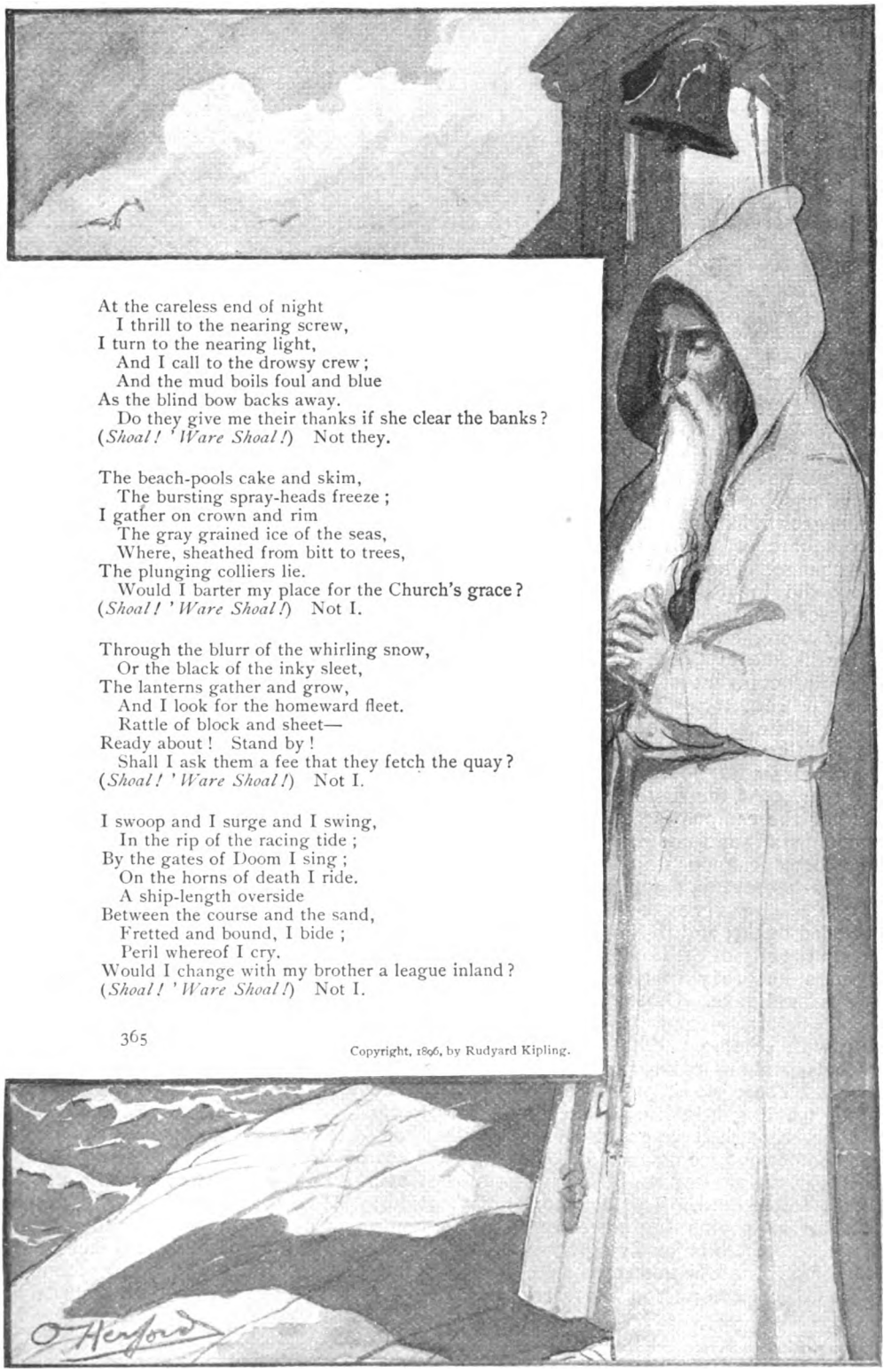

At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw,
I turn to the nearing light,
And I call to the drowsy crew;
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind bow backs away.
Do they give me their thanks if she clear the banks?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not they.

The beach-pools cake and skim,
The bursting spray-heads freeze;
I gather on crown and rim
The gray grained ice of the seas,
Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,
The plunging colliers lie.
Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

Through the blurr of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inky sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.
Rattle of block and sheet—
Ready about! Stand by!
Shall I ask them a fee that they fetch the quay?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing,
In the rip of the racing tide;
By the gates of Doom I sing;
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound, I bide;
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware Shoal!*) Not I.



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# GRANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

BARRACKS LIFE AT ST. LOUIS.—GRANT'S COURTSHIP OF MISS JULIA DENT.—HIS PART IN THE MEXICAN WAR.—A DARING RIDE AT MONTEREY.—TWO IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM GRANT.—GRANT'S BOLD CHARGE INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.—HIS STANDING AND CHARACTER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

ABOUT ten miles south of the city of St. Louis, on a fine height which overlooks the oily, tawny-colored flood of the Mississippi River, is set the Jefferson Barracks of early Western history. New buildings have been added, and the trees have grown, but the old buildings set round the square of sward are quite untouched of change. They look as they did in 1843, when Ulysses Grant joined the army there, and entered upon his duties as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. They are of whitewashed stone, with galleries and generous roofs, in the Southern manner. At the eastern end of the campus is set the flagstaff, and under it the brass cannon which serves as evening gun. Across the river are wooded banks, and to the north the city of St. Louis shows vaguely in the smoke and haze. On the river below, steamboats ply with shining paddle-wheels which make no noise. There is a singular air of peace and repose and gentle life within this quadrangle, though it rings at intervals with the imperious commands of the bugle. All fear, all anxiety concerning the future seems left behind. The men move quietly about, the robins tug at worms on the lawn, and the bluejay flying across mocks the bugle's note with saucy unconcern.

THE SUNSET GUN AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

It was a large post in the early forties, for St. Louis was then a far-Western town and a most important military centre. No less than sixteen companies of infantry were stationed at Jefferson Barracks when Grant was assigned to duty there just after his graduation from West Point. Colonel Stephen Kearney commanded the post, and commanded it reasonably, and the young lieutenant found army life very agreeable. The routine was not severe, and though his room was bare and the duty monotonous, yet there was compensating charm. For diversion, men and officers alike looked to St. Louis. Between roll-call and drill the officers were permitted to enjoy themselves without inquisitorial search into their plans and motives. With his mind still set on securing a situation as teacher, Grant set to work to do some reading and studying. Possibly this resolution kept him out of the degenerating tendency of the routine life, which makes toward indifferentism and mechanical action. At any rate, no one has yet uttered a word of criticism of his life there. General Longstreet says of him at this time: "He was a general favorite, and his name was never connected with anything which called for rebuke or reproach. The routine was strict enough to account for every man and to fill his time pretty thor-

Note.—With the abundance of material gathered by Mr. Garland on the period of Grant's life covered by the present paper, particularly in reference to Grant's service in the Mexican War, it would have been easy to carry the narrative on through a second paper. But this would have prolonged the series beyond our first plan, and conflicted with other matter already arranged for; so it was deemed better to condense the material. In the book form which the papers are finally to take there will not be this need of condensation.—Editor.



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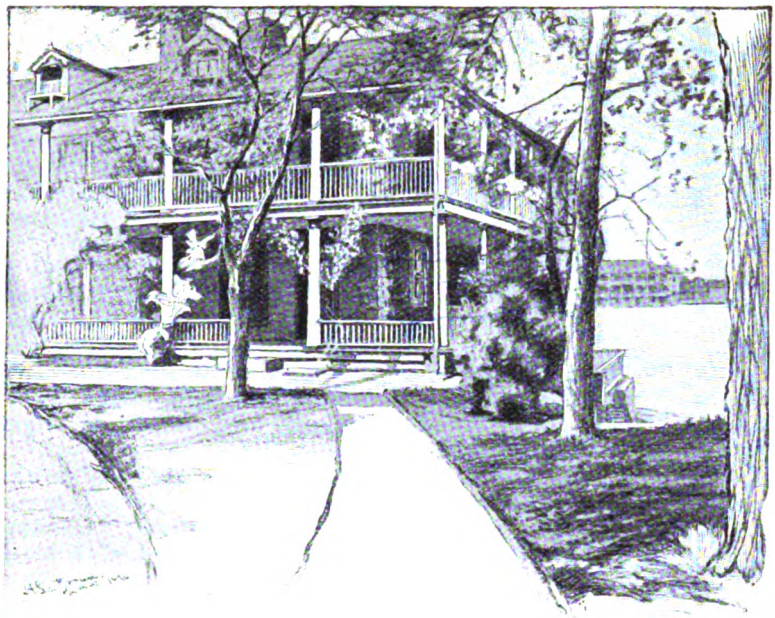

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED FOR A TIME AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

oughly. It was about like that at West Point, with thorough daily drill, for the Mexican War was threatening." *

From the barracks an irregular road led to the northwest, towards Georgetown, intersecting the famous Gravois road from St. Louis at a point about nine miles outside the city. This byway came to be a familiar one to Ulysses Grant, for Colonel Dent, the father of Grant's classmate and roommate, F. T. Dent, lived on the Gravois road, a mile or two beyond its intersection with the barrack road. Frederick Dent had been fond enough of Ulysses Grant to visit him at his home in Bethel, and also to invite him to visit in return at "White Haven," as the elder Dent called his country seat. Before Grant was able to pay the visit, however, Frederick Dent was forced to report for duty in a regiment stationed farther west.

### THE COURTSHIP AND ENGAGEMENT OF GRANT AND MISS DENT.

The Dent household contained three young girls, Julia, Emma, and Ellen. Julia, a girl of seventeen, was at school in St. Louis, and Lieutenant Grant upon making his first visit to White Haven did not meet her, though he found the house filled with young people. He was moved to repeat his visit even before Miss Julia returned from St. Louis, and afterwards he very frequently rode out there between drills, clattering furiously up the road in his impetuous, boyish fashion, for between drill and roll-call was short space to make a lover's visit in, especially when the young lady's home was several miles away.

White Haven, for all its title, was but a plain farmhouse, with two smallish rooms and a hall in the main part below. It had an addition on the west, and a negro cabin and kitchen at the rear. It was imposing by reason of its galleries, its position, and the beautiful surroundings it overlooked. It was not so overawing to the young Ohioan as Colonel Dent himself, who was at this time a middle-aged man of large frame and irascible temper, quite the ideal in manner of a gentleman of the plantation. According to local testimony, he took small interest in Ulysses Grant, who was a plain, inexpressive youth, quite commonplace in all discernible ways. The colonel, it is said, wondered at his son's taste in taking to himself such an intimate. His dislike of Grant grew when he saw his daughter Julia quite evidently pleased with the young soldier. Mrs. Dent, on the contrary, liked young Grant at once. Her keen sense apprehended in him honesty,

* From an interview with General Longstreet, held November 21, 1896, for McClure's Magazine.

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loyalty, and a certain unmeasured power. Her greetings continued to be cordial even after it appeared that her daughter Julia was wholly committed to the young lieutenant's future weal or woe.

Georgetown was back country at this time. St. Louis was ten miles away, over a bad road, and its pleasures were quite out of reach in winter. Therefore the Dent family depended for society largely on their neighbors. At the home of the Longs, the Sappingtons, or the Dents, the young people gathered of evenings to dance and sing, and in these merrymakings Grant and some of his fellow-officers from the barracks were frequent participants. On the other hand, Miss Julia Dent was a frequent dancer at the barrack "hops." And in time these frequent meetings stirred in Lieutenant Grant a desire beyond every other felt by him—to win the small hand of this Missouri girl.

The courtship proceeded in the true American fashion—that is to say, without asking by-your-leave of the parents: since they are not the principals in the matter, anyhow, their objections are of small matter. Beautiful days followed—days to be remembered till death. Over the lovely hills and through secluded, wooded lanes the young people rode or drove without prevision of trouble. Then one day an order came to the Fourth Infantry to break camp and join the Second Dragoons at Fort Jessup in Louisiana.

Grant had just obtained a twenty days' leave of absence to visit Ohio. He was, in fact, on the road, and there was no way of recalling him save by letter; so he journeyed on without worry.* His worry began when a letter reached him telling him his regiment was about to move. He had not arrived at a definite understanding with Miss Dent, being content merely to meet her day by day; but now *war* was threatening, and it seemed of paramount necessity that he should know her precise feeling toward him. He returned in express haste to Jefferson Barracks, saddled his horse, and rode to White Haven.†

He arrived at White Haven on the day of a wedding to which the Dents were going, and all things conspired to make him very determined and more than usually serious. He found Miss Julia in a carriage, just starting to the wedding in company with her brother. He persuaded the brother to take his horse, and so won a place beside her in the single-seated carriage, and they started. He was unusually silent at first.

Now it chanced that heavy rains had swollen the Gravois to abnormal size, and the frail bridge which spanned it was nearly submerged with a wild and turbid flood. As they approached it Miss Dent grew apprehensive, and said:

"Are you sure it's all right?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right," Grant replied, man fashion to womankind.

"Well, now, Ulysses, I'm going to cling to you, if we go down," Miss Dent said.

"We won't go down," he replied, and drove across, while the frightened girl clung to his arm.

She released her hold as they reached the other side of the bridge, and he drove in thoughtful silence for some distance. At length he cleared his throat, and said: "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me, no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me all my life?" This was a great deal of imagery for a man with eight generations of New England ancestry behind him.

The answer was favorable; but the lovers, being astute young Americans, agreed to say nothing to Miss Dent's parents till Grant's return from the South, at least.* Grant felt pretty sure that Colonel Dent would not favor his suit. A poor, plain, young second lieutenant (by courtesy), a youth whisked about at the command of the War Department, was a very bad match for Miss Julia Dent. They parted hopeful and resolute, Grant to join his regiment near Natchitoches, Louisiana, and Miss Dent to go back to White Haven to wait, which is the lot of women—to wait and to suffer. She found her greatest pleasure, during the years of separation which followed, in his letters. He had always been a good letter-writer, and under the stimulus of love and a life of action in strange scenes, he surpassed himself. He delineated the landscape, the camp-life, and the campaigns; he discussed governmental policies; and through it all ran the strong under-current of a pure and loyal love.

In March, 1845, President Tyler signed the bill for the annexation of Texas, and the Lone Star republic became a part of the United States, and General Zachary Taylor, the famous Indian fighter, and "commander of the Southwest district,"

* Personal Memoirs.

† Letter to Mrs. Bailey of Georgetown, wherein he concisely says, "I called around by way of St. Louis, where I spent four or five days very pleasantly." That phrase "called around" is deliciously careless.

* "Personal Memoirs," and also an interview with Mrs. Grant by Frank G. Carpenter.

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was ordered to occupy "the disputed territory," which was a tract lying between the Nueces and Colorado rivers. Early in May Lieutenant Grant, believing he was about to go into war, with the chance of being killed, asked for a leave of absence, and hastened to St. Louis to see his bride-elect and to get the consent of Colonel Dent to their marriage. The consent was given reluctantly, but it was given, and the young soldier set face at last toward actual warfare and possible death. It is easy to imagine that he did not return to his regiment whistling for joy. He had no desire for military renown. Mexico would have fired the "lean little Corsican" with colossal plans of empire; but Lieutenant Grant saw injustice and aggression in the campaign, and believed a retribution was in store for a nation which, in the name of freedom, seized upon a chance to widen its slave territory. Nevertheless he was a soldier; and when he joined his regiment he entered upon his duties with outward readiness.

Corpus Christi, the next station of the army, was a cross between a frontier ranch and a smuggler's camp.* The town when the army arrived there consisted of twenty adobe houses. In a few weeks it was a town of a thousand inhabitants, not counting the soldiers. Camp-followers, traders, and settlers, encouraged by the security given by the presence of the soldiers, made up this miscellaneous and not over-refined population.†

A very curious and interesting story of Grant is told by General Longstreet in an account of life in the camp at Corpus Christi. "The officers," says General Longstreet, "built a theatre, depending upon their own efforts to reimburse them. As there was no one outside the army there, our dramatic company was organized among the officers, who took both male and female parts. In farce and comedy we did well enough, and soon collected funds enough to pay for the building and incidental expenses. We found ourselves sufficiently in funds to send over to New Orleans for costumes, and concluded to try tragedy. The Moor of Venice was chosen, Lieutenant Theoderic Porter to be the Moor, and Lieutenant U. S. Grant to be the daughter of Brabantio. But after rehearsal Porter protested that male heroines could not support the character nor give sentiment to the hero; so we sent over to New Orleans for Mrs. Hart, who was popular with the garrisons of Florida. Then all went well."*

Grant was probably selected for his small stature, handsome face, and soft voice. In an interview, General Longstreet added: "Grant looked very well indeed dressed up; but Porter insisted that there was hardly sentiment enough in having a man play the part. Grant played in several farces; one that I recall was 'The Irish Lion.' I was in the cast also."

* Longstreet's "Story of the War."
† "Personal Memoirs."

### GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF RESACA AND PALO ALTO—AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Of the advance of the army from Corpus Christi we have an account in a letter written by Grant himself from Matamoras, on June 26, 1846. This letter, hitherto unpublished, gives also a strong picture of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca.†

MATAMORAS, MEXICO,
*June 26th*, 1846.

DEAR LOWE:

I have just received your letter of the 6th of June, the first I have had from you since my regiment took the field in anticipation of the annexation of Texas. Since that time the 4th Infantry has experienced but little of that ease and luxury of which the Hon. Mr. Black speaks so much. Besides hard marching, a great part of the time we have not even been blessed with a good tent as a protection against wind and weather.

At Corpus Christi our troops were much exposed last winter, which the citizens say was the severest season they have had for many years. From Corpus Christi to this place (a distance of about 180 miles) they had to march through a long sandy desert covered with salt ponds, and in one or two instances ponds of drinkable water were separated by a whole day's march. The troops suffered much, but stood it like men who were able to fight many such battles as those of the 8th and 9th of May; that is, without a murmur.

On our arrival at the Rio Grande we found Matamoras occupied by a force superior to ours (in numbers), who might have made our march very uncomfortable if they had have had the spirit and courage to attempt it. But they confined their hostilities (except their paper ones) to small detached parties and single individuals, as in the cases you mention in your letter, until they had their force augmented to thrible or quadruple ours, and then they made the bold efforts of which the papers are full. About the last of April we got word of the enemy crossing the river, no doubt with the intention of cutting us off from our supplies at Point Isabel. On the 1st of April at three o'clock General Taylor started with about 2000 men to go after and escort the wagon train from Point Isabel,

* Longstreet's "Story of the War."
† This valuable letter is here published for the first time. John W. Lowe, to whom it was written, acted upon his friend Grant's suggestion and entered the Mexican War himself, as captain of a volunteer company from Ohio; and in letters written to his family, he speaks of meeting Grant in the City of Mexico. He afterwards entered the Civil War, as Colonel of the Twelfth Ohio Infantry, and was killed in the battle of Carnifex Ferry, West Virginia, September 10, 1861. The original letter is now in the possession of his grandson, John W. Lowe of Chicago.

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and with the determination to cut his way, no matter how superior their numbers.

Our march on this occasion was as severe as could be made. Until three o'clock at night we scarcely halted; then we laid down in the grass and took a little sleep, and marched the balance of the way the next morning. Our march was mostly through grass up to the waist with a wet and uneven bottom, yet we made thirty miles in much less than a day. I consider my march on that occasion equal to a walk of sixty miles in one day on good roads and unencumbered with troops. The next morning after our arrival at Point Isabel we heard the enemy's artillery playing upon the little field work which we had left garrisoned by the 7th Infantry and two companies of artillery. This bombardment was kept up for seven days, with a loss of but two killed and four or five wounded on our side. The loss of the enemy was much greater, though not serious.

On the 7th of May General Taylor started from Point Isabel with his little force, encumbered with a train of about 250 wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition. Although we knew the enemy was between us and Matamoras, and in large numbers too, yet I did not believe, I was not able to appreciate, the possibility of an attack from them. We had heard so much bombast and so many threats from the Mexicans that I began to believe that they were good for paper wars alone, but they stood up to their work manfully.

On the 8th, when within about fourteen miles of Matamoras, we found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the prairie, next a piece of woods called Palo Alto (which is the Spanish for tall trees). Even then I did not believe they were going to give battle. Our troops were halted out of range of artillery, and the wagons parked, and the men allowed to fill their canteens with water. All preparations being made, we marched forward in line of battle until we received a few shots from the enemy, and then we halted, and our artillery commenced.

The first shot was fired about three o'clock P.M. and was kept up pretty equally on both sides until sundown or after; we then encamped on our own ground, and the enemy on theirs. We supposed that the loss of the enemy had not been much greater than our own, and expected of course that the fight would be renewed in the morning. During that night I believe all slept as soundly on the ground at Palo Alto as if they had been in a palace. For my part, I don't think I even dreamed of battles.

During the day's fight I scarcely thought of the probability or possibility of being touched myself (although 9-pound shots were whistling all round) until near the close of the evening a shot struck the ranks a little ways in front of me and knocked one man's head off, knocked the under jaw of Capt. Page entirely away, and brought several others to the ground. Although Capt. Page received so terrible a wound, he is recovering from it. The under jaw is gone to the windpipe, and the tongue hangs down upon the throat. He will never be able to speak or to eat.

The next morning we found to our surprise that the last rear guard of the enemy was just leaving their ground, the main body having left during the night. From Palo Alto to Matamoras there is for a great part of the way a dense forest of undergrowth, here called chaparral. The Mexicans, after having marched a few miles through this, were reënforced by a considerable body of troops. They chose a place on the opposite side from us of a long but narrow pond (called Resaca de la Palma), which gave them greatly the advantage of position. Here they made a stand. The fight was a pell-mell affair, everybody for himself. The chaparral is so dense that you may be within five feet of a person and not know it. Our troops rushed forward with shouts of victory, and would kill and drive away the Mexicans from every piece of artillery they could get their eyes upon. The Mexicans stood this hot work for over two hours, but with a great loss. When they did retreat there was such a panic among them that they only thought of safety in flight. They made the best of their way for the river, and wherever they struck it they would rush in. Many of them no doubt were drowned.

Our loss in the two days was 182 killed and wounded. What the loss of the enemy was cannot be certainly ascertained, but I know acres of ground were strewed with the bodies of the dead and wounded. I think it would not be an over-estimate to say that their loss from killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing was over 2,000, and of the remainder nothing now scarcely remains. So precipitate was their flight when they found that we were going to cross the river and take the town, that sickness broke out among them, and as we have understood, they have but little effective force left. News has been received that Parades is about taking the field with a very large force. Daily, volunteers are arriving to reënforce us, and soon we will be able to meet them in whatever force they choose to come. What will be our course has not been announced in orders, but no doubt we will carry the war into the interior.

Monterey, distant about 300 miles from here, will no doubt be the first place where difficulties with an enemy await us. You want to know what my feelings were on the field of battle! I do not know that I felt any peculiar sensation. War seems much less terrible to persons engaged in it than to those who read of the battles.

I forgot to tell you in the proper place the amount of property taken. We took on the 9th eight pieces of artillery with all their ammunition; something like 2000 stand of arms, muskets, pistols, swords, sabres, lances, &c.; 500 mules with their packs; camp equipage and provisions, and in fact everything they had. When we got into the camp of the enemy everything showed the great confidence they had of success. They were actually cooking their meal during the fight, and as we have since learned, the women of Matamoras were making preparations for a great festival upon the return of their victorious army.

The people of Mexico are a very different race of people from ours. The better class are very proud, and tyrannize over the lower and much more numerous class as much as a hard master does over his negroes, and they submit to it quite as humbly. The great majority [of the] inhabitants are either pure or more than half-blooded Indians, and show but little more signs of neatness or comfort in their miserable dwellings than the uncivilized Indian. Matamoras contains probably about 7,000 inhabitants, a great majority of them of the lower order. It is not a place of as much business importance as our little towns of 1,000. But no doubt I will have an opportunity of knowing more of Mexico and the Mexicans before I leave the country, and I will take another occasion of telling you more of them.

Don't you think Mr. Polk has done the officers of the army injustice by filling up the new regiment of riflemen from citizens?* It is plain to be seen that we have but little to expect from him. I have now

* Grant had applied for a command in this regiment. For political reasons the bill authorizing the equipment of the regiment specified that it should be officered from civilian ranks.

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written you a long letter; as soon as anything more is done I will write again. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would let them know at home that I am well. I don't think I have written in the last four weeks. I should like very much to see you here in command of a volunteer company. I think you would not be affected by the climate. So far our troops have had their health remarkably well.

Remember me to your own and Judge Fishback's family. I suppose Tom [Mr. Lowe's son] has grown so much that he almost thinks of volunteering for the Mexican wars himself. I shall be pleased to hear from you as often as you will make it convenient to write, and will answer all your letters.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

J. W. LOWE, Esq., Batavia, O.

### GRANT AS A QUARTERMASTER.

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were hardly more than skirmishes in comparison with the more important

MRS. DENT, MOTHER OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

operations soon begun against Monterey. At Camargo, Grant, now full second lieutenant, was made regimental quartermaster, a position requiring activity, resource, and regularity of habit, and one which cannot be well filled by sleepy or dull-witted men. An army must be fed. Its supplies must not go astray or fall behind. Its ammunition must be ready, and its ambulances on hand. To always have these necessaries of an army in readiness is no small duty. It means early rising, methodical habits, and careful scrutiny of details. This appointment is important, therefore, as showing how Grant was regarded by his superiors at this time. It must not be forgotten that he was a mere

COLONEL DENT, FATHER OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.

stripling—a small, smooth-faced youth, of slight boyish figure, with rather long, square-cut hair, depending from a gig-top cap. He must have been considered trusty, energetic, and of good administrative ability to be so chosen. Certainly he was a popular officer. There are many complaints of cruelty on the part of young officers toward their men, but no such complaint was ever made of Grant. He was kind and just to all men. And nowhere did he show his equable temper, his command over himself, more convincingly, than in his service as quartermaster in that land of burning sun and scant grass. He has himself indicated one of the peculiar difficulties when he said: "I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in my life; but I would have the charity to excuse those who may have done so, if they were in charge of a train of Mexican pack-mules of the time." His old comrades say he was active, patient, resourceful, and prompt. He was learning a great lesson those days. He brought his command through in good order.

Monterey was the principal town in northern Mexico at that time. In 1846 it possessed fifteen or twenty thousand people. It was, in fact, a fortified town of Mexican Indians, governed by a few Mexican-Spanish priests and soldiers. It was situated in a magnificent, wide, flat valley, with noble mountains from three to seven thousand feet in altitude, walling it in.

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General Taylor approached it from the east, and camped about three miles from the city, at a fine group of springs, shaded then as now by noble pecan and walnut trees. The plain is quite level and covered with mesquite and other forms of chaparral.

Apparently nothing hindered marching directly upon the town. Taylor soon discovered, however, that the citizens had made careful preparation for receiving him. General Ampudia, with ten or eleven thousand men, was in command.

Ulysses Grant now watched to see what General Taylor, who had already become his hero, would do. Here was a town with complete defences. It had no weak spot, apparently. How would Taylor attack? He resorted to the familiar and primitive method—he prepared to flank the enemy. On the morning of the 20th, General Taylor said, "General Worth, you will take your division and make the attempt to dislodge the enemy to the north and west. I shall consider your attack the main movement."

Lieutenant Grant remained with the eastern division of the army, and all day he watched with eager eyes to see the inexorable advance of the northern army. Guns were run forward to a ravine before the "black fort," and planted where they could shell the enemy, while reconnoitring parties were out to the east.

As regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant Grant had no business to leave camp,* but the excitement grew too great for his young blood, and when the cannonading thickened, he mounted a horse and rode to the front. He reached the line just in time to hear the thrilling order, "Charge!" which meant death to many brave fellows. Hitherto the fighting had been done by cannon shots. At once the men were under the fire of the terrible "black fort," and also of the batteries at the eastern end of the town. As they drew nearer, the musketry from the housetops joined the din.

Grant plunged into the charge, and being the only man mounted, became a special target for bullets, but escaped unhurt. He was with the command when it forced the Mexicans across the bridge and back into the city.

Every housetop was manned by gunners lying behind low parapets of sandbags or blocks of adobe, and the Americans paused, after crossing the Bridge of the Saint, and scattered out into the side streets. Every avenue leading west was swept by guns in the plaza, and by the muskets of the men on the housetops.

### GRANT'S BOLD RIDE IN FRONT OF THE ENEMY AT MONTEREY.

Nevertheless ten companies under command of Colonel Garland forced their way, by successive rushes from street to street, up almost to the plaza itself. But thence they could go neither forward nor back; they could only pop away at any Mexican head they sighted. So the battle hung poised till Colonel Garland discovered his ammunition to be running low. It then became necessary to get word to General Twiggs, his division commander, calling for ammunition or reinforcements.

"Boys," said Colonel Garland, "I've got to send some one back to General Twiggs. It's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who'll volunteer?"

"I will," said Quartermaster Grant promptly. "I've got a horse."

"Good. You're just the man to do it. Keep on the side streets and ride hard."

Grant needed no instructions. He was the best horseman in the command. He had the resource of an Indian. He flung himself on his horse, with one heel behind the saddle's cantle, and one hand wound in his horse's mane, with the other guiding his course. Amid cheers from his comrades he dashed down a side street leading to the north, a street which looked like a dry canal. At every crossing he was exposed to view, and the enemy, getting his range, sent a slash of bullets down each street as he flashed past. Hanging thus he forced his horse to leap a four-foot wall. He rode to the north till out of fire, then turned to the east, and in a few moments' time drew rein before General Twiggs, and breathlessly uttered his message. General Twiggs gave the order to collect the ammunition, but before it could be done the troops came pouring back.*

That night ended the fighting; for while the demonstrations at the east ended thus unsuccessfully, General Worth with his Texas troops was making way inexorably toward the plaza from the west. The houses were all built on the street, with

* In a letter to his parents he said: "I do not mean that you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and can not see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty."

* Richardson's "Life of Grant," "Personal Memoirs," etc.

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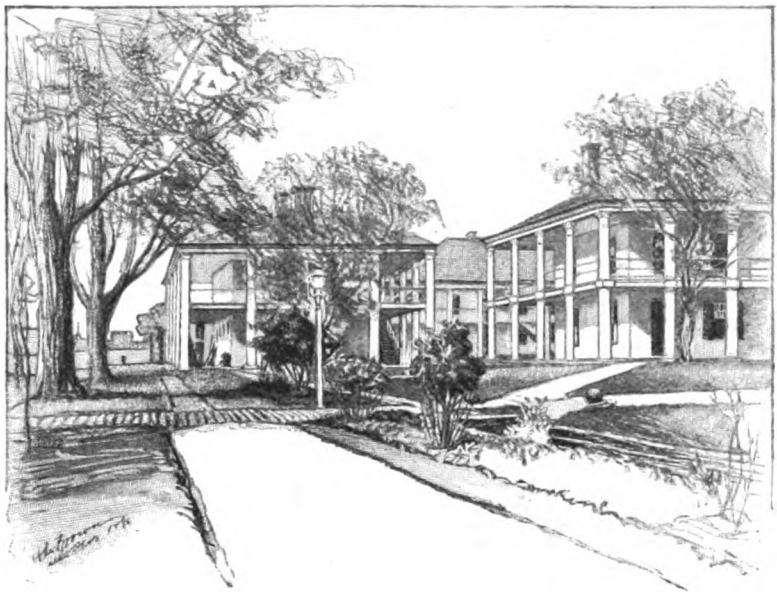

NEW ORLEANS BARRACKS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Grant spent several weeks in New Orleans Barracks on his way to Mexico, and his regiment returned there at the close of the war.

the gardens behind, and these gardens were separated from each other by walls of adobe. Worth's men, accustomed to Mexican towns, battered down the doors, and with picks and axes cut through these soft walls, and thus under cover advanced steadily from house to house. The army ate its way like some monster worm, rod by rod, until General Ampudia felt the prolongation of the struggle to be useless, and on the morning of September 24, 1846, the garrison surrendered.

"Though behaving with such gallantry," says General Longstreet, "Grant's name does not appear in the reports. In those days it was hard for a young officer to get mention unless he did something of very conspicuous bravery. After a man got to be captain or colonel a brevet was more easily obtained. They were sometimes obtained for merely looking at a battle."

The victories of "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor were already resounding through the North; the victor of Monterey and Matamoras was rapidly mounting to the position of a popular hero, and the administration determined to cripple him if possible. It was decided, at length, to discredit his line of attack, and to put General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the army, into the field in person.

Scott's plan of campaign was quite at variance with Taylor's. He had all along insisted that the City of Mexico should be attacked directly from the east, with Vera Cruz as a landing point, and thitherward he pushed his way with reënforcements. Lieutenant Grant was transferred with his regiment from General David Twiggs's division, under Taylor's command, to the division of General William Worth, under Scott. He therefore retraced the severe journey to Camargo and Matamoras, whence, by much over-loaded transports, he and his comrades were carried to Vera Cruz, where Scott was assembling his little army of invasion like Cortes of the sixteenth century.

The city of Vera Cruz, lying nearly due east of the City of Mexico, was an old town, built then, as now, of stone and adobe, in the one-storied Spanish fashion, with several superb churches, and with flat-roofed, unimposing buildings. It is a place of tropical heat and extreme humidity, yet it was and is the main port of entry for the City of Mexico.

On Lobos Island, just below the city, Scott made a landing, March 9, 1847, with no little pomp, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle," and the French, Spanish, and English looking on. The site of Vera Cruz is quite level, but back of it, in a half circle, runs a series of low sand-hills. On these hills Scott encamped and planted his siege guns. Quartermaster Grant is said

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to have unofficially supervised this siege, in pursuance of his policy to see all that went on. It was all a battle of cannon, and the infantry had little to do but swelter on the sand and fight flies and fleas. The town of Vera Cruz soon capitulated, and Scott, aware of the danger to his men of longer stay in this land of yellow fever, marched in imposing review in at the south gate and out of the north gate, and started for Jalapa, the next considerable town on the main highway to the City of Mexico. A few days later, in the strong mountain pass of Cerro Gordo, he encountered the Mexican army under Santa Anna.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT AT THE TIME OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Drawn by T. V. Chominski after a painting by Chappel.

GRANT'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO — AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

Grant has left an interesting account of the famous battle of Cerro Gordo, and of the subsequent movements of the army, in the following letter, written, like the preceding one, to John W. Lowe, of Batavia, Ohio, only fifteen days after the battle, and never before published.*

TIPLING AHUALCO, MEXICO,
*May* 3, 1847.

DEAR LOWE:

Just as the troops were leaving Vera Cruz I received a letter from my young friend Tom and yourself. Now that we will probably be stationary for four or five days, I avail myself of the opportunity of answering. I see that you have written me several letters which you have not received answers to. I always make it a point to answer all your letters and am only sorry I don't get more of them. You say you would like to hear more about the war. If you had seen as much of it as I have you would be tired of the subject. Of our success at Vera Cruz you have read everything. The strength of the town, its forts and castle, the papers are full, and they do not exaggerate. On the 13th of April the rear division of General Scott's army left Vera Cruz to ascend the mountains and drive Santa Anna from his strong position in one of the passes.

On the night of the 15th, General Worth arrived at Plana del Rio, three miles from the battle-ground. General Twiggs, with his division, had been there several days preparing for an attack. By the morning of the 17th the way was completed to go around the pass, Cerro Gordo, and make the attack in the rear as well as in the front. The difficulties to surmount made the undertaking almost equal to Bonaparte's crossing the Alps. Cerro Gordo is a long, narrow pass, the mountains towering far above the road on either side. Some five of the peaks were fortified and armed with artillery and infantry.

At the outlet of the mountain gorge a strong breastwork was thrown up, and five pieces placed in embrasure, sweeping the road so that it would have been impossible for any force in the world to have advanced. Immediately behind this is a peak of the mountains several hundred feet higher than any of the others and commanding them. It was on this height that General Twiggs made his attack. As soon as the Mexicans saw this height taken they knew the day was up with them. Santa Anna vamosed with a small part of his force, leaving about 6000 to be taken prisoners with all their arms, supplies, etc. Santa Anna's loss could not have been less than 8000 killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing. The pursuit was so close upon the retreating few that Santa Anna's carriage and mules were taken, and with them his wooden leg and some twenty or thirty thousand dollars in money.

Between the thrashing the Mexicans have got at Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo, they are so completely broken up that if we only had transportation we could go to the City of Mexico and wherever else we liked without resistance. Garrisons could be established in all the important towns, and the Mexicans prevented from ever raising another army. Santa Anna is said to be at Orizaba, at the foot of a mountain always covered with snow and of the same name. He has but a small force.

Orizaba looks from here as if you could almost

* The original letter is now in the possession of J. W. Lowe, of Chicago, a grandson of the recipient of it.

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THE BRIDGE OF THE SAINT, MONTERREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It was across this bridge that the division in which Grant was fighting charged into the centre of the town. The shrine of the saint, from which the bridge derives its name, was destroyed in the battle, but was subsequently rebuilt.

throw a stone to it, but it looked the same from Jalapa, some fifty miles back, and was even visible from Vera Cruz. Since we left the seacoast the improvement in the appearance of the people and the style of buildings has been very visible over anything I had seen in Mexico before. The road is one of the best in the world. The scenery is beautiful, and a great deal of magnificent tableland spreads out above you and below you. Jalapa is the most beautiful place that I ever saw. It is about 4000 feet above sea, and being in the Torrid Zone, they have the everlasting spring fruit and vegetables the year around. I saw there a great many handsome ladies and more well-dressed men than I had ever seen before in the Republic.

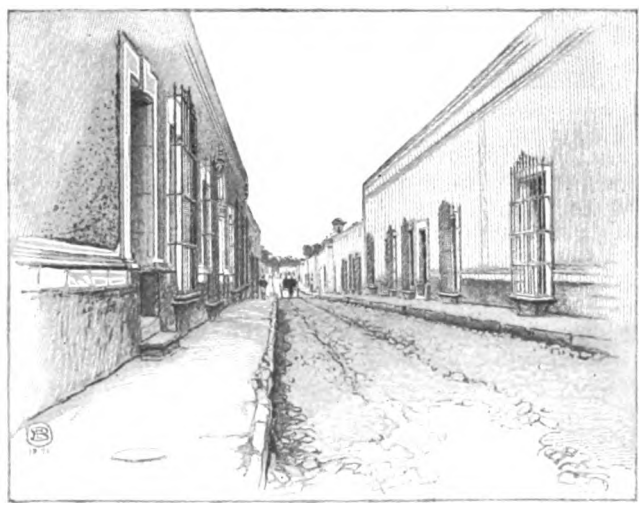
From Jalapa we marched to Perote, and walked quietly into the Strong Castle that you no doubt have read about. It is a great work. One brigade, the one I belong to, is now twenty miles in advance of Perote. Soon, no doubt, we will advance upon Puebla. I am regimental quartermaster, appointed under the new law allowing one to each regiment and giving extra allowances.

Remember me to all your family and Judge Fishback's. Tell Tom he must write to me again. I will be much pleased to receive all the letters you will write to me, and all that Tom will write too. I will write to Tom from Puebla. I suppose we will be there in a few days. If you see any of the Bethel people, please remember me to them. Tell them I am heartily tired of the wars. If you were to see me now, you would never recognize me in the world. I have a beard more than four inches long, and it is red.

Your Friend,

U. S. GRANT, 4th Infy.

The battle of Cerro Gordo, like the battle of Buena Vista on the north, opened the way to the capital. The army of victory moved steadily on toward the heart of the nation. In a letter to his parents, written in May, 1847, about the same time as the letter above, Grant furnishes a further view into his situation and employments. "We are progressing steadily," he wrote, "towards the Mexican capital. Since I last wrote you my position has been rendered more responsible and laborious. . . . But I must not talk to you all the time about the war. I shall try to give you a few descriptions of what I see in this country. It has in it many wonderful things. . . . It is very mountainous. Its hillsides are covered with tall palms whose waving leaves present a splendid appearance. They toss to and fro in the wind like plumes in a helmet, their deep green glistening in the sunshine or glittering in the moonbeams in the most beautiful way. I have been much delighted with the Mexican birds. . . . Many have a plumage that is superlatively splendid, but the display of their music does not equal that of their colors. . . .



A STREET IN MONTEREY.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It was probably through this very street that Grant made his perilous ride to order ammunition for Colonel Garland.

They beat ours in show, but do not equal them in harmony. . . . But I hear the 'taps' as I write and must be on the move. I have written this letter with my

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sword fastened on my side and my pistol within reach, not knowing but that the next moment I may be called into battle again." *

Clearly nothing was lost upon this young lieutenant wrestling with the stubborn mules of the wagon train in a most difficult country. He mused deeply upon General Scott's audacity in cutting loose from all supplies, and as quartermaster he aided the army in living off the country. He came to believe also in the manifest destiny of the American Republic.

Puebla fell into the hands of the invaders without resistance. It was a fine city,

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA, COMMANDER OF THE MEXICAN ARMY.

the finest in the country, excepting only the capital. Directly before it, and separating it from the valley and City of Mexico, is the mightiest range of mountains on the American continent. The Mexicans have a proverb, "Puebla is the first heaven, Mexico is the second." The City of Mexico lies in a wide, flat valley at an altitude of seven thousand feet above the sea. It is semi-arid and semi-tropic in character, with a rainy season which begins in July or August and lasts for several weeks. It was in August that Scott's army first looked down upon the beautiful valley with its lakes filled with water, shining like mirrors, and its green everywhere meshed with streams. It was a beautiful sight, and the army raised a cheer.

On the shore of Lake Chalco, at a little Indian village called Ayotla, Scott col-

* Balch's "Life of Grant." Grant took sufficient interest in the birds to count nearly two hundred different kinds.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.
From a daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., of New York.

lected his army and began to reconnoitre. His guides explained to him that there were eight gates to the city. Directly in front was the ancient thoroughfare between Lake Chalco and Lake Xochimilco. This was strongly fortified. The gates to the west were less strongly fortified, and Scott, after hearing the report of his engineers and guides, decided to move round the lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, and attack the city in the rear.

The Americans fell upon Valencia's forces at Contreras, a town four miles from Tlalpan, upon the morning of the twentieth of August. The assault, made in the early light, had all the appalling elements of a surprise in battle. It was a matter of not more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it took the fighting heart out of the Mexican army. Men and officers alike were appalled at the power and fierceness of these Northerners. Valencia's army broke into flight and streamed back into the city, crying as they ran: "Here come the Yankees! Here come the Yankees!"

Grant was with Colonel Garland's division, which was meanwhile confronting the Hacienda San Antonio; but when Contreras was taken, San Antonio was evacuated, and the two armies advanced on the two parallel roads which skirt the Pedregal and lead directly toward Mexico. The next stronghold, a most formidable point, was the church and convent in the little village of Churubusco, which stood on the level plain, surrounded by tilled fields marked out by ditches. In this land every cabin has the wall of a fortress,

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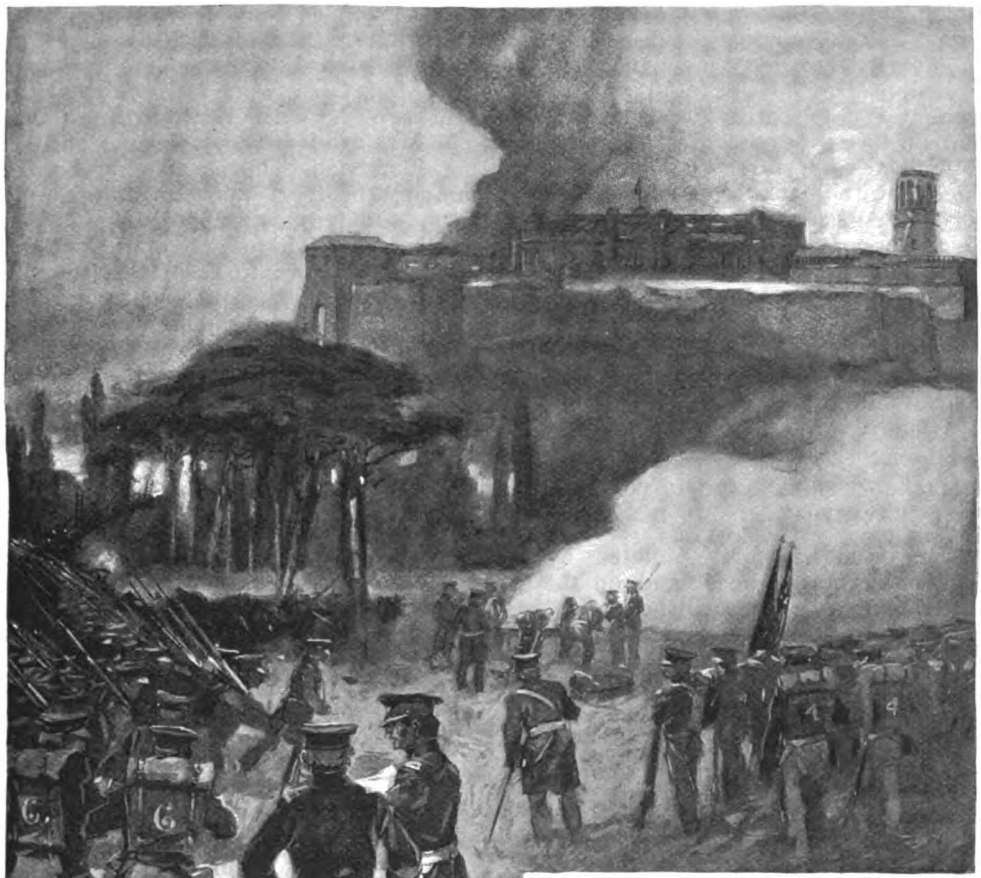

THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, SHOWING GRANT'S REGIMENT, THE FOURTH INFANTRY, IN THE FOREGROUND ON THE RIGHT.

and every church is a castle. The Churubusco convent was a low structure of almost impregnable walls, having but two entrances. It looked unassailable, but at the word the American soldiers started across the open fields, impetuous, unwavering as so many bulldogs. They went over the earthworks, silenced the cannon, raised ladders against the wall, and in an incredibly short time sent the stars and stripes like a crimson flower soaring up the flag-pole. So great was the demoralization in the ranks of the Mexicans, that the Americans could have entered the City of Mexico upon the heels of the fugitives.

There now intervened a truce, during which neither army was to strengthen its position or secure reinforcements, though Scott was allowed to procure supplies for his army. Mr. Trist, on the part of the United States, worked zealously to secure a treaty of peace. While this was going on, Scott, with Worth's division, occupied Tacubaya, a little Indian town on the edge of the high ground, and about four miles from Mexico. From near Tacubaya a low cape of rocky, wooded land extends irregularly into the flat land and ends abruptly in a high rocky knob. This knob forms a magnificent natural fortress,

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which at this time was crowned with a castle, Chapultepec, a long, low, thick-walled structure covering almost the entire top. On the sides and at the base were other fortifications, and to the west and north a fine stone aqueduct made a formidable wall, for its arches had been filled in with blocks of adobe. Back of this fortress, and also enclosed by the aqueduct, was an old mill (Molino del Rey—"the king's mill"), which was reported to Scott to be Santa Anna's cannon foundry. It was a plain, square structure, with a wide wall enclosing it. In the wall were sheds and houses. It was heavily garrisoned, and seemed to be highly valued by the enemy.

### A FELLOW-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF GRANT'S BRAVERY AT MOLINO DEL REY.

The truce had been violated by the Mexicans, Scott claimed; and on the 4th of September he declared the armistice at an end and marched upon Molino del Rey from Tacubaya. During the night of the 7th he got within striking distance, and at daylight an impetuous charge was made, and the enemy driven out of the mill.

In this battle Quartermaster Grant was, as usual, in the forefront. "You could not keep Grant out of battle," says General Longstreet. "The duties of quartermaster could not keep him out of his command." While pursuing the Mexicans, who were crowding into the mill for safety, Grant stumbled over his friend Dent, who was lying on the floor with a wound in the thigh. Just as he was stooping to examine his friend, Grant came face to face with a Mexican who was about to finish Dent. The Mexican wheeled to escape, and seeing Lieutenant Thorne standing between him and the door, was about to fire, when Grant shouted a warning. The Mexican was killed by Thorne; then all the squad rushed through into the enclosure of the mill, hot on the track of the fleeing Mexicans.* The charge had been so impetuous that those who were behind the parapets on the roof of the mill could not escape. They were treed like wildcats on the walls. Grant was with the earliest of the troops to enter the mill. "He was on staff duty that day, and was everywhere on the field of battle. Grant was always cool, swift, and unhurried in battle," General Longstreet goes on to say. "He was as unconcerned, apparently, as if it were a hail-storm instead of a storm of bullets. I had occasion to observe his superb courage under fire. So remarkable was his bravery that mention was made of it in the official reports, and I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire.'"

Four days later volunteers were called for to make an attack upon Chapultepec. It seemed a desperate undertaking, but so confident had the Americans become that two volunteer columns of 250 men each were made up instantly. They were led

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

AQUEDUCT VERONICA, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It was from arch to arch of this aqueduct that Grant, with a small band of soldiers, fought his way to the San Cosme gate, and finally into the city.

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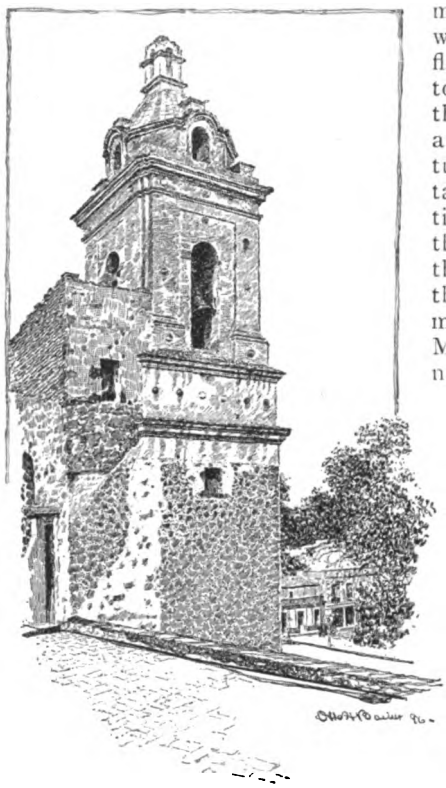
by Captain Silas Casey and Captain Samuel McKenzie. One division dug through the filled-up arches of the aqueduct on the north, and assaulted that way. The other went up the south side, over defences, earthworks, and ditches, and scaled the walls in the very shadow of the thunderous cannon; and the citizens of Mexico, now completely disheartened, saw the gay flag of the Americans flame over their last fortress. Pell-mell down the aqueduct leading to the Belen gate, and along the aqueduct Veronica, leading toward Tlaxpanna, the Mexicans retreated. General Quitman commanded the column moving toward Belen, and General Worth directed the advance toward Tlaxpanna and San Cosme. Grant was in the latter command, and from arch to arch of the aqueduct he scudded with his companions. They met with little serious resistance till they came within gunshot of Tlaxpanna, where the aqueduct turns at right angles toward the city through the San Cosme gate. Grant's impetuous but cool and determined advance kept him with the hardiest of the private soldiers, and there was but a squad of privates and few commissioned officers with him when the cannon of Tlaxpanna were reached.



THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN COSME, WHENCE GRANT TRAINED THE HOWITZER ON THE MEXICANS.

From a photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

### GRANT'S FINE WORK AT THE GATES OF MEXICO.

As usual the flat roofs of the houses were manned and fortified. While waiting for reinforcements, Grant did a little reconnoitring on his own account, and finding a way to the San Cosme road in the rear of the men serving the cannon, he led a small force there, and drove the enemy from his position to a second defence about half way to the Garita de San Cosme. At a later hour in the day he reconnoitred on the south side of the San Cosme road, and came to the conclusion that he could use a small howitzer to good effect from the steeple of the church of San Cosme, which stood about three hundred yards outside the Garita de San Cosme.

This church had at its eastern end and front a bell-tower of moderate proportions, with a very narrow flight of steps leading to it. Up these steps the resourceful lieutenant and his squad tugged a small mountain howitzer, and putting it together beneath the bells, began to shell the houses just inside the gates, to the amazement and scandal of the Mexicans, who seemed not to understand that they might easily sally out and capture this audacious Yankee. This bold and ingenious exploit was seen by General Worth, and he sent Lieutenant Pemberton to bring the quartermaster to him.

"This is mighty fine work, sir; every shot tells. I'll send you another gun."

Grant saluted, "Thank you, General," and took the additional gun. He knew, however, that there was not room for it in the belfry; but he also knew that a lieutenant must not by any chance know more than a general.

One day, after Scott's final entry into the City of Mexico, a squad of American soldiers, in passing a church, were assailed from the roof. They rushed into a shop near by, and asked for chisels and axes with which to hew down the door. The owner of the store, a sturdy Englishman, Peter Green, said: "I am a resident here. I can't *give* you the tools, but I can't help your *taking* them." So they "took" the tools and soon captured their assailants.

This Peter Green and his wife became

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friends of Quartermaster Grant, and during the following months he was a constant visitor at their house. They lived in San Francisco Street, and Grant was for a time quartered in the San Francisco church and convent opposite. He found in them and their household a fine, wholesome family, somewhat like his own people in Ohio. The daughter Sarah remembers him well, though she was but a child. "We thought the world of him," she said, "he was so good-natured and full of his jokes. He wore a long beard then, which seemed out of place on such a boy. I suppose he wanted to look old. He was a daily visitor at our house, and my people talked of him a great deal. John C. Hill used to come to see us too —he that was educated by Santa Anna."

Grant is also well remembered by Mr. Hill, now Dr. Hill, who recalls him as a boyish fellow fond of jokes and frolic, but one who laughed little himself. "He was of most excellent habits," adds Dr. Hill; "a good soldier and a good man. He was an active, sturdy little fellow, much liked by all his companions."

Grant proved himself in Mexico not only bold and faithful, but ingenious and full of resources. While quartered at Tacubaya, for example, he rented a bakery and operated it for the benefit of the regiment. "In two months I made more money for the regimental funds than my pay amounted to during the entire war," he says. "While stationed at Monterey I had relieved the post in the very same way."

In May, 1848, the evacuation of Mexico was ordered, Mexico having conceded all the demands of the United States. Grant was eager to return, for he felt free now to marry the faithful little woman in far-off St. Louis. He had distinguished himself by brave deeds and sagacious plans well carried out. He had been twice promoted for gallantry, and he was returning to his bride-elect a brevet captain. Considering the large number of officers and the small number of men, his record was a distinguished one. For a young man who had no love of guns, or trainings, or Fourth of July anvils, to win honorable mention and two brevets for gallant conduct was genuine achievement.* He was not afraid of bullets, and no noise or hurly-burly could confuse him. Of his bravery, his activity, and his discretion there can be no question.

*General Worth made his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant for distinguished services."

From a military point of view these years of active service in Mexico were of incalculable value to Grant. They formed his post-graduate course; they made all the theories of his instruction at West Point realities. Jomini and Mahan on "Fortifications" and Benton on "Gunnery" were solved in practice. He saw two really great commanders work out military manœuvres of great brilliancy. He saw General Scott cut loose from his base of supplies and subsist on the country. He saw him parole prisoners as the cheapest and best way to be rid of them. He saw General Taylor flank the enemy at Monterey, and watched him under fire, cool, unhurried. He observed Scott coöperating with gunboats and directing artillery. From Taylor he learned simplicity in army regulation; from Scott, rigorous discipline. As quartermaster he acquired ideas upon feeding and clothing an army; he wrestled hand to hand with the difficulties of transportation. He perceived the difference between disciplined troops moving under one man's direction and many troops operating on lines not converging to a common purpose. And all these things sank deep into his impressionable mind. He was perhaps not conscious of it at the time, but, as one of his fellow-officers said, "all along he was massing facts in the storehouse of his great memory."

There is another service that the Mexican War rendered Grant. It brought him in contact with a number of young officers whom it was afterwards of the greatest value to him to have known under such conditions. Jefferson Davis was there, and Robert E. Lee, both serving with great distinction. There were also Joseph E. Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Thomas Holmes, Paul O. Hebert, John C. Pemberton, Simon B. Buckner, and James Longstreet, the latter a particularly gallant and powerful young soldier. Grant met these officers as equals, not as war-gods. He came to know their mental habits and their personal ideas of warfare; and such things he never forgot. He had a marvellous capacity for remembering men and their words and deeds. He also had the capability of being profoundly instructed by small things. Thus the importance of the Mexican War to him cannot be over-estimated. Its influence reached far. He had gone into it from the quiet routine of West Point and Jefferson Barracks, at an age when the poetic side of his nature was uppermost. He was but twenty-six years of age when the war closed.

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DECORATIVE PANEL. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES CHAPLIN.

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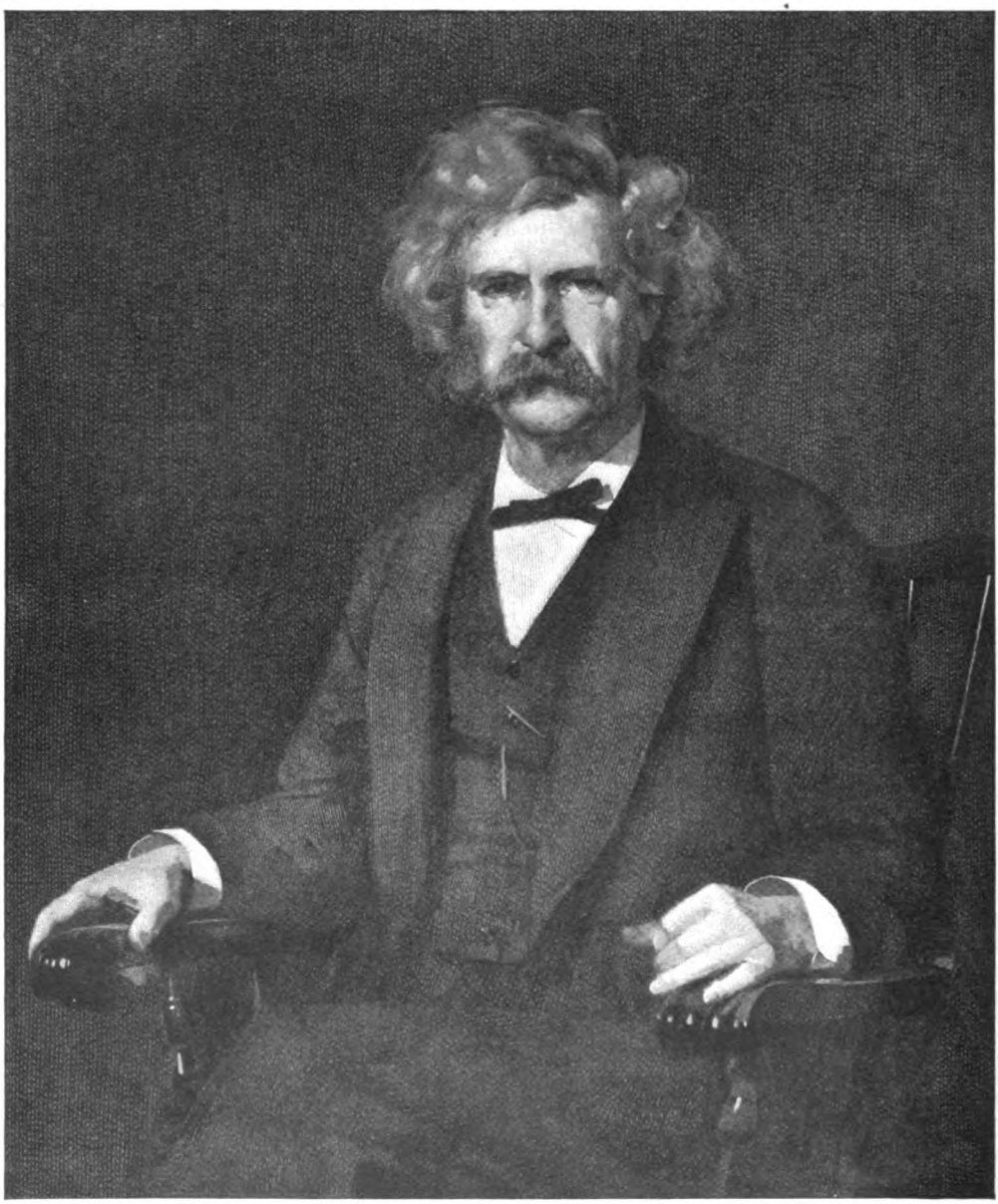

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN"). FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES NOËL FLAGG; NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

The original portrait, now first reproduced, hangs in Mr. Clemens's house at Hartford, Connecticut. It was painted for Mrs. Clemens by Mr. Flagg in 1891, when Mr. Clemens was fifty-five years old. It is reproduced here by the special permission of the artist.

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# McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1897. No. 5.


## TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

### A POSSIBILITY OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.

By H. J. W. Dam.

I.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ETHER.—AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. BOSE.

A YEAR has elapsed since Röntgen gave us the new photography. To-day, on the same general lines, we are confronted with something more wonderful, more important, and more revolutionary still—the new telegraphy. Two gentlemen have come to London at the same time from different countries to tell the same story, namely, that telegraphy needs no wires, and that through walls, through houses, through towns, through mountains, and, it may possibly happen, even through the earth, we can send dispatches to any distance with no other apparatus than a sender and a receiver, the communication taking place by means of electric waves in the ether.

The English language uses the word "ether" in two totally different senses. The first is as the name of a colorless liquid, easily vaporized, the vapor of which is used to allay pain. This liquid has nothing whatever to do with the present subject, and should be put entirely out of the mind. The second use of the word is as the name of a substance colorless, unseen, and unknown, we will say—except in a theoretical sense—which is supposed to fill all space. The original conception of this substance is as old as Plato's time. Newton, Descartes, all the beacon lights of science through the ages, have assumed its existence, and all modern physical students accept it. The ether theory of the formation of worlds must be familiar to many. In fact, up to twenty years ago, as the men of to-day who were then in college will remember, the word "ether" was a familiar name, a harmless necessary conception, a great convenience in bridging a tremendous void in science which nobody knew anything about or ever would know anything about, so far as could then be seen.

But the electrical advance in the last twenty years has been most extraordinary. Invention and experiment have daily, if not hourly, thrown open new doors in the electrical wing of the temple of truth. And now, at the close of the nineteenth century, the great mass of new facts concerning light, electricity, inaudible sound, invisible light, and the Lenard and Röntgen rays; the eager inquiry, based upon new discoveries, into the properties of living matter, crystallization, the transference of thought, and the endeavor to establish scientifically the truth of certain great religious concepts—all the special sciences thus represented, marching abreast of one another along the old Roman road of science, which leads no one knows whither, have come upon a great high wall blocking the way completely in all directions. It is an obstacle which must be conquered in whole or in part before science can go any farther. And upon the wall, as upon the wall in the palace of Babylon, is a strange and as yet unintelligible inscription—the mysterious word "ether." What new and great dis-

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coveries lie beyond this wall, no one knows; but more than one high authority believes that these discoveries will startle the twentieth century more greatly than the nineteenth has been startled.

To suggest, in the crudest possible fashion, how ether is at present regarded by scientists, let the reader imagine that the whole universe, to the uttermost stars, is a solid mass of colorless jelly; that in this colorless jelly the stars, solar systems, and space-worlds are embedded, like cherries in a mould of fruit jelly for the table; that this jelly, though it is at present believed to have density and rigidity, is so inconceivably thin that it soaks completely through all the cherries and through everything upon them; that the minute atoms composing the cherries are so large when compared with the thinness of the jelly that each atom is surrounded by the jelly just as the whole cherry is surrounded; that the jelly is continuous, without a point in the whole universe at which there is a single break in its continuity; that, consequently, if we tap the glass containing the jelly on the table a quiver will run through the jelly completely: the cherries will not quiver, but the quiver will run through them, the jelly which has soaked into them carrying the quiver through them as easily as through the spaces between the cherries; that, in short, this jelly or ether is a universal substance so thin that it permeates everything in space and on earth—glass, stone, metal, wood, flesh, water, and so on—and that only by its quivering, only by the waves in it which light rays, electric rays, and Röntgen rays excite, are these rays enabled to travel and produce their various results. Light enables us to see. But all the light which comes to us from any object and enables us to see that object comes by means of waves in the ether. These light waves pass through glass; that is, the wave continues right through the glass in the ether which lies between the particles of glass. From causes yet undefined, the ether carries light rays through certain substances, but will not carry Röntgen rays through those substances. Röntgen rays, on the other hand, are carried through substances which stop light. Electric rays, or electric rays of a low rate of vibration, differ in some respects from both light and Röntgen rays in the substances which they can traverse. Electric rays of high oscillation show other differences still. Other classes of rays or waves which remain to be discovered, and which will also have different properties, will doubtless be found to receive different treatment from the ether, the sum and substance of the whole matter being that the comparatively new research for new rays has now concentrated the whole scientific world's attention on the ether, its different treatment of different rays affording to-day a means of studying it that has never been enjoyed before.

DR. JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE.

The density of the ether has been calculated from the energy with which the light from the sun strikes the earth. As there are twenty-seven ciphers after the decimal point before the figures begin, its density is of course less than anything we can imagine. From its density its rigidity has been calculated, and is also inconceivably small. Nevertheless, with this small rigidity and density it is held to be an actual substance, and is believed to be incompressible, for the reason that otherwise it would not transmit waves in the way it does. As it is believed to fill all the interplanetary space, many profound and searching experiments have been made to determine whether, as the earth moves in its orbit through space at the rate of nineteen miles per second, it passes through the ether as a ship goes through the water, pressing the ether aside, or whether the ether flows through the earth as water flows through a sieve forced against it. Through the elusive character of the substance none of these experiments have as yet produced any very satisfactory results.

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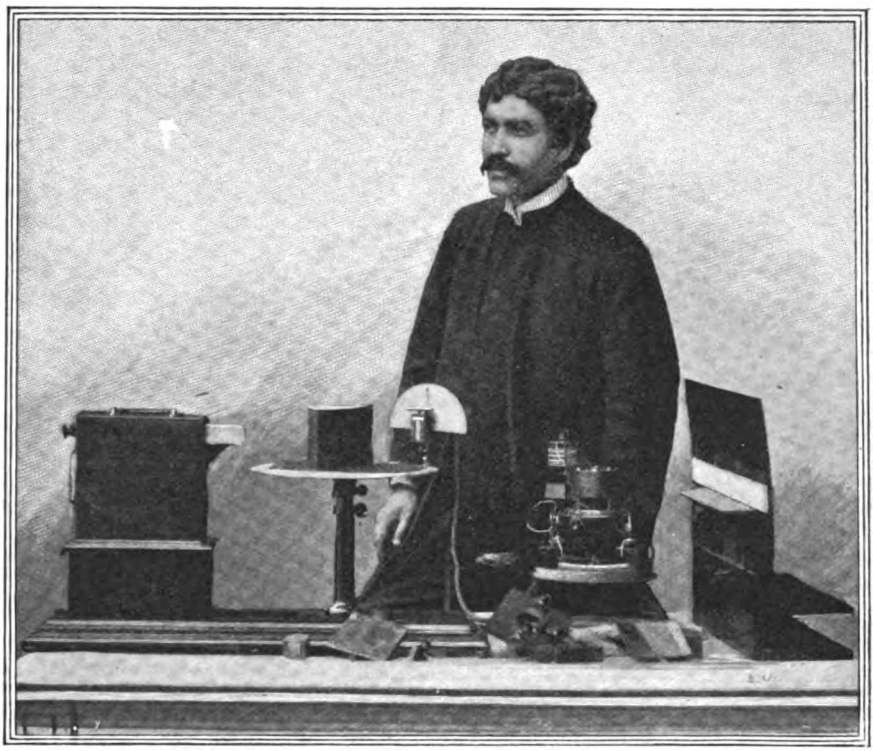

DR. BOSE AND HIS NEW APPARATUS FOR THE STUDY OF ELECTRIC RADIATION.

It has been found, however, that the ether enclosed in solid bodies is much less free in transmitting waves than the ether in the air. Thus glass, alone, transmits light waves at the rate of about three miles per second. The ether in the glass transmits them at a rate 40,000 times greater, or about 120,000 miles per second, while the ether in the air transmits them at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. The reason why the ether in the glass and other solids transmits more slowly than that outside is a mystery at present; but, as said before, this is one of a mass of gathered facts which have now placed science in a position from which it is possible to attack the mystery of the ether.

Electric waves were discovered by an American, Joseph Henry, in Washington, D. C., in the year 1842. He did not use the phrase "electric waves"; but he discovered that when he threw an electric spark an inch long on a wire circuit in a room at the top of his house, electrical action was instantly set up in another wire circuit in his cellar. There was no visible means of communication between the two circuits, and after studying the matter he saw and announced that the electric spark set up some kind of an action in the ether, which passed through two floors and ceilings each fourteen inches thick, and caused induction—set up what is called an induced current—in the wires in the cellar. This fact of induction is now one of the simplest and most commonplace phenomena in the work of electricians. Edison has already used it in telegraphing to a flying train. Hertz, the great German investigator, developed the study of these waves, and announced that they penetrated wood and brick but not metal. Strange to say, however, considering the number of brilliant electricians in the more western countries to-day, and the enormous amount of interest in and experimental investigation of electrical phenomena therein, it has been left to a young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, to frame the largest conception of what might be done with electric waves and to invent instruments for doing it. Marconi's story will be told with the utmost simplicity and care. But it sounds like a fairy tale, and if it had not for a background four grave and eager committees representing the British Army, the British Navy, the British Post-Office, and the British Lighthouse Service, which are now investigating it, it might well be doubted.

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Before introducing Marconi, however, the attention of the reader is called, for several good reasons, to his immediate predecessor in London, Dr. Jagadis Chunder Bose. Dr. Bose is a Hindoo, and is at present the Professor of Physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta. He is a graduate of Cambridge, with the degree of Master of Arts, and has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Science by the University of London, as a recognition of certain inventions regarding electric waves which have won him the highest praise in the Royal Society, the British Association, and elsewhere. It should be said at once that Dr. Bose has no interest in the new telegraphy. Though he has been named as its discoverer, he has done little more in it than was announced by Hertz in 1888. He has done great work in his own field, but it is that kind of detail work which is only understood and appreciated by other investigators, and in the matter of telegraphy his statements are here given largely as a preparation for and corroboration of those of Marconi.

Dr. Bose, as he sits in the drawing-room of his temporary London home in Maida Vale, is a man of medium height, thirty-six years old. His father was a distinguished scholar and mathematician. His manner is modest and very reserved. He dislikes publicity in the extreme. To be interviewed for publication, and to have his delicate, complex, and ultra-technical work described in the non-technical language of a popular magazine is something from which he shrinks visibly. Consequently, though he submits to the ordeal of an interview, he disclaims all responsibility for the statements made in it and the language in which these statements are expressed. If any man of science, therefore, reads this article, it is understood that he is to base no opinion or criticism upon it; but if he is interested in Dr. Bose's work, he is requested to refer to the Journal of the Royal Society for December, 1895, and June, 1896, and the Journal of the British Association meeting of this year. The ethereal waves of courtesy between speaker and writer having vibrated to the conclusion of this happy understanding, Dr. Bose says:

"My special work for the last three years has been the study of electric radiation; more particularly the comparatively slow electric waves, varying between about one-quarter and about one-half an inch in length. My results were represented in the complete apparatus which I had the honor of describing before the British Association, an apparatus for the verification of the laws of reflection, refraction, selective absorption, interference, double refraction, and polarization of these waves. I also contributed a paper to the Royal Society in December, 1895, on the determination of the indices of refraction of various substances for the electric ray, and another in June of this year [1896] on the determination of the wave length of electric radiation by means of a diffraction grating. These have been duly reported and discussed in the scientific journals, and I fear would not be appreciated or understood outside of their circle."

This is too evident a fact to be disputed, and the conversation is turned to the wave-telegraphing in Calcutta.

"That," said Dr. Bose, "was simply an incident in the course of a popular lecture, an illustration of the ability of electric rays to penetrate wood and brick. My radiator was a small platinum ball between two small platinum beads, connected with a two-volt storage battery. By pressing a key the ball was made to spark and start an electric wave which progressed outward through the ether in the air. Popularly speaking, an electric wave in the ether, though it moves in all directions, progresses outward like a wave produced by dropping a stone in a pond. The water wave can be seen. An electric wave is, of course, invisible. Supposing a cork on the surface of the pond at any distance from the place where the stone was dropped, the cork, when the wave reaches it, will bob up and down. Now, though we cannot see the electric wave, we can devise an arrangement which indicates the presence of the wave as the cork does. This mechanical arrangement detects and records the passage of the wave.

"This is the whole idea simply expressed; an electric radiator and a receiver for the waves. My receiver was in a room seventy-five feet distant from the radiator, with three walls of brick and mortar, eighteen inches thick, between them. The electric wave thus induced penetrated the walls and traversed this distance with sufficient energy, when it was converted, to fire a pistol and ring a bell, these being the simplest and best evidences of its reception that I could devise."

"Do you mean to say that the wave, outgoing in all directions, had this effect when a very small part of it reached the receiver?"

"No. A large portion of it was concen-

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SIGNOR MARCONI AND HIS EARLIER APPARATUS FOR TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

From a photograph taken by Russell & Sons, London, expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

trated, as rays of light are concentrated, by a lens placed close to the radiator. This received a large portion of the wave and bent all the rays which fell upon it into parallel lines, thus making a beam proceeding outward in a straight line through the walls to the receiver. I have made and used various concentrating lenses, the best materials being sulphur, ebonite, and pitch."

"Instead of ringing a bell or firing a pistol, could a telegraph message have been sent with it and received through the walls?"

"Certainly; there would be no difficulty about that."

"What is the law describing the intensity or power of the wave at any given distance?"

"Exactly the same as the law of light. Generally speaking, these electric waves act like rays of light."

"Do you mean to say, then, that you could telegraph in this way through houses as far as you could send a beam of light, say with a search-light?"

"I would not like to say it in these terms, but, generally speaking, such is the fact."

"How far could this ether dispatch, so to speak, be sent?"

"Indefinitely. That depends on the exciting energy. At Salisbury Plain, I am told, electric rays were sent with a parabolic reflector a quarter of a mile through the ether in the air, and then reproduced as Morse signals by a relay."

"But in telegraphing through houses—across a block of houses, for instance—supposing the lens and reflector properly aimed at the receiver, what would stop the rays?"

"Metal stops the waves I have been working with. Also water. They will penetrate wood, brick, glass, granite, rock, earth, and retain their properties."

"How far have they been successfully sent?"

"Through the air? I believe a mile. Through three walls? A distance of seventy-five feet, so far as I know."

"What is their relation with the Röntgen rays?"

This brought up the whole question of the differences in rays. Without committing Dr. Bose to exact language it may be said that the rays with which he is working are of comparatively slow vibrations, representing about fifty billion oscillations per second. Those ether vibrations which lie between 200 trillions and 400 trillions of vibrations in a second are heat rays, producing the sensation of warmth. Above 400 trillions and as far as 800 trillions per second the vibrations are light rays, producing the sensation of light. According to their rapidity, these light rays produce a gradation of colors. The lowest num-

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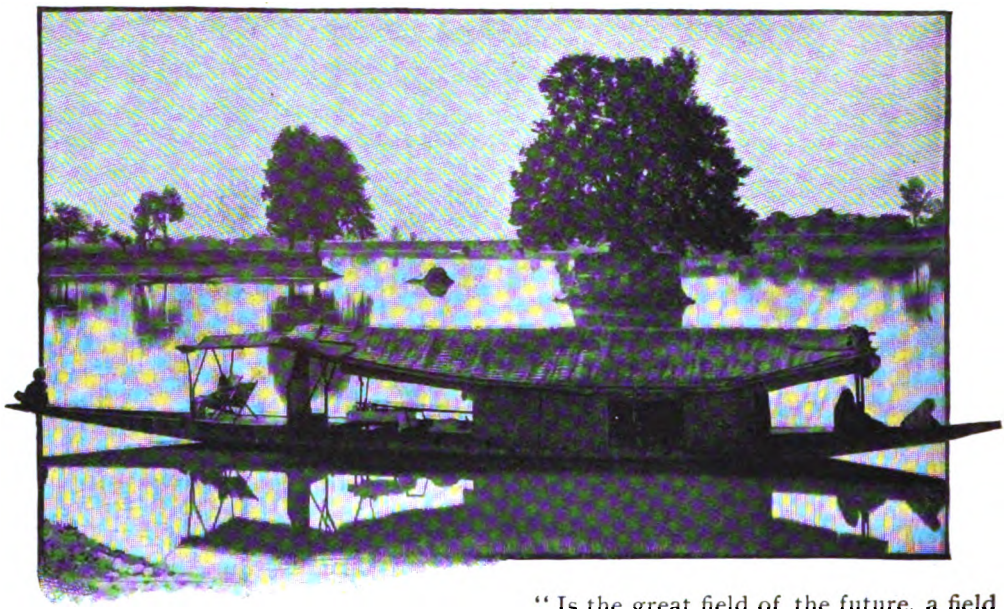

DR. BOSE'S HOUSEBOAT.

bers of light vibrations give our eyes the sensation of red, and the scale mounts through the yellows, greens, and blues, to the violets. When the number of vibrations passes 800 trillions per second they become invisible. The human eye is limited in its perceptive power to vibrations between 400 trillions and 800 trillions. Below and above these numbers lie the regions of what are called "invisible light rays." The same is true of the ear. Sound is conducted by air vibrations. When these vibrations are below sixteen per second or above 32,000 per second, they make no impression on our ear drums and our consciousness. These are the so-called regions of "inaudible sound."

"I think the Röntgen rays," said the doctor, "lie above 800 trillions of vibrations per second."

"And what other unknown forces also lie in that upper region?"

"That remains for the future to develop. It is impossible to forecast what new facts the study of the ether is destined to give us. It is a tremendous field, from which we may expect new facts and new forces."

"New forces?"

"That is merely a phrase. Force is a confusing word. Say new forms of energy, enabling us to accomplish results now impossible—results now unthought of and unthinkable."

"Then the ether—"

"Is the great field of the future, a field whose products no one can imagine or attempt to conceive."

"Have you ever considered thought impulses generated by the brain, with reference to their radiation and reception by other brains, over small or great distances?"

"I have."

"What is your opinion with reference to thought transference?"

"I must decline to express it. There is no experimental basis upon which to make a satisfactory statement."

Dr. Bose would say no more for publication. Opinions and convictions as to the unexplored regions of physical phenomena are the luxury of every scientific thinker, but he does not express them except under the seal of confidence. It was a delight, however, to hear this wise man of the East, thinking and speaking the language of exact science, discuss the region of the occult. That Theosophy and Christian Science will shortly hug the ether to their breasts as the undoubted vehicle of their claimed marvels is entirely certain. The present difficulty with regard to thought phenomena is that the human body is not a machine and cannot be used in an exact way to exact ends in experiments. That some one ingenious enough to accomplish this will ultimately appear is highly probable, however, and that the silent influence of brain on brain will in time be measured under mathematical conditions is as reasonable to expect as it would be rash to deny.

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## II.

THE NEW TELEGRAPHY.—INTERVIEW WITH SIGNOR MARCONI.

Guglielmo Marconi, whose name will doubtless be often heard in the years which lie before us, is a young Anglo-Italian. He was born in Bologna, Italy, and will be twenty-two years old next April. His father is an Italian gentleman of independent means, and his mother is an English lady connected with several well-known English families. He is a tall, slender young man, who looks at least thirty, and has a calm, serious manner and a grave precision of speech, which further give the idea of many more years than are his. He is completely modest, makes no claims whatever as a scientist, and simply says that he has observed certain facts and invented instruments to meet them. Both the facts and the instruments are new, and the attention they are at present exciting is extraordinary.

This attention is largely due to the enterprise and shrewdness of Mr. W. H. Preece, the able chief of the electrical department of the British postal system. Marconi's invention is a year old, but he could obtain no satisfactory recognition of it in his own country. Mr. Preece, however, had for a long time been at work upon the problem of telegraphing through the air where wires were not available. Last year the cable broke between the mainland and the island of Mull. By setting up lines of wire opposite each other on the two coasts, he was enabled to telegraph by induction quite successfully over the water and through the air, the distance being four miles and a half. He sent and received in this way 156 messages, one of them being 120 words in length. Ordinary Morse signals were used, the dispatches being carried by the ether in the air. In a late lecture at Toynbee Hall, Mr. Preece admitted that Marconi's system, which is electro-static, far surpassed his own, which is electro-magnetic. He expressed the fullest faith in Marconi, describing his inventions as new and beautiful, scientifically speaking, and added that he (Mr. Preece) had been instructed by the postal department to spare no expense in testing them to the fullest degree. It will be understood, therefore, that it is due to Mr. Preece that Marconi has received the fullest recognition in England and that engineers from four different departments of the English government are now supervising his work.

Marconi was educated at Leghorn, Florence, and Bologna, and has more recently been following his special study at his home in the last named city. He speaks English perfectly, and said, in his London home, in Westbourne Park: "For ten years past I have been an ardent amateur student of electricity, and for two years or more have been working with electric waves on my father's estate at Bologna. I was using the Hertz waves from an apparatus which you may photograph, a modified form of the apparatus for exciting electric waves as used by Hertz. My work consisted mainly in endeavoring to determine how far these waves would travel in the air for signalling purposes. In September of last year, working a variation of my own of this apparatus, I made a discovery."

"What was the discovery?"

"I was sending waves through the air and getting signals at distances of a mile, or thereabouts, when I discovered that the wave which went to my receiver through the air was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of the hill. In other words, the waves were going through or over the hill."

"Do you believe that the waves were going through the hill?"

"That is my present belief, but I do not wish to state it as a fact. I am not certain. The waves either went through the hill or over it. It is my belief, based on many later experiments, that they went through."

"And what was the thickness of the hill?"

"Three-quarters of a mile."

"And you could send a dispatch with Morse signals through this hill or over it to some one on the other side?"

"With ease."

"What followed?"

"What followed was the conception and completion of my special invention, the instruments I have been using at Salisbury Plain in the presence of the Royal engineers. I find that while Hertz waves have but a very limited penetrative power, another kind of waves can be excited with the same amount of energy, which waves, I am forced to believe, will penetrate anything and everything."

"What is the difference between these and the Hertz waves?"

"I don't know. I am not a scientist, but I doubt if any scientist can yet tell.

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I have a vague idea that the difference lies in the form of the wave. I could tell you a little more clearly if I could give you the details of my transmitter and receiver. These are now being patented, however, and I cannot say anything about them."

"How high an alternation were you using?"

"About 250,000,000 waves per second."

"Do these waves go farther in air than Hertz waves?"

"No. Their range is the same. The difference is in penetration. Hertz waves are stopped by metal and by water. These others appear to penetrate all substances with equal ease. Please remember that the amount of exciting energy is the same. The difference is in the way they are excited. My receiver will not work with the Hertz transmitter, and my transmitter will not work with the Hertz receiver. It is a new apparatus entirely. Of course the waves have an analogy with the Hertz waves and are excited in the same general way. But their power is entirely different. When I am at liberty to lay my apparatus and the phenomena I have observed before the scientists, there may be some explanation, but I have been unable to find any as yet."

"How far have you sent a telegraphic dispatch on the air?"

"A mile and three-quarters. We got results at two miles, but they were not entirely satisfactory. This was at Salisbury Plain, across a shallow valley between low hills."

"What battery were you using?"

"An eight-volt battery of three amperes, four accumulators in a box."

"Did you use a reflector?"

"Yes. It was a roughly-made, copper parabolic reflector with a mistake of an inch in the curve. I shall not use one in future, however. A reflector is of no value."

"Nor a lens?"

"Nor a lens."

"Why not?"

"Because the waves I speak of penetrate everything and are not reflected or refracted."

After Professor Röntgen's distances of a few yards and limitations as to substances this was rather stunning. Marconi, however, was entirely serious and visibly in earnest in his statement.

"How far have you verified this belief?"

"Not very far, but far enough, I think, to justify the statement. Using the same battery and my transmitter and receiver we sent and received the waves, at the General Post-Office building, through seven or eight walls, over a distance of one hundred yards."

"How thick were the walls?"

"I can't say. You know the building, however. It is very solidly constructed."

"And you sent an ordinary telegraphic dispatch by those signals?"

"No. We did not do that, though we could have done so. We were working with agreed signals, and we obtained the taps which we sought and repeated them till there was no room for doubt."

"Do you think that sitting in this room you could send a dispatch across London to the General Post-Office?"

"With instruments of the proper size and power, I have no doubt about it."

"Through all the houses?"

"Yes."

We were in a drawing-room in Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, a distance of about four and one-half miles from the General Post-Office.

"And how far do you think a dispatch could thus be sent?"

"Twenty miles."

"Why do you limit it to twenty miles?"

"I am speaking within practical limits, and thinking of the transmitter and receiver as thus far calculated. The distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds."

"What is the law of the intensity at a given distance?"

"The same as the law of light, inversely as the square of the distance."

This means that whatever the energy with which the waves are sent out, their power at, say twenty feet, when compared with their power at ten feet would be in the proportion of 10 × 10 to 20 × 20, or one-fourth, in this special instance.

"Do you think they are waves of invisible light?"

"No; in some respects their action is very different."

"Then you think these waves may possibly be used for electric lighthouses when fog prevents the passage of light?"

"I think they will ultimately be so used. A constant source of electrical waves, instead of a constant source of light waves, and a receiver on the vessel would indicate the presence of the lighthouse and also its direction."

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"But would not the fog interfere with the passage of the waves?"

"Not at all."

"Nor metal?"

"Nothing affects them. My experience of these waves leads me to believe that they will go through an ironclad."

"Concerning the size of the apparatus, how large is it?"

"The transmitter and receiver we have been using at Salisbury Plain and at the post-office are each about"—he held up his hands to indicate the dimensions—"say fifteen inches by ten by eight. Small ones, effective enough for ordinary purposes, can be made of half that size."

"What are you working on at present?"

"Mr. Preece and I are working at Penarth, in Wales, to establish regular communication through the air from the shore to a light-ship. This will be the first direction in which my apparatus is utilized—communication with the light-ships. The light-ships lie off this coast at any distance from half a mile to twenty miles or more."

"What length of waves have you used?"

"I have tried various lengths, from thirty meters down to ten inches."

"Why would not these waves be useful in preventing the collision of ships in a fog?"

"I think they will be made use of for that purpose. Ships can be fitted with the apparatus to indicate the presence of another ship so fitted, within any desired distance. As soon as two approach within that distance the alarms will ring on each ship, and the direction of each to the other will be indicated by an index."

"Do you limit the distance over which these waves can be sent?"

"I have no reason to do so. The peculiarity of electric waves, which was noted, I believe, by Hertz, is the distance they travel when excited by only a small amount of energy."

"Then why could you not send a dispatch from here to New York, for instance?"

"I do not say that it could not be done. Please remember, however, that it is a new field, and the discussion of possibilities which may fairly be called probabilities omits obstacles and difficulties which may develop in practical working. I do not wish to be recorded as saying that anything can actually be done beyond what I have already been able to do. With regard to future developments I am only saying what may ultimately happen; what, so far as I can now see, does not present any visible impossibilities."

"How large a station would be necessary, assuming the practicability, to send a message from here to New York?"

"A station the size of this room in square area. I don't say how high." The room was twenty feet square.

"What power?"

"Fifty or sixty horse-power would, I think, suffice."

"What would be the cost of the two stations completed?"

"Under £10,000, I think."

"Would the waves go through the ether in the air or through the earth?"

"I cannot say with certainty. I only believe they would go that distance and be recorded."

"You say that no lens or reflector is of value. Then the waves would go outward in all directions to all places at the same distance as New York?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that no means will ever be found to stop this progress in all directions and concentrate it in one direction?"

"On the contrary, I think that invention will give us that."

"Do you see any way of accomplishing this?"

"No, not as yet."

"In what other directions do you expect your invention to be first utilized?"

"The first may be for military purposes, in place of the present field telegraph system. There is no reason why the commander of an army should not be able to easily communicate telegraphically with his subordinate officers without wires over any distances up to twenty miles. If my countrymen had had my instruments at Massowah, the reinforcements could easily have been summoned in time."

"Would the apparatus be bulky?"

"Not at all. A small sender and receiver would suffice."

"Then why would it not be equally useful for the admiral of a fleet in communicating with his various ships?"

"It would," said Marconi, with some hesitation.

"Is there any difficulty about that?"

"Yes," said he, very frankly, but in a way which set the writer to wondering. "I do not know that it is a difficulty yet, but it appears to be."

The writer pondered the matter for a moment. Then he asked: "Do you remember Hertz's experiment of exploding gunpowder by electric waves?"

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"Yes."

"Could you not do the same from this room with a box of gunpowder placed across the street in that house yonder?"

"Yes. If I could put two wires or two plates in the powder, I could set up an induced current which would cause a spark and explode it."

"Then if you threw electric waves upon an ironclad, and there happened to be two nails or wires or plates in the powder magazine which were in a position to set up induction, you could explode the magazine and destroy the ship?"

"Yes."

"And the electric lighthouses we are speaking of might possibly explode the magazines of ironclads as far as light from a lighthouse could be seen?"

"That is certainly a possibility. It would depend on the amount of the exciting energy."

"And the difficulty about using your instruments for fleet purposes—"

"The fear has been expressed that in using the instruments on an ironclad the waves might explode the magazine of the ship itself."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this statement was simply astounding. It is so much of a possibility that electric rays can explode the magazine of an ironclad, that the fact has already been recognized by the English Royal engineers. Of all the coast defences ever dreamed of, the idea of exploding ironclads by electric waves from the shore over distances equal to modern cannon ranges is certainly the most terrible possibility yet conceived.

Such are the astonishing statements and views of Marconi. What their effect will be remains to be seen. In the United States alone, considering the many able experimenters and their admirable and original equipments, like Tesla's dynamos, the imagination abandons as a hopeless task the attempt to conceive what—in the use of electric waves—the immediate future holds in store. The air is full of promises, of miracles. The certainty is that strange things are coming, and coming soon.

Because, underlying the possibilities of the known electric waves and of new kinds of electric waves, which seem to be numerous and various—underlying these is still the mystery of the ether. Here is a field which offers to those college students of to-day who have already felt the fascination of scientific research, a life work of magical and magnificent possibilities, a virgin, unexplored diamond field of limitless wealth in knowledge. Science knows so little, and seems, in one sense, to have been at a standstill for so long. Lord Kelvin said sadly, in an address at Glasgow the other day, that though he had studied hard through fifty years of experimental investigation, he could not help feeling that he really knew no more as he spoke than he knew fifty years before.

Now, however, it really seems that some Columbus will soon give us a new continent in science. The ether seems to promise fairly and clearly a great and new epoch in knowledge, a great and marked step forward, a new light on all the great problems which are mysteries at present, with perhaps a correction and revision of many accepted results. This is particularly true of the mystery of living matter and that something which looks so much like consciousness in certain non-living matter, the property which causes and enables it to take the form of regular crystals. Crystallization is as great a problem as life itself, but from its less number of conditions will perhaps be easier and earlier attacked. The best conception of living matter which we have at present, completely inadequate though it be, is that of the most chemically complex and most unstable matter known. A living man as compared to a wooden man responds to all kinds of impulses. Light strikes the living eye, sound strikes the living ear, physical and chemical action are instantly and automatically started, chemical decomposition takes place, energy is dissipated, consciousness occurs, volition follows, action results, and so on, through the infinity of cause and infinity of results which characterize life. The wooden man is inert. There is no chemical or physical action excited by any impulse from without or within. Living matter is responsive, non-living is not. The key to the mystery, if it ever comes, will come from the ether. One great authority of to-day, Professor Oliver Lodge, has already stated his belief that electricity is actually matter, and that if the ether and electricity are not one and the same, the truth will ultimately be found to be near that statement. If this be true, it will be a great and startling key to the now fathomless mystery of life.

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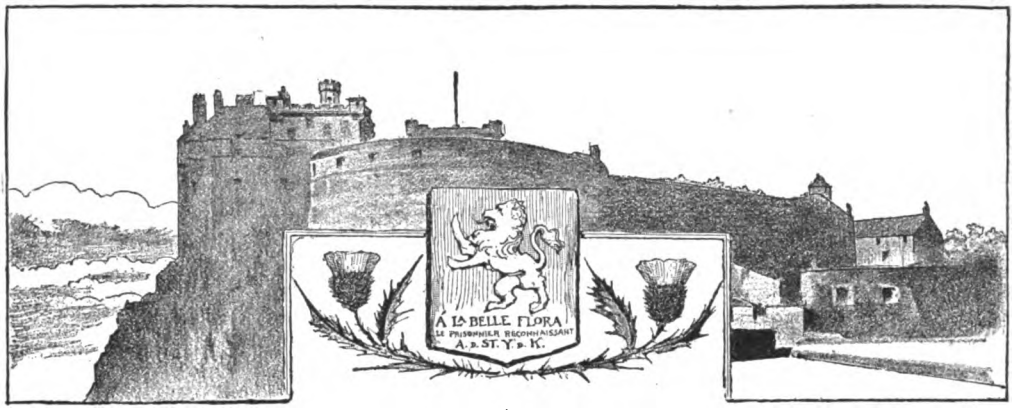


# ST. IVES.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A TALE OF A LION RAMPANT.

IT was in the month of May, 1813, that I was so unlucky as to fall at last into the hands of the enemy. My knowledge of the English language had marked me out for a certain employment. Though I cannot conceive a soldier refusing to incur the risk, yet to be hanged for a spy is a disgusting business; and I was relieved to be held a prisoner of war. Into the Castle of Edinburgh, standing in the midst of that city on the summit of an extraordinary rock, I was cast with several hundred fellow-sufferers, all privates like myself, and the more part of them, by an accident, very ignorant, plain fellows. My English, which had brought me into that scrape, now helped me very materially to bear it. I had a thousand advantages. I was often called to play the part of an interpreter, whether of orders or complaints, and thus brought in relations, sometimes of mirth, sometimes almost of friendship, with the officers in charge. A young lieutenant singled me out to be his adversary at chess, a game in which I was extremely proficient, and would reward me for my gambits with excellent cigars. The major of the battalion took lessons of French from me while at breakfast, and was sometimes so obliging as to have me join him at the meal. Chevenix was his name. He was stiff as a drum-major and selfish as an Englishman, but a fairly conscientious pupil and a fairly upright man. Little did I suppose that his ramrod body and frozen face would, in the end, step in between me and all my dearest wishes; that upon this precise, regular, icy soldier-man my fortunes should so nearly shipwreck! I never liked, but yet I trusted him; and though it may seem but a trifle, I found his snuff-box with the bean in it come very welcome.

For it is strange how grown men and seasoned soldiers can go back in life. So that after but a little while in prison, which is after all the next thing to being in the nursery, they grow absorbed in the most pitiful, childish interests, and a sugar biscuit or a pinch of snuff become things to follow after and scheme for!

We made but a poor show of prisoners. The officers had been all offered their parole, and had taken it. They lived mostly in suburbs of the city, lodging with modest families, and enjoyed their freedom and supported the almost continual evil tidings of the Emperor as best they might. It chanced I was the only gentleman among the privates who remained. A great part were ignorant Italians, of a regiment that had suffered heavily in Catalo-

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nia. The rest were mere diggers of the soil, treaders of grapes or hewers of wood, who had been suddenly and violently preferred to the glorious state of soldiers. We had but the one interest in common: each of us who had any skill with his fingers passed the hours of his captivity in the making of little toys and *articles of Paris;* and the prison was daily visited at certain hours by a concourse of people of the country, come to exult over our distress, or—it is more tolerant to suppose—their own vicarious triumph. Some moved among us with a decency of shame or sympathy. Others were the most offensive personages in the world, gaped at us as if we had been baboons, sought to evangelize us to their rustic, northern religion as though we had been savages, or tortured us with intelligence of disasters to the arms of France. Good, bad, and indifferent, there was one alleviation to the annoyance of these visitors; for it was the practice of almost all to purchase some specimen of our rude handiwork. This led, amongst the prisoners, to a strong spirit of competition. Some were neat of hand, and (the genius of the French being always distinguished) could place upon sale little miracles of dexterity and taste. Some had a more engaging appearance; fine features were found to do as well as fine merchandise, and an air of youth in particular (as it appealed to the sentiment of pity in our visitors) to be a source of profit. Others again enjoyed some acquaintance with the language, and were able to recommend the more agreeably to purchasers such trifles as they had to sell. To the first of these advantages I could lay no claim, for my fingers were all thumbs. Some at least of the others I possessed; and finding much entertainment in our commerce, I did not suffer my advantages to rust. I have never despised the social arts, in which it is a national boast that every Frenchman should excel. For the approach of particular sorts of visitors, I had a particular manner of address and even of appearance, which I could readily assume and change on the occasion rising. I never lost an opportunity to flatter either the person of my visitor, if it should be a lady, or, if it should be a man, the greatness of his country in war. And in case my compliments should miss their aim, I was always ready to cover my retreat with some agreeable pleasantry, which would often earn me the name of an "oddity" or a "droll fellow." In this way, although I was so left-handed a toy-maker, I made out to be rather a successful merchant; and found means to procure many little delicacies and alleviations, such as children or prisoners desire.

I am scarce drawing the portrait of a very melancholy man. It is not indeed my character; and I had, in a comparison with my comrades, many reasons for content. In the first place, I had no family; I was an orphan and a bachelor; neither wife nor child awaited me in France. In the second, I had never wholly forgot the emotions with which I first found myself a prisoner; and although a military prison be not altogether a garden of delights, it is still preferable to a gallows. In the third, I am almost ashamed to say it, but I found certain pleasure in our place of residence: being an obsolete and really mediæval fortress, high placed and commanding extraordinary prospects not only over sea, mountain, and champaign, but actually over the thoroughfares of a capital city, which we could see blackened by day with the moving crowd of the inhabitants, and at night shining with lamps. And lastly, although I was not insensible to the restraints of prison or the scantiness of our rations, I remember I had sometimes eaten quite as ill in Spain, and had to mount guard and march perhaps a dozen leagues into the bargain. The first of my troubles, indeed, was the costume we were obliged to wear. There is a horrible practice in England to trick out in ridiculous uniforms, and as it were to brand in mass, not only convicts but military prisoners and even the children in charity schools. I think some malignant genius had found his masterpiece of irony in the dress which we were condemned to wear: jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of a sulphur or mustard yellow, and a shirt of blue and white striped cotton. It was conspicuous, it was cheap, it pointed us out to laughter —we, who were old soldiers, used to arms, and some of us showing noble scars—like a set of lugubrious zanies at a fair.

The old name of that rock on which our prison stood was (I have heard since then) the "Painted Hill." Well, now it was all painted a bright yellow with our costumes; and the dress of the soldiers who guarded us being, of course, the essential British red rag, we made up together the elements of a lively picture of hell. I have again and again looked round upon my fellow-prisoners, and felt my anger rise, and choked upon tears, to behold them thus parodied. The more part, as I have said,

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were peasants, somewhat bettered perhaps by the drill-sergeant, but for all that ungainly, loutish fellows, with no more than a mere barrack-room smartness of address: indeed, you could have seen our army nowhere more discreditably represented than in this Castle of Edinburgh. And I used to see myself in fancy, and blush. It seemed that my more elegant carriage would but point the insult of the travesty. And I remembered the days when I wore the coarse but honorable coat of a soldier; and remembered farther back how many of the noble, the fair, and the gracious had taken a delight to tend my childhood. . . . But I must not recall these tender and sorrowful memories twice; their place is farther on, and I am now upon another business. The perfidy of the Britannic government stood nowhere more openly confessed than in one particular of our discipline: that we were shaved twice in the week. To a man who has loved all his life to be fresh shaven, can a more irritating indignity be devised? Monday and Thursday were the days. Take the Thursday, and conceive the picture I must present by Sunday evening! And Saturday, which was almost as bad, was the great day for visitors.

Those who came to our market were of all qualities, men and women, the lean and the stout, the plain and the fairly pretty. Sure, if people at all understood the power of beauty, there would be no prayers addressed except to Venus; and the mere privilege of beholding a comely woman is worth paying for. Our visitors, upon the whole, were not much to boast of; and yet, sitting in a corner and very much ashamed of myself and my absurd appearance, I have again and again tasted the finest, the rarest, and most ethereal pleasures in a glance of an eye that I should never see again—and never wanted to. The flower of the hedgerow and the star in heaven satisfy and delight us: how much more the look of that exquisite being who was created to bear and rear, to madden and rejoice, mankind!

There was one young lady in particular, about eighteen or nineteen, tall, of a gallant carriage, and with a profusion of hair in which the sun found threads of gold. As soon as she came in the courtyard (and she was a rather frequent visitor) it seemed I was aware of it. She had an air of angelic candor, yet of a high spirit; she stepped like a Diana, every movement was noble and free. One day there was a strong east wind; the banner was straining at the flagstaff; below us the smoke of the city chimneys blew hither and thither in a thousand crazy variations; and away out on the Forth we could see the ships lying down to it and scudding. I was thinking what a vile day it was, when she appeared. Her hair blew in the wind with changes of color; her garments moulded her with the accuracy of sculpture; the ends of her shawl fluttered about her ear and were caught in again with an inimitable deftness. You have seen a pool on a gusty day, how it suddenly sparkles and flashes like a thing alive? So this lady's face had become animated and colored; and as I saw her standing, somewhat inclined, her lips parted, a divine trouble in her eyes, I could have clapped my hands in applause, and was ready to acclaim her a genuine daughter of the winds. What put it in my head, I know not; perhaps because it was a Thursday and I was new from the razor; but I determined to engage her attention no later than that day. She was approaching that part of the court in which I sat with my merchandise, when I observed her handkerchief to escape from her hands and fall to the ground; the next moment, the wind had taken it up and carried it within my reach. I was on foot at once: I had forgot my mustard-colored clothes, I had forgot the private soldier and his salute. Bowing deeply, I offered her the slip of cambric.

"Madam," said I, "your handkerchief. The wind brought it me."

I met her eyes fully.

"I thank you, sir," said she.

"The wind brought it me," I repeated. "May I not take it for an omen? You have an English proverb, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

"Well," she said, with a smile, "'One good turn deserves another.' I will see what you have."

She followed me to where my wares were spread out under lee of a piece of cannon.

"Alas, mademoiselle!" said I, "I am no very perfect craftsman. This is supposed to be a house, and you see the chimneys are awry. You may call this a box if you are very indulgent; but see where my tool slipped! Yes, I am afraid you may go from one to another, and find a flaw in everything. 'Failures for Sale' should be on my signboard. I do not keep a shop; I keep a Humorous Museum." I cast a smiling glance about my display and then at her, and instantly became grave. "Strange, is it not," I added,

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"that a grown man and a soldier should be engaged upon such trash, and a sad heart produce anything so funny to look at?"

An unpleasant voice summoned her at this moment by the name of Flora, and she made a hasty purchase and rejoined her party.

A few days after she came again. But I must first tell you how she came to be so frequent. Her aunt was one of those terrible British old maids, of which the world has heard much; and having nothing whatever to do and a word or two of French, she had taken what she called an "interest in the French prisoners." A big, bustling, bold old lady, she flounced about our market-place with insufferable airs of patronage and condescension. She bought indeed with liberality, but her manner of studying us through a quizzing-glass, and playing cicerone to her followers, acquitted us of any gratitude. She had a tail behind her of heavy obsequious old gentlemen or dull, giggling misses, to whom she appeared to be an oracle. "This one can really carve prettily: is he not a quiz with his big whiskers?" she would say. "And this one," indicating myself with her gold eyeglass, "is, I assure you, quite an oddity." The oddity, you may be certain, ground his teeth. She had a way of standing in our midst, nodding around, and addressing us in what she imagined to be French: "*Bienne, hommes! ça va bienne?*" I took the freedom to reply in the same lingo: "*Bienne, femme! ça va couci-couci tout d'même, la bourgeoise!*" And at that, when we had all laughed with a little more heartiness than was entirely civil, "I told you he was quite an oddity!" says she in triumph. Needless to say, these passages were before I had remarked the niece.

The aunt came on the day in question with a following rather more than usually large, which she manœuvred to and fro about the market, and lectured to at rather more than usual length and with rather less than her accustomed tact. I kept my eyes down, but they were ever fixed in the same direction, quite in vain. The aunt came and went, and pulled us out, and showed us off, like caged monkeys; but the niece kept herself on the outskirts of the crowd and on the opposite side of the courtyard, and departed at last as she had come, without a sign. Closely as I had watched her, I could not say her eyes had ever rested on me for an instant; and my heart was overwhelmed with bitterness and blackness. I tore out her detested image; I felt I was done with her for ever; I laughed at myself savagely, because I had thought to please; when I lay down at night, sleep forsook me, and I lay and rolled, and gloated on her charms, and cursed her insensibility, for half the night. How trivial I thought her! and how trivial her sex! A man might be an angel or an Apollo, and a mustard-colored coat would wholly blind them to his merits. I was a prisoner, a slave, a contemned and despicable being, the butt of her sniggering countrymen. I would take the lesson; no proud daughter of my foes should have the chance to mock at me again; none in the future should have the chance to think I had looked at her with admiration. You cannot imagine any one of a more resolute and independent spirit, or whose bosom was more wholly mailed with patriotic arrogance, than I. Before I dropped asleep, I had remembered all the infamies of Britain and debited them in an overwhelming column to Flora.

The next day, as I sat in my place, I became conscious there was some one standing near; and behold, it was herself! I kept my seat, at first in the confusion of my mind, later on from policy; and she stood and leaned a little over me, as in pity. She was very still and timid; her voice was low. Did I suffer in my captivity? she asked me. Had I to complain of any hardship?

"Mademoiselle, I have not learned to complain," said I. "I am a soldier of Napoleon."

She sighed. "At least you must regret *La France*," said she, and colored a little as she pronounced the words, which she did with pretty strangeness of accent.

"What am I to say?" I replied. "If you were carried from this country, for which you seem so wholly suited, where the very rains and winds seem to become you like ornaments, would you regret, do you think? We must surely all regret! the son to his mother, the man to his country; these are native feelings."

"You have a mother?" she asked.

"In heaven, mademoiselle," I answered. "She, and my father also, went by the same road to heaven as so many others of the fair and brave: they followed their queen upon the scaffold. So, you see, I am not so much to be pitied in my prison," I continued; "there are none to wait for me; I am alone in the world. 'Tis a different case, for instance, with yon poor fellow in the cloth cap. His bed is

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next to mine, and in the night I hear him sobbing to himself. He has a tender character, full of tender and pretty sentiments; and in the dark at night, and sometimes by day when he can get me apart with him, he laments a mother and a sweetheart. Do you know what made him take me for a confidant?"

She parted her lips with a look, but did not speak. The look burned all through me with a sudden vital heat.

"Because I had once seen, in marching by, the belfry of his village!" I continued. "The circumstance is quaint enough. It seems to bind up into one the whole bundle of those human instincts that make life beautiful, and people and places dear—and from which it would seem I am cut off!"

I rested my chin on my knee and looked before me on the ground. I had been talking until then to hold her; but I was now not sorry she should go: an impression is a thing so delicate to produce and so easy to overthrow! Presently she seemed to make an effort.

"I will take this toy," she said, laid a five-and-sixpenny piece in my hand, and was gone ere I could thank her.

I retired to a place apart, near the ramparts and behind a gun. The beauty, the expression of her eyes, the tear that had trembled there, the compassion in her voice, and a kind of wild elegance that consecrated the freedom of her movements, all combined to enslave my imagination and inflame my heart. What had she said? Nothing to signify; but her eyes had met mine, and the fire they had kindled burned inextinguishably in my veins. I loved her; and I did not fear to hope. Twice I had spoken with her; and in both interviews I had been well inspired, I had engaged her sympathies, I had found words that she must remember, that would ring in her ears at night upon her bed. What mattered if I were half shaved and my clothes a caricature? I was still a man, and, as I trembled to realize, she was still a woman. Many waters cannot quench love; and love, which is the law of the world, was on my side. I closed my eyes, and she sprung up on the background of the darkness, more beautiful than in life. "Ah!" thought I, "and you too, my dear, you too must carry away with you a picture, that you are still to behold again and still to embellish. In the darkness of night, in the streets by day, still you are to have my voice and face, whispering, making love for me, encroaching on your shy heart. Shy as your heart is, *it* is lodged there—*I* am lodged there; let the hours do their office—let time continue to draw me ever in more lively, ever in more insidious colors." And then I had a vision of myself, and burst out laughing.

A likely thing, indeed, that a beggar man, a private soldier, a prisoner in a yellow travesty, was to awake the interest of this fair girl! I would not despair; but I saw the game must be played fine and close. It must be my policy to hold myself before her, always in a pathetic or pleasing attitude; never to alarm or startle her; to keep my own secret locked in my bosom like a story of disgrace, and let hers (if she could be induced to have one) grow at its own rate; to move just so fast, and not by a hair's breadth any faster, than the inclination of her heart. I was the man, and yet I was passive, tied by the foot in prison. I could not go to her; I must cast a spell upon her at each visit, so that she should return to me; and this was a matter of nice management. I had done it the last time—it seemed impossible she should not come again after our interview; and for the next I had speedily ripened a fresh plan. A prisoner, if he has one great disability for a lover, has yet one considerable advantage: there is nothing to distract him, and he can spend all his hours ripening his love and preparing its manifestations. I had been then some days upon a piece of carving, no less than the emblem of Scotland, the Lion Rampart. This I proceeded to finish with what skill I was possessed of; and when at last I could do no more to it (and, you may be sure, was already regretting I had done so much), added on the base the following dedication:

À LA BELLE FLORA

LE PRISONNIER RECONNAISSANT

A. D. ST. Y. D. K.

I put my heart into the carving of these letters. What was done with so much ardor, it seemed scarce possible that any should behold it with indifference; and the initials would at least suggest to her my noble birth. I thought it better to suggest; I felt that mystery was my stock-in-trade; the contrast between my rank and manners, between my speech and my clothing, and the fact that she could only think of me by a combination

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of letters, must all tend to increase her interest and engage her heart.

This done, there was nothing left for me but to wait and to hope. And there is nothing farther from my character: in love and in war, I am all for the forward movement; and these days of waiting made my purgatory. It is a fact that I loved her a great deal better at the end of them, for love comes, like bread, from a perpetual rehandling. And besides, I was fallen into a panic of fear. How, if she came no more, how was I to continue to endure my empty days? How was I to fall back and find my interest in the major's lessons, the lieutenant's chess, in a twopenny sale in the market, or a halfpenny addition to the prison fare?

Days went by, and weeks; I had not the courage to calculate, and to-day I have not the courage to remember; but at last she was there. At last I saw her approach me in the company of a boy about her own age, and whom I divined at once to be her brother.

I rose and bowed in silence.

"This is my brother, Mr. Ronald Gilchrist," said she. "I have told him of your sufferings. He is so sorry for you!"

"It is more than I have a right to ask," I replied; "but among gentlefolk these generous sentiments are natural. If your brother and I were to meet in the field, we should meet like tigers; but when he sees me here disarmed and helpless, he forgets his animosity." (At which, as I had ventured to expect, this beardless champion colored to the ears for pleasure.) "Ah, my dear young lady," I continued, "there are many of your countrymen languishing in my country, even as I do here. I can but hope there is found some French lady to convey to each of them the priceless consolation of her sympathy. You have given me alms; and more than alms—hope; and while you were absent I was not forgetful. Suffer me to be able to tell myself that I have at least tried to make a return; and for the prisoner's sake deign to accept this trifle."

So saying, I offered her my lion, which she took, looked at in some embarrassment, and then, catching sight of the dedication, broke out with a cry.

"Why, how did you know my name?" she exclaimed.

"When names are so appropriate, they should be easily guessed," said I, bowing. "But indeed there was no magic in the matter. A lady called you by name on the day I found your handkerchief, and I was quick to remark and cherish it."

"It is very, very beautiful," said she, "and I shall be always proud of the inscription. Come, Ronald, we must be going." She bowed to me as lady bows to her equal, and passed on (I could have sworn) with a heightened color.

I was overjoyed; my innocent ruse had succeeded; she had taken my gift without a hint of payment, and she would scarce sleep in peace till she had made it up to me. No greenhorn in matters of the heart, I was besides aware that I had now a resident ambassador at the court of my lady. The lion might be ill chiselled; it was mine. My hands had made and held it; my knife—or, to speak more by the mark, my rusty nail—had traced those letters; and simple as the words were, they would keep repeating to her that I was grateful and that I found her fair. The boy had looked like a gawky and blushed at a compliment; I could see besides that he regarded me with considerable suspicion; yet he made so manly a figure of a lad, that I could not withhold from him my sympathy. And as for the impulse that had made her bring and introduce him, I could not sufficiently admire it. It seemed to me finer than wit and more tender than a caress. It said (plain as language), "I do not, and I cannot, know you. Here is my brother—you can know him; this is the way to me—follow it."

## CHAPTER II.

### A TALE OF A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

I WAS still plunged in these thoughts when the bell was rung that discharged our visitors into the street. Our little market was no sooner closed than we were summoned to the distribution and received our rations, which we were then allowed to eat according to fancy in any part of our quarters.

I have said the conduct of some of our visitors was unbearably offensive; it was possibly more so than they dreamed—as the sight-seers at a menagerie may offend in a thousand ways, and quite without meaning it, the noble and unfortunate animals behind the bars; and there is no doubt but some of my compatriots were susceptible beyond reason. Some of these old whiskerandos, originally peasants, trained since boyhood in victorious armies, and accustomed to move among subject and

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trembling populations, could ill brook their change of circumstance. There was one man of the name of Goguelat, a brute of the first water, who had enjoyed no touch of civilization beyond the military discipline, and had risen by an extreme heroism of bravery to a grade for which he was otherwise unfitted, that of *maréchal des logis* in the twenty-second of the line. In so far as a brute can be a good soldier, he was a good soldier; the cross was on his breast, and gallantly earned; but in all things outside his line of duty, the man was no other than a brawling, bruising, ignorant pillar of low pothouses. As a gentleman by birth and a scholar by taste and education, I was the type of all that he least understood and most detested; and the mere view of our visitors would leave him daily in a transport of annoyance, which he would make haste to wreak on the nearest victim, and too often on myself.

It was so now. Our rations were scarce served out, and I had just withdrawn into a corner of the yard, when I perceived him drawing near. He wore an air of hateful mirth; a set of young fools, among whom he passed for a wit, followed him with looks of expectation; and I saw I was about to be the object of some of his insufferable pleasantries. He took a place beside me, spread out his rations, drank to me derisively from his measure of prison beer, and began. What he said it would be impossible to print; but his admirers, who believed their wit to have surpassed himself, actually rolled among the gravel. For my part, I thought at first I should have died. I had not dreamed the wretch was so observant; but hate sharpens the ears, and he had counted our interviews and actually knew Flora by her name. Gradually my coolness returned to me, accompanied by a volume of living anger that surprised myself.

"Are you nearly done?" I asked. "Because if you are, I am about to say a word or two myself."

"Oh, fair play!" said he. "Turn about! The Marquis of Carabas to the tribune."

"Very well," said I. "I have to inform you that I am a gentleman. You do not know what that means, hey? Well, I will tell you. It is a comical sort of animal; springs from another strange set of creatures they call ancestors; and in common with toads and other vermin, has a thing that he calls feelings. The lion is a gentleman; he will not touch carrion. I am a gentleman, and I cannot bear to soil my fingers with such a lump of dirt. Sit still, Philippe Goguelat! sit still and do not say a word, or I shall know you are a coward; the eyes of our guards are upon us. Here is your health!" said I, and pledged him in the prison beer. "You have chosen to speak in a certain way of a young child," I continued, "who might be your daughter, and who was giving alms to me and some others of us mendicants. If the Emperor"—saluting—"if my Emperor could hear you, he would pluck off the cross from your gross body. I cannot do that; I cannot take away what his Majesty has given; but one thing I promise you—I promise you, Goguelat, you shall be dead to-night."

I had borne so much from him in the past, I believe he thought there was no end to my forbearance, and he was at first amazed. But I have the pleasure to think that some of my expressions had pierced through his thick hide; and besides the brute was truly a hero of valor, and loved fighting for itself. Whatever the cause, at least he had soon pulled himself together, and took the thing (to do him justice) handsomely.

"And I promise you, by the devil's horns, that you shall have the chance!" said he, and pledged me again; and again I did him scrupulous honor.

The news of this defiance spread from prisoner to prisoner with the speed of wings; every face was seen to be illuminated like those of the spectators at a horse race; and indeed you must first have tasted the active life of a soldier, and then mouldered for a while in the tedium of a jail, in order to understand, perhaps even to excuse, the delight of our companions. Goguelat and I slept in the same squad, which greatly simplified the business; and a committee of honor was accordingly formed of our shed-mates. They chose for president a sergeant-major in the Fourth Dragoons, a graybeard of the army, an excellent military subject, and a good man. He took the most serious view of his functions, visited us both, and reported our replies to the committee. Mine was of a decent firmness. I told him the young lady of whom Goguelat had spoken had on several occasions given me alms. I reminded him that, if we were now reduced to hold out our hands and sell pill-boxes for charity, it was something very new for soldiers of the Empire. We had all seen bandits standing at a corner of a wood truckling for copper halfpence, and

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after their benefactors were gone by spitting out injuries and curses. "But," said I, "I trust that none of us will fall so low. As a Frenchman and a soldier, I owe that young child gratitude, and am bound to protect her character, and to support that of the army. You are my elder and my superior; tell me if I am not right."

He was a quiet-mannered old fellow, and patted me with three fingers on the back. "*C'est bien, mon enfant,*" says he, and returned to his committee.

Goguelat was no more accommodating than myself. "I do not like apologies nor those that make them," was his only answer. And there remained nothing but to arrange the details of the meeting. So far as regards place and time, we had no choice; we must settle the dispute at night, in the dark, after a round had passed by, and in the open middle of the shed under which we slept. The question of arms was more obscure. We had a good many tools, indeed, which we employed in the manufacture of our toys; but they were none of them suited for a single combat between civilized men; and, being nondescript, it was found extremely hard to equalize the chances of the combatants. At length a pair of scissors was unscrewed; and a couple of tough wands being found in a corner of the courtyard, one blade of the scissors was lashed solidly to each with resined twine—the twine coming I know not whence, but the resin from the green pillars of the shed, which still sweated from the axe. It was a strange thing to feel in one's hand this weapon, which was no heavier than a riding-rod, and which it was difficult to suppose would prove more dangerous. A general oath was administered and taken that no one should interfere in the duel nor (suppose it to result seriously) betray the name of the survivor. And with that, all being then ready, we composed ourselves to await the moment.

The evening fell cloudy; not a star was to be seen when the first round of the night passed through our shed and wound off along the ramparts; and as we took our places, we could still hear, over the murmurs of the surrounding city, the sentries challenging its further passage. Leclos, the sergeant-major, set us in our stations, engaged our wands, and left us. To avoid blood-stained clothing, my adversary and I had stripped to the shoes; and the chill of the night enveloped our bodies like a wet sheet. The man was better at fencing than myself; he was vastly taller than I, being of a stature almost gigantic, and proportionately strong. In the inky blackness of the shed, it was impossible to see his eyes; and from the suppleness of the wands, I did not like to trust to a parade. I made up my mind, accordingly, to profit, if I might, by my defect; and as soon as the signal should be given, to throw myself down and lunge at the same moment. It was to play my life upon one card: should I not mortally wound him, no defence would be left me. What was yet more appalling, I thus ran the risk of bringing my own face against his scissor with the double force of our assaults, and my face and eyes are not that part of me that I would the most readily expose.

"*Allez!*" said the sergeant-major.

Both lunged in the same moment with an equal fury, and but for my manœuvre both had certainly been spitted. As it was, he did no more than strike my shoulder, while my scissor plunged below the girdle into a mortal part; and that great bulk of a man, falling from his whole height, knocked me immediately senseless.

When I came to myself, I was laid in my own sleeping-place, and could make out in the darkness the outline of perhaps a dozen heads crowded around me. I sat up. "What is it?" I exclaimed.

"Hush!" said the sergeant-major. "Blessed be God, all is well." I felt him clasp my hand, and there were tears in his voice. "'Tis but a scratch, my child; here is papa, who is taking good care of you. Your shoulder is bound up; we have dressed you in your clothes again, and it will all be well."

At this I began to remember. "And Goguelat?" I gasped.

"He cannot bear to be moved; he has his bellyful; 'tis a bad business," said the sergeant-major.

The idea of having killed a man with such an instrument as half a pair of scissors seemed to turn my stomach. I am sure I might have killed a dozen with a firelock, a sabre, a bayonet, or any accepted weapon, and been visited by no such sickness of remorse. And to this feeling every unusual circumstance of our encounter, the darkness in which we had fought, our nakedness, even the resin on the twine, appeared to contribute. I ran to my fallen adversary, kneeled by him, and could only sob his name.

He bade me compose myself. "You have given me the key of the fields, comrade," said he. "*Sans rancune!*"

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At this my horror redoubled. Here had we two expatriated Frenchmen engaged in an ill-regulated combat like the battles of beasts. Here was he, who had been all his life so great a ruffian, dying in a foreign land of this ignoble injury and meeting death with something of the spirit of a Bayard. I insisted that the guards should be summoned and a doctor brought.

"It may still be possible to save him," I cried.

The sergeant-major reminded me of our engagement. "If you had been wounded," said he, "you must have lain there till the patrol came by and found you. It happens to be Goguelat—and so must he! Come, child, time to go to by-by." And as I still resisted, "Champdivers!" he said, "this is weakness. You pain me."

"Ay, off to your beds with you!" said Goguelat, and named us in a company with one of his jovial, gross epithets.

Accordingly the squad lay down in the dark and simulated, what they certainly were far from experiencing, sleep. It was not yet late. The city, from far below and all around us, sent up a sound of wheels and feet and lively voices. Yet awhile and the curtain of the cloud was rent across, and in the space of sky between the eaves of the shed and the regular outline of the ramparts a multitude of stars appeared. Meantime, in the midst of us lay Goguelat, and could not always withhold himself from groaning.

We heard the round far off; heard it draw slowly nearer. Last of all, it turned the corner and moved into our field of vision: two file of men and a corporal with a lantern, which he swung to and fro, so as to cast its light in the recesses of the yards and sheds.

"Hullo!" cried the corporal, pausing as he came by Goguelat.

He stooped with his lantern. All our hearts were flying.

"What devil's work is this?" he cried, and with a startling voice summoned the guard.

We were all afoot upon the instant; more lanterns and soldiers crowded in front of the shed; an officer elbowed his way in. In the midst was the big, naked body, soiled with blood. Some one had covered him with his blanket; but as he lay there in agony he had partly thrown it off.

"This is murder!" cried the officer. "You wild beasts! you will hear of this to-morrow."

As Goguelat was raised and laid upon a stretcher, he cried to us a cheerful and blasphemous farewell.

*(To be continued.)*

# APPEARANCES.

By Robert Browning.

## I.

And so you found that poor room dull,
  Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear?
Its features seemed unbeautiful:
  But this I know—'twas there, not here,
You plighted troth to me, the word
Which—ask that poor room how it heard.

## II.

And this rich room obtains your praise
  Unqualified—so bright, so fair,
So all whereat perfection stays?
  Ay, but remember—here, not there,
The other word was spoken! Ask
This rich room how you dropped the mask!

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# GRANT'S QUIET YEARS AT NORTHERN POSTS.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

SURVIVING RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.—NOTED AS A DRIVER AND A CHECKER-PLAYER.—MODEST LIFE AND GREAT RESERVE.—CONDUCTS A CHOLERA-STRICKEN REGIMENT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.—UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS VENTURES.—RESIGNATION FROM THE ARMY.

AT the close of the Mexican War, Grant's regiment, the Fourth Infantry, returned to the beautiful barracks of New Orleans for a short stay, and then took ship for New York; but Grant, procuring a leave of absence, took steamer up the Mississippi River on the most important business of his life—which was to marry Miss Julia Dent. "The small lieutenant with the big epaulettes" was returning a bronzed veteran of many battles and with merited promotions. He was now brevet captain, and felt in position to marry.

An excessively modest marriage notice appeared in the newspapers of St. Louis on the 2d of July, 1848, and that was the only public recognition of this mighty event. Privately tales circulated, describing the shy young soldier who found his sword in his way, and who trembled more than at Molino del Rey or Monterey. If these tales are true, then we have two things which Ulysses Grant could not handsomely and coolly do: make a speech or get married. However, he did not think at the time to be ever again called upon to do either.

Immediately after the marriage the young people went to visit the Grants at Bethel, Ohio, and old friends of the young lieutenant at Georgetown. Old residents in these towns recall the very fair-skinned, petite, and vivacious little lady who accompanied "Ulyss," as they still continued to call the rising soldier, on this visit. After a few care-free weeks spent thus, Grant took his bride and went to join his regiment, which, from New York, had moved to Detroit, arriving there November 17, 1848. Four days later (November 21) Grant himself was ordered to Sackett's Harbor. "I well remember," remarks one who was his fellow-officer at this time, "the day Grant came to Detroit with his young bride and his sister. He was regimental quartermaster, and, after his hard campaigns in Mexico, entitled to rest; but a fellow-officer who, I believe, did it for purely selfish reasons, got Grant ordered to the bleak and undesirable post of Sackett's Harbor. Although Grant's proper place as quartermaster was at Detroit with the regimental headquarters, he uncomplainingly obeyed the orders. He laid his grievance before brevet Colonel Francis Lee, commander of the regiment, and it was forwarded to General Scott. Scott decided in Grant's favor, and as soon as navigation on the lakes was open Grant returned to Detroit."

## GRANT'S MANNER OF LIFE AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.

There are not many people living in Sackett's Harbor who remember Lieutenant Grant, but it happens that one or two credible witnesses remain* to supply a pleasant and lifelike glimpse of the young man, and also to give the lie to several absurd and foolish stories. Grant settled to his work in his quiet way, and made friends at once by his modest demeanor and gentle habit of command. Major Elderkin, drum-major of Grant's regiment, remembers him also with especial clearness at this and a rather earlier time, for Grant did him many favors.† "My first acquaintance with Lieutenant Grant," says Major Elderkin, "was at Corpus Christi, at the beginning of the Mexican War.

* One of these, Mr. Walter Camp, is president of the Jefferson County Historical Society, and a man of repute with his fellow-townsmen.

† Major Elderkin still lives in Detroit, a hale and hearty old soldier, tall and straight and buoyant of bearing.



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He was a very mild-spoken man—spoke like a lady almost. He always asked his men to do their duty; he never ordered them in an offensive way. He was about as nice a man as I ever saw. He was wonderfully cool and quick in battle. Nothing ever 'rattled' him. He took an active part in every battle, and was quartermaster besides. I saw a great deal of him all through the Mexican War, and then at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor after the war. He was very sociable, always talked to a man freely and without putting on the airs of a superior officer.

"I remember him very well at Detroit. I also remember his wife very well; she was very fair and a charming woman. I used to carry the mail, sometimes twice a day, to their house on Fort Street. I think Lieutenant Grant at that time wore his hair rather long, but had shaved off his beard. He used to ride and drive a great deal. At Sackett's Harbor I remember he used to practice with clubs. Some said he punched a sand-bag. I never saw him do that, but he was a strong little man, and could take care of himself if necessary. He and Mrs. Grant used to go to little dancing parties, but I don't think he ever danced.

"He lived very modestly—he couldn't afford to do anything else on his pay. His only dissipation was in owning a fast horse; he always liked to have a fine nag, and he paid high prices to get one."

Major Elderkin's recollections are borne out and supplemented by those of Mr. Walter Camp of Sackett's Harbor. "Lieutenant Grant and his wife came here," says Mr. Camp, "in the fall of 1848. Few knew him, for he lived very quietly with his young bride. He came again in 1851. He was an earnest advocate of temperance while here the second time. He organized the Sons of Temperance at the barracks, and gave hearty encouragement to the order in the village by his presence. He marched once in the procession, wearing the regalia of the lodge. I heard him refuse to join in a drinking bout once. It pleased me, and I spoke to him about it next day. He explained his action by saying: 'I heard John B. Gough lecture in Detroit the other night, and I have become convinced that there is no safety from ruin by drink except from abstaining from liquor altogether.'

"It took courage in those days to wear the white apron of the Sons of Temperance, but Lieutenant Grant was prepared to show his character. He attended church while here, and lived a quiet, uneventful life. He was a great checker-player, and he generally worsted his opponent. There is a story that he rode over to Watertown once to meet a champion player. It was ten miles over there, and he rode it in forty-five minutes; he couldn't abide a slow horse. He met the champion, a shoemaker, and they settled upon a series of games and the wager. They agreed that if the result was a draw they would decide the supremacy by a foot-race. The result was a draw, and the players got out into the street and laid out the course. Grant was small, but lively on foot. He wore a linen duster, and he made it snap in the wind as he scurried up the hill and back. He won the race.

"He was a modest, quiet, sociable young fellow, of whom we knew little at the time. Mrs. Grant attended the Methodist Church, but Grant had a pew in the Episcopal Church, just to show his 'friendliness,' he said. This may have been a sentiment leading back to his life at West Point. There was a strong military feeling here during those days. Old army forms were rigidly maintained; but Grant was always simple and kindly in his manner." *

Grant had been in Sackett's Harbor but a few months when he received orders to return to Detroit. He was very glad to do this, for Sackett's Harbor at that time was far separated from the outside world even in summer. In fact, it was a cold, bleak, and inhospitable port at the edge of a vast, wind-swept lake of ice and snow. Youth and love had made it a habitable spot; but, nevertheless, the world counts for something even in the honeymoon, and as soon as the lakes were open to navigation, Lieutenant Grant and his wife returned to his rightful post.

They set to work at once to find a home of their own outside of the barracks, which were hardly habitable for a woman. The modest little frame cottage in which they made their home is still standing, and is about such as a well-to-do carpenter would occupy. At that time it stood on the outskirts of the town, and had some trees growing about it, and some vines were in the yard. There was nothing distinctive in it. It was indeed small, but it was all that the pay of a lieutenant at that time warranted. The neighbors were ordinary citizens of the workingman's condition. The officers who were unmarried

* From an interview held especially for McClure's Magazine.

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lived at the hotel in the town, and walked to and fro for their meals, passing near Grant's house.

### GRANT'S FAMOUS "CICOTTE MARE."

Grant settled quietly into place as quartermaster of the regiment, and it was not long before he had another horse, and "a clipper to go." A French-Canadian of the town, named David Cicotte, owned a small and speedy mare which Grant's keen eyes had observed and coveted, and which he bought as soon as his means allowed. This "Cicotte mare," as she is called by Grant's old neighbors, became so swift of foot under Grant's driving that he could show the back of his cutter to almost any turn-out on the river, which was the racing place in midwinter. His swift driving caused him to be observed and remembered far beyond any other deed or characteristic. Everybody knew Lieutenant Grant and his "Cicotte mare" at least by sight. One day he overtook a certain Mr. Trowbridge, so the story runs, and invited him to get in. "I'll drive you home," he said.

Mr. Trowbridge doubtfully climbed in, and Grant chirruped to the mare, and away they went, whizzing. An hour or two later, when Mr. Trowbridge returned home, his brother asked, "Well, how do you like riding with Grant?"

"Grant's all right," replied he, "but that beast of a horse only hit the ground three times in going up the avenue. I thought I was going to lose all my whiskers. But Grant kept saying: 'It's all right; she isn't feeling well to-day; wait till the weather gets a little cooler, and I'll give you a ride that is a ride.'"

Mr. Trowbridge was never known to try it again.

"Lieutenant Grant lived inconspicuously here," says an old Detroiter, General Palmer, then a clerk in the District Quartermaster Department. "I saw him almost daily in the course of our business. He was a little, inoffensive-looking fellow. I remember saying that it was very queer their putting quartermaster's work into his hands, and one of his fellow-officers said, 'He may be no good with papers, but he's great with a regiment.'

"He was boyish, said little, and always kept in the background. If it had not been for his fine horsemanship most people would not have noticed him. He loved horses, no doubt of that. He used to race Saturdays way out on Fort Avenue, which was then a first-rate racing ground for the citizens. On bright midwinter days the whole town would be there. Every man who had a horse took part, and Grant was always there with his little pony which he bought of Dave Cicotte.

"Grant was social, but he showed it in the way of being where people were, rather than by entertaining people. Mrs. Grant was a lively little woman, and loved company. She went out to parties and dances a good deal. Grant never danced, but he used to bring his wife and then stand around looking on. He was very inconspicuous by reason of his retiring ways.

"I knew him as well as any one here at that time, probably. I met him socially, and also officially in the daily routine of business. He was a gentleman in his habits and instincts; quiet, unobtrusive. The stories which circulated at one time about his social habits here are untrue. He wasn't that kind of a man. He took his glass of liquor with the rest of us, but he was noticeable for his domestic habits. He was considered one of the best officers in his regiment."

Grant took a pew in the Methodist Church in Detroit also, and often attended the services. While stationed at Detroit he had a rather amusing set-to with Zachariah Chandler, afterwards the well-known representative of Michigan in the United States Senate. At this time Chandler was a young merchant in Detroit, and the army officers were obliged to pass his premises on their way to and from the barracks. They often found the snow and ice lying there deep across the path. They grumbled a good deal, but Chandler was a big, burly fellow, rather proud of his strength, and no one was eager to make complaint against him. At last Grant, who knew no fear, volunteered to "bell the cat." He filed a legal complaint against Chandler.

Chandler brought the matter to trial with voluble ferocity. He accused the officers of being drunken and disorderly. Grant held to his cause, however, and Chandler was fined for obstructing the walk. Everybody expected him to make a personal assault on Grant, but he did not. Possibly something in the lines of the quiet little man's lips informed him that he could not safely do so.

At a dinner given to Colonel Grayson while he was in Detroit, Grant was called on for a toast. In noticeable tremor he rose and said, "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech." However, he gave this succinct sentiment—"The Gray-

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LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER HAYS IN 1845, WHEN THEY WERE STARTING FOR THE MEXICAN WAR.

A photographic copy of the Grant portrait in this picture was redrawn for McClure's Magazine and published in the January number. Since then the original daguerreotype has been kindly placed at our disposal by its present owner, Mrs. Agnes M. Hays Gormly, the daughter of Alexander Hays, and the present reproduction is from that original. The original picture was taken at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845. Beside Grant (the figure in the background) is his racing pony "Dandy," and beside Lieutenant Hays is his pony "Sunshine." The two men had been fellow-cadets at West Point, and served in the same regiment in the Mexican War. Afterwards Hays, like Grant, retired from the army, to reenter it at the breaking out of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He became a brigadier-general, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Grant, on learning of his death, said: "I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead, in battle."

son Guards. Should their services be required, may they be rendered in proportion to the confidence placed in them and their worthy commander."

In the Detroit "Advertiser" of June 11, 1851, appears the following: "Captain Grant and Lieutenant McConnell, United States Army, left the city yesterday to form the command at Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by the band of the Fourth Infantry." This fixes the date of Grant's return to Sackett's Harbor.

It was a dull life there on the edge of Ontario after the little round of possible gayeties had been traversed a dozen times. Grant transacted his duties promptly and well each day, and formed a reticent member of all meetings of the officers. He was considered a good fellow, but a little slow as a companion. He talked a good deal of the Mexican War, however, and at such times grew very earnest and interested, and impressed others with his power to present in orderly way his conception of

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HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS MARRIED, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

From a recent photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

the campaigns. Rufus Ingalls, Grant's old room-mate at West Point, afterwards said: "There was one thing which should have impressed me with the man's power, and it did in some degree; he gave the clearest account of the Mexican War I ever heard."

While Grant did not dance, he played cards occasionally, and checkers also. He read whatever he could find to read, and read aloud to Mrs. Grant; and in this quiet way, a tender though undemonstrative husband and a good citizen, he lived during the autumn of 1851 and the spring of 1852. He was living safely, comfortably, happily; but he became aware of a certain futility in all this. He was getting nowhere. It was merely dozing in a snug corner. Beneath his quiet exterior his companions—the more discerning of them—saw in him a "restless, energetic man."

## TRANSFERRED TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

But a change came into his quiet life. An order arrived transferring him to the Pacific coast, which was almost equivalent to a removal to-day to Africa. He faced here the question of a soldier's life in a new fashion. He had developed no special love for the army, though he had ceased apparently to plan to get out of it. This order brought up again the problem of resigning and going into something else. He had those moments of profound thought which marked him at West Point, and in his face the care of a man and father had begun to write its lines. It is said he meditated seriously resigning at this time.

It was out of the question to think of taking his wife with him on the long and dangerous trip across the Isthmus; and so with great reluctance and in marked depression he left Sackett's Harbor for the Pacific coast, while Mrs. Grant returned to the home of Jesse Grant in Bethel, where her second child was born. The oldest child, named Frederick Dent Grant, was now nearly two years old.

The Fourth Infantry assembled at Governor's Island, New York Bay, and thence took ship for the Isthmus. The steamer "Ohio" was in command of Admiral Schenck, and from him we get a picture of Grant's manner and habits during the voyage.*

"In July, 1852, I took a regiment on my ship from New York to the Isthmus. Major Bonneville † was in command, and Grant was quartermaster. For the first week I did not have much to say to him. He was then a quiet, undemonstrative man, and took matters just as they came, without comment, though when called upon he never seemed to be at a loss for an opinion and a good reason to back it. Bonneville was hasty and uncertain in his action, and gave cause for disagreements, and it was a customary practice to refer these disputes to Grant as arbitrator. His

* In an interview first published in the New York "Herald."

† This was the Bonneville whose journal had been edited and amplified by Washington Irving, and published (1837) under the title "Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West."

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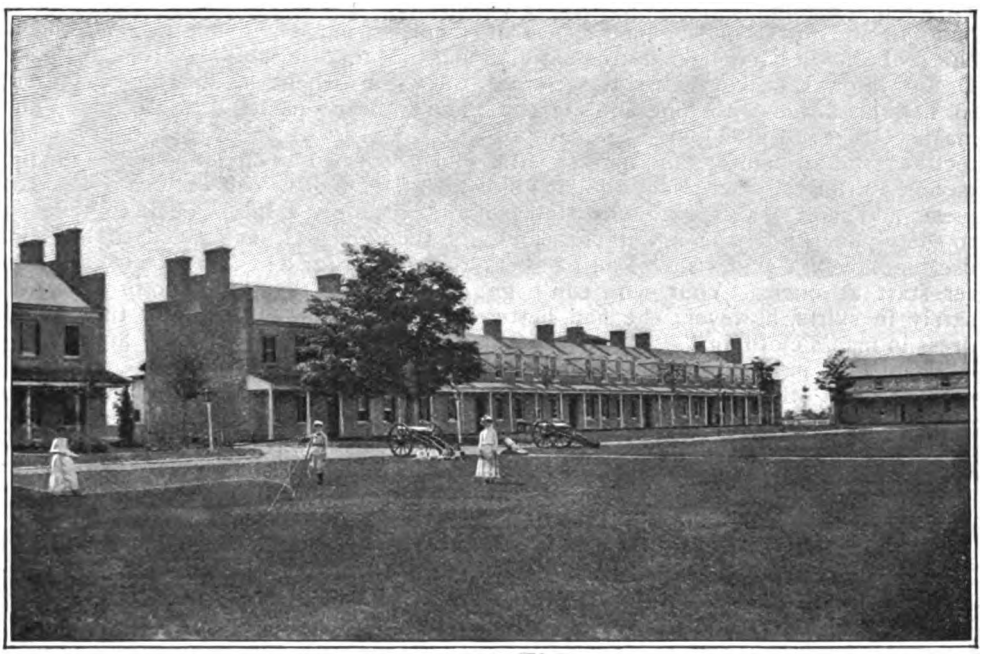
rulings were distinguished by particular good sense.

"He was accustomed to walk the deck late at night, and so at last we came to walk up and down the deck, discussing such matters as came up from time to time. He seemed to me to be a man of an uncommon order of intelligence. He had a good education, and what his mind took hold of it grasped strongly and thoroughly digested."

Nothing which the young soldier had ever done surpassed in energy, resource, coolness, and daring the crossing of the Isthmus. It was equal to a campaign against a foreign foe. It was a fight against fever, cholera, poisonous plants, bad water, inefficient labor, and insubordinate soldiery. As quartermaster, Grant was forced to take the brunt of all shortcomings in transportation and all complaints concerning supplies.



OFFICERS' BARRACKS, SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK.

From a photograph owned by Colonel Walter B. Camp.

### GRANT'S CARE OF A PLAGUE-STRICKEN REGIMENT AT PANAMA.

It was a perilous time of year to attempt such a passage, but that made little difference to the authorities in Washington. Quartermaster Grant, luckily, was experienced in the tropical summer, and was prepared for the worst. The "Ohio" delivered her freight at Aspinwall, letting loose a swarm of gold-seekers as well as soldiery. The heat was of course terrific, and Quartermaster Grant was sleeplessly active to get his charges out of the low-lying town at once. All was confusion. The town of Aspinwall had sprung up since the beginning of the gold excitement, and had scarcely any law and certainly no order. The railway was completed only to the Chagres River, eighteen miles away. The steamship company had contracted with the government to take the troops across the Isthmus; but when they arrived at Chagres, Quartermaster Grant found everything lacking. No mules had been provided by the agent of the company, and in the rush it seemed really impossible to secure any. The agent was supine and lifeless in the matter, and Grant was forced to take charge of affairs.

The regiment marched directly toward Panama, while the regimental band and the officers' wives, accompanied by Quartermaster Grant, went down the river toward Cruces. In his report at the time Grant said: "Upon arriving at Cruces I found the agent of the contracting parties had entered into a contract with Mr. Duckworth for the transportation of baggage,

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etc., from there to Panama. After waiting three days for Mr. Duckworth to furnish transportation, I found that at the terms he had agreed upon he was entirely unable to comply with his engagement."

This threw upon the young quartermaster the entire responsibility of moving the people in his charge and the regimental baggage safely on to Panama, and tested his energy and his practical experience as severely as any campaign in which he had ever been engaged. To make the situation worse, cholera had broken out in Cruces. At last he got his heterogeneous cavalcade in motion, the ladies riding astride mules, the men on foot laden with bundles, and in the midst some sisters of charity borne in hammocks by the natives. Drum-Major Elderkin, already referred to, had his bride with him, and Quartermaster Grant did all in his power to protect her from discomfort and danger. He gave the drum-major a twenty-dollar gold piece, and said: "Get a mule, if you can, to carry your wife over; but if you can't, use the money as you wish. You had better start at once. Your wife can't go safely in skirts, however; she had better dress in man's clothing."

The major, in recalling this incident recently, said: "So I dressed my wife in a pair of my white trousers and a white shirt. I had everything but a coat. I told Grant how I stood, and he said, 'I've got one that will just fit her,' and he went to his trunk and took out a jacket, which she put on. It fit very well. Then she buckled on my sword-belt. We all laughed, for she looked like a handsome boy. Then Grant said, 'Now don't drink any water while you are on the way. Get some wine, and use it sparingly.'

"When we got near Panama the natives noticed my wife and said, 'This is a handsome boy.' But some of them saw her ear-rings and said, 'This is not a boy, it is a lovely señorita.' When we got near the city the consul came out on a horse and met us, and said: 'The cholera is in Panama. When you get in, go immediately out to the ship "The Golden Gate"; don't stay in the town.' Grant stayed behind to attend to the stores. He took care of the health of the soldiers and everybody else. He had to look after the stores and pay all the bills. His position was very hard, and at one time everything seemed to depend upon him."

Cholera broke out in the ship which they took at Panama. More than one hundred and fifty men died of it, thirty-seven in one day, among the rest Major J. H. Gore, with whom Grant had been most intimately associated in Mexico and Detroit. The passengers were panic-stricken, and the men, appalled at their new foe, muttered with fear and wrath. In the midst of all the confusion and dread, which amounted to frenzy, Quartermaster Grant remained cool, resolute, watchful, and sympathetic. Nothing could flurry him or anger him or make him afraid.

"Captain Grant had a tremendous responsibility on his hands," says Mrs. Elderkin, who as the bride wife of the drum-major was the object at this time of Grant's special care. "He had hospital facilities, medicinal supplies, and the disposal of the dead to look after; but he did the work with as much system as though he had been quartered at Detroit. There we were, with from fifty to sixty dangerously sick people on our hands all the time, with twelve or fifteen of them dying daily, and with only a ship's deck to take care of them on. Grant seemed to be a man of iron, so far as endurance went, seldom sleeping, and then only two or three hours at a time, while at the same time his medicinal supplies were always ample and at hand. He seemed to take a personal interest in each case, and when one considers the matter, the hospital accommodations he provided were simply wonderful. He was like a ministering angel to us all."

The captain of "The Golden Gate" was a man of decision and character also, and an officer of wide experience in the treatment of Asiatic cholera. He refused to sail until all the passengers had been landed and all clothing fumigated and the ship thoroughly overhauled. These vigorous measures put an end to the plague, and "The Golden Gate" passed on her way to San Francisco without further mishap.

"We established a camp at Benicia," Major Elderkin relates, "which was a short distance out of San Francisco, where we stayed several weeks till we got a steamer to take us to Oregon."

### GRANT'S BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Columbia Barracks, as it was then called, was a post on the Columbia River not far from the site of the present city of Portland, which was at that time a small settlement of woodsmen. The buildings of the post were erected by Grant's friend and room-mate, Rufus Ingalls. It consisted of a number of rudely and hastily con-

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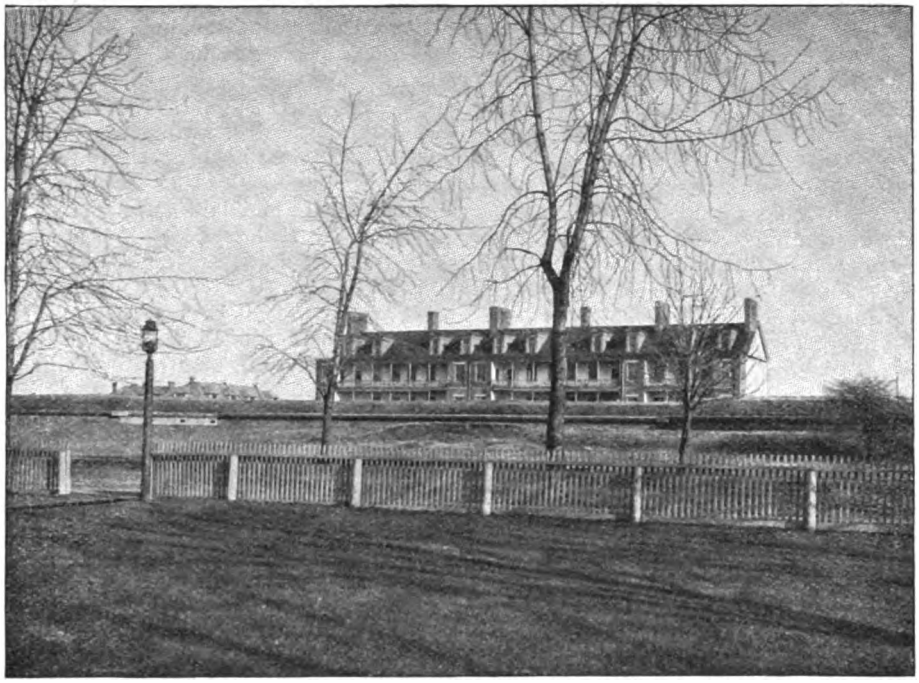

WEST FRONT OF FORTIFICATION AND BARRACKS, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT.

From a photograph loaned by Captain E. D. Smith of the Fifteenth Infantry. The building shown was erected in 1848, the year Grant first went to Detroit, and is the only one now standing at Fort Wayne that could have been in existence when Grant was stationed there.

structed log-houses. "Like all frontier posts of the period, it is best described by the word improvised," writes Colonel Thomas Anderson.* "Nearly everything was improvised. The houses, furniture, and fixtures were all made out of green wood with that *vade mecum* of the pioneer, the axe. Two companies of artillery had cleared a few acres of ground and put up a few buildings in the spring of 1849. In the fall of that year the Mounted Rifles came across the plains, and stopping at Vancouver began to carry on the work begun by the artillery. But early in the spring of 1850 about half of the regiment deserted to go to the California gold 'diggin's.' Those that remained became so unruly that it was decided to send them to another department.

"It was under these discouraging conditions that Grant began to perform the duties of quartermaster here. The surrounding country was a wilderness, peopled, where it was settled at all, by savage Indians or whites of the rough-and-ready frontier type. The few manufactured articles in use were brought around the Horn in sailing vessels or across the plains and mountains in wagons. The records of the post show that Grant performed all his duties as quartermaster faithfully and well; that he built houses, repaired wagons, and fitted out expeditions. Under this last head I find that in July, 1853, he supplied Captain George B. McClellan with transportation and all things needful for the first survey of the Northern Pacific railway.

"Grant served just one year at Fort Vancouver. During this time he lived and messed with his lifelong friend and West Point classmate, Rufus Ingalls, who was stationed there as depot quartermaster. He has given me many interesting incidents in his friend's early career. It seems that they kept a pair of horses on the south bank of the Columbia, opposite the post, and when they wished a little social diversion would cross the river and ride on horseback to Oregon City, twenty miles up the Willamette. Portland was then too unimportant to attract their attention."

* From an account written specially for McClure's Magazine. Colonel Thomas Anderson is the present commandant of the fort. In a subsequent letter he adds: "General Ingalls, Grant's most devoted friend, passed the later years of his life here, and I saw him nearly every day. He always claimed that Grant while here was always dignified and a gentleman; but he had few intimates. He was very quiet and reserved, but not unsocial."

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It was a dull and dreary year to the young soldier. The routine of an army post is the same everywhere, no matter how the social conditions may differ. Oregon at that time was a wilderness, and a gloomy wilderness in winter time. West of the Cascade range the vegetation is gigantic and oppressive. For six months of the year it is a land of rain, of dank moss, of dripping trees. The mists rise from the warm sea, float inward, break against the Cascade range of mountains, and fall in unending torrents over the steaming earth. There are weeks when the sun is scarcely felt, the glorious mountains are hidden, and the world is of the color of gray—green leaves and falling rain. But when the rains cease, then the dazzling crests of great mountains loom into the sky, the sun falls warm upon the earth, and vegetation leaps to maturity.

Grant did his duties and carried himself with his usual quiet dignity, but he was unusually silent and grave. He had not the careless nature which makes light of such a situation, although he was never a man to complain. He afterward spoke in warm praise of the land and the people he met there. How deeply he felt the separation from his wife and his two little sons will never be known, but the memory of an old artillery sergeant holds one revealing incident.

Captain Grant had procured for the sergeant a position as agent of the United States Ordnance Department, and on the morning after the arrival of the mail which brought the commission, the captain dropped into the sergeant's little cottage to witness and enjoy his delight. "When about to leave," the sergeant himself relates, "he said: 'Oh, I, too, had a letter last night,' and drawing one from his pocket he opened it out. He did not read it to us, but showed us the last page, where his wife had laid baby Fred's hand on the paper and traced with a pencil to show the size of it. He folded the letter and left without speaking a word; but his form shook and his eyes grew moist." *

He received few letters. There was a period of several months after leaving New York during which he was cut off from all news of his wife, and this at a time when his anxiety was peculiarly intense, and yet he uttered no complaint and was always mindful of others. He secured an appointment for Eckerson and helped Elderkin and his wife to make a home in the post. Beneath his impassive exterior he was known to be sympathetic to all need and suffering in others. Nobody ever went to him for help who did not get it readily and ungrudgingly. It seemed his greatest pleasure to aid others. Louis Sohns, a member of the Fourth Infantry band, says in a recent letter: "I saw Captain Grant almost daily while he was stationed here at Vancouver. He carried himself with dignity, and was highly respected by the garrison." And Drum-Major Elderkin adds of this same time: "I used to see Captain Grant almost every day. He used to ride up to our house almost every morning and say 'Good morning,' and ride off into the woods. He took great interest in the theatre which the officers established. His habits were very regular. He drank considerably, but not to excess. I never saw him intoxicated in my life. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew, but he seemed to be always sad. He never seemed jovial and hearty, like most of the officers. I thought him a very active man and a thorough soldier."

The winter dragged slowly on, and Grant began to plan diversion. He

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT FORT VANCOUVER IN 1852 AND 1853.

Redrawn from a photograph loaned by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, present commandant of Fort Vancouver.

* Recollections of Major Theo. Eckerson, written specially for McClure's Magazine.

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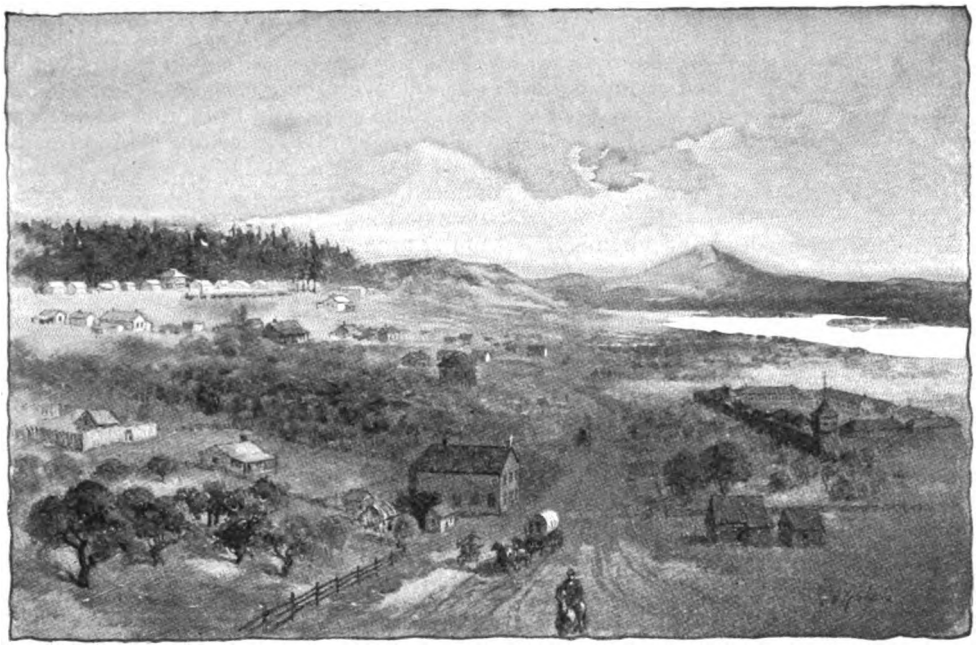

FORT VANCOUVER.

Redrawn from a painting by Dr. Covington, now owned by Captain James A. Buchanan of the Eleventh Infantry.

felt the necessity of doing something outside his camp, not merely because he knew he would be the better for it physically and mentally, but also because he hoped to make money enough to enable him to send for his family. He looked about for something which he could engage in without interfering with his duties at the post. He naturally turned to the employment of his boyhood; he determined to farm. He purchased a team, rented a piece of land, and set to work valorously.

The account of this disastrous experiment is furnished by Lieutenant Wallen, who took a partnership in the enterprise. "When we got to Vancouver," says he, "we found that Irish potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel. So Grant and I agreed to go into a potato speculation. We rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and, as Grant had been a farmer, he was to plow it. I was to cut and drop the potatoes, and we were to tend them together. Our capital was joined to buy the seed, as neither of us had much money. We planted a large patch, and in the fall we reaped a large harvest; but everyone had raised potatoes, and they were worth nothing. We finally had to pay some of the farmers to haul the potatoes away out of the magazine that was borrowed from the commandant of the post and in which we stored them."

Grant himself says of the venture that the gray old Columbia swept over the field in June and killed part of the young plants. "However," he adds, "it saved us the trouble of digging them in the fall."

Grant also went into a partnership with Rufus Ingalls to cut and ship ice to San Francisco. This, too, ended in disaster. Adverse winds held the brig back till some ships from Sitka unloaded their cargoes on the market and ice was of no great value. He then tried buying cattle and hogs and shipping them to San Francisco. "We continued this business," said his partner, "until both of us lost all the money we had. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed everyone as artless as himself. I never knew a stronger or better man." *

In August, 1853, Grant was promoted to a full captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Captain Bliss, famous as General Taylor's adjutant in the Mexican War. He started for his new post in October. "The post," says Richardson, "was two hundred and forty miles north of San Francisco, and the buildings stood on a plateau affording a splendid view of Humboldt Bay. The only town in the vicinity was Eureka, which contained but a saw-mill and twenty houses. Communication with

* Quoted in Burr's "Life of General Grant."

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San Francisco was solely by water, and mails were very irregular. The officers looked out anxiously every morning for a sail, and when one appeared galloped down to Eureka for their letters or a stray newspaper. The line captain's duties were less onerous than the quartermaster's had been, and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome."

Grant had little work to occupy his time, he was far separated—hopelessly separated from his family, and had an uncongenial commander in Colonel Buchanan. He took little interest in the dancing, hunting, fishing, and other diversions of the officers; and, above all, the futility of the whole life weighed upon him. He saw nothing ahead worth doing. He seemed to be indefinitely settled at a dull post. He was not a man of small things and dull routine. He had been at Fort Humboldt scarcely six months when he took a leave of absence and soon after resigned his commission. The immediate cause of his resignation has been the subject of much gossip and speculation. Grant's own explanation, in his "Personal Memoirs," is as follows: "My family, all this while, was at the East. It consisted now of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March applied for a leave of absence until the end of the July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time. I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home."

This is brief, but it is reasonable and sufficient. If there were other causes than the one assigned, they cannot now be certainly ascertained. None of the officers who served at Fort Humboldt with Grant are now living, and of his life there the positive information is very slight. The resignation took effect July 31, 1854. The change came when he was least prepared for it. Unlucky speculations had left him with little ready money, and he knew not which way to turn. To read his own account of this time one would think all his acts were commonplace, the time a gray day and nothing more. As a matter of fact it had all the elements of a tragedy to the gallant young soldier and to his ambitious father. Up to this moment there had been a faint hope of being transferred back to some Eastern post, where he might gather his family about him; but now the future was a shoreless, gray sea. The prospect plunged him into the deepest despair. What could he do? He had no money; everything seemed to go against him. The sullen old Columbia swept away his crop. Adverse winds held his ship from port. A rascally debtor had defaulted. Everything had failed. And now he was a private citizen once more, under a ban, and penniless. In such condition he walked the streets of San Francisco, not knowing which way to set his face.

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster of the coast, heard some men talking of him and was made aware of his presence in San Francisco. He set forth to find him, for he loved him, as did everyone who knew him. "He found him at last in a miner's hotel called the 'What Cheer House.' Grant was up in a little garret room which contained only a small cot, a pine table, and one chair.

"'Why, Grant,' what are you doing here?' asked Allen.

"'Nothing,' he replied. 'I've resigned from the army. I'm out of money, and I have no means of getting home.'

"'Well,' said Allen, 'I can arrange for your transportation without trouble, and I guess we can raise some money for you.'

"He took hold of the matter vigorously, and through him Grant procured transportation to New York and money enough to meet his daily needs."

He reached New York still forlorn and practically penniless. He had enough to carry him to Sackett's Harbor, where one of his recreant debtors lived, from whom he expected to extract some money. He failed to do so, and returned to New York in worse condition than ever. There he applied to Simon B. Buckner, who was stationed as a recruiting officer in Brooklyn, and received fifty dollars, which enabled him to reach Covington, Kentucky, where his father now lived.

It was a sad blow to the proud old father. He turned away from his eldest son to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil. They were to uphold the honor of the family. The mother, on the contrary, was glad that he was out of the service. She seemed to understand the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life in barracks, and was relieved to know he was returning to civil life and a home. Her serene, steadfast, and gentle spirit helped him to get his bearings once more.

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# DANIEL VIERGE, THE MASTER ILLUSTRATOR.

## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE MAN AND HIS ART.

By August F. Jaccaci.

WHEN one looks over a number of representative contemporary illustrations and compares them with those made during the early and middle part of the century, one cannot help being struck by the fact that illustration, the most democratic of our modern arts, has undergone, within less than thirty years, a revolution, or rather an emancipating evolution. To no man but Daniel Vierge can this radical change be justly attributed. He was its prime mover, and from the first stood, as he stands today, head and shoulders above the rest of his professional brethren—once their recognized leader, now the honored master whose career continues to be their inspiration.

Passing from the older examples to the most recent ones is like jumping from the dull atmosphere of fatuous respect for obsolete traditions into a free, vivid expression of the modern life around us. The old illustrations everywhere in France, Germany, and Italy, with a few exceptions which emphasize the rule, seem to have been executed according to straight and hard formulas, so that no matter what the subject represented was, all were treated in the same artificial way; the same persons appeared again in hardly a different guise; the same monotony of technique pervaded them all; and the same lights, the same intense shadows were thrown over them. Under the influence of a man powerful enough to go straight to nature for his inspiration, modern illustration has struck out for itself into untrodden paths, where the observation of nature is the first consideration; where the artists, seeking to

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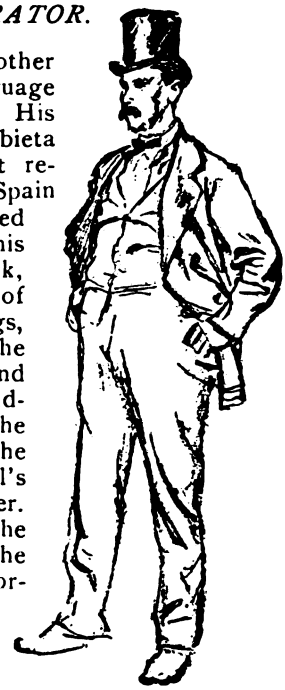
render solely what is before them, endow reality with the intensity of feeling, dramatic or otherwise, which reality kindles in them. To so render subjects which had been treated in a formal fashion, the old narrow, meagre method was inadequate. A new technique had to be invented, full of light and movement, of gaiety and unexpectedness, savoring strongly, not of the cold atmosphere of the schools, nor of their straight and narrow formulas, but of nature and of life alone. The extraordinary importance of that evolution and the difficulty of its achievement can be appreciated only when one reflects that a technique is usually the product of generations, the slow unfolding and perfecting of given means of expression sifted through many minds, and that here a technique had to be found with most varied and unexpected means because its field was practically of limitless range and unknown. For example, in old days, day and night scenes were treated in the same fashion, only a little more black or a little more white differentiating the night from the day; but in the modern illustrations every scene had to be rendered in its own peculiar way, necessitating, so to speak, in each case, a different treatment, born of the scene itself. So magnificent a result, to which we have become accustomed as we have to the latest and most wonderful conquests of electricity, hardly realizing the strides made, we owe to Daniel Vierge more than to any other man, and justly he has been called "The Father of Modern Illustration."

It is needless to point out in this magazine the advantages of the side lights thrown by the intimate life of a man, in order to truly appreciate the nature of his talent, its genesis, its unfolding, its tendencies. Without lingering on biographical minutiæ, it is worth while going over the few simple steps which have marked the career of Vierge.

Daniel Urrabieta y Vierge, born in Madrid in 1851, soon grew up to express his boyish ideas through the pencil as other children do with language spoken or written. His father, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, was the most renowned illustrator of Spain at the time. He joined with a great love for his art a capacity for work, of which hundreds of thousands of drawings, scattered all over the Spanish newspapers and books, testify. A kindly, enthusiastic nature he was, and remained to the end of his days Daniel's best friend and adviser. Soon recognizing the genius of his boy, he gave him every opportunity to study, so that at thirteen years of age Daniel, after a brilliant examination, entered the Fine Arts Academy of Madrid.



His whole training before this had been to try to jot down on paper the things that impressed him. His father, with remarkable tact, had encouraged him in trying to give expression to his individual thoughts in his own individual way. He never made copies from the drawings or paintings of others; his only models were the things of life, moving, breathing; and no doubt there was laid the foundation of a talent which has succeeded in the rendering of life better than that of any other man in our day. Vierge says that he owes to that training all that he is.

In the Academy of Fine Arts Vierge found a rare teacher, Don Federico de Madrazo, and his fellow-pupils were men who have since attained a wide European reputation. There were the great Villegas and Rico and Carbonero, and many others whose works adorn the best picture galleries in this country, as elsewhere. There Vierge learned what Mr. Ingres called "the probity of art"—drawing seriously and painstakingly from the model, and refining his study little by little until there stood on the paper the life figure, not simply with its characteristic expression of movement, its main picturesque and typical outside features, but considered as carefully in all its parts and constructed as the model himself, with a living body under his costume, and flesh and bones under his skin.

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There was a great rivalry between the pupils, who, to the criticism of the master, added criticisms of their own to one another. Their enthusiasm for their work did not permit them to have idle evenings after their hard day's labor, and they used to go out together in the streets of Madrid, searching for the most interesting and picturesque manifestations of the popular life in low quarters; looking at them intently, reflectively, and the next morning, in the quietness of their rooms, unaided by any documents (for it was the rule not to take any sketches or notes), they tried to render what had most impressed them.

This splendid exercise of training the memory, accustoming one thereby to see vividly and well the large aspects of a thing, was no doubt an important factor in developing Vierge's talent. Many art connoisseurs prefer the drawings of Rico and Villegas to their paintings, precisely because these drawings show more than their paintings how accurate and nervous

MENDICANTS AT THE JERUSALEM GATE, CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, DURING HOLY WEEK.

From "La Vie Moderne."

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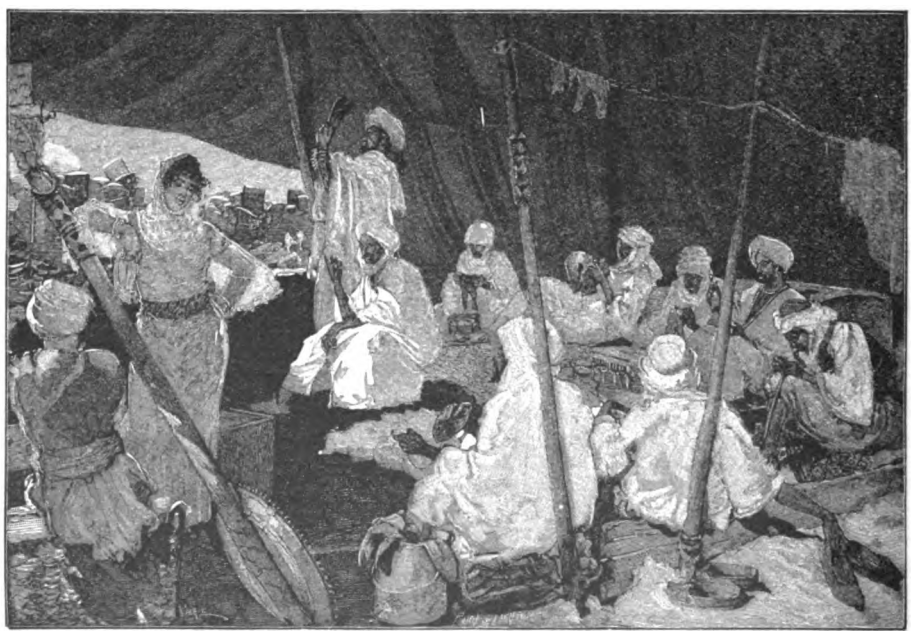
a grasp of a scene these men have.

The tendency of the French school—the teaching of all other schools, in fact, in comparison with this—is towards elaborate compositions (which are afterthoughts) and an execution with the help of the model, whence it seems that, with the acquirement of a necessary thoroughness, all the life and spirit of the thing has departed. So far as I know, the Spaniards of that period were the only group of people who cultivated memory, as well as composition and academic drawing.

Vierge had been casting longing glances toward Paris, then the Mecca of all artists. There are now many signs of a reaction against that feeling, but in those days, and especially in Spain, with the meteoric career of Fortuny so dazzling before one, Paris was the place to which all artists aspired, and to which Vierge came at sixteen years of age. Spaniard and provincial in his ways, he found himself lost in the whirlpool of the cosmopolitan life. Yet nothing ever seemed to surprise him, while the stimulus of his surrounding influences in that maelstrom of movement began to be felt in his first productions.

Then, as now, in Paris, as elsewhere, the ranks of the illustrators were pretty full, and no one was allowed to come in without good fortune or great talent. Vierge didn't have the good fortune, but his strenuous efforts were rewarded, and he managed to live by contributing here and there to some ephemeral sheets of the illustrated weekly press. He was happy though, taking so much pleasure in his work that there was nothing in the world outside of it for him, and he became a recognized power in the circle of foreign artists who were trying to force the well-guarded doors of the French editors. He was young, abandoning himself to the joy of living, the pleasure of seeing life in its multitudinous manifestations,—the high and the low, the good and the bad,—free from the trammels of school and teacher, and training him-



THE INTERIOR OF AN ARAB SHOEMAKER'S TENT AT THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF 1879.
From "Le Monde Illustré."

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THE FIGURE OF A COTILLION AT THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE ALUMNI OF THE PARIS POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

From "Le Monde Illustré."

self, as in his early days, to render what he saw in his own way.

No one can tell what Vierge might have been had not the unexpected happened. Surely his development would have been more gradual; but that thunderbolt from a clear sky, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and its sequel, the Commune of 1871, made a man of the boy, a master of the student. Stirred to the very depth of his being by the tragic events which threw the Parisians into frenzied excitement, appealed to by the daily dramatic scenes around him, he responded magnificently, like a violin string touched by the bow. All his training, all his fierce and dramatic, his sombre and energetic Spanish nature asserted itself in a vibrant expression so powerful that it stands forth unique among the many productions brought out by the *Année Terrible.* All the shackles of his school training were thrown over; the tentativeness of his earlier works disappeared, and, rising to the occasion in a series of pages which have roused the admiration of his brother artists ever since, he depicted all those every-day events of the war in a manner full of simplicity and directness, and so forcible that it brings back to one all that sad and eventful period. There was all the master. He has since worked in other fields; he has never done anything better.

To find a parallel to the few scratchy drawings which he made at the peril of his life during the Commune, one must go back to the masters of the past—to Goya in his "Horrors of War"—but it is in making such comparisons that one feels how useless and inadequate comparisons are. These pages of the Commune are unique; that poor Spanish youth wandering in the streets of Paris when every one was looking for spies, when summary executions were the order of the day, has put some of that unrest, of that feeling of horror, in these magisterial pages. It is a rare delight to see him take them out of a little secretary in his studio, some twenty small sheets of that thin, gray paper which the Parisian small shopkeepers use for wrapping their humble wares. The artist handles them tenderly, as if the mere act of touching the fragile things were bringing back to him the experiences of those inauspicious days. The few lines struck off, as it were, in the very face of death, stand out with incomparable vividness, like mute witnesses. There is the cruel and bloodthirsty Raoul Rigault, a socialist, or rather a nihilist, bedecked in splendid military paraphernalia, like a guardsman of imperial Germany. There

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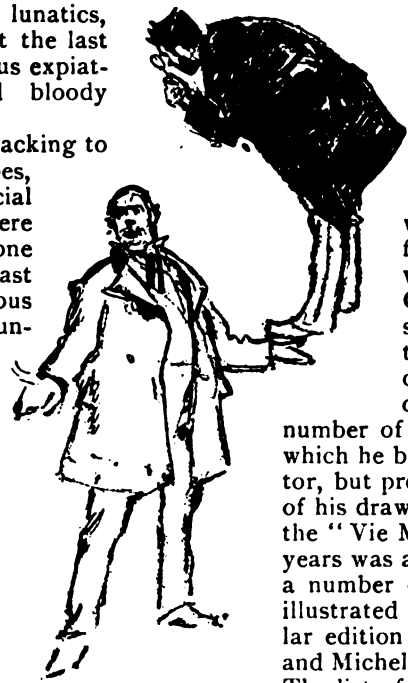
are those fellows, half lunatics, exalted apostles, who at the last faced death bravely, thus expiating their fanatic and bloody deeds.



Nothing essential is lacking to that collection of types, poor sheep of the social revolution. And then there are two drawings, one above all, of those last days, when the victorious troops forced the Communists from the western end of Paris to their final stronghold in the cemetery of the Père la Chaise. It represents a *pétroleuse*, one of the terrible creatures who, in these last days of fight from street to street and house to house, sought to avenge their inevitable defeat upon those noble monuments which are the glory of France and mark the periods of its history, by soaking them with petroleum and finally setting fire to them. The writer remembers how hideous the nights were made by these conflagrations, which lit up the heavens, turning night into day, so that miles away from the fires one could without trouble read the papers in the streets, while the sharp snaps of the incessant musketry firing, punctuated by the loud reports of cannon, reëchoed on all sides. That *pétroleuse* is at bay, half crouched, her back against the wall, with the bayonets which are to pierce her at her breast. Her savage, villainous face haunts one like a nightmare. It is the epitome of the whole Commune.

No artist's life more than that of Vierge has been solely devoted without stops and shackles of any kind to his art. With the consciousness of having acquired the power to express himself,—acquired suddenly, one might be inclined to say; but I think I have shown that the process was gradual and logical,—he kept on working, giving not a moment to anything but his art. His assiduity in his work would have wrecked a much finer constitution. As it was, for ten years after the Commune his giant's physique helped him to keep up the most extraordinary production which the history of art recalls. There is no number of the "Monde Illustré," to which he became a constant contributor, but presents one or two or more of his drawings. Besides, he gave to the "Vie Moderne," which in its early years was an ideal illustrated review, a number of fine pages, and he also illustrated many volumes of the popular edition of Victor Hugo's works and Michelet's "Histoire de France." The list of his productions is so enormous that it is inconceivable how one man did it all. More wonderful still, the quality of his work was always of the highest. Mr. de Heredia of the French Academy says: "All that which French poetry, history, and romance have created of most beautiful in this century, Vierge has felt, understood, and translated; and one does not know, in turning over the 'History' of Michelet, or so many of the books of the great Hugo, which is most worthy of admiration, the prodigious fecundity of the artist, or the suppleness and truly marvellous variety of his genius."

And Vierge's time was not spent alone in drawing; a large part of it was devoted to the training of engravers to interpret his work. In the same sense as he is "the father of modern illustration," he has been the prime mover and foster-father, we may say, of the modern school of engraving.

Like the illustrators whose work they translated on wood, the engravers were hampered and limited by narrow traditions; and when those new drawings, so full of

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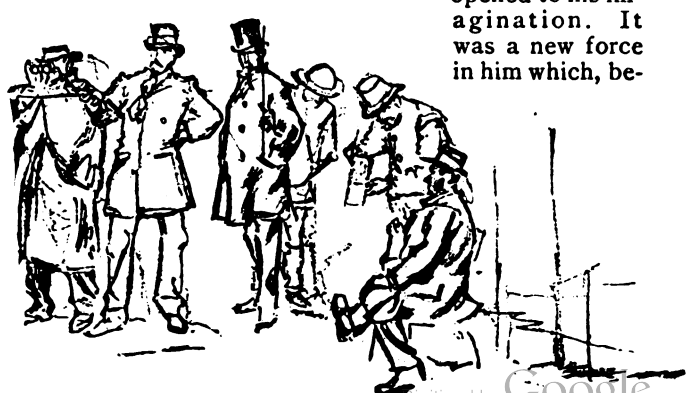
life, of air, and of color came, they were at a loss to know how to render them. Their old methods, quiet, formal, and meagre, were totally inadequate to cope with the robustness of Vierge's drawings. A new technique had to be invented, and the wood was made to tell things it had never dared to tell before. One has only to look back upon the illustrations made prior to the seventies to appreciate the revolution which has been wrought in wood engraving. There is no one technique like the hard and fast technique of old days; there is always an adequate, sympathetic, and expressive interpretation of an individual drawing. In the work of the days when Vierge did for the weekly press all those marvellous pages of every-day actuality,—that actuality which is, one might say, the small change of history,—one cannot but be delighted with the life and variedness of the engravings. It is the exuberance, the freshness, the "go" of those engravings which appeal to one's appreciation irresistibly. Every wood engraver, under the powerful example of the master, dared to be an original artist; and yet each one was respectful, as no one had ever been before, of the illustrator's personality. It must have been a hard task to so completely change the whole current and tone of an entire profession, but Vierge proved equal to the task. The finest engravers of our day in France, Lepere and Baude, say that he has been the making of them; and their work has had a compelling influence on the American as well as the English and German engravers. It is not too much to say that wood engravers were slaves until Vierge appeared on the scene.

The extent of Vierge's production is only matched by his versatility; for his range of subjects embraces everything. He always delighted in scenes of war, and the Carlist War of 1873–1876, and the war in the Balkans from 1877 to 1879, found in him an ever-ready, ever-sympathetic interpreter; but, above all, he has glorified the facts of common life, upon which artists had been used to look as unworthy of their consideration, in a series of improvised masterpieces—inestimable documents—which are like intimate revelations of the elements of a character, a beauty living all about us which we do not see. It does not matter what the subject is with Vierge; if simply it be a page of real life it is sufficient to rouse his interest. He has no choice, no preconceived idea; at least he had none in those days, everything was sympathetic. He was always glad to take what presented itself, until one day the great occasion arose when an editor of insight asked him to undertake the illustration of a Spanish book.

Though living in Paris, seldom returning to his native country, and then but for flying visits, Vierge had remained a Spaniard to the backbone. He had picked up just enough French to get along, and his sole diversions were such as he would have enjoyed at home. His family had followed him one by one, and they formed in the midst of their French friends and acquaintances a pure little Castilian colony. He was full of gratitude for what Paris had done for him, and would never go away from it; but he remained true to his race, its traditions, and mode of life. The proposition of the editor opened a new horizon to Vierge. Of the few books that were his companions, he chose to illustrate the picturesque novel of "Don Pablo de Segovia." Until he started that work he had no idea how much of a Spaniard he was. No doubt the costumes and environment were infinitely more picturesque material than any that had yet befallen him; but the types were such as he could know and feel in their very essence. Then, after having always inspired himself from reality, he found for the first time a door opened to his imagination. It was a new force in him which, be-



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STREET OF A MURCIAN VILLAGE DURING AN INUNDATION.

From "La Vie Moderne."

ing undeveloped, he had hardly suspected. His joy in dipping into that old atmosphere of the glorious days of Spain was as intense as it was unexpected. And here, for the first time, he found scope also for his humor, of so riotous and exuberant a quality.

Most of the work of Vierge before this had been done in two black-and-white mediums—wash, and pen and ink. In both he stands unrivalled; but his pen and ink, reproduced directly without the interposition of the engraver, represents him more intensely and faithfully. All the critical authorities have expatiated upon the wonderful technical merit of his pen and ink work, so straightforward and virile, and Vierge made no mistake in choosing that medium for the illustrations of his "Don Pablo." His hero is an extraordinary adventurer whose wit and presence of mind never desert him in the most distressing circumstances, and who passes through a series of singular adventures, touching high and low, the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the peasants, none more than the class of professional swindlers, beggars, which then were a feature of Spanish civilization. One follows him, in the most amusing and philosophical way, through school and convent, prisons, and dens of burglars. How real all this seems as seen with Vierge's imagination in those eighty or more drawings, which were until recently considered his masterpieces!

In the midst of this work, when fired up with such enthusiasm as he says he had

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SCENES FROM AN OPERETTA.

From "LeMonde Illustré."

never before felt, the artist was, without the slightest warning, struck by paralysis, which, in the twinkling of an eye, deprived him of memory, speech, action; leaving him a wrecked body with apparently no signs of life, except of a merely vegetative kind. And yet, slumbering in that ruin of a most powerful and healthy organism were no mere glimmerings, but an acute realization, of his condition. He had no means to express himself; his father, who might, nay, who would, have understood, was dead; and his family, after consultation with the best Parisian doctors, gave him up as one soon to die. It is pathetic to hear the artist tell of that awful experience, and one marvels how he could have come out of it sound in mind. The great Dr. Charcot, when called to examine him, said roughly that there was nothing to do; that in a few weeks, going from bad to worse, he would be dead. And Vierge heard it all. But he clung to life, and after two years of tragic agony, slowly recovered the partial use of his limbs. His memory came back entirely to him, and with indomitable energy, his right hand being useless, he set to work patiently training his left hand to draw.

It has been a very slow recovery; but the artist stands to-day, but for that partial paralysis of his right side, which is constantly growing better, and for a certain difficulty of speech, the fine man he was before; a finer man, because reflected in his latter-day productions, of necessity much fewer than of old, is something greater, more elemental and essential, than his first work. The brilliancy of his technique is replaced by qualities more precious. He is more thoughtful, and touches things in a deeper way. It is a new stage in Vierge's development. Some have said (it is unfortunate that so much should be written about art, which, when it is art at all, is a sufficient explanation unto itself) that Vierge having changed, his first manner is preferable to his second manner, and others assert that the second is superior to the first. No doubt, as

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it is in the nature of things that mature age should follow youth, the simple truth is that Vierge has grown, as all fine people do grow. But idiosyncrasies are not to be reasoned with. Some prefer the buoyancy of youth, and love to linger upon it; to others maturity appeals more. Surely the quality of charm exists as strongly in the drawings of the second manner as in those of the first. The man was too good to stop in his career, he has gone ahead, and life in its tragic aspect having left its imprint upon him, he has given a new note, a graver one, more sober, but full of just the same power and the same personal qualities.

Lately it seems as if Vierge had gone back to his old inspiration in those drawings made from notes taken during a journey which he undertook primarily to prepare himself for what he and his friends consider must be the crowning achievement of his career, an illustration of "the great and wise and kindly book" which, written by a Spaniard, belongs to all mankind ; a book that, like all the great books of the world, still remains to be illustrated by the ideal man—the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes.

Vierge is completely independent of the modern movement which insists upon the necessity of doing translations from nature directly from nature. He has never done his work directly on the spot; yet it is admirably true to nature and to life, and few artists would dream that he uses the model but rarely. His manner of work is like that of the old painters. He has so profoundly learned to memorize, that the process is inbred in him; and his notes from nature, therefore, while exceedingly accurate, are scanty. In two or three strokes of the pencil they give an attitude, an effect, the expression of a face, or the movement of a crowd. If a bit of landscape, two or three lines, two or three dashes of vivid color, and that is all he needs. Then in the studio, quietly, with the memory of the scene before him, he makes those elaborate compositions which are true in every detail. Or he will draw a type as carefully and thoroughly, and carry it as far as if the man were standing before him. While everything he does is true to life, he well knows how to endow reality with the color of his feelings. He is like a poet, one of those exceptional natures essentially synthetic, who, of what he has seen, makes a work of art that is, as Zola says, "a corner of nature seen through a temperament." It is in comparing a photograph with a drawing by Vierge representing the same thing that one understands the part a great artist plays. It is a conception of art singularly short-sighted and altogether too easy, the rendering a scene after the manner of an instantaneous photograph. The photograph sees too much of it, gives and emphasizes unduly every detail, and the result is perforce mechanical. In the work of the artist a process of selection takes place ; long reflection results in the simplifying and emphasizing of the impressions received. The artist has to digest what he sees, to select all that is essential and necessary, so as to render the mystery of an effect, the dramatic or picturesque look of a scene. An artist has to love his art very much to do this, for in comparison it is infinitely easier to copy. And when one is such a master of virtuosity as Vierge, who, with the simplest means and in a few moments, can deal with facts in the most precise and telling manner, such a process implies self-respect and a passionate love for what is best and highest.

The French painters, large-hearted Meissonier at the head, followed by Gérôme, Cabanel, Carolus Duran, and all the leading men, petitioned their government to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Vierge, "one of the greatest artists of all times," as they expressed it. This unanimous token of esteem and appreciation touched Vierge profoundly; and at the banquet given in celebration of his accession to the ranks of the Legion of Honor,

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he was so overcome by emotion that he could neither eat nor speak. In reply to the congratulations of his three hundred sponsors, the poor invalid, straightening himself up with the help of a staff, could only utter, "Thanks! Thanks! It is too much honor!" and, sitting down, covered his face with his hands.

That was typical of the man, a simple and unaffected man, who, with full consciousness of his talent, thinks he has accomplished little as yet, and that his great work is still before him. And his life is free from any motives but the highest, like that of a faithful cathedral image-maker of the religious ages. In the studio at the end of a little court behind his house, in a suburb of Paris, he is to be found from early morning till night, happy, singing, and working,—constantly working. There is nothing in the world for him but his beloved work and his home. Such a pure and single-minded life is a beautiful and rare example.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A true illustrator has always in view, while doing his work, the final engraved result, printed on a page of a given size, and harmonious with type of a special design. The selection of illustrations for this article presented a peculiar difficulty, as the reduction to the size of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE of Vierge's most important productions—the drawings which he made for the large pages of the "Monde Illustré" and the "Vie Moderne"—took away much of those elements of force and character which are the trade-mark, so to speak, of the virile artist. The editors have felt that they should not, in justice to Vierge, attempt to give more than a few small, and, at best, inadequate reproductions of the hundreds of large illustrations which he has contributed to the French weekly illustrated press; but in order to explain and complete these, they have secured from the artist some precious leaves from his sketch-books which have never been published before. Some of these rapid notes, jotted down as records of such simple facts as a type, a movement, a gesture, an expression, reveal as much as any of his finished productions the master's incomparable virtuosity, his vividness of impression, his never-failing sympathy with nature and life. The portrait of Vierge in his studio, at the head of this article, was secured especially in view of its publication in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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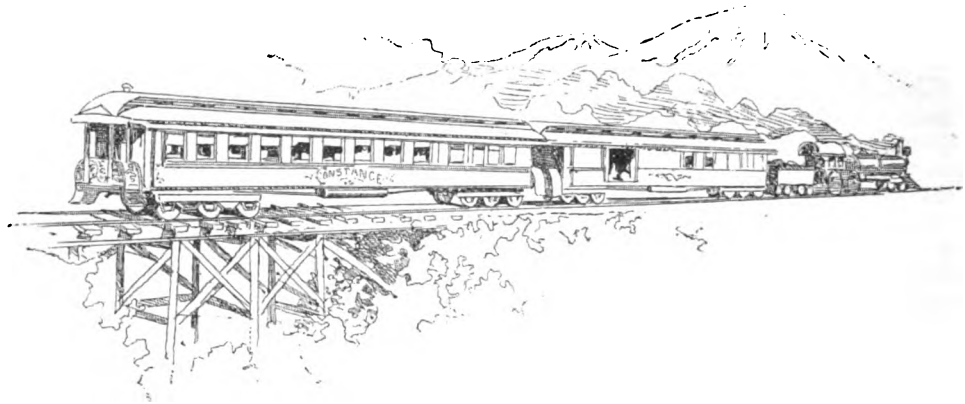

# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connection is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and bide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

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### CHAPTER VIII.—*Concluded.*

THE "We're Here" was racing neck and neck for her last few loads against the "Parry Norman," a Provincetown boat; and since that meant Cape Cod against Gloucester, the fleet took sides and betted tobacco. All hands worked at the lines or dressing-down till they fell asleep where they stood—beginning before dawn and ending when it was too dark to see. They even used the cook as pitcher, and turned Harvey into the hold to pass salt, while Dan helped to dress down. Luckily the "Parry Norman" lost a man who sprained his ankle falling down the foc'sle, and the "We're Here's" gained. Harvey could not see how more fish could be crammed into her, but Disko and Tom Platt stowed and stowed, and planked all down with big stones from the ballast, and there was always "jest another day's work." Disko did not tell them when all the salt was wetted. He rolled to the lazarette aft the cabin and began hauling out the big mainsail. This was at ten in the morning. The riding-sail was down and the main and top sail were up by noon, and dories came alongside with letters for home, envying their good fortune. At last, with cleared decks, she hoisted her flag—as is the right of the first boat off the Banks—up-anchored and began to move. Disko pretended that he wished to accommodate folks who had not sent in their mail, and so worked her gracefully in and out among the schooners. In reality, that was his little triumphant procession, and for the fifth year running it showed what kind of mariner he was. Dan's accordion and Tom Platt's fiddle supplied the music of the magic verse you must not sing till all the salt is wet:

"Hey! Yih! Yoho! Send your letters raound!
All our salt is wetted, an' the anchor's off the graound!
Bend, oh, bend your main'sle, we're back to Yankeeland—
With fifteen hunder' quintal,
An' fifteen hunder' quintal,
'Teen hunder' toppin' quintal,
'Twix' old 'Queereau an' Grand."

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The last letters pitched on deck wrapped round pieces of coal, and the Gloucester men shouted messages to their wives and womenfolk and owners, while the "We're Here" went through her musical ride among the Fleet, her headsails quivering like a man's hand when he raises it to say good-by.

Harvey very soon discovered that the "We're Here" with her riding-sail, strolling from berth to berth, and the "We're Here" headed west by south under home canvas, were two very different boats. There was a bite and kick to the wheel even in "boy's" weather; he could feel the dead weight in the hold flung forward mightily across the surges, and the streaming line of bubbles overside made his eyes dizzy.

They had little time for loafing those days. Disko kept them busy fiddling with the sails; and when those were flattened like a racing yacht's, Dan had to wait on the big topsail, which was put over by hand every time she went about. In spare moments they pumped, for the packed fish dripped brine, which does not improve a cargo.

The best fun was when the boys were put on the wheel together, Tom Platt within hail, and she cuddled her lee-rail down to the crashing blue, and kept a little home-made rainbow arching unbroken over her windlass. Then the jaws of the booms whined against the mast, and the sheets creaked, and the sails filled with roaring; and when she slid into a hollow she trampled like a woman tripped in her own silk dress, and came out, her jib wet halfway up, yearning and peering for the tall twin lights of Thatcher's Island.

They left the cold gray of the Bank sea, saw the lumber-ships making for Quebec up the straits of St. Lawrence, with the Jersey salt-brigs from Spain and Sicily; found a friendly northeaster off Artimon Bank that drove them within view of the East light of Sable Island—a sight Disko did not linger over—and stayed with them past Western and Le Have, to the northern fringe of George's. From there they picked up the deep water and let her go merrily.

"Hattie's pulling on the string," Dan confided to Harvey. "Hattie an' ma. Next Sunday you'll be hirin' a boy to throw water on the windows to make ye go to sleep. Guess you'll keep with us till your folks come. Do you know the best of gettin' ashore again?"

"Hot bath?" said Harvey. His eyebrows were all white with dried spray.

"That's good, but a night-shirt's better. I've been dreamin' o' night-shirts ever since we bent our mainsail. Ye can wiggle your toes then. Ma'll hev a new one fer me, all washed out soft. It's home, Harve. It's home! Ye can sense it in the air. We're runnin' into the aidge of a hot wave naow, an' I can smell the bay-berries. Port a trifle."

The hesitating sails flapped and lurched in the close air and the deep smoothed out, blue and oily, round them. When they whistled for a wind only the rain came in spiky rods, bubbling and drumming, and behind the rain the thunder and the lightning of mid-August. They lay out with bare feet and arms telling one another what they would order at their first meal ashore; for now the land was in plain sight. A Gloucester sword-fish boat drifted alongside, a man in the little pulpit on the bowsprit flourishing his harpoon, his bare head plastered down with the wet. "And all's well!" he sang cheerily, as though he were watch on a big liner. "Wouverman's waiting fer you, Disko. What's the news o' the Fleet?"

Disko shouted it and passed on, while the wild summer storm pounded overhead and the lightning flickered along the capes from four different quarters at once. It gave the low circle of hills round Gloucester Harbor, Ten Pound Island, the fish-sheds, with the broken line of house-roofs, and each spar and buoy on the water, in blinding photographs that came and went a dozen times to the minute as the "We're Here" crawled in on half-flood, and the whistling-buoy moaned and mourned behind her. Then the storm died out in long separated, vicious dags of blue-white flame, followed by a single roar like the roar of a mortar-battery, and the shaken air tingled under the stars, as it got back to silence.

"The flag, the flag," said Disko, suddenly, pointing upward.

"What is ut?" said Long Jack.

"Otto! Ha'af mast. They can see us frum shore now."

"I'd clean forgot. He's no folk to Gloucester, has he?"

"Girl he was goin' to be married to this fall."

"Mary pity her!" said Long Jack, and lowered the little flag half-mast for the sake of Otto, swept overboard in a gale off Le Have three months before.

Disko wiped the wet from his eyes and led the "We're Here" to Wouverman's wharf, giving his orders in whispers, while she swung round moored tugs and night-watchmen hailed her from the ends of inky-

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"DORIES CAME ALONGSIDE WITH LETTERS FOR HOME."

black piers Over and above the darkness and the mystery of the procession, Harvey could feel the land close round him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, and the smell of earth after rain, and the familiar noise of a switching-engine coughing to herself in a freight-yard; and all those things made his heart beat and his throat dry up as he stood by the foresheet. They heard the anchor-watch snoring on a lighthouse tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a lantern glimmered on either side. Somebody waked with a grunt, threw them a rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf flanked with great iron-roofed sheds full of warm emptiness, and lay there without a sound.

Then Harvey sat down by the wheel, and sobbed and sobbed as though his heart would break, and a tall woman who had been sitting on a weigh-scale dropped down into the schooner and kissed Dan once on the cheek; for she was his mother, and she had seen the "We're Here" by the lightning flashes. She took no notice of Harvey till he had recovered himself a little and Disko had told her his story. Then they went to Disko's house together as the dawn was breaking; and until the telegraph office was open and he could wire to his folk,

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Harvey Cheyne was perhaps the loneliest boy in all America. But the curious thing was that Disko and Dan seemed to think the better of him for crying. He could not help himself.

Wouverman was not ready for Disko's prices till Disko had given him a few days to swallow them; so all hands played about the streets, and Long Jack stopped the Rocky Neck trolley, on principle, as he said, till the conductor let him ride free. But Dan went about with his nose in the air, bungfull of mystery and most haughty to his family.

"Dan, I'll hev to lay inter you ef you act this way," said Troop, pensively. "Sense we've come ashore you've bin a heap too fresh."

"I'd lay into him naow ef he was mine," said Uncle Salters, sourly. He and Penn boarded with the Troops.

"Oho!" said Dan, shuffling with the accordion round the back-yard, ready to leap the fence if the enemy advanced. "Dad, you're welcome to your own jedgment, but remember I've warned you. Your own flesh an' blood ha' warned ye! 'Tain't any o' *my* fault ef you're mistook, but I'll be on deck to watch ye. An' ez fer *yeou*, Uncle Salters, Pharaoh's chief butler ain't in it 'longside o' you! You watch aout an' wait. You'll be ploughed under like your own blamed clover; but me—Dan Troop—I'll flourish like a green bay-tree because *I* warn't stuck on my own opinion."

Disko was smoking in all his shore dignity and a pair of beautiful carpet-slippers. "You're gettin' ez crazy as poor Harve. You two go araound gigglin' an' squinchin' an' kickin' each other under the table till there's no peace in the haouse," said he.

"There's goin' to be a heap less—fer some folks," Dan replied. "You wait an' see."

He and Harvey went out on the trolley to East Gloucester, where they tramped through the bay-berry bushes to the lighthouse, and lay down on the big red boulders and laughed themselves hungry. Harvey had shown Dan a telegram, and the two swore to keep silence till the shell burst.

"Harve's folk?" said Dan, with an unruffled face after supper. "Well, I guess they don't amount to much of anything, or we'd ha' heard frum 'em. His pop keeps a kind o' store out West. Maybe he'll give you's much as five dollars, dad."

"What did I tell ye?" said Salters. "Don't sputter over your vittles, Dan."

## CHAPTER IX.

WHATEVER his private sorrows may be, a multi-millionnaire, like any other workingman, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, senior, had gone East late in June to meet a woman broken down, half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the gray seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage-women, and even faith-cure companions, but they were useless. Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of her boy by the hour together to any one who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little—hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the calendar on his writing-desk, "What's the use of going on?"

There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head that, some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally, and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together—the old head backing the young fire. Now his boy was dead—lost at sea as it might have been a Swede sailor from one of Cheyne's big tea-ships; the wife was dying, or worse; he himself was trodden down by platoons of women and doctors and maids and attendants; worried almost beyond endurance by the shift and change of her poor restless whims; hopeless, with no heart to meet his many enemies.

He had taken the wife to his raw new palace in San Diego, where she and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a verandah-room, between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four Western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber-camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the State of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed for-

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ward on to his nose, his big body shrunk inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado and a little society (that would do the wife good), say in Washington and South Carolina, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand . . .

The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco:

*Picked up by fishing schooner "We're Here," having fallen off boat. Great times on Banks, fishing. All well. Waiting Gloucester, Mass., care Disko Troop, for money or orders. Wire what shall do; and how is mamma?—Harvey N. Cheyne.*

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What—what d'you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? I can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her? May be a fraud?"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor, coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy sure enough."

Enter a French maid, impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She thinks you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great white-wood square staircase cried: "What is it? What has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shriek that rung through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news.

"And that's all right," said the doctor, serenely, to the typewriter. "About the only medical statement in novels with any truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I know it; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct of speech, and as her fancy leaned towards the secretary, she divined there was work in hand. He was looking earnestly at the vast roller-map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across. Private car—straight through—Boston. Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter and their eyes met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly, doubtful of his resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"*K. H. Wade, Los Angeles*— The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she, Miss Kinzey?"

"Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready? *Send 'Constance,' private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next.*"

Click — click — click! "Couldn't you better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em sixty hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready? *Also arrange with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.*—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now then. Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready? *Canniff, Chicago. Please take my private car 'Constance' from Santa Fé at Sixteenth Street next Tuesday p.m. on N. Y. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany.*—Ever bin to N'York, Miss Kinzey? We'll go some day.—Ready? *Take car Buffalo to Albany on Limited Tuesday p.m.* That's for Toucey."

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"Haven't bin to Noo York, but I know *that!*" with a toss of the head.

"Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany, Barnes, same instructions from Albany through to Boston. Leave three-five P.M. (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-five P.M. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade will do, but it pays to shake up the managers."

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. This was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"'Tisn't bad," said Milsom, modestly. "Now, anyone but me would have lost thirty hours and spent a week working out the run, instead of handing him over to Santa Fé straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that Noo York Limited. Chauncey Depew couldn't hitch his car to *her*," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.

"Yes, but this isn't Chauncey. It's Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"That's so. I'll ask."

When he returned with the father's message, bidding Harvey meet them in Boston at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laughing over the keys. Then Milsom laughed too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why—why—why? General uneasiness developed and spreading."

Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here."

This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, Colonel. We'll come down."

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the war-path. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth—for once."

So the truth was told. Miss Kinzey clicked in the sentiment while the secretary added the memorable quotation, "Let us have peace," and in board-rooms two thousand miles away the representative of sixty-three million dollars' worth of variously manipulated railroad interests breathed more freely. Cheyne was flying to meet the only son, so miraculously restored to him. The bear was seeking his cub, not the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put away the weapons and wished him God speed, while half a dozen panic-smitten tin-pot railroads perked up their heads and spoke of the wonderful things they would have done had not Cheyne buried the hatchet.

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely round-houses: Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic and Pacific, and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé management, even into Chicago. An engine, combination-car with crew, and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles. The train would take precedence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; despatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixteen engineers, and sixteen firemen would be needed—each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines; three for watering, and two for coaling. "Warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly; for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth Street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh, hurry!"

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mother, just as fast as ever we can; but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game o' dominoes, but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I *will* be good. Only—taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mother, and we'll be in Chicago before you know."

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat

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of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado River. The car cracked in the utter drouth and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed-indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt-sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly, the great fire-horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir stateroom, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry hills and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them, and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great dips and falls from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observation-window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, and the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed on from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for a while. Her one word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka, and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mother. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles at eighty-two), but the seventy-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chicago?

It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching

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operations at Sixteenth Street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help any one who bumped her.

Now the highly paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less he handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him, they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé men, discussing life later, "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them Eastern way-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the Western man (though this would not please either city), Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch-chains came on here to talk a little business to Harvey), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water—total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for them.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LADY IN THE BOX.

By Clinton Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," "The Scarlet Coat," etc.

I.

IS a theory as old as the dear goddess herself that there's such a thing as being brought down into a state of sentimental collapse by one effective glance. So I suppose bachelors ever are searching, expecting they may give or receive that one look; they fancy ever that outside of the circle they know there will be some one who will answer in their cases the requirements of the love stories. So they go about peering into faces, into carriages, at their neighbors; in public conveyances, or at the play, or church. Of course they rarely confess this weakness. I remember in my own case how I sat up late with a man to hear him deride the better sex, and when, on being told the next morning he was engaged, I accused him of insincerity, he said, without a blush, "Why, she's the one woman who proves the rule." Instead of confessing, your seasoned bachelor goes to the opposite extreme, as a defence against himself, of posing as near a misogynist or as a gay fellow who holds all women lightly. But of all this has not Louis Stevenson written better than I ever may in that delightful essay, "Virginibus Puerisque"? I have only to tell a story of one of those fellows who are ever looking about, looking about; and how this one met her. He was afterward not a bit ashamed of having sought sentimentalities—since he had succeeded in finding one; and, so, I may as well let him tell his own story of "The Lady In The Box."

II.

The lobby was crowded, and it promised a good house for the famous comedian. Alone with only Tom Levin, I envied everybody who seemed to be married, or on the way to that end. I forgot that many of my friends who had succeeded seemed to have made a mess of it. I only remembered that most of the people and the pretty girls I might have called on, wouldn't care to see me on an evening when only greater intimates were privileged. You see, I was at the play with Tom Levin only because I had nothing better to do.

The play, a fine old comedy, done by a good company, carried a contagious geniality, and the audience were inclined to make the applause frequent. But I was

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"SHE WAS IN A BOX WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE: TWO OLD PERSONS AND A GAY YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

all the time looking about; and looking about I first saw her.

She was in a box with a lot of people: two old persons and a gay young gentleman who seemed to have been dining—it was not the simple cheer of unaided spirits. The two old persons might have been her father and mother; the gentleman looked irascible, like your notion of a successful banker, though successful bankers, like other celebrities, never look as you expect them to.

The elder lady was a study for a dowager. But, as for the real lady of the box—the lady who took my fancies at once and who has held them since—she was pretty, as you can imagine. She was half a blonde and half a brunette. She was vivacious and sweet and admirably gowned, and, of course, bored by the young man. I disliked him tremendously. I thought that I, and I alone, was worthy to talk to her.

"Look here, Billie, you're looking at that girl in the box more than at the stage."

"You're an old idiot, Tom," said I, and I looked again.

This time she was staring at me; actually she was returning my stare, and then she nodded. For a moment I was embarrassed; and then I nodded back.

"Know her?" said Tom.

"I should say so," said I.

She was looking at me, and then calling the others' attention to me. I was growing red, for I was sure it was a mistake. Yet we were cooped on the side against an empty box. There was nobody besides us to bow to there. It must be I. I bowed again.

"Who is she?" said Tom.

"You ought to know," said I.

The curtain went down. The audience stamped and shouted for the famous comedian. But I was looking at her, and she was looking at me; and then she leaned forward and beckoned. At first I couldn't believe it at all; she was actually beckoning to me.

"I am going over there," said I.

"Who are they?" said Tom.

"I may not come back," said I, taking my coat and hat, and ignoring his question.

"She looks interesting," said Tom. "I shouldn't—"

But I was up the aisle. I didn't hear his further observations. I would speak to her. I would be the person she took me to be. You probably have read some particular story about such an adventure. Have you longed that it might happen to you? I knew that I would have gone anywhere if that particular girl had beckoned to me in that way. As an actual fact I wasn't the least timid about it. I went on boldly; I hadn't a misgiving.

So I entered the box. A nearer view made her more delightful. She extended her hand, blushing a bit. I didn't notice the others; I believe I did hear the young fellow's "How d'ye do?" That was all. I heard it because I had taken an instinctive dislike to him.

"I oughtn't to have called to you, Jack," said she. "You didn't deserve it."

"One expects to get what he doesn't deserve sometimes," said I.

"But the flowers were nice of you, Jack," she went on.

"I wish they had been more than flowers," said I.

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"That's good of you," said she. "Just to reward you, you may stay here through the play, and then you can go back and see how crazy Dottie and Charlie are because they are sitting up on account of Charlie's birthday."

"Dottie and Charlie usually are," said I.

"You don't mean that of my brother and sister," said she, rather stiffly.

"We all were crazy on our birthdays when we were that age. Now, weren't we?" said I. "I'm crazy now, I think. I feel like looking up a street beggar instead of him looking me up."

"You're always doing nice things, Jack," said she.

"I believe," said I, "that if I painted, I could paint—well—a lady in a box at the play."

"Or you might write a story."

"I know what the story would be about," said I. "An angel in a box at the play would take me for somebody I wasn't."

"As if Jack weren't Jack," said she. "I have read a story like that."

"Yes, exactly," said I; "my story wouldn't be original. But it would be delightful for the young man who should be mistaken for somebody else—for me, that is, who am not Jack—"

"In the story, that is," said she.

"Yes, it's a story," said I. "But to go on, in the story, say I'm not Jack, but Billie, and I haven't anywhere to go this evening excepting to this play, when it happens the mistake is made, and I am raised to the level of happiness."

"Eh, what's that?" said the old gentleman, who appeared to be quite deaf. "I hope they'll Christianize the Turks," he added, inconsequently.

"I myself sent over some preserved ginger for the Armenians," said the old lady.

But the young fellow I disliked said nothing. He didn't like my presence there. I was glad that he didn't. It delighted me for Jack's sake, and, incidentally, for my own, that I could make him fidget. At last he rose and said he must go; and, for the other acts of the play on the stage, and my own little play, I had the heroine quite to myself. I forgot Tom Levin there alone and forlorn. I thought of Annabel—I found her name was Annabel. She didn't remind me of Poe, save that her words were like music—the sweetest music. I forgot that I wasn't Jack: that any moment my disguise might be penetrated; and then toward the play's end I remembered it. But by that time I thought I knew her very well. She was not a girl who was hard to know, when you chanced to be Jack; it was as easy as making love to the right girl. I thought I should care to make love to her; I wondered if Jack did. Yes, of course he did. How could he help it?

"What would you do if the story I imagined about Jack should be true?"

"It was a very silly story," said she.

"Some silly stories have a foundation of fact."

"I should think, then," said she, "that the man would be dreadful."

"Dreadfully presumptuous," said I. "Isn't that permitted—presumption, I mean—where a pretty woman is concerned?"

"I should call it impertinence."

"Oh, I say," said I, "I'm sorry for that imaginary fellow."

"I don't pity him a bit. But"—the curtain was down; the audience was shuffling—"you are coming home with us to take supper?"

I hesitated; but when you will be called presumptuous in any case, you may as well make the most of the situation.

"I shall be delighted," said I; and I followed her to the lobby, into garish Broadway, where the crier was bawling for the carriages.

I touched her finger-tips in assisting her. I fancied they gave mine a slight, responsive pressure, and I liked it. I jumped into that carriage as joyously as if I really were Jack.

You may suppose that I might make some mistake; that common interests between Jack and her would have led me to some hopeless disclosure of my ignorance of Jack's acquaintances and peculiarities. But nothing of that sort happened; and, when you analyze acquaintanceship, it's surprising how by the mere use of small talk you can avoid mentioning anybody or anything. So, as we rode on through the long streets, I only grew to know the more what she was like, and I was evidently like Jack.

As for the old people, they seemed to leave us quite to ourselves. There plainly was an understanding about Jack and Annabel, and at one moment I was both jealous of this fellow who wasn't, and who still was I, and at another I was thanking Jack for having paved the way for me.

When we had drawn up before a rather pretentious house, while the man opened

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the door she whispered, "In some way you are different to-night, Jack."

"Didn't Flavia say something like that to Rassendyll in 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?" said I, as we ascended the steps.

"When she thought he was the king?"

We were in the hall now, and her cheeks were glowing as she threw off her wrap.

"But Flavia liked him the more because he was different," said I.

"I believe she did," she acknowledged.

"Am I," I insisted, "any the worse in your eyes for being rather different from the ordinary Jack?"

"Don't be silly," said she. "Besides, that whole story was silly. There couldn't be such a case of a double."

"Ah, couldn't there?" I said. "I want to tell you that there can be." I couldn't keep it up any longer. I wanted her to know me, to be myself. I didn't want to be taken for my double for a moment longer. "It's so in my case; I am not Jack!"

She looked at me suddenly frightened, and then she burst into laughter.

"How silly you are!"

"There's the difference, then, between me and the ordinary Jack," I said. "I am sillier than he."

"No," said she, sobering; "but I think I like you better to-night."

"Ah, then you do like me for myself," I cried. "I am not Jack."

"What do you mean?" she said, looking at me quickly. "Isn't there such a thing as carrying a joke too far?"

"You made me," I said; "and I would do it again—just to know you—for five minutes—"

"What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Again that look of fright was over her face; and I think then she understood.

"Forgive me," I said. "I shall hate myself for it."

But she did not answer; and the inevitable happened: the real, the expected Jack, entered the room.

I don't think I ever have had so uncanny a feeling as when we first faced each other. I was half an inch taller, perhaps; as we stood there staring at each other any one could see the difference. When we were not together anybody could mistake us.

"Who are you?" said Jack.

"Simply an impostor," said I. I could not say anything else. I must do the manly thing then and there.

"You were trying to tell me—all the time," she said, in a low voice.

"Perhaps I didn't try so hard as I might," sad I, bowing.

"You are an extraordinary impostor," came the old gentleman's treble. "I'll hand you over to the police."

"He's been personating me," said Jack.

Then Annabel spoke up:

"We made him. We insisted he was you."

"Still, it was a cowardly thing to do. Come outside, sir," said Jack.

"Presently," said I. "I have a right to a word. There are times in a man's life when he has been in the wrong and the most he can do is to apologize. I am sorry about it. Still, the adventure claimed me. Still—well, I did it."

I bowed again; I fumbled for a card.

"That's my card. You will see I'm not a thief or a coward, I hope. I belong at least to a decent family; that may explain matters."

Again I looked around at them, and, bowing, went into the hall, hoping I hadn't appeared so badly. I certainly had, badly enough; a poor appearance wasn't to be avoided in that predicament. Jack followed me out. He had the card in his hand; he looked as if he knew my name.

"I don't know but I should have done the same thing," said he. "It's extraordinary."

"Rather," said I. "It's good of you, however, to say you would have done the same thing."

"I think we have the same great-grandfathers."

"You are a Merton, then?" said I.

"Yes, I'm John Merton, as you are William Merton. You see, I always have been in England, up to two weeks ago."

"That's why we haven't met. But it's strange," said I. "I never believed that such resemblances could occur."

"Do come in," he now said; "let me explain."

"I can't," I answered, "under the circumstances."

"I understand how you feel," he said; "but then it was excusable. I know I might have done the same, if Annabel had been the girl. At least, I will look you up."

We shook hands, and I went gloomily into the street. Jack was a very good fellow, after all. It's well, if you have a double, for him to be a decent fellow. And we admired the same girl. Ah, but there was a difference; and Annabel had said it was not to my discredit. I woke up in the night and remembered that. But it

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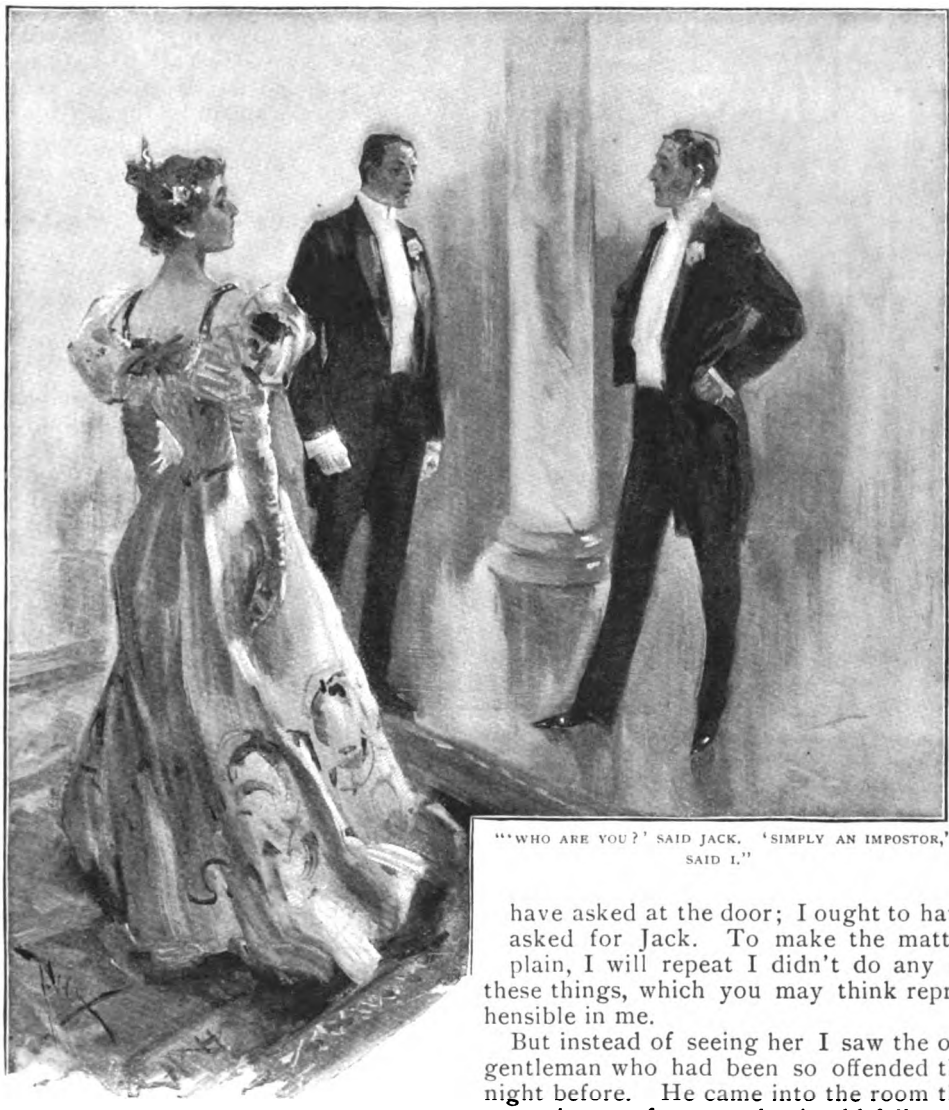

"'WHO ARE YOU?' SAID JACK. 'SIMPLY AN IMPOSTOR,' SAID I."

wasn't so very much consolation, after all.

In the morning I saw the situation clearer. I thought I had been right in not going back when Jack asked me to; but now I could go and explain. I wanted to see Annabel again. I wondered if she remembered she had pressed my hand in the carriage, and if she hated me for having let her. I stopped and thought about it all at a church door. I was so sorry, and the choristers bore the hymn up to heaven; for it was a Sabbath morning.

Well, I called. I asked for her, wondering if she would see me. I should have called for her father, but I didn't know their names; to be sure I might have asked at the door; I ought to have asked for Jack. To make the matter plain, I will repeat I didn't do any of these things, which you may think reprehensible in me.

But instead of seeing her I saw the old gentleman who had been so offended the night before. He came into the room the very picture of an apoplectic old fellow in a tremendous rage.

"How dare you, sir?" he cried; "how the deuce dare you?"

"You didn't expect, my dear sir, that I was going to run away, did you? I was bound to see you again, after your very extraordinary conduct last night."

"My extraordinary conduct!" he cried, gasping. "What d'ye mean, sir?"

"Why, you invited me into your box. I didn't know but that I might have met you somewhere."

"I should think you would remember a girl like Annabel," said he.

"I should think so, too," I answered. "I only thought I was very—very stupid."

"No such thing!" he almost screamed;

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"'HOW DARE YOU, SIR?' HE CRIED."

"no such thing at all! You accepted because she was a pretty girl."

"Yes, to tell you the truth, that was the reason," I agreed, not being minded to lie to him.

"You dare, sir; you dare?"

He looked at me; suddenly, unexpectedly, his face underwent a change, and he was smiling.

"You are exactly like me when I was your age, I declare. I couldn't resist a pretty girl myself."

"You were then young yourself?" said I, rather peevishly.

"You thought I'd been old always, but I was once a lively young fellow, I can tell you," said he, with old age's regret for past pleasures.

"Then you can understand—" said I, as mildly as possible.

"Jack seemed to think you not so bad a fellow," he said, musingly.

"So you will understand," I went on, "why I am here to explain, and to apologize. I hope you may understand, that is—"

"Eh? I think I like it in you myself," said he.

"But after I have apologized to you, I want to explain to the lady in the box with you—to Miss Annabel."

"I'll make her understand," said he; "that's not necessary."

"But I want to say it to Miss Annabel herself," said I; "my principal offence is against her."

I drew nearer, seeing he had changed his opinion of me, and that his rage had spent itself.

"You said you were once young yourself," I insisted; "then you can understand why I want to talk to her about it—to explain, to apologize."

"Oh, well," said he, "I don't know that it will do any hurt for her to see you a few moments." He laughed with docile senility. "Yes, I was once young myself, I tell you—once young myself." And he turned away. "I'll let you see her—for five minutes."

He went in, and presently she entered very slowly, her lips close held. He had left us alone, that considerate old man.

Did she hate me, I wondered. Her face bent before me. She turned away, and then she wheeled about and faced me. "It was atrocious of you."

"Yet you let me see you."

"I think it was impertinent of you to come—before we had been introduced."

"A great admiration sometimes leads to unintentional impertinence," said I.

"I like that," said she.

"And I wanted to explain," I went on. "I must explain to you; I was so rude."

"I think you were," said she.

"And it was so good of you to defend me."

"Did I defend you?"

"Yes—don't you remember?"

"Well, I had to; it really wasn't your fault. It was mine. I felt there was a difference. I thought Jack was improved, as I told you."

"Ah, improved," said I, drawing nearer; "you said that last night."

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"Did I? It was strange. Now if you won't tell a soul, I will prove it to you." She was blushing.

"Not a soul." I felt I was getting on with Annabel.

"I intended to accept him last night," said she, softly.

"And you didn't," said I, "you didn't?"

"No, I found I couldn't, after—"

"Ah, after?" said I.

"That little mistake."

"That delightful mistake. It was," said I, "like a blessing."

"I am saying too much," said she, "to you—a stranger. But you don't look like one, you know," she explained.

"I am Jack improved, you yourself said."

"Did I? I had forgotten it," said she, demurely.

"If," said I, "you refused the other Jack, would that apply to your improved one?"

"Isn't this rather sudden," said she, laughing, "for strangers?"

"But we are not strangers, you know." I took her hands in some way. "I've lived thirty years, and I haven't been much in love with woman. But of a day, love has visited me. Ah! don't answer now, dear. You can't, of course. But just let me keep on telling you every day for a year, and then answer me next year—or, make it, say, two months. Now, may I keep on telling you?"

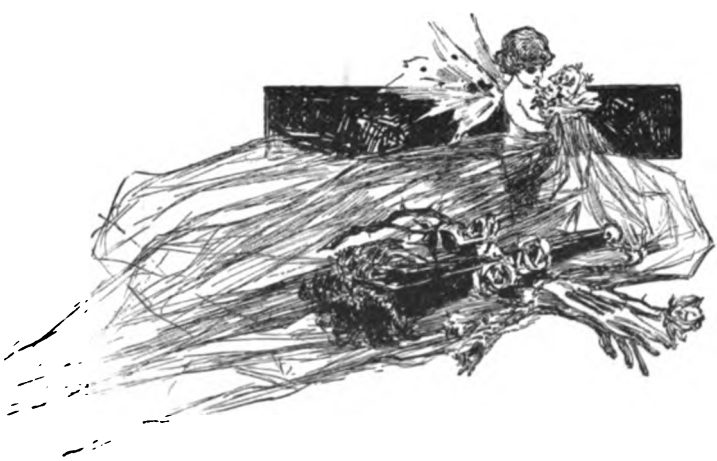
She looked timidly into my eyes, and her face was scarlet again. "If you want to. And—well, I'll make it a month," said Annabel.

## III.

"Such," Billie went on, "was the beginning of the end, which itself was only another beginning."

"You sentimental old prater," I cried: yet I added, "I don't know but that I should be as sentimental, if I had your luck."

Now this, as I have said, is the story of one of those bachelors who are always looking about, looking about; but, remember, he only succeeded because she fancied him an improvement on his double. Save this Billie, I myself never met a man with a double, outside of a story or a play.



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# A NIGHT WITH STANTON IN THE WAR OFFICE.

## AN EPISODE OF THE WAR BETWEEN PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND CONGRESS IN 1867.

By General John M. Thayer.

ON the 4th of March, 1865, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson were inaugurated as President and Vice-President, respectively, of the United States, and thirty-six days later was flashed to the country the exultant news: "The Confederacy is dead! 'Old Glory' floats from the dome of the Confederate capitol at Richmond." The hour for which a loyal people had watched and waited and fought and bled and prayed, had come.

Five days passed, and, lo, another sound was heard: the low wailing of despair from millions of hearts for a murdered President. A triumph, a tragedy, and Andrew Johnson was President of the United States.

After his elevation to the Presidency, Mr. Johnson at first continued to manifest the outspoken hostility to the South which had marked his career before and during the war. His public speeches and private conversations were seasoned with the most vehement denunciations of those who had brought on the war and those who had fought it through. Time and again he declared: "The leaders must take a back seat in the work of reconstruction." "Traitors must be punished." "Treason must be made odious." He even went so far as to propose and insist upon the arrest and trial of General Lee for treason.

When Lee and his army surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, the latter required their sacred pledge that they would never again take up arms against the United States or resist its authority; and Grant, in return, pledged them that, so long as they observed the conditions of their parole inviolate, they should not be molested by the government. These terms were approved by President Lincoln and his cabinet and by the people of the country. When, therefore, President Johnson announced his intention of prosecuting Lee and other Confederate officers for treason, Grant's indignation was aroused, and he protested in strong language against such prosecutions as a violation of the pledge he had given. But President Johnson, with his accustomed obstinacy, persisted. Grant, equally persistent, said to him: "If you interfere with one of those who surrendered to me and has faithfully kept his parole, I will resign my commission in the army, for I would feel myself disgraced in remaining." The President did not dare to break with Grant at that time; so he caused the prosecutions to be dropped.

Less than seven months after Johnson entered the office of Chief Executive, however, an entire and radical change had

EDWIN M. STANTON.

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taken place in his views. He was now engaged in hurling the same denunciations against the Republican leaders of the North which he had so recently fired at the leaders of the South. He undertook to provide a reconstruction of the Union on plans of his own conception, and he sought to forestall the action of Congress and to ignore that body entirely. He talked about his policy until the phrase "My policy" became a jest and a by-word.

But Congress refused to be ignored, and being the legislative power of the nation, it assumed its proper functions. Then began a controversy interesting in its principles and issue, but especially interesting in the character of its actors. It was the President of the United States, with all the power and patronage of his office, and all those who followed in his footsteps for the sake of patronage, arrayed on one side, with nearly the whole Republican party in both Houses of Congress and in the Northern States arrayed on the other; and each party was inspired with the fixed purpose of not surrendering any portion of the authority possessed or assumed to be possessed by either.

President Johnson retained Lincoln's cabinet for a time; but the divergence between him and the Republican party became so marked, and, apparently, irreconcilable, that the cabinet divided. Seward, Secretary of State, Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, and Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, sided with the President, and followed his political fortunes. James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Dennison, Postmaster-General, James Speed, Attorney-General, and Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, utterly refused to sustain or indorse by their presence in the cabinet the new "policy," and all of them resigned their offices except Stanton. He retained his position as Secretary of War at the urgent request of the Republican leaders; for, in view of the violent and belligerent nature of Johnson, and his unwillingness to be deterred by any obstacle from the accomplishment of his purposes, the apprehension existed in the minds of many that he would not hesitate to resort to force to carry his points and thus overawe Congress. Intimations to this effect, indeed, were given out by his supporters, and it became rather common talk. By virtue of his office as President, he was commander-in-chief of the army; and it was deemed best by the Congressional party that Stanton should remain in control of the War Department, where he could be a check upon any effort by the President to employ the army to his own ends. My experience and observations in those troublous times, being then a member of the Senate, led me to believe that, if Andrew Johnson had been a man of more courage than, in fact, he was, and had felt sure of the support of the army, he would have driven the American Congress out of the capitol at the point of the bayonet, as Oliver Cromwell drove the Rump Parliament from Whitehall, or at least would have attempted it.

Matters had reached such a crisis that it was deemed necessary on the part of Congress to adopt such restrictive legislation as would, to some extent, leave the President shorn of his power for mischief. Caution was observed, so as not to impinge upon the rights and prerogatives guaranteed to him by the Constitution; but he was so hedged about and hemmed in that it was difficult for him to turn the powers he did possess to any revolutionary purpose. A law known as the "Tenure of Office Act" was placed upon the statute book, in which it was provided that no officer should be removed and another appointed to his place without the approval of the Senate, if that body was in session. It was further provided that the President might suspend an officer for cause during the recess of the Senate; but that he must report the suspension, with the cause of it, to that body within twenty days after it convened again. If on reassembling the Senate approved the suspension and the new appointment, the old incumbent stood dismissed and the new one confirmed; but if the suspension was disapproved, the temporary appointee was thrown out and the former incumbent restored and left in full possession of the office without any further action.

When this bill was presented to President Johnson for his approval he promptly vetoed it; but Congress as promptly passed it over his veto by a two-thirds vote of both houses, and it became a law. At this, Johnson fretted and chafed like a lion in his cage. He found the great party which had elevated him to power now arrayed in solid phalanx against him. Stanton's presence in cabinet councils and in the War Department now became to him offensive in the extreme.

On the 4th of March, 1867, a new Congress came into being, and was duly organized, the members being sworn in on

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that day, instead of waiting till the first Monday in December. Provision had been made for this change by a special statute recently passed, in order that Congress might, if needed, be in continuous session for the two years of its existence and be always ready for any emergency that might arise.

Finding himself completely foiled in his attempts to get rid of Stanton, by the measures which Congress had adopted to prevent the Secretary's removal, President Johnson now resorted to the only power left to him; and in the month of August, 1867, the Senate not being then in session, he suspended Stanton from office, and appointed General Grant as Secretary of War *ad interim*. The latter was utterly averse to taking the office, being in full sympathy with the policy of Congress and disapproving of the course pursued by the President. He was in a delicate and most embarrassing position. As a military officer he was subordinate to the President and must obey his constitutional orders; but he was not compelled to accept the secretaryship, for that was a civil office. He earnestly urged the President not to appoint him. Johnson, however, insisted, and had the appointment announced; and then Grant, reluctant though he was to do so, yielded his assent, but more in obedience to a sense of public duty than to comply with the wishes of his chief. He entertained the hope that he might be able to dissuade the latter from attempting to put in force some of his revolutionary purposes, and it is a matter of history that the influence of Grant while a member of the cabinet did contribute largely towards keeping the President within bounds. He knew he was imperilling his own standing, to some extent, in the estimation of those who had been his fast friends and supporters from 1861, but his sense of duty to his country rose above other considerations.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

When the Senate again convened, and the President reported to it the suspension of Stanton and the appointment of Grant to succeed him, it immediately adopted a resolution disapproving of both acts. This resolution, by virtue of the Tenure of Office Act, reinstated Stanton. As soon as Grant was officially informed of it, he locked the doors of the War Office, handed the key to the Adjutant-General of the Army, and retired to his headquarters as General-in-Chief, having previously notified the President that he could no longer retain the portfolio of war, as it would be in violation of the statutes and would subject him to a fine and imprisonment. Johnson almost begged him to remain, saying that he would himself pay the fine and suffer the imprisonment. But Grant was immovable. Johnson was so desirous to have him remain, in order not only to prevent the reinstatement of Stanton, but also to have it appear to the country that the General-in-Chief of the Army was attached to his political fortunes. Finding he could not prevail upon Grant, he sought with the same tenacity of purpose to induce General Sherman to accept the War Office; but Sherman was no more compliant. In an interview with Sherman, the President said that he would use force to remove Stanton if he could not get him out by any other means.

Matters drifted along for a few days, when one afternoon the report startled the Senate and House, as well as the country, that the President had issued an order absolutely removing Stanton and appointing Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army, to be Secretary of War *ad interim*, and this without the knowledge or consent of the Senate. Four Senators—Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Anthony of Rhode Island, Ramsay of Minnesota, and myself—were immediately driven to the War Office and called upon Secretary Stanton. All united in urging him in most pressing terms to hold the fort and not surrender under any circumstances. We knew perfectly well where he stood; and we went to see him only in order to give him encouragement and assurance of support.

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As we filed out of his office I happened to be the last one leaving. He was holding the door open, and as I passed him, I said, "Mr. Secretary, would you like to have company to-night?" He quickly responded, "Well, Senator, if you feel disposed to stay with me, I shall be very glad to have you." I answered, "I will return at eight o'clock." In the interview, it was understood Stanton would not leave the War building for any purpose while the contest lasted. He was to have his meals sent to him.

We then proceeded across the street to the headquarters of the army and interviewed General Grant, though we were not in doubt as to his position. One of the party alluded to the subject which had brought us to the Secretary's office, and to the prevailing apprehension of trouble impending, when Grant remarked that it was his intention to start for New York that night to remain over Sunday. We requested him not to leave Washington at that time, to which he readily assented and remained at his post. For still further curtailing Johnson's power, it had been provided that all orders and communications emanating from the President and addressed to any officer of the army below the General should be transmitted through the headquarters of the army; and all officers were prohibited from receiving any orders or official communications except through the channel prescribed.

In the evening I repaired to the War Department, and found the office full of Senators and members of the House, and other friends, all counselling Stanton to stand fast. Senator Sumner had previously sent his celebrated laconic message to Stanton, "Stick." By eleven o'clock all had retired, leaving the Secretary and myself alone to keep the vigil of the night in the much sought after, but now almost deserted, Department of War. Stanton fully believed the President would attempt his expulsion by force that night. I did not, however, share this belief: not that the President lacked the disposition; but the courage on his part, and confidence in the troops, were wanting.

A battalion of infantry had been stationed on the lawn on each side of the old War Department building. The main doors were in the centre on each side. The Secretary's office was on the second floor. As I passed in I saw the officer in command of the troops seated at the foot of the stairs, between the outside doors, and spoke with him.

As soon as Stanton and myself were left alone, he asked me if I was acquainted with General Carr, commanding the battalion stationed around the building. I replied that I was very well acquainted with him—that we had commanded divisions in the same corps. He then requested me to talk with General Carr and obtain his views on the question which was uppermost in the minds of all, and ascertain whose authority he would recognize. I called upon General Carr and stated the object of my visit. It was evident at once that in the contest between Congress and the President his sympathies were with the former. He assured me that he regarded Mr. Stanton as the lawful Secretary of War, and he added that he would receive no orders from any source unless they came through the hands of General Grant. When I reported his declarations to the Secretary, the latter was greatly relieved.

We now settled down for the night, and to await events. A little past midnight a card was brought in from Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church. The Secretary sent for him to come up. The Bishop had left his home in Philadelphia for Raleigh, North Carolina, and had come in by the night train. On his arrival in Washington he found there was an interval of two hours before the train would start South, and availed himself of the interval to visit Mr. Stanton. It was interesting to observe the cordial, cheery greetings extended to each by the other as they met. The Bishop was overflowing with patriotic devotion to the country, and he gave most earnest words of encouragement to the Secretary to hold the fort. Their parting was almost affectionate. Bishop Simpson was one of the fast friends of President Lincoln during the war, and as he was one of the most eminent prelates of that powerful organization, the Methodist Church, he wielded a potent influence in behalf of the government.

There were two lounges in the office, and after the departure of the Bishop, Mr. Stanton and I lay down with the purpose of getting some rest. I do not think Mr. Stanton slept at all. I dropped off into a light sleep broken at intervals. Then I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, giving a gentle shake. Rousing up, I found it was the Secretary standing before me. He said, "Senator, I believe the troops are coming to put me out." We distinctly heard the tramp of soldiers approaching from the direction of the

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White House. Thinking to look at my watch, I found it was just four o'clock. The tramp ceased for a few moments in front of the building, and then passed on. I said it must be the relief changing guards, which turned out to be the case. We were not again disturbed. The night passed uneventfully; but there was great apprehension in the public mind of serious trouble.

On the next day James M. Ashley of Ohio arose in the House of Representatives and, amid a deathlike stillness and with deep solemnity of manner, said, after some preliminary remarks, "I impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors." Articles of impeachment were forthwith prepared and adopted by the House, and a Board of Managers was appointed to prosecute them before the Senate—with the result which everybody knows, namely, a vote within just one of the two-thirds of the Senate necessary, under the Constitution, to convict. The trial, prolonged through months, put an end, for the time being, to all efforts on the part of the President to oust the Secretary of War, though the latter remained in his office nearly two months without once leaving it.

On the day when Johnson appointed Adjutant-General Thomas to be Secretary of War *ad interim*, he directed the latter to demand and take possession of the office. General Thomas, when he started on this mission, requested a young officer on duty in his office, Lieutenant Gage, who had served through the war, to accompany him. Gage was in full accord with the policy of Congress, but could not well decline to go with his chief. He (now General Gage) has been a resident of Nebraska for a long time, and was Adjutant-General of the State till a year or two ago. He was an eye-witness to what transpired between the Secretary and the Adjutant-General, and described the scene to me a few days ago.

General Thomas entered the office and inquired for Mr. Stanton, who was in his private apartment. The messenger took his card in, and Mr. Stanton replied, "Let him come." The messenger then said to him, "Walk in." But as General Thomas opened the door the Secretary immediately confronted him and stayed his further entrance. Standing a moment awaiting an invitation to a seat, which did not come, Thomas offered a paper to the Secretary and was saying: "The President has directed me to take possession of—" when Stanton, with electrical quickness, clapped a hand upon each shoulder of the invader and whirled him around so suddenly that he might have supposed a catapult had struck him; then with a strong push he sent him through the open door. The only words uttered by the Secretary were, "Get out of here." General Thomas did not stand upon the order of his going, but went at once. That was the last effort he made to secure possession of the War Department. He retreated ingloriously to his own office. When the impeachment proceedings ended, Stanton retired, and was succeeded by General Schofield as Secretary.

## WHAT WILL TIME GIVE?

By Gertrude Hall.

What will Time give for youth we lose,
For dense, bright hair, and lip of rose,
For flowers wherewith Spring heaps our laps,
For trust in words, and faith in shows,
And all the castle-dreams he saps?

For wealth of hair, and lip of rose,
For faith in promises and shows,
For buds of May heaped in your laps,
What Time will give ye—Ah, who knows?
Patience, perhaps.

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# HUERFANO BILL, THE BANDIT.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," etc.

## I.

HUERFANO BILL.

THE roar and rumble of distant thunder had been heard in the hills all morning, and along about noon a big black cloud came creeping up over the crest of the continent, listed a little when a peak of one of the hills caught the lower corner, ripped it open, and let the water out. It didn't rain; the water simply fell out of the cloud, and went rushing down the side of the mountain as it rushes off the roof of a house in a hard April shower.

The little fissures were filled first, then the gorges, gullies, and rough ravine; and when these emptied into the countless rills that ran away toward the foot of the range, every rill became a rushing river. Leaves and brush and fallen trees were borne away on the breast of the flood, that grew in volume and increased in speed alarmingly. When all this water came rushing down into the main cañon the song of the stream that rippled there was hushed, the bed of the creek was filled with big boulders that had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring down toward the plain. Up through this narrow, crooked cañon a narrow-gauge railroad ran to Silver Cliff. Silver Cliff, at one time, had thirty thousand people, then thirty hundred; and now not more than thirty people live there, unless their business compels them to do so. It produced some silver, a sensational murder, one Congressman, and petered out.

When the flood had gone a mile in the main cañon, and picked up eight or ten railroad bridges and all the dead timber in the gulch, it presented a rolling front twenty-five feet high and reached from hill to hill.

Great spruce trees were uprooted; the track, with the cross-ties still hanging to the rails, was ripped up, and the rails, bending like baling wire, wound about the rolling débris and clogged the cañon. Then the welling flood would fill the whole gorge, and roll on with such a mass of bridge timber and fallen trees pushed in front of it that you could see no sign of water as it bore down upon you, but only a tangled mass of rails and ties and twisted trees. A couple of prospectors heard the roar of it, and climbed the cañon wall just in time to save themselves, while the little burros, with their packs on their backs, went down to a watery grave. Next came a long string of freight teams bringing lumber down from a little mountain sawmill. The rattle and noise of the heavy wagons made it impossible for the freighters to hear the roar of the flood, and, as they were coming down the cañon, they had their backs to it; so they were overtaken in a narrow place. Some of them, leaping from their wagons, scrambled up the steep hill out of the way of the water, while others took to the tall trees. But when the flood came, the stoutest trees in the gulch went down like sunflowers in a cyclone's path, and the luckless freighters mingled with the horses and wagons and were washed away.

Fortunately for us, we were an hour late in leaving the Junction that day, and had not yet reached the narrow part of the cañon. The engineer had been watching the black cloud as it came up over the range, and knew we were due to run into a washout at any moment. The very winds that came down the cañon fresh and cool, seemed to have water in them. The three day coaches were filled with a heterogeneous herd pushing to the Cliff, which, like many other camps, was then posing as "a second Leadville." There were preachers and play-actors, miners and merchants, cowboys and confidence men; and here and there, gaunt-faced girls with peach-blow complexions and wonderful, impossible hair, billed for the variety.

Up near the engine the express messenger sat on a little iron safe. Upon either

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"AT THE EXIT HIS TRAIL WAS BLOCKED BY ONE OF THE DEPUTIES, AND IMMEDIATELY BOTH MEN OPENED FIRE."

hip he wore a heavy six-shooter, and across his lap lay a Winchester rifle. He was as nearly contented and happy as men may reasonably hope to be on this earth. The refreshing breeze that came to him was sweet with the scent of summer. The hills were green, and his heart was glad. But his heart was not in the hills. That very Sunday morning he had given it into the keeping of the warden's daughter as they walked without the walls of the gray prison down by the Junction. Almost within hearing of the townspeople who passed up and down, to and from the mineral springs that gushed from the rocks at the entrance to the great cañon, he had told her the secret of his heart. The color coming to her face the while she heard the tale told him that she was listening. When they had come to the corner of the wall, one step beyond which would bring them into full view of the warden's residence, he had pressed her for an answer. She could find no voice to answer, but put out her hand as if she would say good-by. He took it, and the touch of it told him all he wished to know. Now he grew so glad, thinking it all over, that he clasped his hands together, as a girl would do; and the rifle, slipping from his lap, shot down into the river that ran beside the track. The door at his back, and next the cañon wall, was closed and barred. The opposite door, overlooking the little river, was thrown wide open, and to the messenger, sitting there, came the splash of water and the smell of pine.

He remembered that the agent, running alongside of his car as he was leaving the Junction, had pointed to the iron safe and said: "Keep your eye on the gun." The little safe held $40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the car, in an old clay-stained ore sack, was $10,000 in gold.

We were cutting across a little piece of high ground in the bend of the river, when the awful flood burst forth from the narrow cañon just in front of us. The engineer's first thought was to back down and run away from the flood, but the recollection that a double-headed freight train was following us caused him to change his mind. The trainmen hurried the passengers all out, the messenger carried the mail and express matter to a safe place, and everyone gazed in wonderment while the roaring flood went by. The main force of it, following the bed of the creek, hugged the opposite hill, but none of our party was jealous. Broad as the valley was here, it was soon filled, and the water rose high enough to float the rear coach; but the engine, being on higher ground, acted as an anchor and held the train. In less than five minutes the water had swept around and carried away the bridge which we had just crossed, and there we were, on about three hundred yards of track, and nothing before or behind us.

The freight train, having a clear track, backed away to the Junction, told the story of our distress, and at midnight the company's agent came to the top of the cañon with a white light, and in a little while we

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were all taken out, and after tramping over a mountain trail for a half-hour, loaded into wagons and hauled back to the Junction.

## II.

"LET's have a drink afore we go."

"Nary drink," said the dark man at the head of the table, and one could see at a glance that wherever he sat would be the head of the table. "You promised me up in the gulch that day that you'd never get drunk again, an' I promise you right now, Skinny, that if you do you'll never get sober, for I intend to have you shot while ye're happy."

Nobody replied to this. The man addressed only glanced across the table, and then, dropping his eyes, brushed the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. The man at the speaker's right smiled quietly over at his *vis-à-vis*, and then there was silence for a moment.

The freighter and the prospector leaning on the bar paid no attention to the four men who sat and smoked at the little pine table in a dark corner of the log saloon. The "Lone Spruce," as the place was called, had done a rushing business in the "boom" days; but Ruby Camp was dying, even as Silver Cliff, Gunnison, and dozens of other camps have died since—as Creede is dying to-day—and business was slow. A drunken Ute reeled in and wanted to play poker, shake dice, or shoot with any dog of a white man in the place. When all the rest had put him aside coldly, he came over to the corner, and the dark man, being deep in thought and not wishing to be disturbed, arose, and picking his way between the two guns which dangled from the hips of the noble red man, kicked him along down the room and out into the night.

Having done his duty in removing the red nuisance—for he hated a drunkard—the dark man bade the barkeeper good-night and passed out by the back door. The three men at the pine table followed him.

All this occurred in the last half of the closing hour of the week. Thirty minutes later, when the four mountaineers rode away from the Black Bear Carrel, it was Sunday; but the people of Ruby Camp took no note of time. When the sun came up on that beautiful Sunday morning it found the dark man and his companions at the top of the range overlooking the wet mountain valley. Before they had reached the foot-hills, the sun caught the two threads of steel that stretched away across the park and disappeared at the entrance of the cañon at the foot of the vale. All night they had ridden single file; but now, as they entered the broad valley, they bunched their horses, and conversed as they went along. The dark man kept his eyes upon a barren peak that stood at the foot of the valley, where the railroad track, gliding smoothly over the mesa, seemed to tumble into the cañon as swift Niagara tumbles over the falls. At that point the little party expected to dismount and take the train for the Cliff. The leader, who was able to read both print and writing, had noticed a paragraph in the Denver "Tribune" to the effect that the new Custer County Bank would open for business at Silver Cliff, July 10. He had been assured by his own banker at Gunnison that the new institution would be perfectly reliable, backed as it was by the First National of Denver. Being a

"THE MADDENED ANIMAL . . . LEAPED OVER A PRECIPICE AND WENT ROLLING DOWN THE SPLINTERED SIDE OF A DEEP GORGE."

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man of good judgment, he reasoned that the necessary funds for the new bank would in all probability leave Denver Saturday night, and go up from the Junction by the one daily train on Sunday. That was why he wished to take the train.

When they had crossed the valley and entered the wilderness of pine and cedar, they began to search for a side cañon which would lead them down to the main gulch. Having found a proper ravine, they watered and grassed their horses, and had breakfast.

It was not yet noon, and the train, the dark man made out from the figures upon a time card which he carried, would not leave the Junction until 2 P.M. It would probably be 3 or 3.15 when it passed the mouth of the little rill upon which they were encamped.

Having breakfasted and smoked, the men stretched themselves upon the ground, all save the dark man, and slept like tired children.

The leader, leaning against a moss-covered spruce tree, watched a black storm that was brewing in the hills to the north. Presently he heard a sharp clap of thunder. In a few minutes there came the roaring sound of a waterfall, and the dark man knew that a cloud had given way. But, as the main gulch was between him and the storm, he gave the matter no serious thought.

At last the hour arrived. The four men, leaving their horses, descended to the main gulch, only to find that there was no railroad there. Skinny, still smarting from the effect of the rather severe temperance lecture he had received the evening before, looked at the leader and began to laugh, but the dark man scowled and crushed him. He knew the country, and knew that the road had been there, but was now washed away. A little way up the cañon they came to the torn end of the track, and realized for a surety that no train would come up the gulch that day.

The silent leader made no show of disappointment, but quietly dismissed his men, and watched them ride away toward the sunset, with their broad hats tipped sidewise, and their ever-ready rifles resting across their saddles. For himself, he would have no rifle. "Only a coward or a bungler," he used to say, "will carry a cannon to do the work of a forty-five."

When the others had passed out of sight the dark man reined his own horse down the cañon, intending, since he was so near, to visit his wife at the Junction. The recent washout had left the bed of the gulch almost impassable, and it was not until after midnight that the lone traveller came to the abandoned train, lying, like a living thing that had fallen asleep, on its own trail. Finding the express car locked, he opened one of the doors with the coal pick which he found on the engine. The little iron safe was securely locked. Having removed all the explosives from the car, this experienced mountaineer quietly blew up the safe with a few sticks of dynamite; but there was no money in it. By the light of the engineer's torch he managed to read a letter that had been left there by the messenger, and which was addressed to the express agent. As the explorer finished reading it he gave a low, soft whistle of surprise, not much above a whisper, for he was a quiet, undemonstrative man.

From the car he returned to the engine, and with the clinker-hook fished an old clay-stained ore sack out of the tank. When he had cached the sack in the bed of the river, he hurried away in the direction of the Junction, urging his horse over the rough ground as though he were bent upon a new and important mission.

## III.

THERE was great excitement at the Junction when we arrived without the express messenger, who acted as postal clerk as well.

When the local express agent learned that the messenger was not with the rescued party, that the conductor had been unable to find him, and that no one could remember having seen him since we stopped and he was seen heading for high land with his register pouch and some packages of express matter bearing red seals, he began to wire in all directions. In a little while mounted men were dashing out toward the hills so as to be ready to take the trail at dawn. It was plain enough, the agent argued, that the messenger had taken advantage of the circumstances and cleared out with the wealth in his possession. A thousand dollars reward was offered for his capture.

A deputy sheriff made up a posse of four, including himself, and put out for the scene of the robbery. They were among the first to leave town, and as they all knew the country, were soon upon the ground, where the open and empty safe left little to be explained. The safe, they

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argued, had been blown up by the messenger for a blind; but they would not be fooled.

The messenger, it would seem, had remained in the vicinity of the washout until the train was abandoned, and then set out upon a long tramp through the trackless hills. He knew the packages that were most valuable, and with these he filled his pockets. The gold he must leave, for the journey would be a tiresome one. The country, which was new to him, was extremely rough. At times he found himself at the bottom of a deep gorge, and again at the top of a steep bluff, and saw before him a black and apparently bottomless abyss. There was no moon, but the friendly stars would guide him. Pike's Peak, standing high against the sky, showed him where the east was, while the Greenhorn range rose rough and abrupt to the west. But when he had been upon his journey less than an hour, a gray cloud hung like a heavy fog on the hills and shut out all the light from the heavens and obscured the earth. Instead of waiting for the mists to clear away, he kept on going, and was soon helplessly lost, so far as any knowledge of the points of the compass was concerned. He might, for what he knew, be headed for the hills, or he might be walking in the direction of the Junction and the State's prison.

"HER HORSE REFUSED TO PASS THE DEAD. IN VAIN SHE URGED, COAXED, AND WHIPPED HIM.

At last, having reached what appeared to be the summit of a little hill, he sat down upon a huge rock to rest. As he sat there he thought he heard a sound like that produced by horses stepping about on a stone floor. Presently the cloud rolled away, and although the valley below was still obscured, the stars were bright above, and the crags of the main range stood out clean-cut against the western sky. Before him he saw Pike's Peak, and knew that a little way below him, hid in the mist, lay the Junction.

The sheriff and his posse, lost in the fog, had halted in a small basin and were waiting for the clouds to clear away. The sheriff insisted that he had heard a man cough, and now the little party were sitting their horses in silence, which was broken only by the nervous tramping of a bronco. "What's that?" asked the sheriff, pointing to the rock above them.

"I should say it was a bear setting on his haunches," said one of the men. "I'll just tap him with a cartridge," he continued; but at that moment one of the horses gave a snort, and instantly the figure of the big messenger rose from the rock and stood out against the dark blue sky. Until now he had been sitting bare-headed, and that gave him the bunchy look of a bear, but when he stood up and clapped his bell-topped cap upon his head, the sheriff recognized him in an instant.

"Let's drop him," said one of the men; "there's a thousand in it, and if he ever leaves that rock, he's gone."

"Hold," said the sheriff; "we must give him a show to surrender."

When the four men had swung their guns into position, the sheriff commanded the messenger to throw up his hands. Instead of obeying, the man turned as if he intended to bolt, and with the first move of his body the four rifles cracked as one gun, and the messenger went down.

Throwing the bridle reins over the necks of the horses, the sheriff's posse dismounted and hurried up the little hill; but when they reached the spot where the messenger had stood, there was no messenger, nor sign of messenger. Anticipating the rain of lead, he had dropped behind the rocks while the bullets passed over his head, and by the time the posse had reached the crest of the hill and recovered from their surprise, he was far up the side of the mountain, hiding among the crags.

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"What d'you say now, Cap?" asked the man who had been anxious to earn the reward. "Do we git 'im nex' time, er do we let 'im go?"

"Git 'im," said the sheriff, and the posse returned to their horses.

## IV.

THE white cloud rolled down the mountain as the fleece rolls from a sheep that is being shorn, and lay in a tumbled heap at the foot of the range. The gray dawn came out of the east, and revealed the peaks that were hiding high up in heaven's blue. Upon either hand—before and behind him—the messenger, crouching in the crags, heard the clatter of steel-shod

"SHE TOOK THE GUN MECHANICALLY AND TURNED TO FACE THE POSSE."

feet, and knew that he was being surrounded. Delay was dangerous. The coming of dawn meant death. The whispering winds, hurrying away up the hill, reminded him of the approach of day. His only hope was in reaching a point beyond which the horsemen might not ride, and he hurried on up the narrow gulch. At the exit his trail was blocked by one of the deputies, and immediately both men opened fire. Now for the first time since it shot muzzle first into the river, the messenger thought of his rifle. He was by no means an expert with a six-shooter, but managed to hit the officer's horse with his first bullet; and at the same instant a slug of lead from a Winchester crashed through his left shoulder, leaving it shattered and useless. The deputy's horse, having received a death wound, plunged wildly and made it impossible for the rider to take accurate aim. Dropping his rifle, the officer began to use his revolver; but a chance shot from the messenger's forty-five pierced his heart. Another plunge of the horse hurled him to the ground, his foot caught in the stirrup, and the messenger was horrified to see the crazed bronco bounding away, dragging the deputy, head down, over the jagged rocks. The maddened animal appeared to be blind with rage. He crashed through a low, broad cedar, and a moment later leaped over a precipice and went rolling down the splintered side of a deep gorge; and when the sheriff and his companions came up the gulch they found, where the horse and rider had fallen, one mangled mass of torn and tattered flesh.

Made desperate by this appalling sight, the three officers were soon hot upon the trail of the fugitive. Finding it impossible to run away from his pursuers, the messenger cached his treasure, took refuge among some sharp rocks, and awaited the coming of the enemy. To his surprise, only two men came out of the gulch; the other, having taken another route in order to head the fugitive off, was now far out of range. The officers had the advantage of being armed with rifles, and to hold this advantage fought at long range. The besieged, being sheltered by the rocks, was able to hold them off until both of his revolvers were empty; but the moment he ceased firing the sheriff and his deputy began to advance. The messenger, weak from his wound, worked nervously with his one useful hand, and had barely succeeded in refilling one of his revolvers when he was surprised by the sound of a gun almost directly behind him and not ten feet away. He turned his revolver upon the new comer, only to find that the man was aiming at the deputies. Without a word he turned again to the work in hand, and at the next crack of the stranger's pistol saw the left arm of the sheriff fall limp at his side, while the Winchester it was levelling fell to the ground. "Now, fight fair," shouted the stranger, advancing.

Following the fearless example of this man, who had so unexpectedly reënforced him, the messenger came from shelter and began to advance upon his assailants. One of the horses was hit by a bullet and became almost unmanageable; so that the sheriff, finding the brunt of the fight upon him-

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self, and seeing that the messenger had a confederate, was about to retire, when a badly aimed shot from his companion shattered the ankle of the messenger, causing him to fall. In an instant he rose to his knees, and began again to use his revolver. The sheriff, glancing at his companion, saw that he had been hit in the head, for blood was streaming down his face. The battle had gone against them, and now the wounded sheriff and his bleeding companion turned their horses and galloped away.

The messenger sank to a sitting posture, laid his empty, smoking revolver upon the ground, and gazed at his new-found friend.

"Are you hit?" asked the latter, coming toward the young man, and the messenger made no reply until he had given his hand to the stranger; then he answered simply, "Yes."

The dark man opened the messenger's shirt (and he did it as deliberately as he had kicked the Ute from the Lone Spruce saloon), examined the shattered shoulder, and then the broken ankle, and asked, "Is that all?"

"Yes," said the wounded man; "isn't that enough?"

"Not if they meant to kill you, for they haven't found your vital. What a lot of farmers to go shootin' a man in the foot—guess they wanted you to dance. That top scratch wasn't bad; reckon you must have got that in the previous ingagement, eh? The blood's begun to thicken up. I see that fellow's hoss go over the cliff; gee! he must have fell a mile."

The dark man had risen after examining the messenger's wounds, and when the latter looked up his friend had his own shirt open and was squeezing at a little pink spot just under his right breast.

"My God!" cried the messenger, "are you shot there?"

"Yes—that wasn't a bad shot, only on the wrong side."

"But why don't it bleed?"

"It's bleedin' on the wrong side," was the answer; and then the stranger closed his shirt, looked steadily at his companion, and asked: "Where's your dough?"

"Behind those two rocks that are partly hidden by the boughs of yon cedar—can you bring it to me? There are five pieces."

"Forty thousand, eh?" said the dark man as he dumped the five envelopes beside the messenger, "and it ain't worth the excitement you've gone through; but I like you—there's good stuff in you, boy."

"Half of it ought to be yours, for you saved me and the money too. But who are you, and how did you happen to be here?" asked the messenger eagerly.

"I got your note—the one you left in the safe—"

"But that was for the agent."

"Yes, I know—I opened it by mistake."

"My, but those fellows did fight wicked," the messenger remarked, as he picked up his empty revolver and began to kick the shell out. "Hope that was old Huerfano himself that went over the bluff."

"The devil you do!"

"Say! are you bleeding inside?" asked the messenger, as his companion sank to the ground with the air of a tired man.

"I reckon so. Can you set a hoss?"

"No," said the messenger; "but if you've got a horse, for heaven's sake take this money and go, for those wolves will return, and I'd rather they'd get me without the money than the money without me, or, what is more likely now, both of us and the money too."

The dark man put two fingers to his lips, gave a shrill, wild whistle, and a beautiful horse—black as night—came leaping up from the gulch behind him.

"My! but you're a verdant youth," said the dark man, as the messenger offered him the money, and there was a shade of a smile about his black mustache. "Come, let me help you into the saddle while I've got strength—be quick," and he reached to help the messenger to rise.

"I shall never leave you here alone—"

"I'll be dead in twenty minutes—thirty at the outside; now don't be a fool." And he stooped to lift the big messenger by his wounded leg; but the effort caused him to cough, blood spurted from his mouth, and both men, weak from their wounds, fell down in a heap, and then, leaning on their elbows, they looked at each other, the dark man with a cynical, the messenger with a sort of hysterical smile. The black horse sniffed at his master, and snorted at the smell of blood.

## V.

THE warden's dark-eyed daughter was taking her regular morning ride in the foot-hills. There were no daily papers to spread the news of the place, and she had heard nothing of the washout of the previous day and of the flight of the messenger. Yesterday he had made her feel herself the happiest woman in the world.

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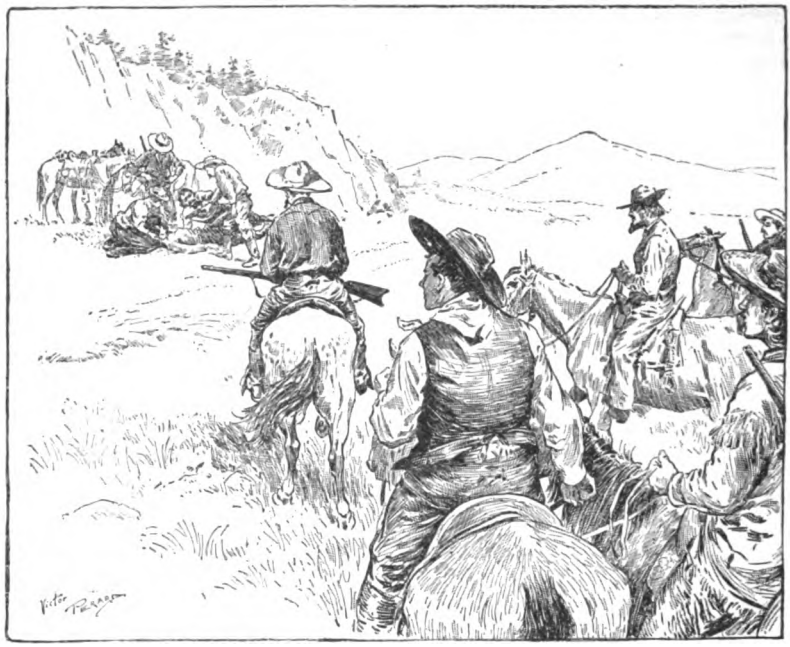

"'WHERE IS THE MURDERER?' CRIED A NEW COMER, . . . AND THEN CATCHING SIGHT OF THE MESSENGER, HE RAN STRAIGHT TOWARD HIM, HOLDING OUT A COCKED REVOLVER."

She had gone to her bed happy, but had awakened in a dreadful dream, and had been unable to sleep from that hour until morning. Her heart was heavy within her breast. She felt half-inclined to be angry with the spirited horse that was now cantering away with her toward the fresh green hills. At the edge of the valley she met three horsemen riding hard toward the town. Two of the men were wounded —one was bleeding—and she asked what was the matter. The men appeared not to want to stop; but when she had heard, in a confused way, something about the express messenger, she turned and rode by the side of the sheriff until he had told her hurriedly all that had occurred. He made her understand that they had left the fugitive and his confederate at the top of the gulch from which they had just emerged, and that the "thief" was severely wounded.

"He is no thief," she retorted; "there is some mistake."

"Yes," said the sheriff, "we made a mistake in not shooting him down like a dog at first sight; but he'll never leave those hills alive. In an hour the whole town will be after him."

With that the sheriff drove the spurs into his horse and galloped away after his companions.

The dark-eyed woman reined her horse to a stop, and stood looking after the officers. It was some moments before she could realize the awfulness of what she had heard. "In an hour the whole town will be after him;" she repeated what the sheriff had said. The guards at the prison, those who could be spared—even her own father—would be upon his trail to kill him. It must not be. With a prayer upon her lips, the bewildered woman turned her horse and dashed away toward the hills.

From the valley the gulch showed plainly, but when she found herself among the rocks she became confused. The heavy growth of piñon and cedar obscured her view, and for nearly an hour she galloped up and down along the foot-hills unable to find the right pass. Her horse was white with foam. Her veil had been torn away, and her face was bleeding from many wounds inflicted by the stiff branches of the spreading cedars. At times she actually cried out to God to guide her to her lover, whom she believed to be innocent. At last she found the trail made by the sheriff's posse as they came down the gulch, but a moment later her heart sank as she heard the rattle of horsemen behind her. Presently she came to the dead deputy and his horse, but the sight did not appall her. Nothing could stop her now. Even in the presence of these silent wit-

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nesses—the horse and rider slain by the messenger—she was able still to believe in his innocence. Such is the capacity of a woman's love. Now a new trouble confronted her. Her horse refused to pass the dead. In vain she urged, coaxed, and whipped him; he would only snort and turn away. Nearer and nearer came the crowd of man-hunters behind her. At last, having given up all hope of getting her horse beyond the ghastly dead, she leaped to the ground and continued on foot. The horse, having been trained to follow her as a faithful dog follows his master, leaped the corpse of his brother, and galloped to his mistress. It required but a moment for her to remount, and when she reached the top of the narrow cañon she turned to look behind her. The little gulch was filled with a stream of horsemen; and at the head of the column rode her father, followed by the mounted guard from the penitentiary. From the mouth of the gulch a straggling and broken line of horsemen reached down to the stage road, and the stage road was lined with wagons and with boys on burros, while out of the town and over the valley men and women swarmed like ants.

"It's awful for you to have to die for me," said the messenger, as the two men leaned upon their elbows and looked at each other. His shirt was pasted to his shoulder. His shoe having filled up, the blood was now oozing out between the lacings.

"It is not awful," said the dark man, rubbing the ends of his fingers over the wound in his breast. "It's a useful ending of a wasted life. I never dreamed that I should die so nearly satisfied. And such sport. Why, that fight between you and the—and Huerfano Bill, as you call him, was the best thing I ever saw. And the last wild plunge of the maddened horse. What a climax! I wonder where the soul plunges to at that last leap? Stuff, there is no soul, and no place to plunge to—I've always said so. And yet," he went on, looking steadily at his companion, "when I was near fainting, a moment ago, I thought the end had come, and instead of darkness there was dawn—an awful dawn—the dawn of a new life, and the glare and uncertainty of it frightened me. I can't remember ever having been frightened before. Did you ever see the sky so blue," he asked, as he leaned against a rock and turned his face toward the heavens, "and the hills so green and the air so fresh, and cool, and sweet?"

And again there was silence, and the wounded man appeared to be trying to listen to the life-blood that was trickling into his lung, and wondering how long it would take it to filter away. The messenger dozed. The black horse bit off a mouthful of bunch grass, and holding it still, raised his head and listened. The men sat up and reached for their arms. The sound of the approaching army came from the cañon.

"They've been reënforced," said the dark man. "But you're all right—I can square you in two minutes—and, as I've got to cash in, anyway, it makes no difference. Look out—there's a woman," he said excitedly, as the warden's daughter emerged from the cañon and galloped toward them.

"Hello, gal!" said the dark man.

"Where is he?" she called.

"Here! here!" cried the messenger from behind the rocks, and a moment later she was bending over him. For a brief moment she suffered him to hold her to his breast, and then, pushing him away, she looked him full in the face, and asked, in a tone that almost froze his blood: "Are you guilty or innocent? Tell me quickly." But the messenger appeared to be utterly unable to answer, or even to comprehend her meaning.

She stood up and glanced toward the cañon.

"He's all right, gal—you've made no mistake," said the stranger.

"He saved my life," said the messenger, pointing to his companion—"why don't you thank him?"

"How can I?" she asked, turning to the stranger and offering the gloved hand.

"Take this package to Mrs. Monaro in the white cottage on the river, down by the smelter—she's my wife; you'll find her; and if you'll take the trouble to be kind to her, I shall die in your debt, and remain so, so long as I'm dead. Now take this gun and protect that boy—they won't fire on you, and I don't care to kill anybody else, now that I'm already overdue in another world."

She took the revolver mechanically, and turned to face the posse, which was at that moment beginning to swarm from the cañon. "Are you mad?" shouted the warden.

"Drop that gun," cried the sheriff, with his left arm in a sling.

The messenger, utterly unable to understand what the row was all about, attempted to rise, and in his excitement

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stood on his broken ankle, and the quick pain caused him to fall in a faint.

"Look after the boy," said the dark man, and the warden's daughter dropped the ugly weapon and lifted her lover's head from the ground.

"Drop that gun," repeated the sheriff. A cowboy shied a rope at the dark man, but he dodged it.

"One minute," said he, opening his shirt, and showing his death-wound, "you'll have no trouble arresting me."

"Where's the murderer?" shouted an excited citizen.

"There's the chief," said the dark man, pointing to the wounded sheriff. The sheriff scowled.

"Is the express agent here?" asked the principal speaker, and a fat man with a red face came forward.

"This messenger is innocent. I mean to kill the first man who offers to lay a hand on him; after that, you must protect him. This letter, which I have taken the liberty to open, explains it all. The sack of gold he left in the tank, you'll find where I cached it in the river opposite the engine. The paper, I suppose, is all there by his side. He was afraid of being robbed, and was trying to reach the Junction when he was assaulted by these idiots, whom he mistook for robbers; and how well he fought, his own wounds and the dead man down in the gulch will show you."

The messenger, having regained consciousness, sat up and looked wildly about. The agent, realizing at a glance what an awful mistake had been made, fell upon the bewildered messenger and wept like a woman. Every passing second added to the general confusion and excitement. Cries of "Hang them," "Hang them," came sharp and fast from the rapidly increasing crowd.

The warden, who also understood, lifted his daughter, held her in his arms, and kissed away the tears that were filtering through her smiles.

"I don't believe it," said the sheriff to his companion.

"Because you're a chump," said the dark man.

"What's it all about?" asked the messenger of the agent.

"Where is the murderer?" cried a new comer, a brother of the dead deputy; and then, catching sight of the messenger, he ran straight toward him, holding out a cocked revolver as though it had been a sword with which he intended to run him through. When he was within four or five feet of the wounded man, the dark man struck him a fearful blow with a forty-five. The man went down, the dark man coughed, and a great flood of blood gushed from his mouth; he clutched at his throat, and fell forward upon his face.

When they turned him over he was dead.

"My poor dead friend," the messenger almost moaned, dragging himself toward the prostrate form, "and I don't even know his name."

"I do," said Sheriff Shone, who had just arrived upon the scene, and pushed himself through the crowd. "It's Huerfano Bill, the bandit."

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# THE LAUREATE OF THE LARGER ENGLAND.

By W. D. Howells.

IF Mr. Rudyard Kipling should remain the chief poet of his race in his time, his primacy would be the most interesting witness of the imperial potentialities of that race in literature. He was not born English, if that means born in England, but the keynote of his latest volume is a patriotism intense beyond anything expressed by other English poets. He is so intense in the English loyalty which always mystifies us poor Americans, that one has a little difficulty in taking him at his word in it. But he is most serious, and in the presence of the fact one cannot help wondering how far the ties of affection, the sentiment of a merely inherited allegiance, can stretch. If we had not snapped them so summarily a century ago should we be glowing and thrilling at the name of England, which now awakens only a cold disgust in us, or at the notion of an anthropomorphic majesty, which only makes us smile? One cannot read "A Song of the English" in Mr. Kipling's new book* without thinking we might, though as it is we read it without a responsive heart-throb, or any feeling but wonder for its beauty and sincerity.

Its patriotism is not love of the little England,

> "Encompassed by the inviolate seas,"

on the west coast of Europe; but of the great England whose far-strewn empire feels its mystical unity in every latitude and longitude of the globe. It has its sublimity, that emotion, and its reason, though we cannot share it; and it is only in asking ourselves why a man of any nation, any race, should so glory in its greatness or even its goodness, when he has the greatness, the goodness of all humanity to glory in, that we are sensible of the limitations of this outborn Englishman. Possibly when we broke with England we broke more irreparably with tradition than we imagined, and liberated ourselves to a patriotism not less large than humanity. Possibly it has been for much more than we knew that we have made a home here for all mankind, and America is yet to make her own home in the heart of every man. At any rate, it seems certain that if we had not taught England that sharp lesson of a hundred years ago in colonial government, there would be no such imperial England as we see to-day, and no such poet of the imperial English race to sing her grandeur as he who holds the first place to-day among English poets.

Upon this hypothesis we may claim Mr. Kipling, whether he likes it or not, as in some sort American. He has, in fact, given us a kind of authority to do so by divining our actual average better than any American I can think of offhand, in this very extraordinary poem, where he supposes the spirit of America to speak at a well-known moment of civic trouble:

### AN AMERICAN.

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike,
  Or the papers call it a war,
They know not much what I am like,
  Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed,
  He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
  And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,
  The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,
  He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends
  From Labrador to Guadeloupe;
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
  He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
  Or panic-blinded stabs and slays:
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
  Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,
  He dubs his dreary brethren Kings.
His hands are black with blood: his heart
  Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,
  Mine ancient humour saves him whole—
The cynic devil in his blood
  That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

* The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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That bids him flout the Law he makes,
  That bids him make the Law he flouts,
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes
  The drumming guns that—have no doubts ;

That checks him foolish hot and fond,
  That chuckles through his deepest ire,
That gilds the slough of his despond
  But dims the goal of his desire ;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,
  The acrid Asiatic mirth
That leaves him careless 'mid his dead,
  The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach
  Our bar or weighed defence prefer—
A brother hedged with alien speech
  And lacking all interpreter?

Which knowledge vexes him a space ;
  But while reproof around him rings,
He turns a keen untroubled face
  Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,
  He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
  Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo ! imperturbable he rules,
  Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And, in the teeth of all the schools,
  I—I shall save him at the last !

The American Spirit speaks here as if with the blended voices of Emerson and Ironquill; and it is from no one essentially alien to us that knowledge of us so subtle can come. I am tempted to call the piece the most important thing, intellectually, in Mr. Kipling's new volume of "The Seven Seas." To me, it gives a sense of his penetration and his grasp that nothing else does, though there are many other things in the book which I like as well and which have the force and charm possible only from the habit of thinking in tones and colors. These things all bear witness to his uncommon quality as a poet, but if it is something more to be a humanist, then the piece I have quoted marks him as a poet with this distinction to his advantage.

Of course the last book of Mr. Kipling does not make the impression of novelty which his earlier verse made. A man can be novel but once, and for the artist in every kind all surprises after the first are to be in the way of greater strength and depth. These are what keep him new; and no mere variety without them can save his novelty from staling. Certain things this poet gave assurance of in the beginning almost in full measure: dramatic instinct, picturesque emotion, and a mighty music as of drums and trumpets. His verse always marched, with the bands playing, and the flags flying; and it marches so still, but not more bravely; that would be difficult. What it could do and does do is to impart the effect of a sort of veteran solidity in its splendors; everything is more perfect; without losing dash or dare, it is steadier and more equal. The years have not passed without enlarging the poet to vaster ranges of feeling, and giving him new light on his own thoughts and experiences. This is all they can do for any of us; when they do it for one of the best of us it is to the common good of all.

In the new Barrack-Room Ballads here, there is, to be sure, nothing with the peculiar thrill of Danny Deever, nothing with the peculiar homesick, heartsick touch of Mandalay, but there are other things as moving and as true, with a plunge of tragedy into depths which were not sounded before, however the surface was troubled. I could allege this or that in proof, but the temper of the whole book is the best proof, and I must let this witness also for something else that I feel strongly in it: the constant individuality, the constant impersonality. No poet has more distinctly made himself felt than this poet who has always merged and hidden himself in his types, his characters. The terms upon which he could do his kind of work at all were purely dramatic. He could never stand for himself alone; he must always stand for some one else too. He must not move us with his melancholy, his rapture, his passion, except as he makes it appear that of another. With all his love of the heroic, he is one of the least romantic of the poets because the least subjective. But when I have said that he is the least subjective, I am in instant doubt of my position, except as it concerns his expression. As concerns his impression, he is one of the most subjective. He has not so much gone out to that imperial England of his as received it into himself, and given it forth again with the color, the stamp of his mind upon it. For the first time in literature that empire is imagined.

It is imagined with pride in "The Song of the English," and with a certain pain and futile appeal in this lovely poem, which I like much better, and find the tenderest and sweetest in the whole book.

### THE FLOWERS.

"To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like trans-

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lations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rathe primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush."—*The Athenæum.*

*Buy my English posies—*
*Kent and Surrey may,*
*Violets of the Undercliff*
*Wet with Channel spray;*
*Cowslips from a Devon combe,*
*Midland furze afire—*
*Buy my English posies,*
*And I'll sell your hearts' desire!*

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the may
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed!
Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"
Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;
All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's to match your need.
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky;
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
You that will not turn,
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's your choice unsold!
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home!
Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him!
Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

I think the appeal, here, is futile, because it is from the ardor of the younger world to the indifference of the elder, which must grow more and more with age. It is in the nature of exile to turn with unforgetting fondness to home, but the home soon forgets the exile, or if it does not forget, cannot care for him. The inviolate seas that keep the insular England safe cannot keep her alive to the love that glows for her in the far-off lands they sever from her; and it appears to those who are politically of neither the larger nor the lesser England that if ever her mighty empire is to perish, it will die first at the heart. Canada will not grow cold first, nor Africa, nor Australasia, nor India, but England herself. It has happened so with all empires; and it is not material that empires should survive, the English more than the Roman. But it is very material that what is good in English feeling and English thinking should still inherit the earth; that is far better than English fighting or English ruling; and I do not know anything more significant of what may be hereafter than the fact that the English poet who continues the great tradition of English poetry most conspicuously should not be English born, should not have been reared under English skies, or islanded by English seas. I do not forget the beautiful, the exquisite verse of William Watson when I praise that of Rudyard Kipling; but it seems to me I am sensible of a vaster promise, a more assured future in his work; and there is no one else to name with him. He is, by virtue of his great gift, the laureate of that larger England whose wreath it is not for any prime minister to bestow; but wherever the English tongue is written or spoken, those who are native to it may claim a share in his recognition. He stands for the empire of that language which grows more and more the only English empire which has a common history and a common destiny.

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WILLIAM McKINLEY: TO BE INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MARCH 4, 1897.

From a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 1896. William McKinley is now just fifty-four years old, having been born January 29, 1843, at Niles, Ohio. He served in the Civil War, attaining the rank of major, and at the close of the war entered the profession of the law. From 1877 to 1891 he was a Republican representative in Congress from Ohio. He was elected Governor of Ohio by the Republicans in 1891, and reëlected in 1893. In November, 1896, he was elected President of the United States.

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NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY, MOTHER OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIAM McKINLEY.

From a photograph taken by Leo D. Weil, Chicago, and copyrighted by him, 1896. Mrs. McKinley is now about eighty-eight years old.

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# A NOTE ON SKIPPER IRESON BY CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN.

IN the January number of this magazine, Rudyard Kipling gives us the true story of "Flood Ireson." It is concisely as I had heard it from an old Marblehead mate long before Whittier's poem was published. The poet had probably not come to the knowledge of anything but the old version which he put into rhyme. That story was that Skipper Ireson was returning from the Banks with a full fare when he passed a capsized schooner with the crew clinging to her bottom, and inhumanly left them to their fate. They were, however, afterwards taken off by another vessel, and on their arrival in port reported the incident, and then Ireson's indignant fellow-townsmen tarred and feathered him, and put him on a rail stretched fore and aft in a dory that was mounted on wheels. The women dragged him through the streets and over to Salem while he was made to sing this dialect song:

> Oi, Flood Oierson, for tellin' a loi
> Was torred and feathered above my oi.
>
> Oi, Flood Oierson, for leavin' a wrack
> Was torred and feathered all over my back.
>
> Oi, Flood Oierson, for my hord hort
> Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a cort.
>
> Oi, Flood Oierson, in all my glory,
> Was torred and feathered and cor'd in a dory.

Bearing in mind the story of my old mate, when the poem appeared I went down to Marblehead and called upon Captain Sam Fabens, who is still living there, and got from him and other old inhabitants, somewhat more fully, the story as related by Kipling. They said it was all true about the tarring and feathering and the song, but that the women took no part in the outrage. The truth was, they said, that Ireson desired to take off the shipwrecked crew, but that his men, who were sailing on shares, were in a hurry to get into port and to forestall the market. When the shipwrecked crew afterwards arrived and told the tale of their being deserted, Ireson's crew laid it to his charge, and as there was the testimony of a dozen to one, they were believed with the readiness that sailors' evidence is often credited in the courts. A notable instance of this has lately transpired in the case of the "Herbert Fuller." From the day of his cruel persecution poor Ireson was hated and despised in Marblehead, deprived of his position, and forced to eke out a scanty living by fishing in a small boat and digging clams till the time of his death. It was after that, and when it was too late to be of service to him, that the conscience-stricken sailors, as their own end drew nigh, made confessions that completely exonerated him. The Rev. Mr. Brooks (if I remember his name aright) of the town made researches similar to mine, and gave them to the public. The Rev. Dr. Chadwick of Brooklyn, a Marblehead man himself, also corroborated him. I am not sure whether one or both of them called Mr. Whittier's attention to the matter. I addressed him a letter begging him either to exclude the poem from the future editions of his works, or to append a note of explanation to it. I sincerely hope that he did not get the letter. At any rate, no attention was paid to it. As Kipling says, "'twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, and 'tweren't fair." I am mindful of the maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But Whittier should have been mindful of it, too. It is not too late to make the correction. His works will be published and republished for generations yet to come, and I cannot but think it the duty of the publishers to satisfy themselves of the error into which the poet has fallen, and in justice to his memory, as well as to that of Skipper Ireson, in their future editions to add a few lines of truthful prose to the imaginary tale he has so dramatically set forth.

JOHN CODMAN.

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AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, 1778. AGE 72.

**Modelled by Jean Baptiste Nini, in France, 1778. Diameter, 6¼ inches. From the original terra cotta in the Huntington Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.**

# AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January will be found a reproduction of Nini's well-known terra cotta medallion of Franklin, with the fur cap. The note chronicles that "Nini is said to have modelled another medallion of Franklin, without the cap." A recent search through the invaluable collection of Franklin pictorial memorials, gathered in France by the late W. H. Huntington and by him presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has revealed this hitherto unknown capless terra cotta by Nini, now for the first time reproduced, through the courtesy of the museum authorities, who have had it specially photographed for this magazine. Beneath the bust is the incised signature, "I. B. Nini, f. 1778." Upon this medallion we find the first use of the famous inscription to Franklin, "*He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants.*" The origin of this legend has been discussed from time to time, and generally ascribed to some classic writer of antiquity. But there seems to be no question that we owe it to the elegant pen of Turgot, who wrote it for an "*Inscription for a Portrait of Benjamin Franklin.*" And there is as little doubt that it was composed especially for this beautiful and rare terra cotta, now first identified as the medium for its publication.

CHARLES HENRY HART.

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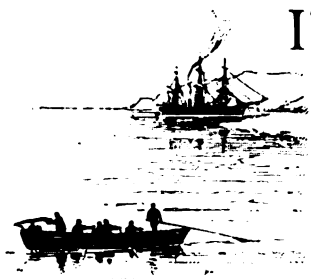
# LIFE ON A GREENLAND WHALER.

## A RECORD OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

By A. Conan Doyle.



IT has been my good fortune to have an experience of a life which is already extinct; for although whaleships, both English and American, still go to Davis Strait, the Greenland fishing—that is, the fishing in the waters between Greenland and Spitzbergen—has been attended with such ill-fortune during the last ten years that it has now been abandoned. The "Hope" and the "Eclipse," both of Peterhead, were the last two vessels which clung to an industry which was once so flourishing that it could support a fleet of a hundred sail; and it was in the "Hope," under the command of the well-known whaler, John Gray, that I paid a seven months' visit to the Arctic seas in the year 1880. I went in the capacity of surgeon; but as I was only twenty years of age when I started, and as my knowledge of medicine was that of an average third year's student, I have often thought that it was as well that there was no very serious call upon my services.

It came about in this way. One raw afternoon in Edinburgh, whilst I was sitting reading hard for one of those examinations which blight the life of a medical student, there entered to me a fellow-student with whom I had some slight acquaintance. The monstrous question which he asked drove all thought of my studies out of my head.

"Would you care," said he, "to start next week for a whaling cruise? You'll be surgeon, two pound ten a month and three shillings a tun oil money."

"How do you know I'll get the berth?" was my natural question.

"Because I have it myself. I find at this last moment that I can't go, and I want to get a man to take my place."

"How about an Arctic kit?"

"You can have mine."

In an instant the thing was settled, and within a few minutes the current of my life had been deflected into a new channel.

In little more than a week I was in Peterhead, and busily engaged, with the help of the steward, in packing away my scanty belongings in the locker beneath my bunk on the good ship "Hope." And this, my first appearance aboard the ship, was marked by an absurd incident. In my student days boxing was a favorite amusement of mine, for I had found that when reading hard one can compress more exercise into a short time in this way than in any other. Among my belongings, therefore, were two pairs of battered and discolored gloves. Now it chanced that the steward was a bit of a fighting man; so when my unpacking was finished he, of his own accord, picked up the gloves and proposed that we should then and there have a bout. I don't know whether Jack Lamb still lives—but if he does, I am sure that he remembers the incident. I can see him now, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded, short, but deep-chested, with the bandy legs of a very muscular man. Our contest was an unfair one, for he was several inches shorter in the reach than I, and knew nothing about sparring, although I have no doubt he was a formidable person in a street row. I kept propping him off as he rushed at me, and, at last, finding that he was determined to bore his way in, I had to hit him out with some severity. An hour or so afterwards, as I sat reading in the saloon, there was a murmur in the mate's berth, which was next door, and suddenly I heard the steward say, in loud tones of conviction: "So help me, Colin, he's the best surrr-geon we've had! He's blackened my e'e!" It was the first (and very nearly the last) testimonial that I ever received to my professional abilities.

He was a good fellow, the steward, and as I look back at that long voyage, during which, for seven months, we never set our feet upon land, his kindly, open face is one of those of which I like to think.

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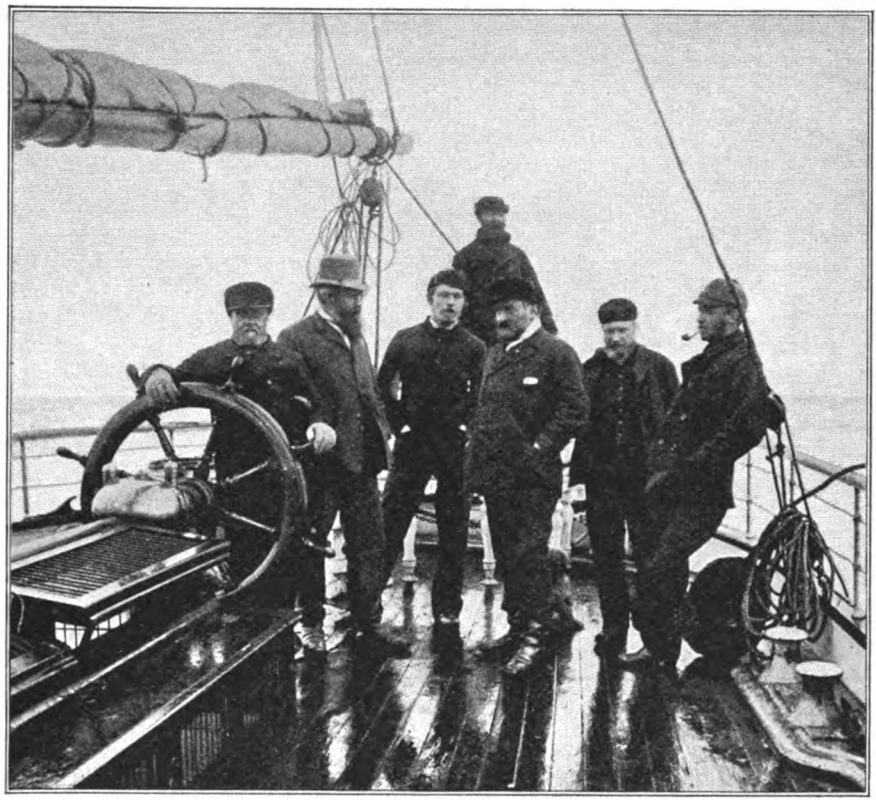

Capt. D. Gray. Dr. Conan Doyle. G. Walker. Dr. Neal.
Mr. Leigh Smith. Capt. John Gray.

A GROUP ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF MR. LEIGH SMITH'S YACHT "EIRA," GREENLAND.

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

He had a very beautiful and sympathetic tenor voice, and many an hour have I listened to it with its accompaniment of rattling plates and jingling knives as he cleaned up the dishes in his pantry. He knew a great store of pathetic and sentimental songs, and it is only when you have not seen a woman's face for six months that you realize what sentiment means. When Jack trilled out "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," or "Wait for Me at Heaven's Gate, Sweet Belle Mahone," he filled us all with a vague, sweet discontent, which comes back to me now as I think of it. As to his boxing, he practised with me every day, and became a formidable opponent—especially when there was a sea on, when, with his more experienced sea-legs, he could come charging down with the heel of the ship. He was a baker by trade, and I daresay Greenland is as much a dream to him now as it is to me.

There was one curious thing about the manning of the "Hope." The man who signed on as first mate was a little, decrepit, broken fellow, absolutely incapable of performing the duties. The cook's assistant, on the other hand, was a giant of a man, red-bearded, bronzed, with huge limbs, and a voice of thunder. But the moment that the ship cleared the harbor the little, decrepit mate disappeared into the cook's galley, and acted as scullery-boy for the voyage, while the mighty scullery-boy walked aft and became chief mate. The fact was, that the one had the certificate but was past sailoring, while the other could neither read nor write but was as fine a seaman as ever lived; so, by an agreement to which everybody concerned was party, they swapped their berths when they were at sea.

Colin McLean, with his six foot of stature, his erect, stalwart figure, and his fierce, red beard, pouring out from between the flaps of his sealing-cap, was an officer by natural selection, which is a higher title than that of a Board of Trade certificate. His only fault was that he was a very hot-

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"THE SHIP'S COMPANY TOOK TO THE ICE, AND BEGAN TO GATHER IN ITS MURDEROUS HARVEST."

blooded man and that a little would excite him to a frenzy. I have a vivid recollection of an evening which I spent in dragging him off from the steward, who had imprudently made some criticism upon his way of attacking a whale which had escaped. Both men had had some rum, which had made the one argumentative and the other violent, and as we were all three seated in a space of about seven by four, it took some hard work to prevent bloodshed. Every now and then, just as I thought all danger was past, the steward would begin again with his fatuous "No offence, Colin, but all I says is that if you had been a bit quicker on the fush—" I don't know how often this sentence was begun, but never once was it ended, for at the word "fush" Colin always seized him by the throat, and I Colin round the waist, and we struggled until we were all panting and exhausted. Then, when the steward had recovered a little breath, he would start that miserable sentence once more, and the "fush" would be the signal for another encounter. I really believe that if I had not been there the mate would have killed him, for he was quite the angriest man that I have ever seen.

There were fifty men upon our whaler, of whom half were Scotchmen and half Shetlanders, whom we picked up at Lerwick as we passed. The Shetlanders were the steadier and more tractable, quiet, decent, and soft-spoken; while the Scotch seamen were more likely to give trouble, but also more virile and of stronger character. The officers and harpooners were all Scotch, but as ordinary seamen, and especially as boatmen, the Shetlanders were as good as could be wished.

There was only one man on board who belonged neither to Scotland nor to Shetland, and he was the mystery of the ship. He was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed man, with blue-black hair and beard, singularly handsome features, and a curious reckless sling of his shoulders when he walked. It was rumored that he came from the South of England, and that he had fled thence to avoid the law. He made friends with no one, and spoke very seldom, but he was one of the smartest seamen in the ship. I could believe from his appearance that his temper was Satanic, and that the crime for which he was hiding may have been a bloody one. Only once he gave us a glimpse of his hidden fires. The cook—a very burly, powerful man—the little mate was only assistant—had a private store of rum, and treated himself so liberally to it that for three successive days the dinner of the crew was ruined. On the third day

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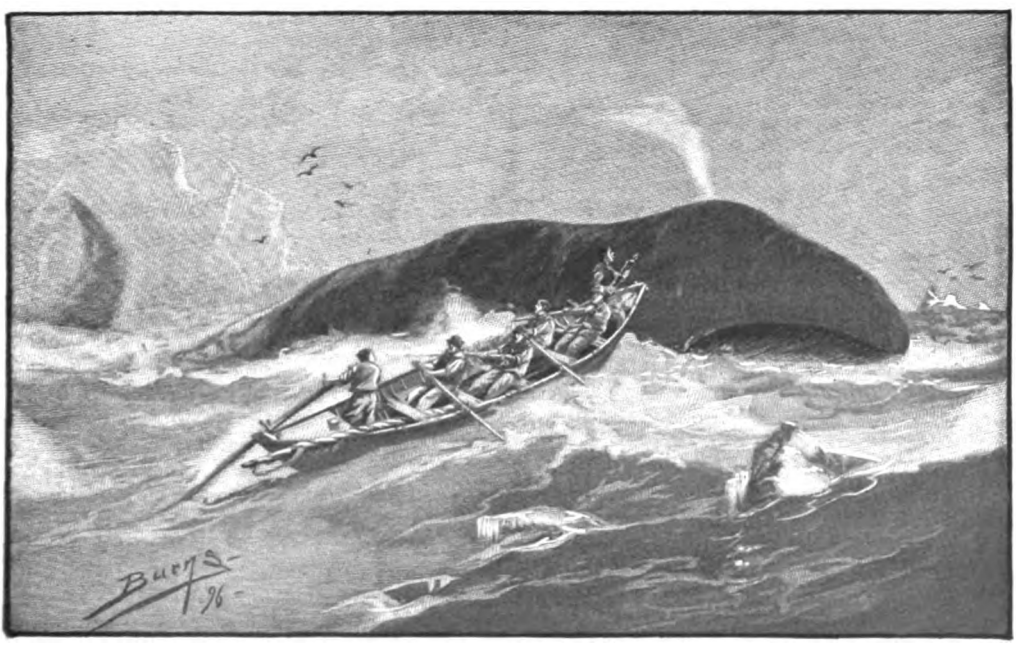
our silent outlaw approached the cook with a brass saucepan in his hand. He said nothing, but he struck the man such a frightful blow that his head flew through the bottom, and the sides of the pan were left dangling round his neck. The half-drunken and half-stunned cook talked of fighting, but he was soon made to feel that the sympathy of the ship was against him, so he reeled back grumbling to his duties, while the avenger relapsed into his usual moody indifference. We heard no further complaints about the cooking.

There are eight boats on board a whaler, but it is usual to send out only seven, for it takes six men each to man them, so that, when the seven are out, no one is left on board except the so-called "idlers," who have not signed to do seaman's work at all. It happened, however, that on board the "Hope" the "idlers" were an exceptionally active and energetic lot, so we volunteered to man the eighth boat, and we made it, in our own estimation at least, one of the most efficient both in sealing and in whaling. The steward, the second engineer, the donkey-engine man, and I pulled the oars, with a red-headed Highlander for harpooner, and the handsome outlaw to steer. Our tally of seals stood as high as any; and in whaling we were once the harpooning and once the lancing boat, so our record was an excellent one. So congenial was the work to me that Captain Gray was good enough to offer to make me harpooner as well as surgeon if I would come with him upon a second voyage, with power to draw the double pay. It is as well that I refused, for the life is such a fascinating one that I could imagine that a man would find it more and more difficult to give it up. Most of the crew are never called upon to do so, for they spend their whole lives in the same trade. There were men on board the "Hope" who had never seen corn growing, for from their boyhood they had always started for the whaling in March and returned in September.

One of the charms of the work is the gambling element which is inherent in it. Every man shares in the profit—so much for the captain, so much for the mate, so much for the seaman. If the voyage is successful, every one is rich until another spring comes round. If the ship comes home clean, it means a starvation winter for all hands. The men do not need to be told to be keen. The shout from the crow's-nest which tells of the presence of a whale, and the rattle of the falls as the boats are cleared away, blend into one sound. The watch below rush up from their bunks with their clothes over their arms and spring into the boats in that Arctic air, waiting for a chance later for



"SIX STROKES, PERHAPS, AND THEN WITH A DULL, GREASY SQUELCH THE BOWS RUN UPON SOMETHING SOFT, AND YOU AND YOUR OARS ARE SENT FLYING IN EVERY DIRECTION."

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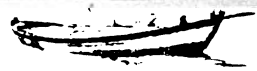
finishing their toilet. Woe betide the harpooner or the boat-steerer who by any clumsiness has missed a fish! He has taken a five-pound note out of the pocket of every meanest hand upon the ship. Black is his welcome when he returns to his fellows.

What surprised me most in the Arctic regions was the rapidity with which you reach them. I had never realized that they lie at our very doors. I think that we were only four days out from Shetland when we were among the drift ice. I awoke of a morning to hear the bump, bump of the floating pieces against the side of the ship, and I went on deck to see the whole sea covered with them to the horizon. They were none of them large,

"THE BOWS OF THE BOAT SPLASH DOWN INTO THE WATER AGAIN, BUT THERE IS THE LITTLE RED JACK FLYING FROM THE CENTRE THWART TO SHOW THAT YOU ARE FAST."



but they lay so thick that a man might travel far by springing from one to the other. Their dazzling whiteness made the sea seem bluer by contrast, and with a blue sky above and that glorious Arctic air in one's nostrils, it was a morning to remember. Once on one of the swaying, rocking pieces we saw a huge seal, sleek, sleepy, and imperturbable, looking up with the utmost assurance at the ship as if it knew that the close time had still three weeks to run. Farther on we saw on the ice the long human-like prints of a bear. All this with the snowdrops of Scotland still fresh in our glasses in the cabin.

I have spoken about the close time, and I may explain that, by an agreement between the Norwegian and the British governments, the subjects of both nations are forbidden to kill a seal before the 3d of April. The reason for this is that the breeding season is in March, and if the mothers should be killed before the young are able to take care of themselves the race would soon become extinct. For breeding purposes, the seals all come together at a variable spot, which is evidently prearranged among them, and as this place may be anywhere within many hundreds of square miles of floating ice, it is no easy matter for the fisher to find it. The means by which he sets about it are simple but ingenious. As the ship makes its way through the loose ice-streams, a school of seals is observed travelling through the water. Their direction is carefully taken by compass, and marked upon the chart. An hour afterwards, perhaps, another school is seen. This is also marked. When these bearings have been taken several times the various lines upon the chart are prolonged until they intersect. At this point, or near it, it is likely that the main pack of the seals will be found.

When you come upon it, it is a wonderful sight. I suppose it is the largest assembly of creatures upon the face of the world—and this upon the open ice-fields hundreds of miles from Greenland coast. Somewhere between seventy-one and sev-

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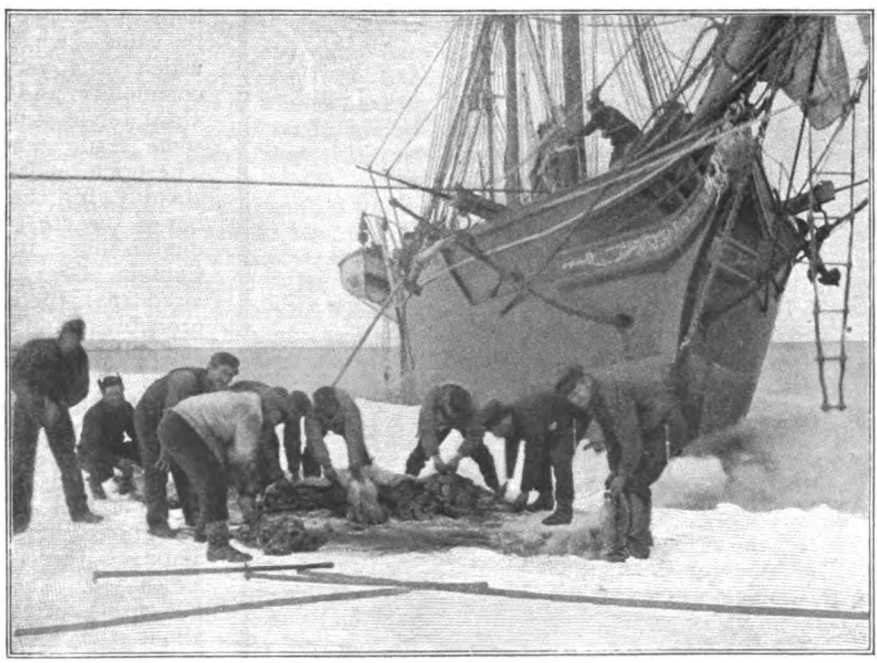
enty-five degrees is the rendezvous, and the longitude is even vaguer; but the seals have no difficulty in finding the address. From the crow's-nest at the top of the mainmast, one can see no end of them. On the farthest visible ice one can still see that sprinkling of pepper grains. And the young lie everywhere also, snow-white slugs, with a little black nose, and large dark eyes. Their half-human cries fill the air; and when you are sitting in the cabin of a ship which is in the heart of the seal pack, you would think you were next door to a monstrous nursery.

The "Hope" was one of the first to find the seal pack that year, but before the day came when hunting was allowed we had a succession of strong gales, followed by a severe roll, which tilted the floating ice and launched the young seals prematurely into the water. And so, when the law at last allowed us to begin work, nature had left us with very little work to do. However, at dawn upon the third, the ship's company took to the ice, and began to gather in its murderous harvest. It is brutal work, though not more brutal than that which goes on to supply every dinner-table in the country. And yet those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of the ice-fields, under the peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did seem a horrible intrusion. But an inexorable demand creates an inexorable supply, and the seals, by their death, help to give a living to the long line of seamen, dockers, tanners, curers, triers, chandlers, leather merchants, and oil-sellers who stand between this annual butchery, on the one hand, and the exquisite, with his soft leather boots, or the savant, using a delicate oil for his philosophical instruments, upon the other.

I have cause to remember that first day of sealing on account of the adventures which befell me. I have said that a strong swell had arisen, and as this was dashing the floating ice together the captain thought it dangerous for an inexperienced man to venture upon it. And so, just as I was clambering over the bulwarks with the rest, he ordered me back and told me to remain on board. My remonstrances were useless, and, at last, in the blackest of tempers, I seated myself upon the top of the bulwarks, with my feet dangling over the outer side, and there I nursed my wrath, swinging up and down with the roll of the ship. It chanced, however, that I was really seated upon a thin sheet of ice which had formed upon the wood, and so when the swell threw her over to a particularly acute angle, I shot off and vanished into the sea between two ice-blocks. As I



SKINNING A BEAR ON THE ICE.

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

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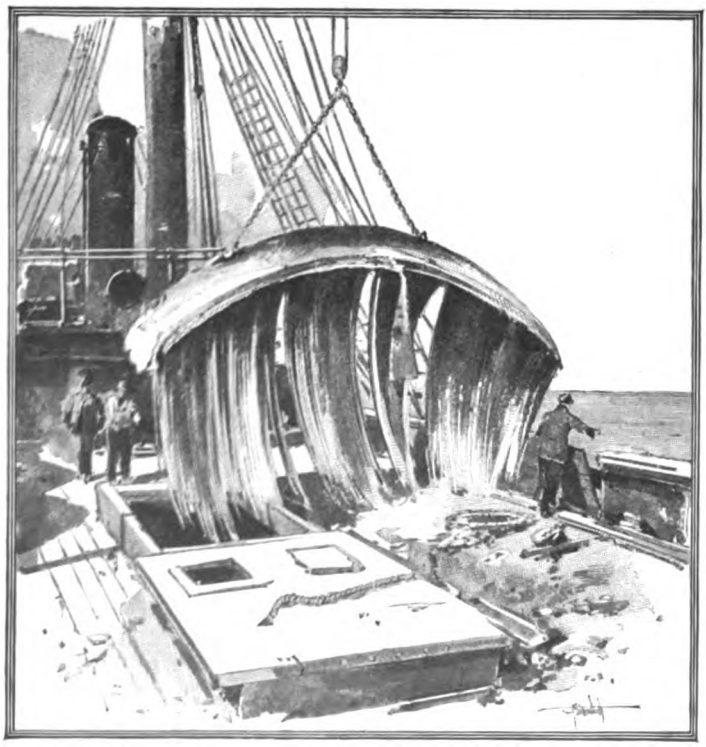
rose, I clawed on to one of these, and soon scrambled on board again. The accident brought about what I wished, however, for the captain remarked that as I was bound to fall into the ocean in any case, I might just as well be on the ice as on the ship. I justified his original caution by falling in twice again during the day, and I finished it ignominiously by having to take to my bed while all my clothes were drying in the engine-room. I was consoled for my misfortunes by finding that they amused the captain to such an extent that they drove the ill-success of our sealing out of his head, and I had to answer to the name of "the great northern diver" for a long time thereafter. I had a narrow escape once through stepping backwards over the edge of a piece of floating ice while I was engaged in skinning a seal. I had wandered away from the others, and no one saw my misfortune. The face of the ice was so even that I had no purchase by which to pull myself up, and my body was rapidly becoming numb in the freezing water. At last, however, I caught hold of the hind flipper of the dead seal, and there was a kind of nightmare tug-of-war, the question being whether I should pull the seal off or pull myself on. At last, however, I got my knee over the edge, and rolled on to it. I remember that my clothes were as hard as a suit of armor by the time I reached the ship, and that I had to thaw my crackling garments before I could change them.

This April sealing is directed against the mothers and young. Then, in May, the sealer goes farther north; and about latitude seventy-seven or seventy-eight degrees he comes upon the old male seals, who are by no means such easy victims. They are wary creatures, and it takes good long-range shooting to bag them. Then, in June, the sealing is over, and the ship bears away farther north still, until in the seventy-ninth or eightieth degree she is in the best Greenland whaling latitudes. There she remains for three months or so, and if she is fortunate she may bring back 300 or 400 per cent. to her owners, and a nice little purseful for every man of her ship's company. Or if her profits be more modest, she has at least afforded such sport that every other sport is dwarfed by the comparison.

It is seldom that one meets anyone who understands the value of a Greenland whale. A well-boned and large one as she floats is worth to-day something between two and three thousand pounds. This huge price is due to the value of whalebone, which is a very rare commodity, and yet is absolutely essential for some trade purposes. The price tends to rise steadily, for the number of the creatures is diminishing. In 1880, Captain Gray calculated that there were probably not more than 300 of them left alive in the whole expanse of the Greenland seas, an area of thousands of square miles. How few there are is shown by the fact that he recognized individuals amongst those which we chased. There was one with a curious wart about the size of a beehive upon his tail, which he had remembered chasing when he



A BIT OF WHALEBONE.

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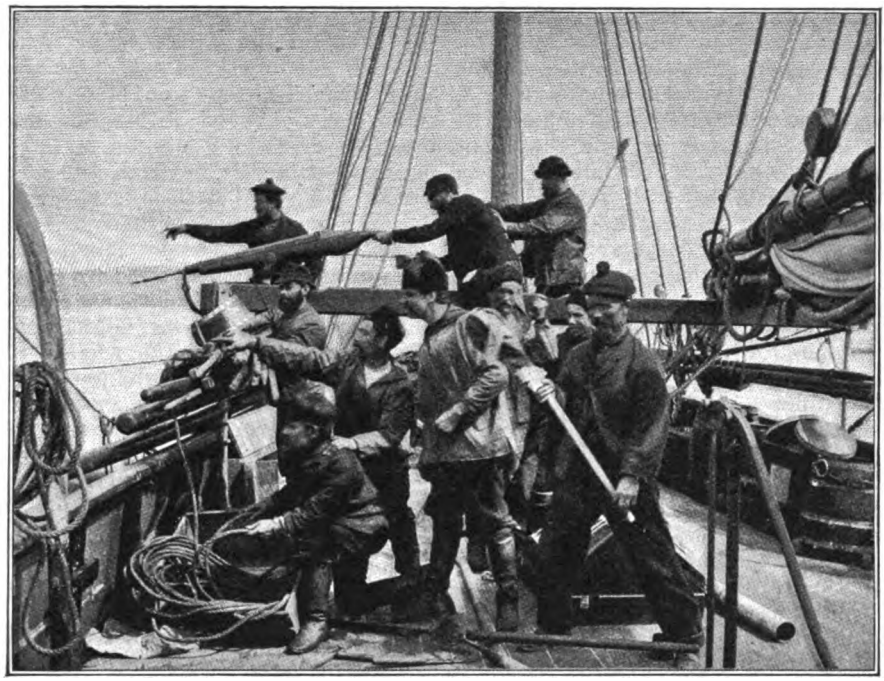

TAKING A SHOT AT A WHALE FROM THE DECK OF THE YACHT "EIRA."

From a photograph taken by W. J. A. Grant, Esq., and kindly loaned by him for reproduction.

was a lad on his father's ship. Perhaps other generations of whalers may follow that warty tail, for the whale is a very long-lived creature. How long they live has never been ascertained; but in the days when it was customary to stamp harpoons with the names of vessels, old harpoons have been cut out of whales bearing names long forgotten in the trade, and all the evidence goes to prove that a century is well within their powers.

It is exciting work pulling on to a whale. Your own back is turned to him, and all you know about him is what you read upon the face of the boat-steerer. He is staring out over your head, watching the creature as it swims slowly through the water, raising his hand now and again as a signal to stop rowing when he sees that the eye is coming round, and then resuming the stealthy approach when the whale is end on. There are so many floating pieces of ice, that as long as the oars are quiet the boat alone will not cause the creature to dive. So you creep slowly up, and at last you are so near that the boat-steerer knows that you can get there before the creature has time to dive—for it takes some little time to get that huge body into motion. You see a sudden gleam in his eyes, and a flush in his cheeks, and it's "Give way, boys! Give way, all! Hard!" Click goes the trigger of the big harpoon gun, and the foam flies from your oars. Six strokes, perhaps, and then with a dull, greasy squelch the bows run upon something soft, and you and your oars are sent flying in every direction. But little you care for that, for as you touched the whale you have heard the crash of the gun, and know that the harpoon has been fired point blank into the huge, lead-colored curve of its side. The creature sinks like a stone, the bows of the boat splash down into the water again, but there is the little red Jack flying from the centre thwart to show that you are fast, and there is the line whizzing swiftly under the seats and over the bows between your outstretched feet.

And there is the one element of danger—for it is rarely indeed that the whale has spirit enough to turn upon its enemies. The line is very carefully coiled by a special man named the line-coiler, and it is warranted not to kink. If it should happen to do so, however, and if the loop catches the limbs of any one of the boat's crew, that man goes to his death so rapidly that his comrades hardly know that he has gone. It is a waste of fish to cut the line, for the victim is already hundreds of fathoms deep.

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"Haud your hand, mon," cried the harpooner, as a seaman raised his knife on such an occasion, "the fush will be a fine thing for the widdey." It sounds callous, but there was philosophy at the base of it.

This is the harpooning, and that boat has no more to do. But the lancing, when the weary fish is killed with the cold steel, is a more exciting because it is a more prolonged experience. You may be for half an hour so near to the creature that you can lay your hand upon its slimy side. The whale appears to have but little sensibility to pain, for it never winces when the long lances are passed through its body. But its instinct urges it to get its tail to work on the boats, and yours urges you to keep poling and boat-hooking along its side, so as to retain your safe position near its shoulder. Even there, however, we found upon this occasion that we were not quite out of danger's way, for the creature in its flurry raised its huge side flapper and poised it over the boat. One flap would have sent us to the bottom of the sea, and I can never forget how, as we pushed our way from under, each of us held one hand up to stave off that great, threatening fin—as if any strength of ours could have availed if the whale had meant it to descend. But it was spent with loss of blood, and instead of coming down the fin rolled over the other way, and we knew that it was dead. Who would swap that moment for any other triumph that sport can give?

The peculiar other-world feeling of the Arctic regions—a feeling so singular that if you have once been there the thought of it haunts you all your life—is due largely to the perpetual daylight. Night seems more orange-tinted and subdued than day, but there is no great difference. Some captains have been known to turn their hours right round out of caprice, with breakfast at night and supper at ten in the morning. There are your twenty-four hours, and you may carve them as you like. After a month or two the eyes grow weary of the eternal light, and you appreciate what a soothing thing our darkness is. I can remember as we came abreast of Iceland, on our return, catching our first glimpse of a star, and being unable to take my eyes from it, it seemed such a dainty little twinkling thing. Half the beauties of nature are lost through overfamiliarity.

Your sense of loneliness also heightens the effect of the Arctic seas. When we were in whaling latitudes it is probable that, with the exception of our consort, there was no vessel within 800 miles of us. For seven long months no letter and no news came to us from the southern world. We had left in exciting times. The Afghan campaign had been undertaken, and war seemed imminent with Russia. We returned opposite the mouth of the Baltic without any means of knowing whether some cruiser might not treat us as we had treated the whales. When we met a fishing-boat at the north of Shetland our first inquiry was as to peace or war. Great events had happened during those seven months: the defeat of Maiwand and the famous march of Roberts from Cabul to Candahar. But it was all haze to us; and, to this day, I have never been able to get that particular bit of military history straightened out in my own mind.

The perpetual light, the glare of the white ice, the deep blue of the water, these are the things which one remembers most clearly, with the dry, crisp, exhilarating air, which makes mere life the keenest of pleasures. And then there are the innumerable seabirds, whose call is forever ringing in your ears: the gulls, the fulmars, the snow-birds, the burgomasters, the looms, and the rotjes. These fill the air, and below, the waters are forever giving you a peep of some strange new creature. The commercial whale may not often come your way, but his less valuable brethren abound on every side. The finner shows his ninety feet of worthless tallow, with the absolute conviction that no whaler would condescend to lower a boat for him. The misshapen hunchback whale, the ghostlike white whale, the narwhal, with his unicorn horn, the queer-looking bottle-nose, the huge, sluggish Greenland shark, and the terrible killing grampus, the most formidable of all the monsters of the deep, these are the creatures who own those unsailed seas.

The winter comes on very suddenly sometimes, and woe betide the whaler which may be caught lagging. In September our boats were taken in, our blubber tanks screwed down, and soon I had seen the last which I am ever, save in my dreams, likely to see of the Greenland ocean.

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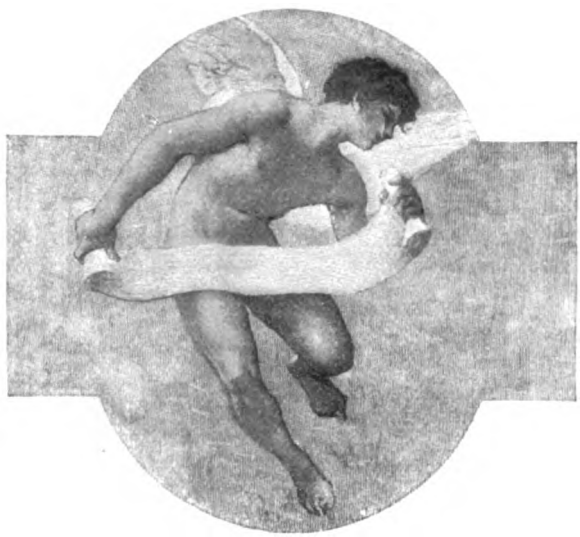

DECORATIVE PANEL FROM A PAINTING BY ELIE DELAUNAY.

Delaunay's work was considered in a paper by Mr. Low in McClure's Magazine for September, 1896. Panels in the Grand Opera and a great painting in the Panthéon, Paris, attest his power as a decorator. (See page 472.)

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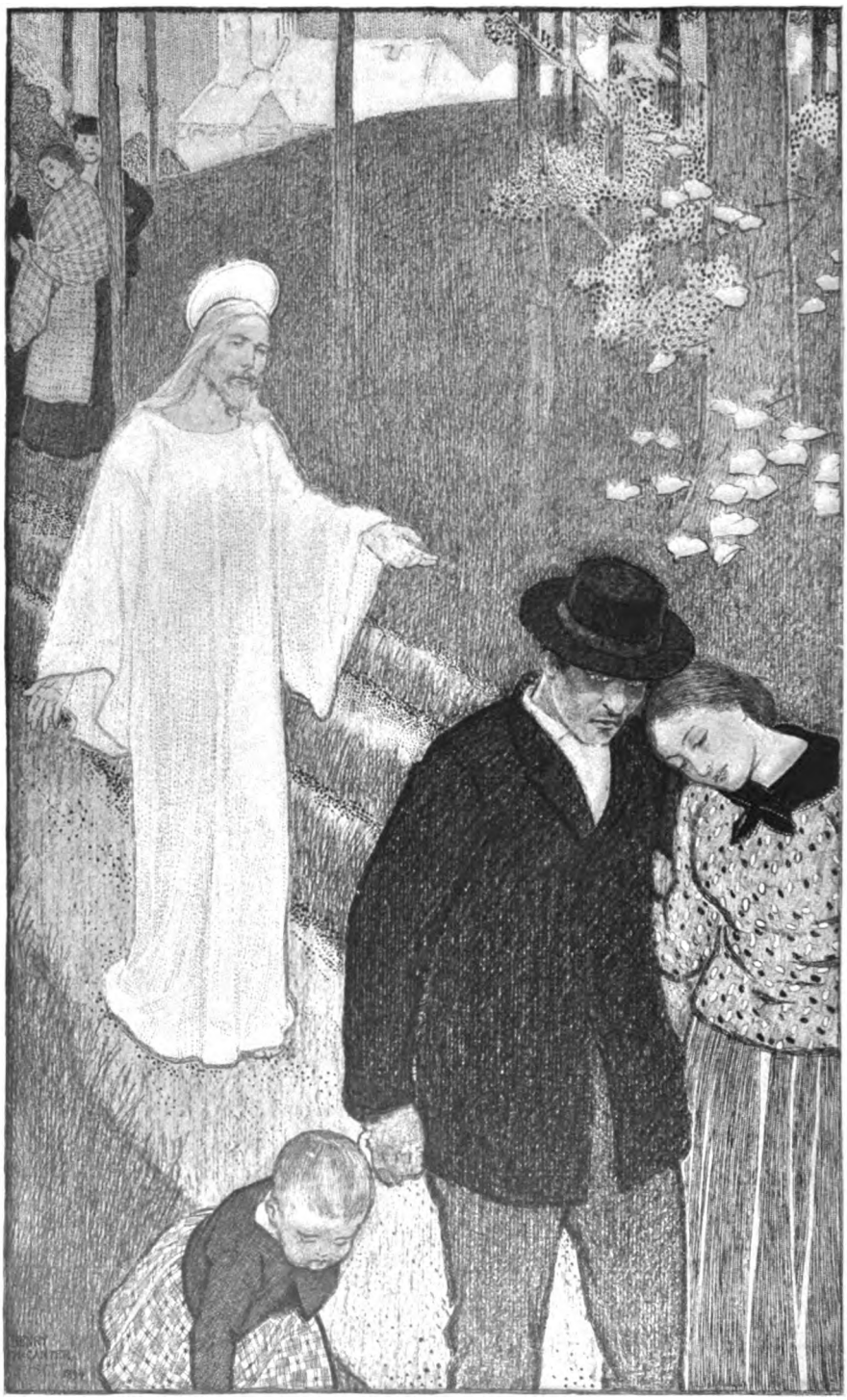

"HAVE I NOT LOVED THEE EVEN UNTO DEATH?"

(*See opposite page.*)

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# McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1897. No. 6.

## "SON, THOU MUST LOVE ME!"

By Paul Verlaine.

Translated from the French by Gertrude Hall.

"Son, thou must love me! See—" my Saviour said,
"My heart that glows and bleeds, my wounded side,
My hurt feet that the Magdalene, wet-eyed,
Clasps kneeling, and my tortured arms outspread

"To bear thy sins. Look on the cross, stained red!
The nails, the sponge, that, all, thy soul shall guide
To love on earth where flesh thrones in its pride,
My Body and Blood alone, thy Wine and Bread.

"Have I not loved thee even unto death,
O brother mine, son in the Holy Ghost?
Have I not suffered, as was writ I must,

"And with thine agony sobbed out my breath?
Hath not thy nightly sweat bedewed my brow,
O lamentable friend that seek'st me now?"

From Poems of Paul Verlaine,
Translated by Gertrude Hall.
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# A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.—THE NEW INTEREST IN DECORATIVE ART.—RECENT EXAMPLES IN THE UNITED STATES.—THREE GREAT MODERN DECORATORS.—PAUL BAUDRY, PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, AND PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

By Will H. Low.

INITIAL ADAPTED FROM A DRAWING BY LOUIS LELOIR.

THE ebb and flow of the tide of art disclose in each century, if not in each decade, certain tendencies—land-marks upon the sands of time—and as regularly blot them out. The surface over which the waves of temporary forgetfulness roll remains the same, however; and after nearly a century of strenuous realism and the production of multitudinous canvases from which the decorative element was banished, there is a reassertion of the principle established when art was young, that the chief function of a work of art is to beautify, to decorate, the space within which it is produced, and, by extension, the space surrounding it. Among the various art "movements" which have arisen within the United States since we have thought upon the subject of art, none has had a wider significance or has held more promise of lasting achievement than the present interest in the decoration of our buildings, public and private. In the latter, for twenty years, occasional efforts have been made. In public buildings the movement is so new that the decorations at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago may be said to have marked its initial step. This work was above all fraught with significance for our people, as the painters were all native to our soil. The Public Library at Boston and the Congressional Library at Washington were next in turn, the latter especially offering opportunities to a number of our best men, some of whom had, by work at Chicago and elsewhere, proved their fitness for the task, while others made therein their first effort at decorative work. The panels in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in New York, due to the initiative of the Municipal Art League, and a number of decorations in our newer hotels, enlarge the list. At present public interest is aroused, and it is not optimistic to foresee a time near at hand when no building of architectural pretensions will be erected without calling on the decorative artist to add to and complete the work by painting or sculpture which will not only beautify the edifice, but serve to accentuate the purpose for which it is designed.

The time is propitious, therefore, to consider, with too much brevity unfortunately, the work of three men who typically represent the best of modern decorative art, and by whose efforts largely the spirit of decoration has been kept alive, while the attention of their compeers has been virtually monopolized in the effort to attain a standard of truth to nature. Before considering the works of Baudry, Puvis de Chavannes, and Galland, it may be well briefly to explain the purposes of decorative painting in contradistinction to the detached easel picture.

In the practice of the earliest painters every picture was decorative, inasmuch as it was either painted in or for a special place. The easel picture, which represents an unrelated effort on the part of the painter to depict a scene or a subject independently of such special emplacement, is of comparatively modern growth. The little pictures which were the characteristic productions of the Holland painters were an exception to this rule, and from them, no doubt, the custom of holding exhibitions and of forming collections of paintings grew. Of so recent a date is this custom, however, that though painting was practised in Egypt, and the houses of

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THE ABDUCTION OF PSYCHE. FROM A CEILING PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY, IN THE PALACE OF CHANTILLY.

This is one of the latest and best of Baudry's works, but from its size and subtlety of color difficult to reproduce adequately in black and white. It and the three pictures immediately following are reproduced by the special permission of Braun, Clement & Co., New York.

Pompeii were decorated, the first exhibition of paintings dates from the middle of the last century. The desire to beautify one's surroundings, which led the cave-dweller to decorate his bone implements, gave painting its first and its most legitimate impulse. With the practice of the art, principles were established. It was seen that a painting on a wall surface must have a relation to its environment, a certain architectural fitness. It was obvious that the representation of great distances between intervening objects in the picture would make, as it were, a hole in the wall which the architect desired to have retain its character as a partial support to the ceiling. The lines and the masses of a decorative composition must also be so studied as not to conflict with the lines or the masses designed by the architect to give grace, solidity, or impressiveness to his construction. That which was true of the greater was equally applicable to the lesser; for the early painters were not always occupied with cathedral vaults or palace ceilings. Their work was constantly demanded for the decoration of all manner of articles of daily use; everything which offered a surface for the artist's handicraft was decorated, as we are happily commencing anew to decorate to-day. The character of work as regarded its tone or color was again subject to the degree of light in which it was to be viewed.

These are all limitations, it is true, but

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THE MUSIC OF GERMANY. FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY IN THE FOYER OF THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

One of a series of oval panels wherein Baudry has symbolized the music of different nations.

they are the limitations by which art has grown in meaning, and within them the painter has before him the whole vast field of natural beauty and human emotion. When opportunity comes to him, it is with a generous hand. The spaces to be filled are ample, his creations can move with ease within their limits, the suggestion of his theme is half indicated by the purpose of the building; the disposition of his groups, the lines of his composition, are dictated by the architectural surroundings; and the work which he does will remain in the light for which it was designed. Moreover—and this to the modern artist is of the gravest import—he enters into the great family of artists who have been men of mark in the past, his work takes on a more general character than is possible for the easel picture, which, poor slave in the market, awaits the chance purchaser. In decorative work the qualities of mind and character find full scope, and from a great wall space an artist can well hope to send a message to his fellow-men of coming ages that will entitle him to a place among the workers who have made the world.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

We must turn to France to find our typical examples of decorative work, as we have done already in other fields of art endeavor. Other European countries have given signs of sporadic interest in deco-

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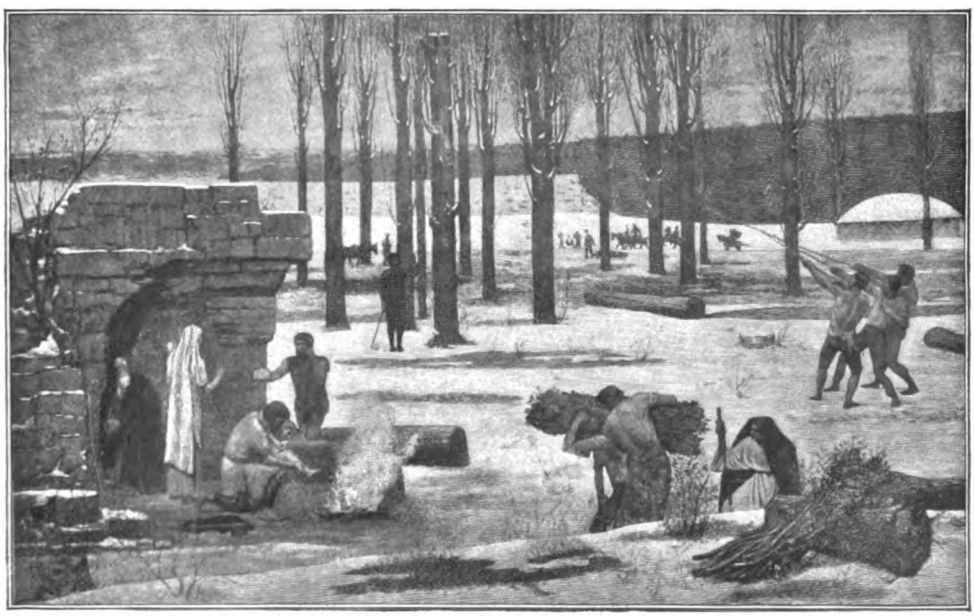
A PANEL PAINTED BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES FOR THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIEND AND CONFRÈRE, LEON BONNAT, PARIS.

This idyllic work is entitled "Doux Pays," a phrase which in its literal rendering (Sweet Land) scarcely conveys the impression conveyed by the painting itself, of a land where the day is always young, and life always simple and gracious.

ration, and in a more extended survey of the subject would call for consideration; but no country save France has produced a decorative painter of the rank of Paul Baudry.

Like so many of her greatest men, the painter was of peasant stock: his father was a maker of wooden shoes, the *sabots* worn by the peasants. Paul Jacques Aimée Baudry was born November 7, 1828, at Roche-sur-Yon, in the province of La Vendée. From earliest childhood he was his father's companion in the woods where he plied his trade, and in deference to his parent's love for music was at first destined to become a violinist. A born painter,



WINTER. DECORATIVE PANEL BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

The painting is especially interesting for the use made in it of the landscape as a decorative feature.

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THE INFANCY OF SAINT GENEVIÈVE. FROM A PAINTING BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES ON THE WALLS OF THE PANTHÉON, PARIS.

The subject represents a bishop of the early church, who, on his way to England and Ireland to convert the savage inhabitants of those countries, is struck by the piety and innocence of the little girl who in later life was known as Saint Geneviève and became the patron saint of Paris. The landscape represents the environs of Paris, with Mont-Valérien in the distance. The pious Gauls, profiting by the presence of the missionary, seek his blessing, bring their sick to be cured, and gather around the bishop and the child. In the foreground mariners prepare a bark to carry the missionary to England. Something of the contrast between this and the Laurens opposite is lost here, inasmuch as the reproduction fails to convey a sense of the extreme lightness of the Puvis de Chavannes.

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THE DEATH OF SAINT GENEVIÈVE. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS ON THE WALLS OF THE PANTHÉON, PARIS.

This noble and dignified picture gives the closing scene in the life of the patron saint of Paris, whose childhood furnishes the subject for Puvis de Chavannes's equally impressive and more strictly decorative composition shown on the opposite page.

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however, he was but thirteen years old when he was placed with the only artist of the little town, one Sartoris, who, a mason by trade, had nevertheless, from his love of art, succeeded in studying for a couple of years in Paris. After two years the pupil had so far outstripped the master that on Sartoris's recommendation the municipal council of his native town gave Baudry an allowance of one hundred and twenty dollars a year in order that he might pursue his studies in Paris. Here, in 1844, he became the pupil of Drolling, and though his little allowance was later somewhat augmented by the departmental authorities, he lived a life of hardship, supported by the fervor of his ambition and industry. He had the determination to occupy one of the places of honor which are freely accorded to great painters in France, and later in life in one of his letters he recalls that, on the night when he left his native town, he stopped before a statue erected in honor of one of his townsmen and made a childish vow that he in his turn would reflect honor on his birthplace. His courage sustained him through two successive failures to obtain the Prix de Rome, which was won at the third trial in 1850. In the life of Baudry written by Charles Ephrussi and published (in French) by Ludovic Baschet, Paris, 1887, are given many of his letters, and nothing speaks more clearly of the distinguished intelligence of Baudry than the charm of his writing and the extent of his culture, which is surprising considering the fact that from the age of thirteen he had no other education than that acquired in the leisure of his art studies.

To follow Baudry through his career step by step is denied me here, but from the first, in Rome, he was gradually forming the basis of a style which availed him when, long after his return to Paris, he was given the most important decorative commission of modern times, comprising thirty-three separate panels, including three large ceiling panels, a painted surface of five hundred square metres. This commission, given in 1865, was for the foyer of the Paris Grand Opera, and before that time, and since his return from Rome in 1857, Baudry had become celebrated as a painter of portraits, of figure pictures, and had executed a number of minor decorations.

Before commencing the Opera decorations, Baudry returned to Rome, in 1864, and there made a series of full-sized copies of the prophets, colossal figures forming part of Michael Angelo's frescos in the Sistine Chapel. The year 1868 found him in London, copying the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court, still bent on preparation for his great work. In 1870 he was again in Italy, but the war with Germany called him home, and it was not until its close, and after serving in the army during the conflict, that he began the final work for the Opera, which occupied him until 1874. The entire series was then exhibited in the École des Beaux Arts before being placed in position in the foyer of the Opera.

If I only consulted my recollection of this series at that time I would be tempted to consider them the crowning achievement of Baudry's life. And to a degree they are this, undoubtedly. Frequent study of the complete decoration in place, however, and the after development of the painter would incline me to give this work my warmest admiration without the added grace of the respect, coupled with admiration, due to a painter who has added a new and more personal quality to that of the complete mastery shown in the decoration of the Opera.

Baudry had been, up to this time, a most admirable student, had accepted the tenets of the Academy, and, with the classic influence of Rome, had so profited by them as to have become a nineteenth century Raphael. The characterization is only chronologically correct, however, for of the nineteenth century but little had appeared in his work. I am here only considering him as a decorative painter, and must perforce leave out of consideration his portraits and pictures, which would not however (save that his portraits were admirably characteristic and consequently contemporaneous in all except method of painting) change the limitation. From the time, however, when he left the lofts in the Opera House, where he had lived in the company of his great canvases for over four years, he was changed. He had served his apprenticeship, and from that time dared be himself. Surely no man had ever done so brilliant, so noble a 'prentice task, but from its inception he had been under the yoke of the ancients, and now he took his place beside them.

Unfortunately, no work of like magnitude came his way during the rest of his life, and the evidence in support of my view can only be found in detached fragments, though even these fragmentary works are of considerable scope. He was given a commission for the Panthéon, a series of panels portraying the life of Joan of Arc,

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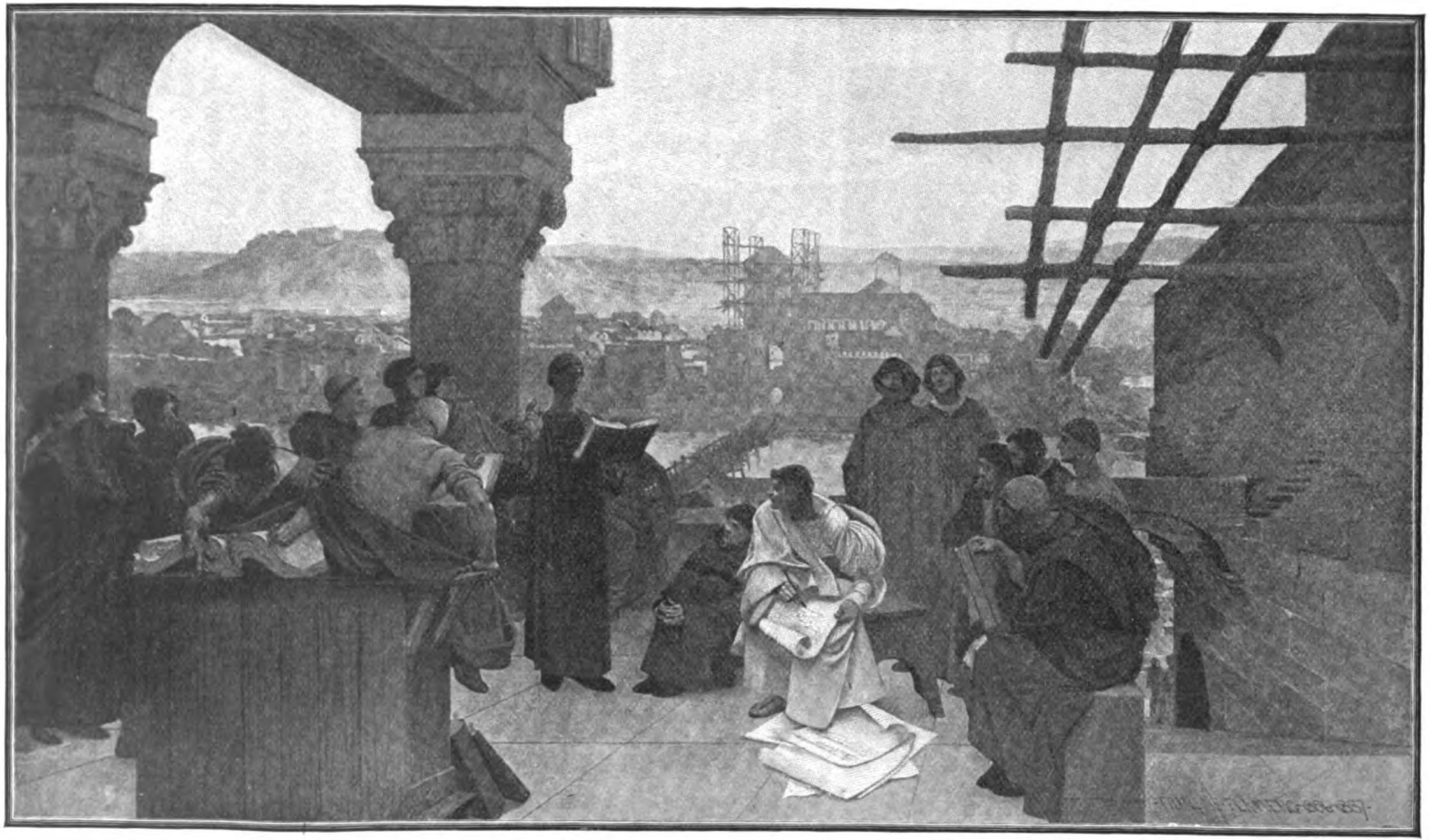

ABELARD TEACHING. A DECORATIVE PANEL BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG IN THE NEW SORBONNE, PARIS.

An example of the current decorative work of modern France, where, thanks to the solid training of the schools, a painter well known from his charming *genre* subjects, but not especially gifted as a decorator, approaches his task with intelligence and capacity. The reconstitution of ancient Paris, with Notre Dame in course of construction in the background, and the depiction of the mediæval type of scholar, add interest to the composition.

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which from the slight sketches which he had made before his death would have been a larger page of the same character as "The Abduction of Psyche," here reproduced, and the "Vision of St. Hubert," and would have formed a worthy pendant for the noble St. Geneviève of Puvis de Chavannes in the same building. But the close of the Opera work had found him bankrupt in health and in pocket, and the man who had passed eight years in the preparation and production of this colossal work had been so poorly paid ($28,000) that we find him borrowing five hundred francs from his friend, Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opera, in order to follow his physician's orders and go to Egypt. He had many charges. He had cared for the education of his brothers and sisters (of whom he had eleven!), and for years Paris had besieged his doors with commissions for portraits and easel pictures. A number of these occupied the next few years, though not to the exclusion of decorative work; the "Glorification of the Law," for the ceiling of the Court of Cassation, and ceilings for Mr. W. K. and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's houses in New York, being produced in 1881 and 1882.

Through all this work, the portraits not excepted, the new Baudry appears. His color takes on a crystalline clearness; the sense of light and air, those essentially nineteenth century conquests, predominates. A charming composition representing Diana driving away a too inquisitive cupid, appears to have been used by the painter as a test of his progress. In the exhibition held after his death in 1886, at the École des Beaux Arts, there were, if my memory serves me, no less than five replicas of this subject, repeating substantially the same composition, the first painted in 1857 and the last shortly before his death. The earliest in date was a charming picture, full of grace and sentiment, which might, however, have been painted by an Italian of the Renaissance period. But the last, in its frank recognition of the truth of out-of-door effect, could only have been painted in this century—and by Baudry. One of his later works, in 1884, was "The Abduction of Psyche," executed for the palace of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, and it is one of his best. It has the charm which was Baudry's greatest quality and which in no manner takes away from his power. Charm to the degree here typified stands on the plane of qualities dignified by graver names, but no more difficult of achievement and no less rare in art, and though the painter's indomitable energy and superb technical equipment enabled him to acquire these other and alleged greater qualities, they were acquisitions, and he was at his best—as lesser men may be—when he was himself. With many years of work apparently before him, which in his case meant further development, he died, after a short illness, on the 17th of January, 1886.

Pierre-Cécile Puvis de Chavannes, standing in as high a place as Baudry, forms a complete contrast and gives new proof of the manifold manifestations of the art instinct. The contrast of his work is carried out by the circumstances of his life. Born at Lyons on December 14, 1824, of a family in easy circumstances, he was thirty-five years of age before he exhibited his first picture at the Salon in 1859. This does not appear to have been decorative in character, but in 1861 he commenced a series of decorations for the museum at Amiens which were finished five years later. A large picture of a semi-decorative style was the first of his works of which I had personal knowledge. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1873, and it was not strongly marked with the characteristics which we have come to regard as the distinctive marks of the master. The following year, 1874, he exhibited the "Victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens," now in the City Hall of Poitiers, a panel marked by all the simplicity of drawing and delicacy of tone of his later work, but withal so little understood by the critics and public that to avow an appreciation of its merits was the signal for a hot discussion. Many years later, in 1892, I was so fortunate as to know the great painter slightly, and on my explaining that my admiration for his work dated back to the time when with Charles Martel I had "broken lances" for victory with the unbelievers, he laughed and said: "Many lances were broken before my works received the slightest commendation, and for many years with each successive Salon I enjoyed the distinction of being the chief target for the critics' arrows."

In 1876–77, however, Paris saw, for the first time, one of his works in place, the series representing the infancy of St. Geneviève in the Panthéon, and then, to the credit of Paris be it said, the triumph was complete. The reproduction in these pages will, to a degree, enable the reader to appreciate the distinctly mural character of the work. The panels are placed on the wall of the nave of the Panthéon, in a vast

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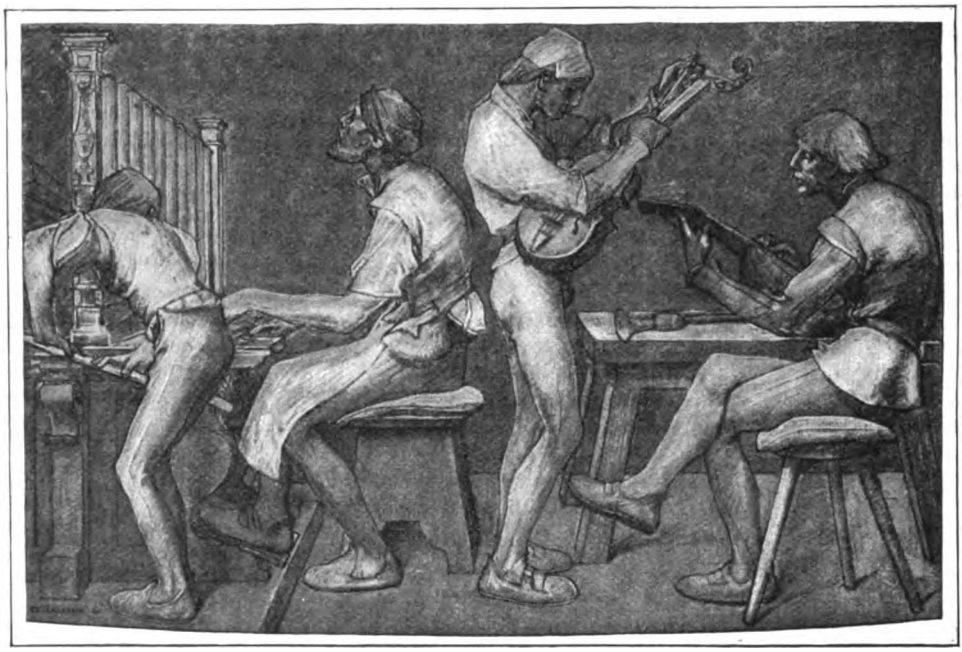

THE MAKERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON BY PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

One of the panels in the corridor of the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall) of Paris, depicting the industries of the city.

interior of light yellowish-gray stone almost unrelieved by ornament of any description. They are separated from the wall only by a painted border of conventionalized laurel leaves, and are intersected by huge half columns projecting from the walls. In the midst of the vast gray structure the panels fit admirably.

While Baudry's decorations were conceived in the spirit of the later Italian Renaissance, which, anxious to display a wealth of acquired knowledge of light and shade and perspective, frequently overstepped the limits of mural treatment, Puvis de Chavannes's work traces its descent from the primitive masters of Tuscany, who, happily inspired, never violated these laws. Much has been written of Puvis's inheritance from these masters, and the current in the sea of art which bears his bark undoubtedly flows from that direction. But the current has borne the later artist to fair and strange lands which he has made his own. This is no timid navigator of the fourteenth century, but a hardy mariner of our own day, fully equipped with the knowledge of our time. His use of landscape alone proclaims him a follower of Corot rather than of Benozzo Gozzoli. Great draughtsman of the human figure in the complete sense that Baudry was he is not, and in the earlier works, where he was apparently solicitous of conciliating academic standards, his drawing is that of the careful student, correct but more interesting from the glimmer of personality which transpires: a correctness devoid of freedom. In his later work the whole impression is to him of so much more importance than any part that we find figures of great nobility of aspect, of essentially characteristic silhouette, deficient in details of form or of faulty construction. It can only be said that we must take his work as a whole to much the same degree as we do that of Millet, with whom he has certain resemblances. For the rest, he is wholly admirable. No decorator of any time has had a more instinctive sense in composition of what in architecture would be called the voids and the solids. The disposition in his case of masses of figures or of objects relieved by spaces void of accent is uniformly happy and of great variety. He succeeds as no other decorator has done in giving an impression of vast space and distance by a scheme of attenuated light and shade, never approaching the brightest light or the deepest shadow, but conveying the sense of the diffused light of day in a manner which the most rabid plein-airist might envy, without disturbing the surface of the wall on which his tranquil vision bathed in delicate color rests.

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We are fortunate in possessing in the Boston Public Library one of Puvis de Chavannes's works, in a position accessible to the general public, and if my reader will approach this work with a realizing sense of the purpose of a wall painting, untrammeled by a prejudice in favor of painting which seeks to impress by a wax-work fidelity to reality, he will appreciate the merits of a work nobly conceived, simply executed, and absolutely decorative in character.

In the Panthéon, in close proximity to the work of Puvis de Chavannes, is a similar decoration by another great painter, Jean Paul Laurens. It is perhaps his capital work, and, like that of Puvis, is conceived and carried out in a masterly fashion. The contrast is forcible, and to the detriment of Laurens, who has remained the painter of realistic tendencies which a long line of pictures has proclaimed him to be. Here the gamut of color and light and shade is carried from the top to the bottom of the scale, with the result that we look from the pale walls of the building into a cave where a scene of real life is being enacted, which we follow in the obscurity and find interesting as a picture but not as a decoration. In intensity of significance it loses even in comparison with the decoration of Puvis, which is clear as to its meaning at the first glance, while the very success of Laurens in giving the impression of a crowded room leads the eye by an infinity of details away from the dominant actor in the scene.

Curiously enough, the same impression is given by the work of a trained decorator within the same walls. Galland, who, by training as a scene painter and as an architect and as a most thorough student and designer of ornament, had fitted himself as an all-round decorator, failed when called upon to rival Puvis de Chavannes on the walls of the Panthéon. His decoration, a scene from the life of St. Denis, is crowded and unintelligible, filled with charming figures, taken singly, but so confused that the quality of a decoration, which should arrest and instantly satisfy the beholder, is lost. Fortunately, this is a single instance of failure on the part of a man who counted many successes. His place is a minor one, for with all the store of decorative knowledge which he possessed, his personality as an artist was less than that of Baudry or of Puvis de Chavannes. He was, however, more thoroughly trained for the work of a decorator than either of these, and was as capable of conceiving and executing a scheme of decoration of purely ornamental character as of covering successfully great wall spaces in which the human figure played the chief part. Born of French parents at Geneva, in Switzerland, July 15, 1822, he died in Paris on the morning of December 1, 1892, having passed away in his sleep. Within the time comprised within these two dates he had accomplished a vast amount of work, too great to even enregister here. Paris, London, St. Petersburg, and New York (in the house of the late W. H. Vanderbilt) are all indebted to him for decorative work. With a sincere love for decoration in all its branches, he gave the same attention to ornament as to the figure, and by a course of study under Labrouste in the school of architecture in the École des Beaux Arts he had mastered the principles of the "mother of arts" to such a degree that he was constantly called upon to do work of a purely ornamental character in conjunction with architects. The series of beautiful borders which surround the pictured decorations of the Panthéon were designed by him, and the corridors of the new Hôtel de Ville of Paris have, from his hand, a most beautiful series of interlacing ornaments, in the midst of which are designs representing the trades of the city, while circular medallions of admirably designed nude figures represent the sciences.

Galland was influential in founding and sustaining the Museum of Decorative Art in Paris, and conducted in the École des Beaux Arts a school for training decorative painters. He made also numerous designs for tapestry which were carried out at the governmental works of the Gobelins. In all he was, perhaps, the best trained decorator that the world has seen, for no man of ancient or modern times has possessed so complete an education in all the branches of the art, as among the ancients the means for its acquirement were not so thoroughly established as in modern times, and among the moderns none other has possessed the courage or the capacity to be equally versatile. That this very quality may not be answerable for the lack of the personal note which prevented him from leaving a masterpiece comparable to the foyer of the Opera by Baudry or the greatest work by Puvis de Chavannes, is a question. His qualities, however, are those which it behooves the student to acquire, and his example is to be commended at a time when our walls are being prepared for the decorator to come.

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"I MADE HER OUT TO BE A SMART-LOOKING AND BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED CRAFT."

# THE STRANGE STORY OF THE "EMILY BRAND" BRIGANTINE.

By Andrew Hussey Allen.

I HARDLY suppose that any one will believe this story. Indeed I would hesitate to tell it were it not that its principal events are to be found recorded in the correspondence of the Department of State, at Washington, and in the official reports of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Gibraltar, both of which sources of verification are, I have no doubt, accessible to the reader. I have myself seen the despatches of our consul at Gibraltar and can vouch for their substantial correctness.

I was at Nice, where I had been sent a month earlier a tardy and restless convalescent, when, on the morning of November 20th, I found among my letters at breakfast one from my old friend Jack Drayton, dated two days earlier "On board the 'Nomad,' Marseilles Harbor," and begging me to go for a cruise to the Azores with him. His fellow-voyagers, he wrote, had deserted him at Malta to go crusading to Jerusalem with some friends they had met there, and he urged me to go on this cruise with him as well on account of my health as on his account.

I called on my doctor, who agreed with Drayton that the voyage would set me squarely on my feet again, and as I knew of nothing that I would like better, I decided to go. I packed my trunks, took the early train for Marseilles, and boarded the yacht on the afternoon of the next day at five o'clock, and by eight the following morning we were under way.

The "Nomad" was a schooner of 230 tons, staunchly built for ocean cruising, and luxuriously equipped and furnished. Besides the captain, two mates, steward, cook, and Jack Drayton's servant, she carried a crew of seventeen men. Her owner was himself an able seaman, and his yacht was his home. He and I were such old friends and had lived together for so many years that we not only did not fear tiring of each other, but were reasonably sure of very good company. On this occasion, however, we had a companion in Roy, a thoroughbred English mastiff that Drayton, who was very fond of animals, had taken to sea with him for the two preceding years. I never had appreciated

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before this cruise how much of a companion a dog could be. Roy quite won my heart. Unprejudiced by my affection for him, I think he was the noblest animal I have ever known. Stately, high-bred, intelligent, and lovable, he was "a gentleman and a scholar" from the jet of his handsome muzzle to the tip of his tawny tail.

We ran down the Mediterranean to the Straits with a fair, fast wind, feeling, as we passed the fortress, that we were well started on our voyage. But outside, on the ocean, Æolus became capricious, as is his wont, and bestowed his favors elsewhere. From that time on, until the fifth of December, we loitered sadly and uneventfully, with light northerly winds. On the morning of that day, however, the breeze freshened somewhat, the smooth surface of the sea began to glitter with little ripples, our spirits rose with the prospect, and soon after nine o'clock we sighted a sail about three points off the port bow —the only thing in sight on the broad expanse of blue, shining ocean. By noon we had approached the stranger near enough to see that she was a brigantine under short sail, and in a little while we were within hailing distance. Taking the glass, I made her out to be a smart-looking and beautifully modelled craft, and after a few minutes I read the name in gilt letters on her quarter as "Emily Brand." Except her jib and a staysail, she had not a stitch of canvas set. As I looked she impressed me with a sense of deathlike stillness, desolation, and mystery, and I could see that her wheel was loose, and that there was no one on her deck. The slight breeze that still prevailed was from the north, and the brigantine was on the starboard tack, while the yacht, as she had been for several days, was on the port tack.

I handed the glass to Drayton, who, after a short survey, told Captain Parker to hail. The captain, as we neared her, called repeatedly in stentorian tones, but no answer came, and no sign of life appeared on board the strange vessel. Finally, when within three hundred yards of her, we shortened sail, had a boat lowered away, and Drayton and I, with the first mate of the "Nomad" and two seamen, rowed alongside. Slowly drifting to leeward, she was barely moving, and Jamieson, the mate, clambered aboard by the gear of the bowsprit. He threw us a line, and, making the boat fast, we quickly followed him. He and the two men went forward, while Drayton and I, crossing the deck to the companionway, which we found open, entered the cabin. It was empty. The men forward likewise finding no one, we all five searched the vessel fore and aft, and high and low. There was not a living being besides ourselves on board. She had evidently been deserted. But why? She was seemingly perfectly sound, and we failed to discover the least apparent cause for her abandonment. Her hold was exceptionally dry, there not being as much bilge in it as would fill a hogshead. Her cargo consisted of casks marked as containing alcohol, all of which were stowed in good order and condition except one, which had been started. The exterior of the hull above the water line did not exhibit the slightest trace of damage, nor was there the least evidence on the interior that the vessel had been repaired in any way or was at that time in need of any repairs.

Among the seamen's effects were found a number of articles of not inconsiderable value, going to show that the men were comparatively well-to-do and apparently in a great measure free from the too common prodigality of their class. We also found that the vessel was amply provisioned and that she had plenty of good water in her casks.

Of her cabin I must say that I had no idea there was a merchantman afloat so comfortably and attractively equipped in this respect. The apartment was large, high, and well lighted, with four staterooms opening from it—two forward and two aft. On either side, along the bunks, were broad, thick hair cushions of crimson stuff. In the center the table with leaves was stationary, while in the space between the staterooms forward was a harmonium, open; and aft, in the corresponding space, stood a sewing-machine, also uncovered. On a chair beside the harmonium lay several music books and loose sheets of music, and on the sewing-machine we found a pattern in muslin, evidently a child's garment in process of making, besides a small phial of machine oil, a spool of cotton, and a thimble, all three in a perpendicular position: a fact which afforded additional proof that the vessel could not have encountered any stress of weather—not even enough, indeed, to upset these lightly balanced articles.

In the forward port stateroom, under the berth, we found an open box containing panes of glass packed in hay and unbroken. Hanging on the partition

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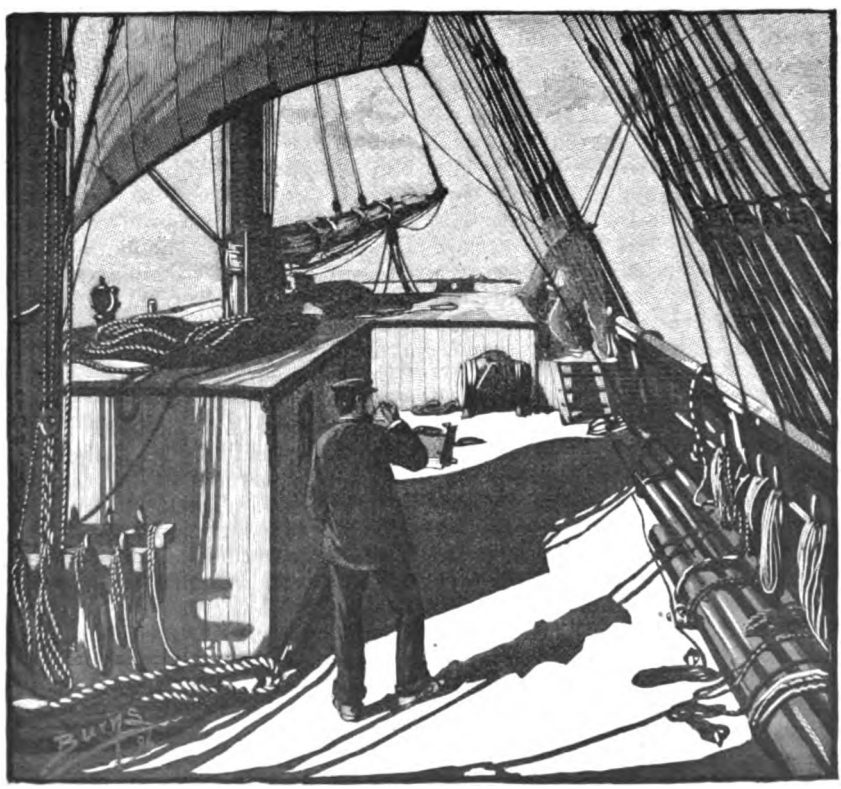
opposite the berth, in the starboard stateroom forward, we found a cutlass of somewhat ancient pattern, which, on extracting it from its scabbard, I discovered to be stained with what seemed to me to be blood. I called Drayton's attention to this, and, after examining it, he agreed with me and concluded that we had perhaps found a clue to the mystery. Later along we discovered marks on the main rail, apparently of blood, but by that time we had been forced to give up the idea that there had been any violence on board the vessel, by the perfect order in which we had found everything on board. The remaining articles of furniture in the cabin were two large easy-chairs upholstered in leather, and several smaller, lighter chairs. The carpet was a heavy Brussels, and the wood work was painted a pale, soft gray, with bluish trimmings. All the brass mountings and the lamps were bright and shining, and, in fact, the apartment was pervaded no less by an air of quiet order than of mystery. It was clear that it had been occupied in part by a woman and child, and these we naturally supposed to be the wife and child of the captain.

Our charts showed that we had boarded the derelict in latitude 38° 20′ north, longitude 17° 15′ west. In its proper place we found her log-book, but her chronometer, manifest, and bills of lading were missing. The log showed that the last day's work of the vessel had been on the twenty-fourth of November, sea time, when the weather had allowed an observation to be taken that placed her in latitude 36° 56′ north, longitude 27° 20′ west. The entries on her slate log were, however, carried down to eight o'clock of the morning of the twenty-fifth, at which hour she had passed from west to east to the north of the island of St. Mary's (Azores), the eastern point of which then bore south-southwest, six miles distant. The distance in longitude from the island of St. Mary's to the point at which we fell in with the "Emily Brand" is 7° 54′; the corrected distance of the latitude from the position last indicated in the log is 1° 18′ north; and the brigantine had apparently held on her course for ten days after the twenty-fifth of November, the wheel being loose all the time. But during the period from the twenty-fifth of November to the fifth of December the wind had been more



"I DISTINCTLY SAW A MAN STEP FROM THE RAIL AT THE PORT QUARTER."

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or less from the north continuously, and it appeared to us impossible that the derelict could have covered within that time a distance of 7° 54′ east, at any rate on the starboard tack. The obvious inference was, therefore, that she had not been abandoned until several days after the last entry made in the log.

Drayton, who was nothing if not practical when occasion required, at once set about making his arrangements to work our prize to Gibraltar. He despatched the mate and the two men back to the yacht with orders to have Parker select five men from the crew, one to be in authority as sailing master, and send them aboard the brigantine prepared to take up their quarters. Meanwhile he returned to the cabin to look over the log-book again, and some papers we had found in the captain's room, and I went forward to poke about in the seamen's quarters, which were to be occupied by the "Nomad's" men.

Fifteen minutes later, standing by the foremast facing aft, I struck a match to light my cigar. As I raised my eyes from doing so, I distinctly saw a man step from the rail at the port quarter, move quickly across the deck, and disappear in the companionway. At the moment I caught but the briefest glimpse of his face and figure; but they were not to be forgotten. He seemed to have clambered aboard from the sea, for he was dripping wet and hatless, and his light hair was matted or glued about his head and face by the water, while his clothes clung to his body and limbs, and glistened and dripped in the sunlight. His figure was gigantic. His face and trunk were bloated or distended, like those of a man who has been drowned, and the former, without a vestige of color, was ghastly horrible and expressionless, even to the eyes, beyond the possibility of description. I was naturally startled and shocked by the suddenness of his appearance and his extraordinary condition; but not so much so that I failed to shout "Hallo there!" as I got sight of him. He neither answered nor hesitated; he did not even look towards me, but, almost as I uttered the words, disappeared, as I have said, down the companionway. I hurried aft and entered the cabin. There alone, with his feet on a chair before him and the log-book on his knees, was Drayton, quite calm, and half-facing the companionway. I looked around, saw no one else (all the stateroom doors were wide open), and exclaimed in amazement, "Where is he?"

"Where is who?" drawled Drayton.

"The fellow," I replied, "who just came in here. Wake up, Jack! I saw the man come in here this moment. He is here somewhere," I added, searching from room to room in vain, and trying to open a door in the forward starboard stateroom, leading, as I supposed, into the between-decks space. The door was fast, and bolted on my side of it.* No one had gone through there.

I turned back to the cabin, where my companion stood gazing at me curiously. He stepped towards me, looked at me very closely, and then said sharply:

"What's the matter with you, old man; are you out of your mind? How could any one have come in here without my seeing him?"

I described the man, and added that I could swear I had seen him enter the cabin three seconds before me.

Finally, somewhat impressed by my positiveness, Drayton, in spite of himself, went on deck, I following, and hailing the yacht, he called out: "Let the men, when the boat comes over, bring the dog with them." And then, to me, "If there is any one on board here Roy will find him though we can't."

As we turned back to the cabin I noticed that that part of the deck over which I had seen the stranger pass, dripping with water, five minutes before, was perfectly dry, as were also the brass plates on the companion-ladder down which I had seen him disappear. This discovery bothered me not a little, as may be readily imagined. Still I remained firm in my conviction that I had actually seen the man, and had not, as Drayton evidently believed, simply suffered an optical illusion.

I paced the deck until the yacht's boat arrived with the men and Roy. When they had boarded the brigantine Drayton came on deck again, and we made another thorough search of her with the dog running on ahead and with the aid of two bull's-eye lanterns that the men had brought over. This second search was as fruitless of result as the first. By the time we had finished it was after five o'clock, and we were at the point of returning to the yacht, to prepare for dinner, when we decided that it would be best to

* We afterwards opened this door and discovered that it led into the between-decks space, where we found amidships, adjoining the cabin, the ship's store-room, which we had entered and examined during our original search of the vessel. On either side of this store-room were arranged a number of casks of alcohol, which composed the cargo. There was nothing else to be found, and no possible corner where any one could have been concealed. Our original entrance to this part of the brigantine had been through the main hatch, from the deck above.

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lock the cabin. We entered it for that purpose, and after having secured the doors of the staterooms, and closed the ports, we turned to leave it, Drayton preceding me towards the deck. Half-way up the companionway it suddenly occurred to me that I had left my cigar-case on the table, and I returned to get it. As I again stepped into the apartment I saw, clearly defined, at the upper end of the bunk on the starboard side upon the partition, close by the stateroom door, the shadow in profile of the face and figure of a man. The shadow appeared to be cast by some very tall person sitting on the bunk to my right, forward; but there was no one there, as a matter of course. I began to doubt the evidence of my senses, and stood for a moment looking about me in bewilderment. Recovering myself, however, I approached the corner, convinced that the dark gray shadow was a stain upon the paint. Apparently it was not. From the chair near the harmonium I took a loose sheet of music, and, holding it between the shadow and the light, I looked behind it and perceived that that portion of the shadow—a part of the head and face—between which and the light I had interposed the obstacle had been obliterated. On looking at the surface of the paper in my hand, I beheld the missing portion of the shadow clearly silhouetted thereon. Having thus satisfied myself that it was a shadow, and one cast by some (to me) invisible and impalpable thing or substance, I hardly need add that I became somewhat excited. I shouted to Drayton, who immediately ran back into the cabin, followed by the dog. His examination of the phenomenon resulted exactly as mine had. On turning, at its conclusion, to speak to Roy, we found to our surprise that he had left us. Although we tried our best, neither by persuasion nor command could we move him to enter the cabin again. We looked at each other nonplussed, Drayton and I, and I am willing to confess that mingled with my feeling of triumph at having thus convinced him that there were others at work besides ourselves aboard the mysterious derelict, was an uncomfortable consciousness that the weird annoyance was beginning to tell on my nerves and to excite my imagination disagreeably as to what was to come next. Still I entertained not the least doubt that we were the victims of some vulgar jugglery practised upon us for some unexplained reason by hidden human agents. I was morally positive that this was the case. I had not, of course, had time to reason with myself as to the logic of the conclusion, but it was the only natural one, and certainly no other explanation of what I had seen occurred to me. Consideration of possible supernatural causes or solutions was out of the question with both of us. Jack Drayton was as free from all superstitious fancies as he was incapable of fear, and I may claim to have been his counterpart in the former respect.

Slowly, as we looked upon it, the strange shadow faded out. After a vain search of half an hour, and fruitless experiments with the lights and shadows of the cabin, we locked the companionway and returned to the yacht to dine.

By eight o'clock, having completed our arrangements, we went back to the brigantine to pass the night in her cabin. Roy received us on deck, and we tried again, but in vain, to induce him to enter the apartment with us. His refusal annoyed us both. It was incomprehensible. We, however, prepared ourselves for the night. Drayton established himself in the forward starboard corner on the bunk, looking aft —the shadow's corner. I made myself comfortable in the port corner aft, diagonally opposite and facing him. We thus between us commanded a full view of the cabin and the four staterooms, the doors of which we had reopened. The dog roamed restlessly about the decks until a little before midnight, when I heard him lie down across the entrance to the companionway.

At a quarter to one o'clock—I looked at my watch at the moment—without any premonition, the three cabin lamps—one over Drayton's head, one over mine, and one in the centre, over the table—suddenly became dim. This was surprising, as we had carefully filled and trimmed them all before lighting them. I got up to examine that nearest me, turning my back to Drayton. As I did so I heard the peculiar double click of the hammer of a pistol. Turning again, I saw my companion, with his cocked revolver in hand, step to the floor. His face was pale and rigid, and his eyes fierce and fixed. He moved to the table and raised the weapon. With an indescribable sensation of dread I looked in the direction of his aim, and there, not five feet from where I stood, on the inside edge of one of the ports, I saw a large, coarse, bloated hand clinging, and behind it, outside, at the shoulder, the ghastly, brutal face of the man I had seen

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cross the deck in the afternoon. The dull, lead-colored eyes seemed peering into the cabin. Almost overcome by mingled horror and disgust (I can convey no idea of the loathesomeness of this man's appearance), I was somewhat relieved by the cold, clear tones of Drayton's voice, as I heard him say:

"Now, my man, I have you in range. I'm a passable shot, and if you move, I shall fire. Who are you? and what devilry are you engaged in here?"

There was no reply. After a pause, Drayton spoke again:

"I intend to have an answer. If you don't speak up before I say three, I shall fire, anyway. We are not to be trifled with."

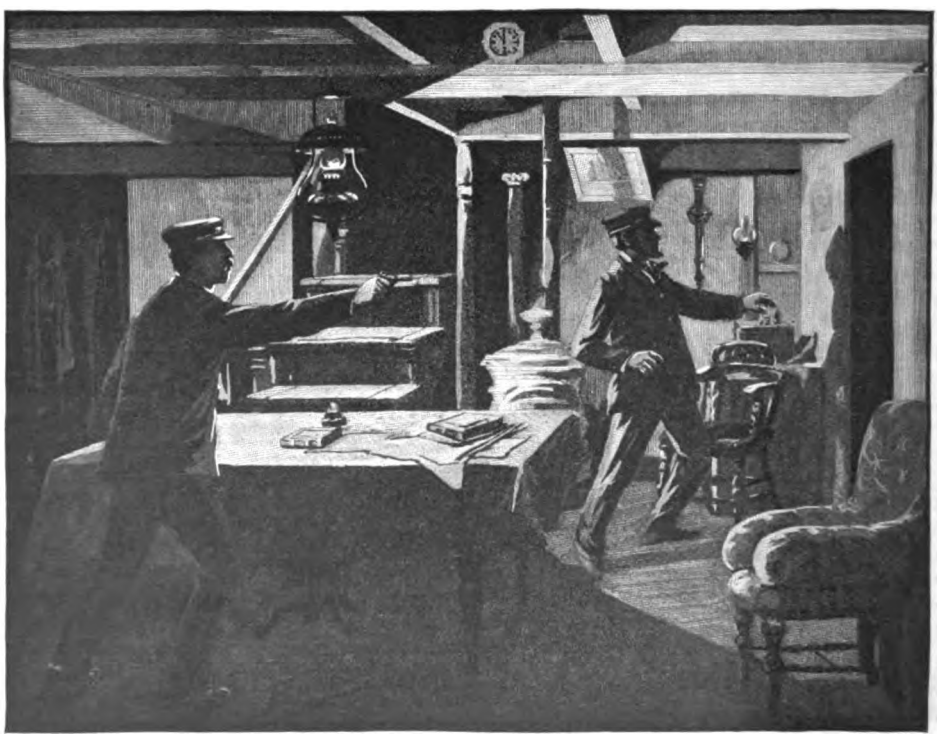
Still there was no reply; and after a pause of about ten seconds, Drayton counted very slowly, "one—two—three," and then followed the flash and report of a pistol.

The man at the porthole did not move. Drayton, with wonderful nerve, raised the weapon again; but even as he did so the face and hand disappeared. Not instantly; but, as if drawn slowly back, they seemed to be swallowed up in the darkness without. As they faded away, the light in the cabin waned again; and crying to me, "Stay where you are, and keep the dog with you" (the dog had bounded into the cabin, half involuntarily, I suppose, at the report of the pistol), Drayton hurried on deck.

I seized Roy's collar, and, at the moment, the doors of all four staterooms, although there was not the slightest lurch of the vessel, slowly but steadily swung and silently closed, as did also the skylights, the ports, and the sliding hatch and doors of the companionway, shutting me in alone with the dog.

My recollection of what followed is perfectly clear—nay, vivid—but it is not in my power to write an adequate description of it. All I can do is to relate what occurred as I actually saw and felt it. Appreciation of the horror of my position I must leave, with but an intimation of it, to the imagination of the reader.

On finding myself thus closed in, my first undefined idea, naturally, was to reach the deck and call Drayton. I was startled, but I do not think that I was afraid at first. Some new trick was about to be played upon us, and I wanted him to see what it was with me. It did not occur to me that the companion-hatch could have been



"IF YOU DON T SPEAK UP BEFORE I SAY THREE, I SHALL FIRE."

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made fast, so I turned to the steps, the dog accompanying me closely—too closely, in fact. As I raised my foot I felt that I was unable to place it on the first stair. It was as though the exit from the cabin had been walled up. A second attempt was equally in vain. I endeavored to precipitate myself into the companion-way. I might as well have tried to walk through a wall of solid rock, and still, in extending my hands and looking before me, I felt nothing but a soft though forbidding pressure, and saw nothing but the open stairway. I cannot say whether my sensation was one of terror or bewilderment—perhaps it was a mingling of the two. I called aloud with the full strength of my lungs, but the sound of my voice seemed strangely muffled, even while I was perfectly conscious that I had full possession of my senses. During all this time the dog had been pressing close against me, trembling like a leaf, shuddering. I laid my hand on his head. It was hot to the touch. I looked down at him. With his ears laid back, his eyes protruding, and his tongue hanging out, he was the picture of terror—such a picture as I hope never to see again. A great, fearless, noble mastiff utterly abject, and cowering like any little cur.

And now the cabin lamps were suddenly extinguished, and only a small lantern left burning on the table. The atmosphere became oppressively hot, and a musty, moldy odor pervaded the apartment. In the deepened darkness I turned to look behind me with an added foreboding—if my horror may be said not to have reached its acme already. Beneath the door of the starboard stateroom, forward, I saw a brilliant line of light, and in the same place as before, the weird shadow of the afternoon, now bent over as though he who cast it there were listening at the door. With my hand still on the mastiff's head, and impelled by some power not my own and stronger than my will, I moved towards the shade. My third step placed me directly in front of one of the large leather lounging chairs, which was so situated as to squarely face the dreadful corner. Into this chair I sank not only involuntarily, but seemingly by physical compulsion, the dog standing against it beside me. As again I laid my hand upon him I felt that he was rigid and strained in every muscle. As I gazed at the shadow it slowly became upright and huge, and cast itself clearly upon the door, which immediately swung open without sound. With this phenomenon an indefinable sensation of almost intolerable pressure came upon me. I felt as though bound with iron or encased in lead. The chair seemed to hold me in a vice-like embrace. All power of motion left me. I tried to speak. I was dumb. The silence was awful. My sense of loneliness appalling. My mind, however, was most active and acute, and after a moment, every faculty seemed to be concentrated upon attention to what was going on before me.

Within the stateroom I saw a short, thick-set man seated on a camp-stool beside the berth, under a hanging lamp which shed a brilliant light. With his face in his hands and his head leaning against the partition before him, he seemed asleep; but I could not see that he breathed. Behind him and half turned from me, I saw one standing who seemed to me to be the original of the shadow, and who, as I looked, raised his right arm in the air, and dealt the sleeping man a terrible blow at the back of the head with a heavy marline-spike, crushing the skull and killing the victim instantly. No blood followed the stroke, and, although, as I have said, the room was brilliantly illuminated, I saw no shadows. The murderer seized the dead man's body before it fell to the floor, and opening the forward door of the stateroom, which led into the between-decks space, passed out, dragging the corpse with him, and disappeared in the darkness. Almost at once, however, he returned, and as he came towards me into the cabin, I again recognized the horrible face of the giant I had seen cross the deck above in the afternoon—the face of the man at whose hand I believed that Drayton with unerring aim had fired in the open port-hole a little while before. He entered the apartment, and, following with my eyes the direction of his movements, I saw him extend his hand and take up from the bunk, where he might have been sitting a few moments earlier, what appeared to me to be a carpenter's chisel or screw-driver. With this he again vanished into the darkness between decks. As he did so the forward door of the stateroom closed behind him, and simultaneously the light within went out, and the lamps in the cabin were relighted, while the doors and portholes, skylight, and companion-hatch were, I felt, reopened. My hand being still upon the dog, I perceived a tremor or shudder pass through his entire frame, as with a deep sigh he instantly thereafter dashed from the cabin to the deck. I heard Drayton's

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voice call loudly, "Roy! Roy!" and then a splash in the silent sea.

Freed from the terrible pressure, I now arose blindly to make my own way to the deck from the stifling atmosphere of the cabin; but the walls and furniture seemed to whirl and spin around and around me —and I remembered no more.

When I recovered consciousness I was again seated in the heavy chair, the cabin was cool, and there was the odor of brandy about. Drayton was standing over me with his hand on my forehead, and I heard the tramp of feet on the deck above. I looked at my watch, which I had laid open on the table several hours earlier, and it told me that I had been in the cabin alone with the dog but ten minutes at the uttermost.

From my companion I learned that after leaving me he had called the forward watch and one of the men from the deck-house, and searched fruitlessly for a trace of the man at the port-hole. As he had approached the companionway, the dog had dashed from it, foaming at the mouth, and in his madness leaped into the sea. Every effort was made to save him, but we never saw the poor fellow again.

The remaining hours of the night passed without incident. I related to Drayton what I had seen in the cabin, and we agreed that whatever the power that was exhibiting itself on board the brigantine—whether human or superhuman, natural or supernatural—it was one that we certainly could not account for, theorize as we might. Drayton, however, held to his purpose of taking the vessel to Gibraltar, there to turn her over, with as much of her story as we could tell, to the Vice-Admiralty Court for investigation.

In the morning we made an examination of the room in which I had seen the phantom murder committed (if I may describe as "phantom" those who seemed no less real flesh and blood than myself) and of the between-decks space forward of it, but we discovered nothing. At the edge of the port-hole, however, at the spot where the hand had been, we found the bullet from the revolver buried in the wood.

By this time the seamen had gotten an inkling of the character of the ship's mystery; but as none of them had actually seen anything (nor, strangely enough, had heard the shot) Drayton's good sense and firmness triumphed over their superstition, and we were enabled to work the derelict to port without difficulty and without further incident. A second night passed in her cabin by both of us was quiet and uneventful in every way, but we were satisfied that we had discovered the cause of her abandonment. The sailors would have said that she was haunted.

We made Gibraltar on the morning of the thirteenth of December, and immediately reporting the circumstances under which we had found the "Emily Brand," we turned her over to the authorities.

The Queen's Proctor in Admiralty at once ordered a special survey of the vessel by the surveyor of shipping, assisted by the marshal of the court and an expert diver. The result of this survey was a report substantially embodying the facts as to the finding of the vessel and her condition here related by me. In addition to this, however, the stains on the old cutlass and on the vessel's rail were subjected to a chemical analysis by which it was proved that they were not blood stains, and this fact was made an item of the report.

Upon this unsatisfactory conclusion Drayton and I determined to communicate to the authorities an account of the almost incredible events of our first day and night aboard the mysterious vessel. This we were enabled to do without making ourselves ridiculous, through the good offices of the governor of the fortress, to whom Drayton was well known. Thereupon a second survey was ordered, during which the entire cargo was removed.

At the request of one of the officials engaged in this second survey, I accompanied him aboard the brigantine for the purpose of pointing out the movements of the phantom murderer. This official developed a rather remarkable detective ingenuity. He subjected me, in the course of our conversation, to a close cross-examination concerning the chisel or screw-driver, for which the assassin had returned after the murder. On my remaining firm in my conviction as to what the tool appeared to be, he confided to me his theory of the terrible mock murder I had witnessed. He believed, he told me, that the crime which had caused the vessel's abandonment had been revealed to me "by the spirits," as he expressed it, "of the principal actors." Proceeding on this theory, he personally (permitting me to accompany him) made a careful examination of the fatal stateroom and of the now empty between-decks space forward, his object being to discover some evidence of the use of such a tool, to the appearance of which he attached the greatest importance. At a point about fifteen feet distant from the stateroom he found a narrow strip of oak about an inch in

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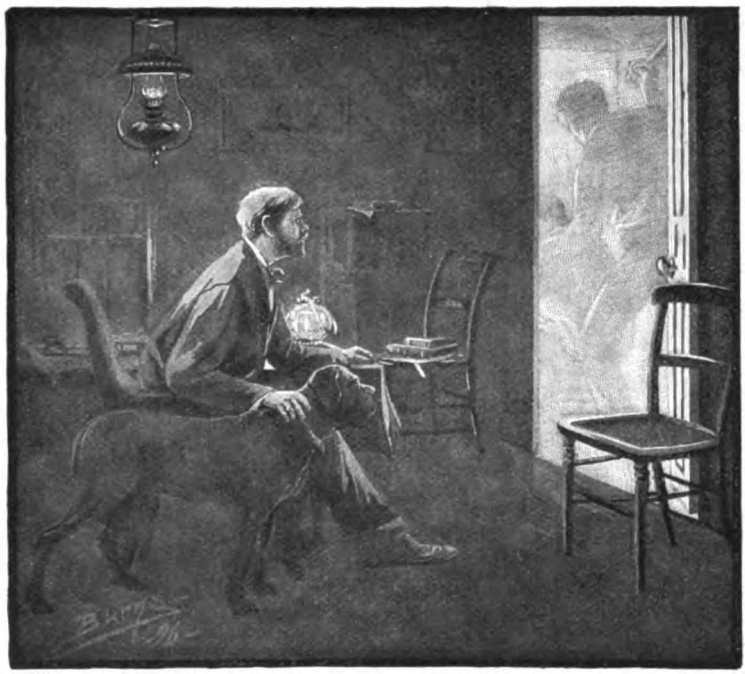
thickness and five feet in length, projecting, by its thickness, beyond the smooth surface of the vessel's inner shell. On scrutinizing it closely we perceived that it had been fixed in its place by means of five screws, apparently of brass, as the heads were incrusted with bright green rust or mould. We immediately summoned assistance, procured a screw-driver, and removed the strip. Having accomplished this, we discovered that the strip had been affixed over a perpendicular succession of the joints of the narrow planks of the vessel's interior hull, which sprang outward as they were released, far enough for my companion to insert his fingers behind them. Wrenching them off, we found to our horror, wedged in the inner space, the grinning skeleton of a man, upon which hung shreds of clothing. As this skeleton was lifted out, something dropped to the deck with a metallic sound, and rolled to my feet. I stooped and picked it up. It was a plain band of gold—a ring. On the inside was engraved: "From H. M. to J. B." The clothing of the unfortunate man appeared to have been partially eaten by rats. At the time it seemed to me a fortunate thing that it had not been entirely destroyed, as otherwise the ring, which had been retained in one of the folds, would long before have slipped from the bony finger to the bottom of the hold, and rendered positive identification, perhaps, impossible. The skeleton was clean, dry, and white, and on further examination we found that the back of the skull had been fractured, apparently by a blow from a club.



"I SAW ONE . . . WHO, AS I LOOKED, RAISED HIS RIGHT ARM IN THE AIR, AND DEALT THE SLEEPING MAN A TERRIBLE BLOW."

Since our arrival at Gibraltar, and about a week before the finding of the skeleton, Drayton had written to the owners of the brigantine at New York, having learned who they were from the surveyor of shipping, to whom her missing captain had been well and favorably known. In his letter to these gentlemen Drayton had asked for such a history of the "Emily Brand" as her owners were willing and prepared to give. He particularly required a full account of her missing company, and the details of any mutiny or other crime that might have occurred on board within their knowledge, with a description of the participants. At the end of about three weeks from the date on which the skeleton was found (we in the meanwhile having had a run up the Mediterranean and back) a new captain and new crew arrived from New York, sent out by Messrs. Barnes and Spaulding, to take the brigantine on to Genoa, for which port she had been originally bound. The captain, Mr. Church, presented himself on board the "Nomad" the day of his arrival, as the bearer of a long letter to Drayton from Mr. Barnes, the senior member of the owning firm. From that letter I transcribed the ensuing account of the "Emily Brand."

"The brigantine was built for us about two years ago at Portland, Maine. Including her present voyage she has made four in all. The first two were prosperous, and on neither of them did anything out of the ordinary run occur. A year ago last

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November, however, she sailed from this port, with a miscellaneous cargo, for Lisbon, taken out by Captain James Blaisdel, who had been in our employ for many years, and who had commanded her on her two preceding voyages.

"Among her crew was a Swede or Norwegian of the name of Peterson, a gigantic, ill-favored fellow, who had been injured in our service some time before by a fall from the rigging, in which he sustained a severe contusion of the brain. For several months he lay in the hospital here, in what was believed to be a hopeless condition of imbecility; but finally, having recovered, or apparently recovered, he applied for a berth on the 'Emily Brand.'

"On the eleventh of December we received news by cable from Mr. Riggs, the mate, of the death of Captain Blaisdel and the man Peterson. On the twenty-sixth a letter came, giving the particulars, which were briefly as follows: About the eighth day out from New York Peterson developed symptoms of a relapse of his disease (caused by the fall), which seemed, however, to affect his mind only with a sort of intermittent stupor. He exhibited no signs of mania or violence, and was capable of performing his light duties about one half the time. He was accordingly not confined, and the master did what he could for him, treating him with the utmost kindness, and advising him to lay off from his work. This he did for several days, but apparently without beneficial effect.

"On the night of December 5, Mr. Blaisdel turned in at eight bells (twelve o'clock). The weather was clear, the wind over the port quarter, and the moon lighted up the deck. The vessel was then about latitude 38° north, longitude 17° west, near the point at which you picked her up. Just before two bells (one o'clock) the man at the wheel saw Peterson, whom he recognized by his great size, cross the deck amidship to the starboard rail and throw something into the sea. On being hailed by this man, Peterson went aft, and said that he had thrown a pair of old shoes overboard. He was in his stocking feet.

"In the morning the master failed to appear, and after waiting a reasonable time the steward knocked at his door. Receiving no response, he called Mr. Riggs, the mate, who entered the stateroom and found it empty. The berth had not been occupied. When after a search it became evident that the captain could not be found, Miller, the man who had taken the wheel at midnight, told the mate of Peterson's appearance and his conversation with him. Peterson was sent for, and found in his bunk, apparently sleeping. He was aroused, and brought on deck in a very excited condition, and on being interrogated by Mr. Riggs he became incoherent and violent. The mate thereupon ordered two of the men to seize him; but as they approached to do so, he eluded them, and darting to the vessel's side, went overboard. They put her about and lowered a boat immediately, but he was never seen again. It seems clear that in a fit of insanity he murdered the captain and threw his body into the sea during the night. How this was accomplished no one knows, for no noise was heard, nor were any traces of violence found about the vessel.

"On her present voyage Mr. Riggs, the former mate, went as master of the vessel. He was, I believe, thirty-six years of age, married, and had one child—a little girl of five or six years. It is our custom to allow our masters to purchase an interest in the vessels they command, and Mr. Riggs and his wife owned two-sixteenths of the 'Emily Brand.' He was a man of the highest character and thoroughly competent to go as master. On this last voyage his wife and child accompanied him.

"I cannot form the slightest conjecture concerning the strange disappearance of poor Riggs and his family, with all on board, and I have but little belief that they will ever be heard of again."

From this letter it became evident that the skeleton found up in the between-decks space was that of Captain James Blaisdel, with whose name the initials engraved in the ring corresponded.

The remains thus identified were interred at Gibraltar.

Some hope of the rescue of the castaways was for a time entertained, as it was learned that the boat (the brigantine had but one) in which they were presumed to have left the vessel was a life-boat, new, light, and incapable of sinking. Moreover, it was known that they could not have encountered any bad weather for many days after parting from the "Emily Brand." Accordingly the widest publicity was given to the fact of their having disappeared, and for more than a year the civilized world was searched throughout with all the facilities at the disposal of our own government and that of England, upon the chance that they had made some land or been picked up by some passing vessel. But no trace of the life-boat or of any of its occupants was ever discovered.

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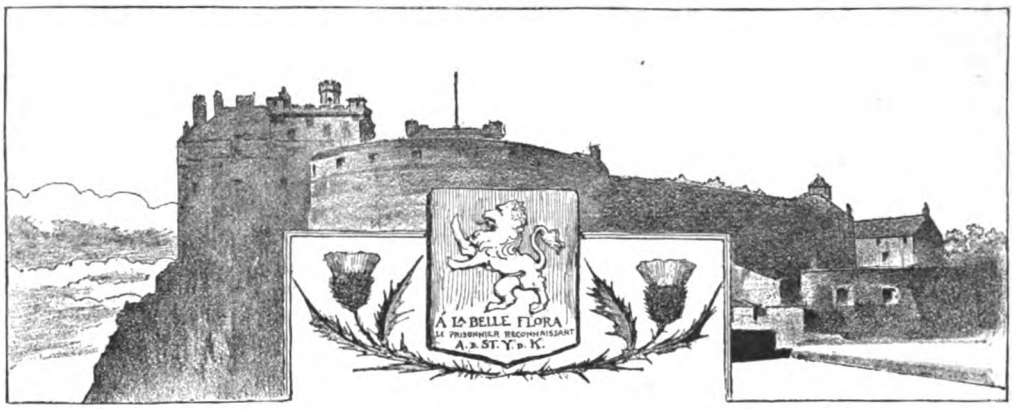


# ST. IVES.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

[BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER.]

### CHAPTER III.

MAJOR CHEVENIX COMES INTO THE STORY, AND GOGUELAT GOES OUT.

THERE was never any talk of a recovery, and no time was lost in getting the man's deposition. He gave but the one account of it: that he had committed suicide because he was sick of seeing so many Englishmen. The doctor vowed it was impossible, the nature and direction of the wound forbidding it. Goguelat replied he was more ingenious than the other thought for, and had propped up the weapon in the ground and fallen on the point—"just like Nebuchadnezzar," he added, winking to the assistants. The doctor, who was a little, spruce, ruddy man of an impatient temper, pished and pshawed and swore over his patient. "Nothing to be made of him!" he cried. "A perfect heathen. If we could only find the weapon!" But the weapon had ceased to exist. A little resined twine was perhaps blowing about in the castle gutters; some bits of broken stick may have trailed in corners; and behold! in the pleasant air of the morning, a dandy prisoner trimming his nails with a pair of scissors!

Finding the wounded man so firm, you may be sure the authorities did not leave the rest of us in peace. No stone was left unturned. We were had in again and again to be examined, now singly, now in twos and threes. We were threatened with all sorts of impossible severities and tempted with all manner of improbable rewards. I suppose I was five times interrogated, and came off from each with flying colors. I am like old Souvaroff—I cannot understand a soldier being taken aback by any question; he should answer as he marches on the fire, with an instant briskness and gaiety. I may have been short of bread, gold or grace; I was never yet found wanting in an answer. My comrades, if they were not all so ready, were none of them less staunch; and I may say here, at once, that the inquiry came to nothing at the time, and the death of Goguelat remained a mystery of the prison. Such were the veterans of France! And yet I should be disingenuous if I did not own this was a case apart; in ordinary circumstances, some one might have stumbled or been intimidated into an admission; and what bound us together with a closeness beyond that of mere comrades was a secret to which we were all committed and a design in which all were equally engaged.

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No need to inquire as to its nature: there is only one desire, and only one kind of design, that blooms in prisons. And the fact that our tunnel was near done supported and inspired us.

I came off in public, as I have said, with flying colors; the sittings of the court of inquiry died away like a tune that no one listens to; and yet I was unmasked—I, whom my very adversary defended, as good as confessed, as good as told the nature of the quarrel, and by so doing prepared for myself in the future a most anxious, disagreeable adventure. It was the third morning after the duel, and Goguelat was still in life, when the time came around for me to give Major Chevenix a lesson. I was fond of this occupation; not that he paid me much—no more, indeed, than eighteen pence a month, the customary figure, being a miser in the grain; but because I liked his breakfasts and (to some extent) himself. At least, he was a man of education; and of the others with whom I had any opportunity of speech, those that would not have held a book upside down would have torn the pages out for pipelights. For I must repeat again that our body of prisoners was exceptional; there was in Edinburgh Castle none of that educational busyness that distinguished some of the other prisons, so that men entered them unable to read and left them fit for high employments. Chevenix was handsome, and surprisingly young to be a major: six feet in his stockings, well set up, with regular features and very clear gray eyes. It was impossible to pick a fault in him, and yet the sum-total was displeasing. Perhaps he was too clean; he seemed to bear about with him the smell of soap. Cleanliness is good, but I cannot bear a man's nails to seem japanned. And certainly he was too self-possessed and cold. There was none of the fire of youth, none of the swiftness of the soldier, in this young officer. His kindness was cold, and cruel cold; his deliberation exasperating. And perhaps it was from this character, which is very much the opposite of my own, that even in these days, when he was of service to me, I approached him with suspicion and reserve.

I looked over his exercise in the usual form, and marked six faults.

"H'm. Six," says he, looking at the paper. "Very annoying! I can never get it right."

"Oh, but you make excellent progress!" I said. I would not discourage him, you understand, but he was congenitally unable to learn French. Some fire, I think, is needful, and he had quenched his fire in soapsuds.

He put the exercise down, leaned his chin upon his hand, and looked at me with clear, severe eyes.

"I think we must have a little talk," said he.

"I am entirely at you disposition," I replied; but I quaked, for I knew what subject to expect.

"You have been some time giving me these lessons," he went on, "and I am tempted to think rather well of you. I believe you are a gentleman."

"I have that honor, sir," said I.

"You have seen me for the same period. I do not know how I strike you; but perhaps you will be prepared to believe that I also am a man of honor," says he.

"I require no assurances; the thing is manifest," and I bowed.

"Very well, then," said he. "What about this Goguelat?"

"You heard me yesterday before the court," I began. "I was awakened only—"

"Oh yes; I heard you yesterday before the court, no doubt," he interrupted, "and I remember perfectly that you were 'awakened only.' I could repeat the most of it by rote, indeed. But do you suppose that I believed you for a moment?"

"Neither would you believe me if I were to repeat it here," said I.

"I may be wrong—we shall soon see," says he; "but my impression is that you will not repeat it here. My impression is that you have come into this room, and that you will tell me something before you go out."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Let me explain," he continued. "Your evidence, of course, is nonsense. I put it by, and the court put it by."

"My compliments and thanks!" said I.

"You *must* know—that's the short and the long," he proceeded. "All of you in Shed B are bound to know. And I want to ask you where is the common sense of keeping up this farce, and maintaining this cock-and-bull story between friends? Come, come, my good fellow, own yourself beaten, and laugh at it yourself."

"Well, I hear you go ahead," said I. "You put your heart in it."

He crossed his legs slowly. "I can very well understand," he began, "that precautions have had to be taken. I dare say an oath was administered. I can com-

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prehend that perfectly." (He was watching me all the time with his cold, bright eyes.) "And I can comprehend that, about an affair of honor, you would be very particular to keep it."

"About an affair of honor?" I repeated, like a man quite puzzled.

"It was not an affair of honor, then?" he asked.

"What was not? I do not follow," said I.

He gave no sign of impatience; simply sat awhile silent, and began again in the same placid and good-natured voice: "The court and I were at one in setting aside your evidence. It could not deceive a child. But there was a difference between myself and the other officers, because *I knew my man*, and they did not. They saw in you a common soldier, and I knew you for a gentleman. To them your evidence was a leash of lies, which they yawned to hear you telling. Now, I was asking myself, how far will a gentleman go? Not surely so far as to help hush a murder up? So that—when I heard you tell how you knew nothing of the matter, and were only awakened by the corporal, and all the rest of it—I translated your statements into something else. Now, Champdivers," he cries, springing up lively and coming towards me with animation, "I am going to tell you what that was, and you are going to help me to see justice done—how I don't know, for of course you are under oath—but somehow. Mark what I'm going to say."

At that moment he laid a heavy, hard grip upon my shoulder; and whether he said anything more or came to a full stop at once, I am sure I could not tell you to this day. For, as the devil would have it, the shoulder he laid hold of was the one Goguelat had pinked. The wound was but a scratch; it was healing with the first intention; but in the clutch of Major Chevenix it gave me agony. My head swam; the sweat poured off my face; I must have grown deadly pale.

He removed his hand as suddenly as he had laid it there.

"What is wrong with you?" said he.

"It is nothing," said I. "A qualm. It has gone by."

"Are you sure?" said he. "You are as white as a sheet."

"Oh no, I assure you! Nothing whatever. I am my own man again," I said, though I could scarce command my tongue.

"Well, shall I go on again?" says he. "Can you follow me?"

"Oh, by all means!" said I, and mopped my streaming face upon my sleeve, for you may be sure in those days I had no handkerchief.

"If you are sure you can follow me. That was a very sudden and sharp seizure," he said doubtfully. "But if you are sure, all right, and here goes. An affair of honor among you fellows would naturally be a little difficult to carry out; perhaps it would be impossible to have it wholly regular. And yet a duel might be very irregular in form, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, loyal enough in effect. Do you take me? Now, as a gentleman and a soldier."

His hand rose again at the words and hovered over me. I could bear no more, and winced away from him. "No," I cried, "not that. Do not put your hand upon my shoulder. I cannot bear it. It is rheumatism," I made haste to add. "My shoulder is inflamed and very painful." He returned to his chair and deliberately lighted a cigar.

"I am sorry about your shoulder," he said at last. "Let me send for the doctor."

"Not in the least," said I. "It is a trifle. I am quite used to it. It does not trouble me in the smallest. At any rate, I don't believe in doctors."

"All right," said he, and sat and smoked a good while in a silence which I would have given anything to break. "Well," he began presently, "I believe there is nothing left for me to learn. I presume I may say that I know all."

"About what?" said I boldly.

"About Goguelat," said he.

"I beg your pardon. I cannot conceive," said I.

"Oh," says the major, "the man fell in a duel, and by your hand! I am not an infant."

"By no means," said I. "But you seem to be a good deal of a theorist."

"Shall we test it?" he asked. "The doctor is close by. If there is not an open wound on your shoulder, I am wrong. If there is—" He waved his hand. "But I advise you to think twice. There is a deuce of a nasty drawback to the experiment—that what might have remained private between us two becomes public property."

"Oh, well!" said I, with a laugh; "anything rather than a doctor! I cannot bear the breed."

His last words had a good deal relieved me, but I was still far from comfortable.

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Major Chevenix smoked awhile, looking now at his cigar-ash, now at me. "I'm a soldier myself," he says presently, "and I've been out in my time and hit my man. I don't want to run any one into a corner for an affair that was at all necessary or correct. At the same time I want to know that much, and I'll take your word of honor for it. Otherwise I shall be very sorry, but the doctor must be called in."

"I neither admit anything nor deny anything," I returned. "But if this form of words will suffice you, here is what I say: I give you my parole, as a gentleman and a soldier, there has nothing taken place amongst us prisoners that was not honorable as the day."

"All right," says he. "That was all I wanted. You can go now, Champdivers."

And as I was going out he added, with a laugh: "By the by, I ought to apologize: I had no idea I was applying the torture!"

The same afternoon the doctor came into the courtyard with a piece of paper in his hand. He seemed hot and angry, and had certainly no mind to be polite.

"Here!" he cried. "Which of you fellows knows any English? Oh!"—spying me—"there you are, what's your name? *You'll* do. Tell these fellows that the other fellow's dying. He's booked; no use talking; I expect he'll go by evening. And tell them I don't envy the feelings of the fellow who spiked him. Tell them that first."

I did so.

"Then you can tell 'em," he resumed, "that the fellow Goggle—what's his name?—wants to see some of them before he gets his marching orders. If I got it right, he wants to kiss or embrace you, or some sickening stuff. Got that? Then here's a list he's had written, and you'd better read it out to them—I can't make head or tail of your beastly names—and they can answer *present*, and fall in against that wall."

It was with a singular movement of incongruous feelings that I read the first name on the list. I had no wish to look again on my own handiwork; my flesh recoiled from the idea; and how could I be sure what reception he designed to give me? The cure was in my own hand; I could pass that first name over—the doctor would not know—and I might stay away. But to the subsequent great gladness of my heart, I did not dwell for an instant on the thought, walked over to the designated wall, faced about, read out the name "Champdivers," and answered myself with the word "Present."

There were some half-dozen on the list, all told; and as soon as we were mustered, the doctor led the way to the hospital, and we followed after, like a fatigue party, in single file. At the door he paused, told us "the fellow" would see each of us alone, and, as soon as I had explained that, sent me by myself into the ward. It was a small room, whitewashed; a south window stood open on a vast depth of air and a spacious and distant prospect; and from deep below, in the Grassmarket, the voices of hawkers came up clear and far away. Hard by, on a little bed, lay Goguelat. The sunburn had not yet faded from his face, and the stamp of death was already there. There was something wild and unmannish in his smile, that took me by the throat; only death and love know or have ever seen it. And when he spoke, it seemed to shame his coarse talk.

He held out his arms as if to embrace me. I drew near with incredible shrinkings, and surrendered myself to his arms with overwhelming disgust. But he only drew my ear down to his lips.

"Trust me," he whispered. "*Je suis bon bougre, moi.* I'll take it to hell with me, and tell the devil."

Why should I go on to reproduce his grossness and trivialities? All that he thought, at that hour, was even noble, though he could not clothe it otherwise than in the language of a brutal farce. Presently he bade me call the doctor; and when that officer had come in, raised a little up in his bed, pointed first to himself and then to me, who stood weeping by his side, and several times repeated the expression, "Frinds—frinds—dam frinds."

To my great surprise, the doctor appeared very much affected. He nodded his little bob-wigged head at us, and said repeatedly, "All right, Johnny—me comprong."

Then Goguelat shook hands with me, embraced me again, and I went out of the room sobbing like an infant.

How often have I not seen it, that the most unpardonable fellows make the happiest exits! It is a fate that we may well envy them. Goguelat was detested in life; in the last three days, by his admirable stanchness and consideration, he won every heart; and when word went about the prison the same evening that he was no more, the voice of conversation

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became hushed as in a house of mourning.

For myself, I was like a man distracted; I cannot think what ailed me. When I awoke the following day, nothing remained of it; but that night I was filled with a gloomy fury of the nerves. I had killed him; he had done his utmost to protect me; I had seen him with that awful smile. And so illogical and useless is this sentiment of remorse, that I was ready, at a word or a look, to quarrel with somebody else. I presume the disposition of my mind was imprinted on my face; and when, a little after, I overtook, saluted, and addressed the doctor, he looked on me with commiseration and surprise.

I had asked him if it was true.

"Yes," he said, "the fellow's gone."

"Did he suffer much?" I asked.

"Not a bit; passed away like a lamb," said he. He looked on me a little, and I saw his hand go to his fob. "Here, take that! no sense in fretting," he said, and, putting a silver twopenny bit in my hand, he left me.

I should have had that twopenny framed to hang upon the wall, for it was the man's one act of charity in all my knowledge of him. Instead of that, I stood looking at it in my hand and laughed out bitterly, as I realized his mistake; then went to the ramparts, and flung it far into the air like blood money. The night was falling; through an embrasure and across the gardened valley I saw the lamplighters hasting along Princes Street with ladder and lamp, and looked on moodily. As I was so standing a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I turned about. It was Major Chevenix, dressed for the evening, and his neckcloth really admirably folded. I never denied the man could dress.

"Ah!" said he, "I thought it was you, Champdivers. So he's gone?"

I nodded.

"Come, come," said he, "you must cheer up. Of course it's very distressing, very painful, and all that. But do you know, it ain't such a bad thing either for you or me? What with his death and your visit to him I am entirely reassured."

So I was to owe my life to Goguelat at every point.

"I had rather not discuss it," said I.

"Well," said he, "one word more, and I'll agree to bury the subject. What did you fight about?"

"Oh, what do men ever fight about?" I cried.

"A lady?" said he.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Deuce you did!" said he. "I should scarce have thought it of him."

And at this my ill-humor broke fairly out into words. "He!" I cried. "He never dared to address her—only to look at her and vomit his vile insults! She may have given him sixpence; if she did, it may take him to heaven yet!"

At this I became aware of his eyes set upon me with a considering look, and brought up sharply.

"Well, well," said he. "Good night to you, Champdivers. Come to me at breakfast-time, to-morrow, and we'll talk of other subjects."

I fully admit the man's conduct was not bad; in writing it down so long after the events I can even see that it was good.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ST. IVES GETS A BUNDLE OF BANK NOTES.

I WAS surprised one morning, shortly after, to find myself the object of marked consideration by a civilian and a stranger. This was a man of the middle age; he had a face of a mulberry color, round black eyes, comical tufted eyebrows, and a protuberant forehead; and was dressed in clothes of a Quakerish cut. In spite of his plainness, he had that inscrutable air of a man well-to-do in his affairs. I conceived he had been some while observing me from a distance, for a sparrow sat betwixt quite unalarmed on the breech of a piece of cannon. So soon as our eyes met, he drew near and addressed me in the French language, which he spoke with a good fluency but an abominable accent.

"I have the pleasure of addressing M. le Vicomte Anne Këroual St.-Yves?" said he.

"Well," said I, "I do not call myself all that; but I have a right to, if I chose. In the meanwhile I call myself plain Champdivers, at your disposal. It was my mother's name, and good to go soldiering with."

"I think not quite," said he; "for if I remember rightly, your mother also had the particle. Her name was Florimonde de Champdivers."

"Right again!" said I, "and I am extremely pleased to meet a gentleman so well informed in my quarterings. Is monsieur *born* himself?" This I said with a great air of assumption, partly to conceal

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the degree of curiosity with which my visitor had inspired me, and in part because it struck me as highly incongruous and comical in my prison garb and on the lips of a private soldier.

He seemed to think so too, for he laughed.

"No, sir," he returned, speaking this time in English; "I am not '*born*,' as you call it, and must content myself with *dying*, of which I am equally susceptible with the best of you. My name is Mr. Romaine—Daniel Romaine—a solicitor of London City, at your service; and, what will interest you more, I am here at the request of your great-uncle, the Count."

"What!" I cried, "does M. de Këroual St.-Yves remember the existence of such a person as myself, and will he deign to count kinship with a soldier of Napoleon?"

"You speak English well," observed my visitor.

"I had a good opportunity to learn it," said I. "I had an English nurse; my father spoke English with me; and I was finished by a countryman of yours and a dear friend of mine, a Mr. Vicary."

A strong expression of interest came into the lawyer's face.

"What!" he cried, "you knew poor Vicary?"

"For more than a year," said I; "and shared his hiding-place for many months."

"And I was his clerk, and have succeeded him in business," said he. "Excellent man! It was on the affairs of M. de Këroual that he went to that accursed country, from which he was never destined to return. Do you chance to know his end, sir?"

"I am sorry," said I, "I do. He perished miserably at the hands of a gang of bandits, such as we call *réactionnaires*. In a word, he was tortured, and died of it. See," I added, kicking off one shoe, for I had no stocking; "I was no more than a child, and see how they had begun to treat myself."

He looked at the mark of my old burn with a certain shrinking. "Beastly people!" I heard him mutter to himself.

"I see Englishmen say so with a good grace," I observed politely.

Such speeches were the order in which I saw my way among this circumspect race. Never strangers of our nation would have accepted the words as natural, or at least could have kept down the answers of judgment; but my lawyer was more

"You are not entirely a fool, I perceive," said he.

"No," said I; "not wholly."

"And yet it is well to beware of the ironical mood," he continued. "It is a dangerous instrument. Your great-uncle has, I believe, practised it very much, until it is now become a problem what he means."

"And that brings me back to what you will admit is a most natural inquiry," said I. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit? How did you recognize me? And how did you know I was here?"

Carefully separating his coat skirts, the lawyer took a seat beside me on the edge of the flags.

"It is rather an odd story," says he, "and with your leave, I'll answer the second question first. It was from a certain resemblance you bear to your cousin, M. le Vicomte."

"I trust, sir, that I resemble him advantageously?" said I.

"I hasten to reassure you," was the reply; "you do. To my eyes, M. Alain de St.-Yves has scarce a pleasing exterior. And yet, when I knew you were here, and was actually looking for you—why, the likeness helped. As for how I came to know your whereabouts: by an odd enough chance, it is again M. Alain we have to thank. I should tell you, he has for some time made it his business to keep M. de Këroual informed of your career; with what purpose I leave you to judge. When he first brought the news of your—that you were serving Bonaparte, it seemed it might be the death of the old gentleman, so hot was his resentment. But from one thing to another, matters have a little changed. Or I should rather say, not a little. We learned you were under orders for the Peninsula, to fight the English; then that you had been commissioned for a piece of bravery, and were again reduced to the ranks. And from one thing to another (as I say), M. de Këroual became used to the idea that you were his kinsman and yet served with Bonaparte, and filled instead with wonder that he should have another kinsman who was so remarkably well informed of events in France. And it now became a very disagreeable question, whether the young gentleman was not a spy? In short, sir, in seeking to disserve you, he had accumulated against himself a load of suspicions."

My visitor now paused, took snuff, and looked at me with an air of benevolence.

"I see, sir," says I, "this is a curious

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"You will say so before I have done," said he. "For there have two events followed. The first of these was an encounter of M. de Këroual and M. de Mauséant."

"I know the man to my cost," said I; "it was through him I lost my commission."

"Do you tell me so?" he cried. "Why, here is news!"

"Oh, I cannot complain!" said I. "I was in the wrong. I did it with my eyes open. If a man gets a prisoner to guard and lets him go, the least he can expect is to be degraded."

"You will be paid for it," said he. "You did well for yourself and better for your king."

"If I had thought I was injuring my emperor," said I, "I would have let M. de Mauséant burn in hell ere I had helped him, and be sure of that! I saw in him only a private person in a difficulty; I let him go in private charity; not even to profit myself will I suffer it to be misunderstood."

"Well, well," said the lawyer, "no matter now. This is a foolish warmth—a very misplaced enthusiasm, believe me! The point of the story is that M. de Mauséant spoke of you with gratitude, and drew your character in such a manner as greatly to affect your uncle's views. Hard upon the back of which, in came your humble servant, and laid before him the direct proof of what we had been so long suspecting. There was no dubiety permitted. M. Alain's expensive way of life, his clothes and mistresses, his dicing and race horses, were all explained; he was in the pay of Bonaparte, a hired spy, and a man that held the strings of what I can only call a convolution of extremely fishy enterprises. To do M. de Këroual justice, he took it the best way imaginable, destroyed the evidences of the one great-nephew's disgrace—and transferred his interest wholly to the other."

"What am I to understand by that?" said I.

"I will tell you," says he. "There is a remarkable inconsistency in human nature which gentlemen of my cloth have a great deal of occasion to observe. Selfish persons can live without chick or child, they can live without all mankind except perhaps the barber and the apothecary; but when it comes to dying, they seem physically unable to die without an heir. You can apply this principle for yourself. Viscount Alain, though he scarce guesses it, is no longer in the field. Remains, Viscount Anne."

"I see," said I, "you give a very unfavorable impression of my uncle, the Count."

"I had not meant to," said he. "He has led a loose-life—sadly loose—but he is a man it is impossible to know and not to admire; his courtesy is exquisite."

"And so you think there is actually a chance for me?" I asked.

"Understand," said he, "in saying as much as I have done, I travel quite beyond my brief. I have been clothed with no capacity to talk of wills, or heritages, or your cousin. I was sent here to make but the one communication: that M. de Këroual desires to meet his great-nephew."

"Well," said I, looking about me on the battlements by which we sat surrounded, "this is a case in which Mahomet must certainly come to the mountain."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Romaine, "you know already your uncle is an aged man; but I have not yet told you that he is quite broken up and his death shortly looked for. No, no, there is no doubt about it—it is the mountain that must come to Mahomet."

"From an Englishman, the remark is certainly significant," said I; "but you are of course, and by trade, a keeper of men's secrets, and I see you keep that of cousin Alain, which is not the mark of a truculent patriotism, to say the least."

"I am first of all the lawyer of your family!" says he.

"That being so," said I, "I can, perhaps, stretch a point myself. This rock is very high, and it is very steep; a man might come by much of a fall from almost any part of it, and yet I believe I have a pair of wings that might carry me just so far as to the bottom. Once at the bottom I am helpless."

"And perhaps it is just then that I could step in," returned the lawyer. "Suppose by some contingency, at which I make no guess, and on which I offer no opinion—"

But here I interrupted him. "One word ere you go farther. I am under no parole," said I.

"I understand so much," he replied, "although some of you French gentry find their word sit lightly on them."

"Sir, I am not one of those," said I.

"To do you plain justice, I do not think you one," said he. "Suppose yourself, then, set free and at the bottom of the rock," he continued, "although I may not be able to do much, I believe I can do something to help you on your road. In

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the first place I would carry this, whether in an inside pocket or my shoe." And he passed me a bundle of bank notes.

"No harm in that," said I, at once concealing them.

"In the second place," he resumed, "it is a great way from here to where your uncle lives—Amersham Place, not far from Dunstable; you have a great part of Britain to get through; and for the first stages, I must leave you to your own luck and ingenuity. I have no acquaintance here in Scotland, or at least" (with a grimace) "no dishonest ones. But farther to the south, about Wakefield, I am told there is a gentleman called Burchell Fenn, who is not so particular as some others, and might be willing to give you a cast forward. In fact, sir, I believe it's the man's trade: a piece of knowledge that burns my mouth. But that is what you get by meddling with rogues; and perhaps the biggest rogue now extant, M. de St.-Yves, is your cousin, M. Alain."

"If this be a man of my cousin's," I observed, "I am perhaps better to keep clear of him?"

"It was through some papers of your cousin's that we came across this trail," replied the lawyer. "But I am inclined to think, so far as anything is safe in such a nasty business, you may apply to the man Fenn. You might even, I think, use the Viscount's name; and the little trick of family resemblance might come in. How, for instance, if you were to call yourself his brother?"

"It might be done," said I. "But look here a moment! You propose to me a very great game: I have apparently a cunning opponent in my cousin; and being a prisoner of war, I can scarce be said to hold good cards. For what stakes, then, am I playing?"

"Here are very large," said he. "Your great uncle is immensely rich—immensely so. He was wise in time; he smelt the revolution long before; sold all that he could, and had all that was movable transported to England through my firm. There are considerable estates in England; Amersham Place itself is very fine; and he has much money, wisely invested. He lives, indeed, like a prince. And of what use is it to him? He has lost all that was worth living for—his family, his country; he has seen his king and queen murdered; he has seen all these miseries and infamies," pursued the lawyer, with a rising inflection and a heightening color; and then broke suddenly off—"in short, sir, he has seen all the advantages of that government for which his nephew carries arms, and he has the misfortune not to like them."

"You speak with a bitterness that I suppose I must excuse," said I; "yet which of us has the more reason to be bitter? This man, my uncle, M. de Kéroual, fled. My parents, who were less wise, perhaps, remained. In the beginning, they were even republicans; to the end, they could not be persuaded to despair of the people. It was a glorious folly, for which, as a son, I reverence them. First one and then the other perished. If I have any mark of a gentleman, all who taught me died upon the scaffold, and my last school of manners was the prison of the Abbaye. Do you think you can teach bitterness to a man with a history like mine?"

"I have no wish to try," said he. "And yet there is one point I cannot understand: I cannot understand that one of your blood and experience should serve the Corsican. I cannot understand it: it seems as though everything generous in you must rise against that—domination."

"And perhaps," I retorted, "had your childhood passed among wolves, you would have been overjoyed yourself to see the Corsican Shepherd."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Romaine, "it may be. There are things that do not bear discussion."

And with a wave of his hands he disappeared abruptly down a flight of steps and under the shadow of a ponderous arch.

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# GRANT'S HORSEMANSHIP.

I HAVE just read with great pleasure in your January number the vivid picture of General Grant's life at West Point. It will undoubtedly recall his own experience to every graduate, especially those who were there previous to the last few years, before the coddling system was introduced.

General Grant's horsemanship was widely known. I recall an incident that came under my own view and brought this knowledge very forcibly to some young Italian officers. In the spring of 1878 I happened to be in the city of Milan. Returning to the hotel one afternoon, I saw an immense crowd gathered and a group of Italian officers mounted, their horses grandly caparisoned, themselves decorated with the most brilliant of uniforms. In front of the doorway, held by three uniformed grooms, was a beautiful blood-bay horse, equipped with a new English pigskin saddle. It kept the three busy to restrain his plunges; every moment it seemed as if he would leap on top of the holders and break away.

Going into the hotel, I asked what was the matter, and was told that General Grant was going to review the flower of Italy's army, the pride of all, the flying Bersaglieri. Taking my stand in the corridor in full view, I waited to see our famous general appear.

In a few minutes I saw the general coming down the stairs dressed in a plain black frock coat and trousers and high silk hat. He walked by unnoticed, unannounced, in his plain, unpretentious manner, towards the door. At this time one of the group of officers who had dismounted and were standing in the hallway to receive and escort him to the restless steed without, remarked loud enough for me to overhear, "Why does not General Grant come?" I said, "There he goes now," pointing proudly to the simply dressed figure. They looked at me with a doubting laugh, saying, "No, that cannot be he."

I replied, "I am a United States officer and know him well."

Meanwhile General Grant had come to a halt, having undoubtedly heard the remarks, as a good-natured smile lurked on his face. Finally, one of the officers, being sufficiently convinced, approached and asked if he was General Grant. Receiving an affirmative reply, a look of utter astonishment overspread their faces; they hastened to make amends for their apparent rudeness, accompanying him to the waiting horse, who was making frantic efforts to shake himself free from the three stalwart grooms.

A more restless, wicked-appearing horse I have seldom seen. I was in mortal fear that our general would be speedily thrown and crushed to death by the cruel hoofs. From the sly winks and nudges that passed between these dandyish young officers it looked to me very much as if they had assigned to the general of set purpose a young, untamable horse that had never been ridden. My fears for him were somewhat removed when I saw General Grant's eyes lighten up with admiration as he gazed upon the horse. Whether it was that the general was not well or was merely assuming a sort of helplessness, I have never been able fully to determine; but in mounting he accepted the assistance of two officers (the horse fully occupied the attention of the three grooms), and from an apparent stiffness had some difficulty in getting his right leg over the saddle. So soon as he touched the seat, however, he grasped the reins, his form straightened, and the change in his appearance immediately so impressed those around with his thorough horsemanship that spontaneously a shout of applause went up from the crowd. The horse, after a few futile plunges, discovered that he had his master, and started off in a gentle trot. From that time on horse and rider were as one being. The Bersaglieri are the brag foot-troops of Italy, and perform all their manœuvres at a run. For two hours, most of the time with his horse at a gallop, General Grant kept both mounted and foot troops on the move. On his return to the hotel I could hear murmurs of wonder and admiration from his escort. They themselves looked much fatigued, but the general appeared as calm and unruffled as if he had been seated in a rocking-chair.

ALFRED M. FULLER,
*Captain Second United States Cavalry.*



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# THE MAKERS OF THE UNION

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

By the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge,

Author of Lives of Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Webster, "Historical and Political Essays," etc.

THE vast machinery by which the revenues of our government are collected and disbursed is still that which was devised and set in motion by the first Secretary of the Treasury. Time and the enormous growth of the nation have brought, of course, additions and extensions, but the system and the methods are still those of Alexander Hamilton. It was a great work, the work of a fertile and inventive mind, to organize a machinery so effective and yet so elastic that it would run for more than a century and work for seventy million people as it had done in the beginning for less than five. Statues have been raised to the memory of many men who have done less than this. Yet the broad pedestal beside the southern steps of the Treasury still waits for the statue of the great Secretary to stand guard over the department he organized.

And yet, the organization of the Treasury Department was the least of Hamilton's achievements. His brilliant intellect left its mark on every part of our government, and men to-day carry out his policies and administer his system who sometimes, it is to be feared, know little more about him than his name. Hamilton's historical fame has been of slow growth, and only gradually has he come to the place which belongs to him. His untimely death, the triumph of his political rival, and the unpopularity and downfall, in name at least, of the party he had founded and led, all tended at the moment to obscure his work and dim his fame. It is only as the years have gone by that we have come to see plainly that the party of Hamilton, while they changed their name, still lived on and kept his principles as their creed and watchword. At last it is clear that the policies he formulated and the doctrines he supported have been the prevailing American policies. Now it is known to all that his methods of administration have been employed by friend and foe alike from the days of Washington to those of McKinley. A hundred years ago Hamilton left the Treasury, and at last all those who know our history are ready to admit, whether they are his followers or his opponents, that he was the greatest constructive statesman alike in conception and in execution that this country has to show.

The policies Hamilton formulated and defended, his work as a statesman, and his career as a soldier, have all been told many times. His work was great, his career was brilliant. They cannot be studied too much or be described too often. Yet, the most remarkable part of the story, after all, is the man himself, with his life full of romantic incidents and startling contrasts. He rose, unaided, from obscurity to greatness. To the country which he helped to free and lived to govern, and upon whose history he left so deep an imprint, he came an unknown and almost penniless boy in search of an education. Without family or friends to back him, he rose rapidly to the highest places in the State and allied himself by marriage with the oldest and most famous names of New York. He fell, in the prime of life, before Burr's pistol, and yet his great work was all behind him at an age when most statesmen are only beginning to reap the results of years of toil and training.



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His birth gave the little island of Nevis, in the West Indies, a place in the world and its one title to fame. Over his parentage hang a mystery and uncertainty which will now never be cleared up, and even the accepted version is full of contradictions. Yet by that accepted version we must abide, and there was much in the ardent temper and strong passions, combined with the cool head and exact thought, which suggests the French mother and the Scotch father, with the consequent mingling of the qualities of the two races. Hamilton seems to have had no parental care. Who brought him up we do not know, and his education appears to have been of the rudest and most desultory kind.

When he was twelve years old we get for a moment to firmer ground. At that age he was placed in a counting-house, and we have a letter from him to a boyish friend in which he says: "I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hope of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity." The extraordinary tone of this letter for a boy of twelve, and the fact that the next year, when only thirteen, he was put in charge of his master's business, have led some historians to question the correctness of January 11, 1757, as the date of his birth. For this doubt there seems no good reason. Little as Hamilton knew of his parents or family, he stated his own age explicitly, and there is no ground to disbelieve him. He was unquestionably very precocious. But he was precocious in a period of precocity. It was the age of revolution. The mind of the Western world was in a ferment. The old systems and the old men who loved them were being torn up and cast into the fire, and triumphant youth came forth to carry on the new work of the new era. Danton and Robespierre had scarcely passed the "mezzo cammin" of Dante when the evolution devoured them. They already had ruled France and shaken Europe. St. Just was twenty-six when he went to the scaffold, whither he had sent so many others. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he took command of the army of Italy, and among the young men who followed his eagles were the future marshals of France. Fox entered the House of Commons at nineteen and was a member of the Ministry at twenty-one. Pitt was Prime Minister and ruled England at twenty-five. If we remember these things, it is less surprising to find Hamilton an orator at seventeen, a brilliant pamphleteer at eighteen, the author of "The Federalist" at thirty, and Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two. In the revolutionary hotbed of that wonderful time genius and talents were forced to an early and marvellous maturity.

After the boyish letter and the appearance in the counting-house, the mists close down again, and we only know that Hamilton wrote an account of a hurricane which attracted wide attention in the island, and that soon after some vague friends or relatives gave him money to go to the United States for an education, armed only with a letter from Dr. Knox, the Presbyterian clergyman who stands out as the one real figure in these early Nevis days, and who was the loving friend and helper of the clever boy. In October, 1772, Hamilton landed in Boston. There he emerges finally from the darkness which surrounds his early years, and from the Boston wharf he can be followed step by step through his great career to the pitiful end that lovely July morning by the banks of the Hudson.

From Boston he went to New York, thence to a school at Elizabethtown in New Jersey; thence to New York again to King's College, pressing his way through his studies with little regard to classes, but with a devouring eagerness to have done with preparation and get upon the field of action. He had not long to wait. The world was out of joint, and Hamilton, unlike Hamlet, a man of action, was quite prepared to do his share in setting it right. Some one noticed him at this time and set down his remembrance afterward, giving us a pleasant glimpse of the little West Indian student; small of stature, slight, with dark eyes, pacing up and down the Battery of an afternoon for exercise, and talking to himself. Meantime the throb of the great movement was growing stronger, and the roll of the drums, beating the march which was to shake the world, was drawing nearer, for it was here in the remote English Colonies that the beginning was to be made and the old order changed.

There was a meeting in the fields of New York in 1774 to advocate the patriot cause. The expected orators spoke, and when they had finished a boy of seventeen pressed up from the crowd and took the platform, hesitated for a moment and then poured forth an eager speech, saying those things which he thought were still unspoken. What he said has vanished like the people to whom he spoke. We

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only know that his speech was a success, that the crowd cheered "the collegian" and that a great speaker then and there made his first speech. The boyish figure with the dark eyes and the eager speech stands out very clearly to us on that autumn day when he made his entrance on the stage of American history, a much more memorable event than any of his hearers guessed. The step was not taken lightly. Hamilton's instinctive prejudices drew him to the ministerial side, the side of power and order. His youth, his heart, his reason, his ambition, his sense of justice carried him to the other side, where he rightly belonged.

The next year he came out as a writer in two very able and admirably written pamphlets on the patriot side, and in reply to the Tories. It was an age of pamphlets and not of newspapers, and the ablest men in the country—and they were some of the ablest men then writing on politics in the English language—sought their public in that way. In this contested field the boy of eighteen took at once a first place, and so distinctly that his opponents made tempting but vain offers to draw him to their side. Those two essays are still good reading, not merely for their historical value, but because they are good literature. They had argument and thought, and the expression was clear and often eloquent. There are sentences instinct with life which we can quote to-day. Whether Hamilton was born with a good style or whether he had taught himself one by much reading, a good style he certainly had when he first began to write and publish.

Events, however, soon moved beyond the stage of speeches and pamphlets. The day of argument passed and that of war began. Hamilton was essentially, at all times, a man of action, and a military career appealed to him strongly. In 1776, the New York convention ordered a company of artillery to be raised, and Hamilton secured the command. He showed his capacity by making his company the best in drill and discipline in the army, and was so successful that he attracted the attention of Greene, who introduced him to Washington. He fought at Long Island, and showed coolness and courage in the way in which he brought up the rear after that defeat. He continued with the army on the retreat up the Hudson, and took part with his battery in the battle of White Plains. Thence he followed Washington to the Jerseys, and shared in the great campaign of Trenton and Princeton. His company had been severely treated in the hard fighting and marching, and now numbered only twenty-five men, but Hamilton had made such a reputation that in 1777 Washington appointed him aid on his staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, although he was only twenty years old. There he served for four years, not only performing all his military duties, but taking charge of most of the correspondence, and being entrusted also with the delicate and important mission to Gates, when it was necessary to get troops from him for the main army.

His position brought him also into connection with Arnold's treason, and he did all that a generous and sympathetic heart dictated to lighten the lot of the unfortunate André. The letters he wrote describing this incident are still the best account we have of it.

He left the staff in 1781, owing to a quarrel with the Commander-in-Chief, who had reproved him for keeping him waiting when he sent for him. Hamilton said, in a lofty manner, that he was not conscious of being disrespectful, but since Washington thought he had been, they must part. The outbreak was characteristic of Hamilton's hot temper, and also, it may be supposed, of the feeling which he had that he had not been advanced with sufficient rapidity. It was equally characteristic of Washington that he did not bear the least ill will toward his impulsive aide-de-camp, but on the contrary continued to treat him with all his former kindness. Washington was too great a man to take offense on trivial grounds, and as he was also one of the best judges of men that ever lived, he appreciated Hamilton's great talents and capacity. He gave him an opportunity to serve in the line, and entrusted him with the command of one of the storming parties at Yorktown. Hamilton carried the redoubt which had been assigned to him with one fiery charge, much more quickly than our French allies, to whom the other had been assigned.

Thus his military career closed with a brilliant action. Whether he had a real genius for war there is no means of determining. His service during the Revolution proved that he was a gallant and efficient officer, but he always felt himself that he had in him the capacity for high command and for the largest military operations. His opportunity in this direction never came, but a far larger opportunity was before him in the field of statesmanship,

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although he perhaps did not realize when the war closed how great it was.

He became a lawyer and rose rapidly at the bar, but the instinct of the statesman was too strong within him to permit him to become entirely absorbed in his profession. He watched from day to day the growing weakness of the confederation. He maintained a correspondence with leading men throughout the country, looking constantly toward a better form of government. It was to him that we owe the prompt action which converted the very imperfect Annapolis convention into the stepping-stone for the convention which met at Philadelphia and there framed the Constitution of the United States. In that famous body Hamilton, although fettered by two hostile colleagues, who always cast the vote of his State against him, played a leading part, and on the frame of government which finally issued from the convention he left a deep impression. He himself desired, as the great speech in which he set forth his views showed, a much stronger system of government than that which was adopted. The explanation of his general attitude is not far to seek. Hamilton, we must remember, had no local attachments. Coming from a West Indian island he was an American, and not identified with the individual prejudices of the Colonies. His views, therefore, were entirely national, and he was without any of the strong local feeling which was very naturally characteristic of all other statesmen of that period, with the single exception of Washington. This was undoubtedly a source of strength, but it also led him to advocate measures which went too far to be practicable and made him impatient of what he considered very narrow and provincial politics. But although the convention did not adopt his extreme ideas, one of which was to have the governors of the States appointed by the President, there is no doubt that his plan and the manner in which he advocated it had a very powerful effect on the convention, invigorated their action, and strengthened the final result. After that result had been obtained, although it fell far short of his own wishes, he threw himself into the contest which ensued for the ratification of the Constitution. It was he who planned and chiefly wrote the famous papers now known as "The Federalist," one of the most remarkable contributions to the philosophy and practice of government and to the theory and construction of a federal system which has ever been written. It had an enormous effect on public opinion at the time, and has attained a permanent place among the great authorities which we have upon this subject. For a man less than thirty years old, who had never been out of an American colony, it was a marvellous performance. Nor did Hamilton's work for the Constitution stop with "The Federalist." It was owing to his zeal and energy, to his indomitable courage, and to his power in debate that a hostile majority in the New York convention was overcome and the ratification of the Constitution finally carried by a narrow margin.

Thus the government was formed. In April, 1789, Washington was inaugurated, and in September the act creating the Treasury Department was passed, and Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury. He was thirty-two years old. From Trumbull's portraits and the Ceracchi bust made from a life mask we can see how he looked. The portrait shows the keen strong face and dark eyes full of force, and also full of passionate energy. In the bust we get the shape of the head, which is almost classic in its symmetry and outline. The brow is high and broad, and the head behind full and ample in space. He must have been, if not regularly handsome in feature, very impressive in look, especially when his face lighted up with the excitement of debate. He was short but well made; slight but active; very quick in his movements, and the general impression he gave was one of great power and restless, untiring energy.

With the Treasury came his opportunity. To tell in detail the way he met it is impossible here, for it would involve a history of those memorable early years when the government was organized and set in motion. The rock on which the old confederation split was the financial question, and therefore the heaviest part in establishing the new government fell to Hamilton. The nation was without credit or revenue. He gave them both. There was no system of banking. He established one. In the first report on the public credit, one of the greatest of our state papers, he laid down a policy which brought us both credit and revenue. By the assumption of the State debts he raised our credit to a still higher point and bound the States to the general government. In his report on the national bank he called into life the implied powers of the Constitution and founded a system of constitutional construction upon which parties

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have divided ever since, and which has done more than anything else to develop the power and authority of the national government. In his report on manufactures, he set forth in an argument which has been often contradicted but never answered the policy which was to secure our industrial independence. The American people have clung to that policy ever since, and, although there have been occasional relapses, and parties have fought over the issue, Hamilton's tariff principles have prevailed and have always risen stronger after each assault upon them. In his report on coinage he discussed that difficult subject in all its bearings with a knowledge worthy of a specialist and a breadth and grasp which no specialist could have shown. Within the past year that famous report has been studied and discussed by thousands of men, and Hamilton's name has been heard familiarly in regions where, in his day, no white man's foot had ever trod. Foreign affairs were not within his province, yet his influence was undoubted in this direction when Washington was laying down the great lines along which the country ever since has moved. He mastered them as he mastered every subject, and it was Talleyrand who said of him that "Hamilton had divined Europe."

Out of these great policies came not only material and practical results, but a school of political thought, and hence a great political division and a party which believed in Hamilton's principles as the foundation of sound government. The leading idea for which Hamilton stood and stands is nationality; that is, the subordination of the States and the development of the central government. With this went necessarily the doctrine of a liberal as opposed to a strict construction of the Constitution, the establishment of strongly organized departments, effective, affirmative legislation, and the vigorous exercise of all the powers of the United States. Hence it was that as Hamilton developed his policies, and as his scheme of government came out strong, compact, and clear, the leader of the opposition to these ideas rose up by his side in the person of Jefferson, Secretary of State in the same cabinet. Hence came the fundamental division of our parties, and when at last civil war broke upon our country, it was Hamilton's creed of nationality and union which triumphed in the court of last resort.

It was a great work for one man; the greatest constructive work that any man was doing at that time anywhere, and when he left the cabinet after nearly six years' service the task was done. He never held civil office again. He sustained Washington with voice and pen to the end of his administration, and when the alarm of war with France came he was placed next to Washington and in active command of the provisional army. Then came the miserable quarrels and dissensions with John Adams, which divided and defeated the Federalists, and after this all opportunity for future service in public office was at an end. He contributed powerfully to defeat the intrigue which sought to put Jefferson aside and make Burr President, but the few remaining years were given almost entirely to brilliant professional work. At last Burr forced a personal quarrel upon him. Hamilton, haunted by the delusion that a struggle was impending between the forces of order and those of disorder, and that his power and leadership would be lost if he flinched from a duel, accepted the challenge. They met by the banks of the Hudson, and Hamilton fell mortally wounded at the first fire. He was only forty-seven.

The end was tragic, and his death premature, but his work was done and his fame was safe. He was, first of all, a great constructive statesman; but he was distinguished in many other ways. He was a man of accurate and penetrating thought, and a writer of high rank. He had a clear, nervous, and effective style, and it is this which preserves the savor of books, if not the substance, and enables men to quote them and to feel that the thought still lives. His speeches have perished, but we know from contemporary evidence that he was a great orator, full of fire and passion, able to turn a great assembly, as in the New York convention, or to expose a criminal, as when in the darkening court he set the witness between two candles so that all the light was on the man's face, and then, by his cross-examination, broke him down. His errors were those of passion. Passion of one sort led him into the wretched intrigue which he confessed to clear his public honor, and passion of another sort caused the proposition to Jay to defeat the will of the people of New York. The brilliant, cold, penetrating intellect was one side of the man, the passionate, fervid temperament the other. Such a man made devoted friends and bitter enemies. His frankness, honesty, and quick sympathy, his humor, his earnestness, his high spirits, made him be-

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loved at home and abroad. His impatience with stupidity or slowness and his commanding temper made for him foes in public life. But that which history preserves and the American people cherish, is his great services to the cause of nationality and the masterly policies which have done so much to make the nation and guide her along the pathway of her mighty destiny.

# LIFE PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

*Born at Nevis, W. I., January 11, 1757? Died in New York, July 12, 1804.*

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON did not live long enough to make many sacrifices on the painter's throne; yet he has left enough portraits to make his iconography interesting, covering, as it does, nearly a quarter century of his short life. Six original portraits are here reproduced, and the only ones that can be authenticated. They are by Charles Willson Peale in 1778 and in 1791, by John Trumbull in 1792, by Joseph Ceracchi in 1794, by James Sharples in 1796, and one by an unknown hand and of an unknown date, but from its character and interesting history, probably the latest of those here reproduced.

There are three other portraits of Hamilton, known only, however, by engravings; the most diligent inquiry having failed to locate the original paintings. One of these was a miniature painted by Walter Robertson, in 1795. It was engraved by George Graham and published the following year, in New York, by the Tory printer, James Rivington. Soon afterward Rollinson and Tanner each engraved it. Robertson practised in Dublin before he came to this country, and there held the first place in the art of miniature painting in Ireland. His style was essentially his own. His portraits were beautifully executed, but unnatural in their tone and color, being artificial throughout. He wrote to John Jay April 15, 1796, asking him to sit for his portrait, "for the purpose of being engraved as a companion to two prints of the President and Colonel Hamilton." Soon after this Robertson went to India, where he is said to have died. Another lost portrait of Hamilton was painted by Archibald Robertson, who was not related to the preceding or "Irish" Robertson, as he was called. Archibald Robertson was born near Aberdeen, Scotland, and was the eldest of three brothers who practised the art of miniature painting. He came to New York in 1791, and was soon followed by his brother Alexander, while the youngest brother, Andrew, remained at home and became the most eminent artist of the three. There is no record of the year when Archibald Robertson painted Hamilton, of whom he is said to have made two pictures, one, miniature on ivory, of the head, and another, a small cabinet picture on marble, showing the figure at three-quarter length. This last was engraved by William Rollinson immediately after the duel and published, by painter and engraver jointly, September 1, 1804. This portrait of Hamilton is one of the most commonly known from its having been engraved for the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans" in 1835, and twenty years later for Irving's "Washington." The third lost portrait of Hamilton was painted by Ezra Ames of Albany, and has been at least twice engraved, by Leney and by Hoogland. It certainly seems remarkable that these three portraits should have disappeared so completely, and it would be highly gratifying if this publication should be the means of discovering any of them.

Special mention must be made of one important portrait that is not reproduced—important, because, while not painted from life, many claim that it was, and it is well known from having been often engraved. It is in the Governor's room of the City Hall, New York. It was painted by John Trumbull, but has in some unaccountable way had the name of "Weimar" frequently attached to it as the painter, albeit no painter is known bearing this name. Trumbull painted a whole length portrait of Hamilton, in 1792, for the merchants of New York, which was presented by them to the Chamber of Commerce. Early in 1794, Trumbull sailed with John

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Jay for England as Secretary of Legation, where he remained ten years, only returning to New York a fortnight before Hamilton's fatal duel. A few months later the corporation of New York requested him to paint a whole length portrait of Hamilton, as a companion to one of Jay previously ordered. In Trumbull's autograph "*Mem. of work done at New York*, 1804-5," now before me, he writes, under date of December 22: "Whole length portrait of General Hamilton for city. Dress black. Background gray architecture, deep orange curtain, mahogany table with books and papers. *Done from Ceracchi's bust.* Successful in point of likeness and a happy composition. $500." He makes a like record in his "Autobiography."

Seeing therefore that this portrait was painted from Ceracchi's marble, and not until after Hamilton's death, it shows that not one of the bust portraits of Hamilton by Trumbull of this same type was painted from life, although the owners of them cling with tenacity to fallacious traditions that they were. One of these is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, bequeathed by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who inherited it from Colonel Perkins of Boston, for whom Trumbull painted it in 1806, "about the same time," Mr. Winthrop says, "with the portrait for Hon. George Cabot, which Mr. Cabot Lodge now [1881] has." Perkins's letter to Trumbull ordering the picture is dated "Boston, April 11, 1806," and in it he says: "We have seen here a painting of Gen. Hamilton which you executed for Mr. I. P. Davis. I understand you have another equally correct as respects resemblance to the original. If this be true and you will dispose of it to me for the same price, which Mr. Davis gave you for his, namely one hundred dollars, I will thank you to send it round to me by first conveyance carefully cased." From Trumbull's MSS. list it would seem that Mr. Davis got (March 3, 1806) two copies of this portrait, which Trumbull enters "Copied from large picture." Opposite the Perkins entry is "Hamilton again. Copy." From November, 1805, to March, 1806, he sold four copies of this portrait.

Trumbull made the great mistake, in both of his whole length portraits of Hamilton, of representing him as a large man, instead of which Hamilton was quite small, under middle size and spare in person, but erect and dignified in his carriage. "His complexion was exceedingly fair, and varying from this only by the almost feminine rosiness of his cheeks." His hair was light, his eyes dark and exceedingly bright, and his face when at rest "had rather a severe and thoughtful expression, but when engaged in conversation it easily assumed an attractive smile."

It was the intention to present portraits of the wives of the eminent men depicted in this series, but the only known one of Deborah Franklin, while full of character, was in such condition as not to lend itself to satisfactory reproduction, and of Martha Washington there were so many portraits that they will be given a distinct monograph. Therefore it is Mrs. Alexander Hamilton whose portraits will first appear, and perhaps it is not inappropriate that the woman most distinguished personally among the wives of "great Americans" should lead.

Alexander Hamilton, then an aide to Washington, married, December 14, 1780, at the famed Schuyler homestead, Albany, New York, Elizabeth, daughter of General Philip Schuyler and Katharine Van Rensselaer, his wife. Miss Schuyler was then in her twenty-fourth year and noted for her beauty of mind and person, which grew with her strength and was undiminished when she died in Washington, District of Columbia, on November 9, 1854, past half a century of widowhood and the patriarchal age of ninety-seven years. Brissot de Warville, who knew Mrs. Hamilton in the heyday of her career, describes her as "a charming woman, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of the American wife." She rendered her husband valuable assistance in his labors, kept his books and papers in order for him, and preserved the large collection of manuscripts which she sold to the United States Government a few years before her death, and without which many important pages of our national history would be misunderstood if not wholly unwritten.

Fortunately, Mrs. Hamilton's portraiture exhibits her in three distinct periods of her long life: in 1787, by Ralph Earl; in 1825, by Henry Inman, and in 1846 and 1851, by Eastman Johnson and Charles Martin, respectively. As Mrs. Hamilton lived well into the early days of the daguerreotype, there were doubtless one or more of these mechanical pictures taken of her, but none has come to light.

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# LIFE PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. AGE ABOUT 21. C. W. PEALE.

Painted by Charles Willson Peale in the winter of 1777–78. Enlarged from the original miniature on ivory, 1⅛ by 1⅛ inches, now first identified and published. Owned by Miss Mary Burt, of Philadelphia. This portrait, although the first in the series of Hamilton's iconography, is the last discovered, having only come to light since this article was sent to the printer. It is absolutely new. Not only has it never been reproduced, but hitherto it has been unidentified as Alexander Hamilton. It was painted by Peale, doubtless in the winter of 1777–78, when he was with the army, and the officers had little better to do than to sit for their portraits. It remained in his possession and in that of his last surviving child, Titian R. Peale, for a century, when it was purchased by the present owner as a miniature of Washington, and as such the writer's attention was invited to it. That it bore no possible resemblance to Washington, as we know him delineated in more than two-score life portraits, was apparent at first sight, and Peale was too good a draughtsman to get so far away from his subject. Beyond this, the picture bears its own undeniable proof that it was not intended for Washington. That proof is found in the color of the ribband across the breast, which is *green*. By an order issued from headquarters, at Cambridge, July 14, 1775, Washington prescribed that he should be distinguished by "a light blue ribband, wore across his breast between his coat and waistcoat;" Majors and Brigadiers-General "by a pink ribband wore in like manner," and "The Aids de Camp by a *Green* ribband." The color of the ribband in this miniature, therefore, settled that it was the portrait of an aide-de-camp, and left only the identity to be established. With Hamilton's marked physiognomy fresh in one's mind, the identification was not difficult, as the succeeding reproductions will exemplify. Thus we are enabled, by this unexpected discovery at the eleventh hour, to make a most important contribution to the Life Portraits of Great Americans, by presenting a much earlier likeness of Alexander Hamilton than hitherto has been known to exist. It is beautifully executed, as fresh in color as though it were just painted, and most interesting for its typical characteristics. Owing to its minute size it has been deemed advisable to reproduce it here very much enlarged, so that its strong features can be the more readily observed.

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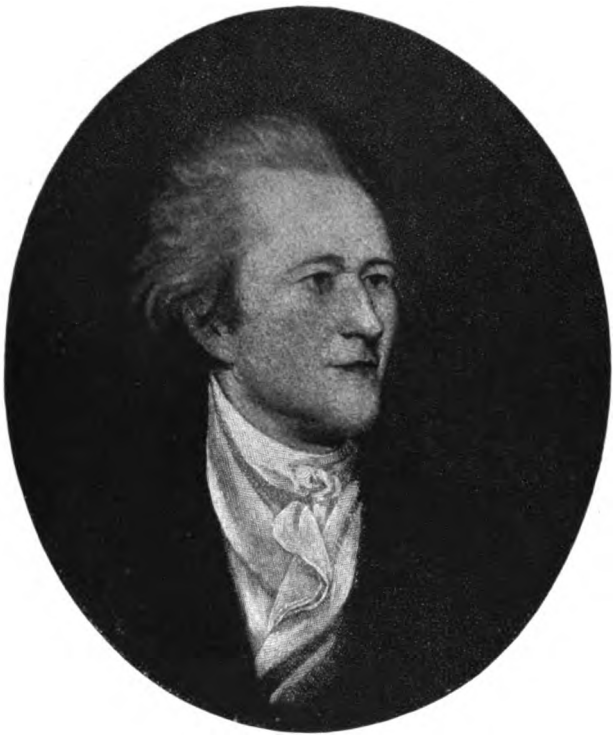


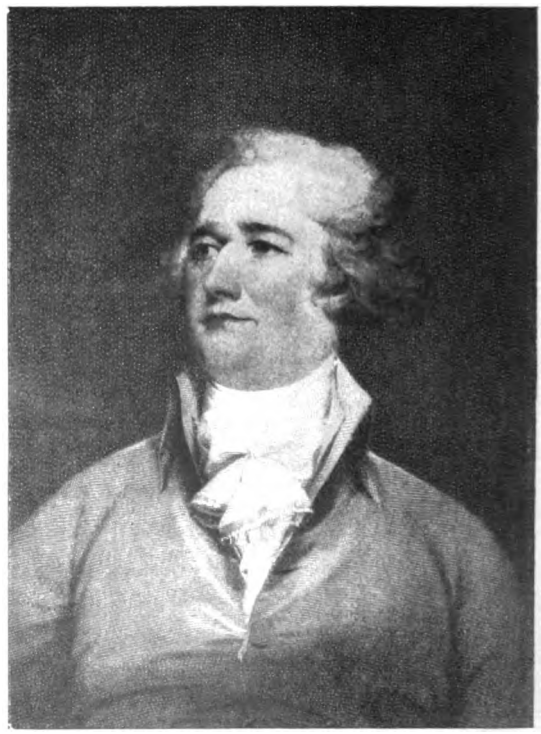
HAMILTON IN 1791. AGE ABOUT 34. C. W. PEALE.

HAMILTON IN 1791. AGE ABOUT 34. PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale in 1791, now in Independence Hall, and owned by the city of Philadelphia. Canvas, oval, 19 by 23 inches. Until the very recent discovery of the early portrait shown on page 509, there were supposed to be but two portraits of Hamilton by C. W. Peale in existence—the original here reproduced, and a repetition of it, in military uniform, owned by the New York Historical Society. This one was of particular interest, therefore, as being the earliest portrait of Hamilton known, having been taken when he was thirty-four, assuming the correctness of the date usually assigned for his birth. But Hamilton's mature appearance in this portrait, as well as his achievements, make the year assigned for his birth doubtful. This portrait appears in the first catalogue of the Peale Museum collection, printed in 1795, and thereafter regularly until 1854, when it was purchased by the city of Philadelphia.

HAMILTON IN 1792. AGE ABOUT 35. JOHN TRUMBULL.

From the original portrait painted by John Trumbull in 1792. Owned by Colonel William Jay, Bedford, New York. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. This portrait was painted by Trumbull for John Jay, with whom he was on terms of familiar intercourse. From it he painted the whole-length picture (58 by 86 inches) for the merchants of New York, now belonging to the Chamber of Commerce of that city. A committee of the merchants writing to Hamilton requesting that he would sit for the latter portrait added, "You will also be pleased to permit the representation to exhibit such part of your political life as may be most agreeable to yourself." To this Hamilton replied: "I shall cheerfully obey their wish as far as respects the taking of my portrait, but I ask that they will permit it to appear not connected with any incident of my political life. The simple representation of their fellow citizen and friend will best accord with my feeling." A comparative study of these two pictures presents a good object lesson in distinguishing between original portraits from life and replicas and copies. The life portrait is full of character and animation, and is drawn with directness and freedom, qualities distinctly lacking in the whole-length picture. Trumbull made several repetitions of this bust portrait, one of them being in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and another in the gallery of the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts.



HAMILTON IN 1792. AGE ABOUT 35. JOHN TRUMBULL.

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HAMILTON IN 1794. AGE ABOUT 37. MODELLED BY CERACCHI.

Modelled by Joseph Ceracchi in 1794. From the original marble in the Lenox Gallery; owned by the Public Library of New York. Ceracchi's bust of Alexander Hamilton has always been accorded the first place as a correct resemblance of the great financial statesman. No more convincing recognition of its value as a likeness could be given than by Trumbull's selecting it, instead of his own portrait from life of two years earlier, from which to paint the head in the whole-length picture ordered by the city of New York, after Hamilton's death. This bust remained in the possession of Mrs. Hamilton until her death, when it became the property of her son, Mr. James A. Hamilton, from whom it was inherited by his son, Alexander Hamilton, who died in 1889, having bequeathed it on the death of his widow to the Astor Library. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the second, died in the spring of last year, when the bequest became operative, and this fine marble became the property of the public. Cut in the back of the bust is this inscription: "De Facie Philadelphiæ ex ectipo Florenciæ Faciebat. Jos. Ceracchi. CIↃDCCLXXXXIV." An unknown writer more than half a century ago said: "It has been Hamilton's good fortune that his lineaments have gone down ennobled by the genius of Ceracchi, and that solemn and majestic face, which would not have been particularly striking under any ordinary hand, is literally a part of his fame."

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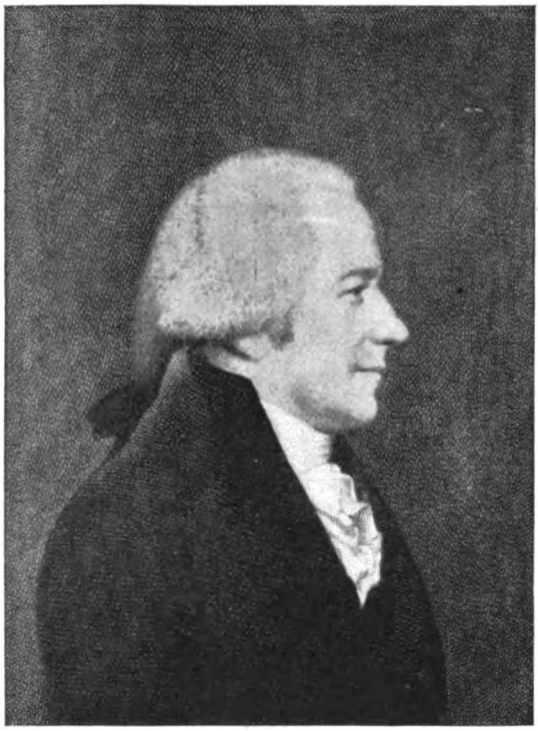


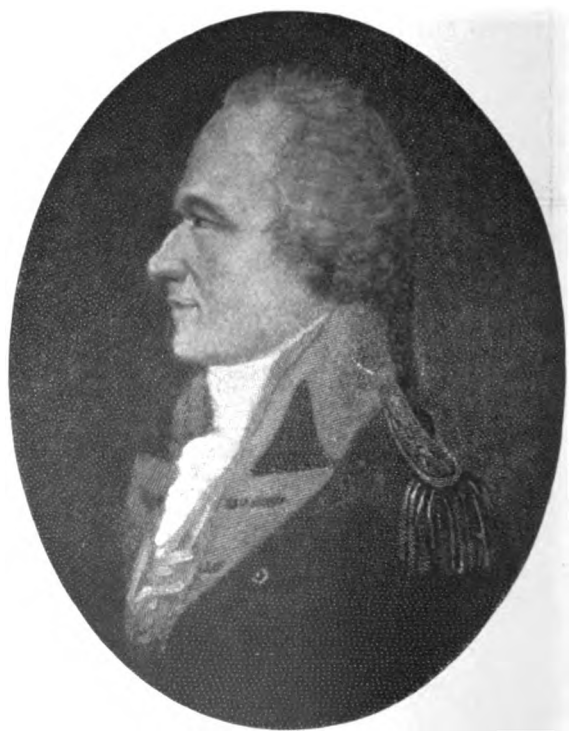
HAMILTON IN 1796. AGE ABOUT 39. SHARPLES.

HAMILTON IN 1796. AGE ABOUT 39. JAMES SHARPLES.

From the original pastel by James Sharples, 1796; owned by Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, New York. Size, 6 by 8 inches. There are two original portraits of Hamilton by Sharples; the one here reproduced, profile to right, and another, owned by the Misses Hamilton, profile to the left. Otherwise than as showing different sides of the face there is no material difference in the two pictures. A crude copy by Felix T. Sharples is in the New York Historical Society. When Talleyrand came to this country in 1794, he soon became intimate with Hamilton, and before returning to France, two years later, had repeatedly asked Mrs. Hamilton for this recently drawn Sharples crayon of her husband, which she declined to let him have. When Talleyrand called to take farewell, Mrs. Hamilton was not at home. He took the picture from the wall, and telling Hamilton that he must make his peace with Mrs. Hamilton, carried off the prize. After the duel, Mrs. Hamilton sent word to Talleyrand that she wished him to restore the picture. This he did, first having two miniature copies made on porcelain by Chatres, one of which he sent out to the general's son, William Hamilton, with the original, and it has become known as "The Talleyrand miniature of Hamilton." The story is told that Aaron Burr, calling upon Talleyrand in France, was confronted with this miniature hanging over the mantel-piece, and was so disconcerted by it that he retired in confusion, without making known the object of his visit. The miniature copy that came to this country is owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, of Irvington, New York.

HAMILTON ABOUT 1797. AGE ABOUT 40.

From the original picture, by an unknown artist, in the possession of General Schuyler Hamilton, New York. This portrait is of especial interest from having been given by Hamilton to his classmate and putative brother, Dr. Edward Stevens (the resemblance between the two is said to have been very striking), as the latter was leaving for his home in the West Indies, with the remark, "It is said to be the best likeness of me yet taken." Subsequently Dr. Stevens's son gave it to Mr. John C. Hamilton, who thought so highly of it as a likeness that he early invoked the aid of photography to copy it, and freely presented the prints to admirers of his distinguished father. The uniform would indicate that it was painted prior to Hamilton's appointment as Inspector-General of the provisional army in 1793.



HAMILTON ABOUT 1797. AGE ABOUT 40.

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1787. AGE 30.

1825. AGE 68.

1846. AGE 89.

1851. AGE 94.

FOUR LIFE PORTRAITS OF MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

The first of these four portraits is from an original owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, Irvington, New York, and painted by Ralph Earle in 1787, when Mrs. Hamilton was thirty years old. The artist at the time was in prison for debt, and Mrs. Hamilton sat to him in order to aid in his release.—The second portrait is from an original miniature on ivory painted by Henry Inman in 1825, when Mrs. Hamilton was sixty-eight, and now owned by the Misses Hamilton, New York.—The third portrait is from an original pencil drawing made by Eastman Johnson in 1846, when Mrs. Hamilton was eighty-nine. It has never been reproduced before, and is reproduced now by the special permission of the artist, who himself owns it. In March, 1846, Mr. Johnson had a studio in the Capitol at Washington, and one day Mrs. Hamilton wandered into it. Mr. Johnson got her permission to make this sketch, of which he writes, "It was a perfectly good likeness of a pretty, frowzy old lady."—The fourth portrait is from an original crayon made by Charles Martin in 1851, when Mrs. Hamilton was ninety-four, and now owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, Irvington, New York.

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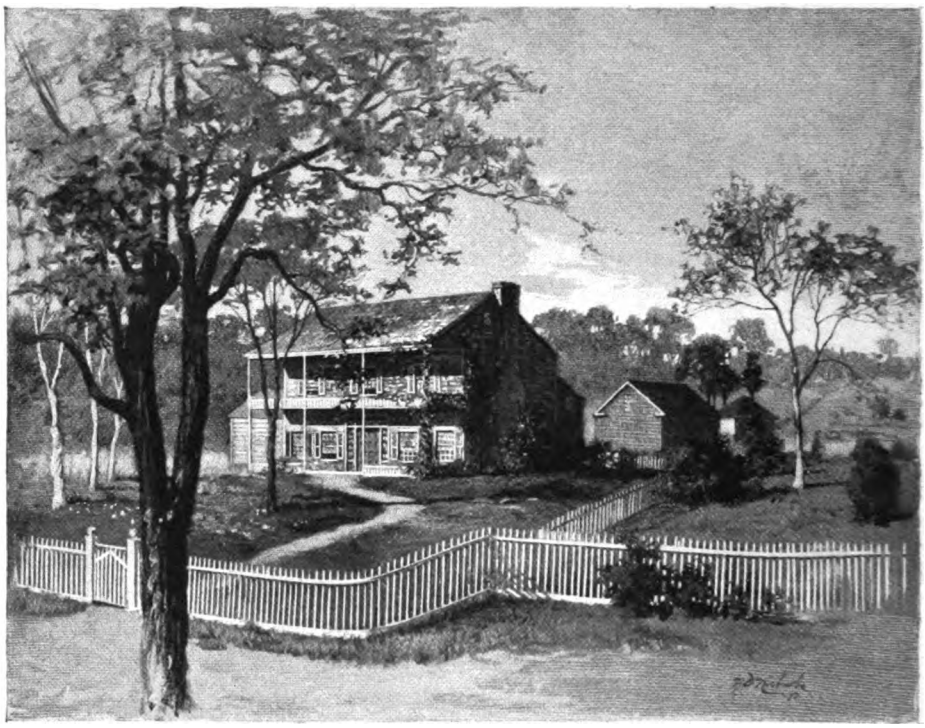

"WHITEHAVEN," THE DENT HOMESTEAD NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Redrawn from an old drawing owned by Mrs. U. S. Grant.

# GRANT'S LIFE IN MISSOURI.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AS A PIONEER FARMER IN MISSOURI AND REAL ESTATE BROKER IN ST. LOUIS.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM BY THE WIFE OF HIS OLD PARTNER IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.—REMOVAL TO GALENA.

WHEN Ulysses Grant, having resigned from the army and left his post on the Pacific slope, returned to St. Louis in the autumn of 1854, he found the city and country much the same as when he had last seen them. Colonel Dent, his father-in-law, still lived at "Whitehaven," and through the autumn and the following winter Grant had his residence there too, taking a hand in everything which needed to be done about the place. Probably it was during this winter that Colonel Dent set aside some sixty or eighty acres of land for Mrs. Grant and the captain; and together they began to plan the campaign of 1855.

Grant began at the bottom, as a laborer, for he had nothing to start with—no money, no tools, no horses. He and young Jefferson Sappington bound wheat side by side, in the good old fashion, behind stalwart, shining negro cradlers. The people were more markedly Southern in character than those of Grant's native country, and many were slaveholders. Their houses were modifications of the backwoodsman's cabin, like those in the Ohio valley, with the wide galleries of the South added. Some of them are standing to-day, picturesque and hospitable in appearance, consistent and dignified as types of native architecture. Around many of

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MRS. U. S. GRANT AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN, FREDERICK D. AND ULYSSES S. JR., ABOUT 1854.

From a daguerreotype taken at St. Louis, now owned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., and reproduced here with his permission.

them stood little shanties of hewn logs in which the slaves lived in careless squalor. The abolition movement was at its height at this time, and had affected some of the advanced thinkers to the point of liberating their black men; but Colonel Dent and most of his immediate neighbors remained slaveholders to the last.

### GRANT CLEARS A FARM AND BUILDS A CABIN FOR HIS FAMILY.

Grant lived one year under his father-in-law's roof, and then, in the early fall of 1855, he set forth to build a home of his own upon the land which Colonel Dent had set aside for his use, and to that end he felled trees and hewed logs. At last the logs were ready to put into place, and invitations were sent out for "the raising." The calls were cheerily answered, for Captain Grant had already made a favorable impression upon the neighbors by his hard work and by his unassuming manners. The helpers swarmed in like bees. The Sappingtons, the Longs, and the Wrights sent in hands, both white and black. Fenton Long took a corner position, Captain Grant another, and at a third intersection was stationed one of Colonel Dent's negroes, a powerful axman, for the notching and fitting where the logs intersected required men who were quick on their feet and strong and true with the ax. "I remember it all very well," says Henry Clay Wright.* "The building was a big, two-room cabin of hewn logs, with a hall in

*Captain Henry Clay Wright, provost marshal during the war. Grant afterwards made him Appraiser of the Port at St. Louis.

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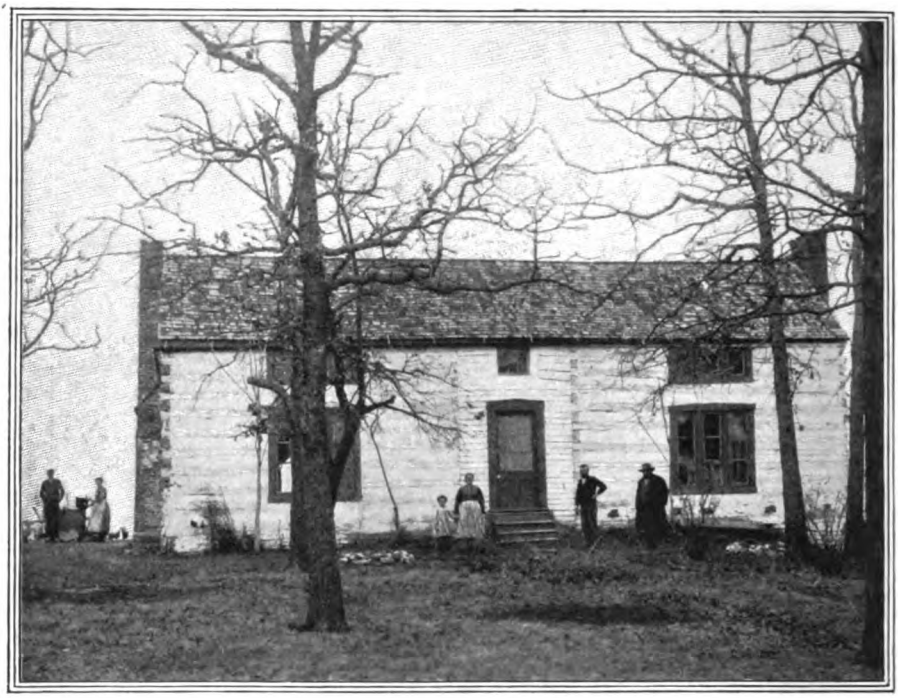

"HARDSCRABBLE," THE FARM-HOUSE BUILT BY CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT IN 1855, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

the middle. It had also an upper story with two large rooms. It was a very comfortable place to live in." It is still standing, but has been removed to a nearby village as a relic.

Grant having in mind the conditions under which the house was built, and foreseeing the conditions under which he must continue to live, immediately called his residence "Hardscrabble." It was, as a matter of fact, more ambitious than the first homes of many young married people of the neighborhood, and though the furniture was scanty and plain, a rude sort of comfort was possible within its walls. Grant is said to have put in the windows and doors himself. Frederick Dent, Grant's West Point comrade and brother-in-law, helped him to other necessaries in the way of tools and furniture.

Charles Ford, the manager of the United States Express at St. Louis, was an old-time acquaintance of Grant's from Sackett's Harbor, and through his aid, according to Walter Camp and Captain Wright, Captain Grant acquired on easy terms a very fine span of express horses which became at once the wonder of the neighborhood. The acquirement of a span of horses set him up in business, and he at once began hauling wood to St. Louis and props to the coal mines near by, and was able also to do teaming for his father-in-law. The tradition is that he was the first man to carry into St. Louis a full cord of wood at one load with two horses. His horses not merely helped him to earn money, they were a pleasure to him. He never forgot Ford's kindness.

### GRANT'S RELATIONS WITH HIS NEIGHBORS, AND THEIR RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.

Henry Wright at this time owned a grist mill not far from the Dent farm, and recalls a few scenes connected with Grant's life in Gravois. "Captain Grant used to come almost every week to my mill," says Mr. Wright, "to get corn and wheat ground. The first time I ever saw him was at a sale. He was a small, thin man then, with a close-cropped, brown beard. He had no overcoat, I remember, and he wore tall boots, quite unlike any others in the neighborhood. He was living with Colonel Dent at that time, and his cabin had not been built. I think he was at the sale to buy some hogs."

A second winter was spent in teaming to St. Louis, the barracks, and the mines, and in the spring Grant began to clear the land for a crop. There was little money to be

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had by the wealthiest farmers, and none at all by Captain Grant, except by means of prop-hauling and wood-selling. "We all spent a good deal of time clearing land," says Jefferson Sappington, an old neighbor. "We burned a great deal of timber, but Grant burned none. He made everything count. There was a lot of young timber on his land, and that he made into props. He worked very hard, and raised wheat, corn, and garden stuff. There wasn't a lazy bone in his body. His tools were always in order. He was always a gentleman, and a kind, indulgent father. He loved horses and cattle, and every animal about his farm was a pet. He hadn't an enemy that I ever knew of, and I never knew him to have any trouble."

"We all liked him," says Captain Wright. "We knew him to be a man of education and a veteran of the Mexican War, and nobody ever presumed to be familiar with him. He had a quiet way of keeping people at arm's length." He took part in many of the neighborhood entertainments, at least to the point of accompanying Mrs. Grant to the quiltings or socials and looking on. He sometimes took a hand at cards with mild interest. "I remember his coming to my house once," continues Captain Wright, "and bringing Mrs. Grant to a quilting. They came on horseback, each with a child on behind. I used to see them often at dances, but of course Grant took no part in that." Oswald Sturdy recollects seeing him at the shooting matches in the early fall when they met to compete for the quarters of a bullock. "He was a fairly good shot at a mark, and sometimes carried off a quarter of beef," says Mr. Sturdy.

It was a laborious life, but had, after all, its peculiar pleasures. Once, long after, in walking over the old farm, Grant pointed out some stumps, and said: "I moistened the ground around those stumps with many a drop of sweat." He paused a little, and then added, "But they were happy days."

When they had lived perhaps a year in the new cabin, Mrs. Grant's brother Lewis moved away to the farther West, and the Grants took his house, a Gothic cottage, named "Wish-ton-Wish," which stood on the edge of a beautiful forest, across the creek from Whitehaven, about a mile distant, and overlooking the Gravois road, which was the main thoroughfare to St. Louis. In 1856 Mrs. Dent died, and Colonel Dent returned to St. Louis to live, and Captain Grant took charge of Whitehaven and assumed control of the slaves, tools, and teams, such as they were.

As to what Grant thought of slavery at that time there is no available record, except that his neighbors all considered him a Northern man and not a slavery man. Doubtless he felt slavery to be wrong, but acquiesced in it to the extent of making use of the negroes left in his charge. His teaming to St. Louis and the barracks, where he sold firewood, still continued, and "he unloaded many a cord of wood in the back yards of St. Louis aristocrats of that time." *

Fellow-officers remember meeting him on the street during this period, "a man with an all-pervading air of hard luck and vain regrets," dressed in farmer fashion, with his trousers tucked into his old military boots. General Longstreet recalls a day in St. Louis when Grant was invited to be a party once more to an old-time game of "brag" with Longstreet and two other army comrades. "He seemed quite the same as when I saw him last, just after the Mexican War," says Longstreet; "a little older, and a little graver perhaps. He was dressed plainly but neatly. He talked very little about himself, merely answered questions, but seemed to enjoy the references to old times in the Mexican War."

### GRANT'S POLITICAL OPINIONS AT THIS TIME.

A Northern man, married into a slave-owning family, and surrounded by slave-owning neighbors upon whom he was in a sense dependent, it would be interesting to know what were Grant's political sentiments and opinions at this time. But he rarely talked politics outside of his most intimate circle of friends. This much is certain, he voted for Buchanan in 1858; and George W. Fishback, the editor of the old "Missouri Democrat," intimates that Grant expressed to him a foreboding of trouble, and that he voted for Buchanan in the hope that Buchanan's election "would put the struggle four years farther off."

Captain H. C. Wright, who was running for the legislature on the Whig ticket that year, and met Grant at the polling place, says: "He came up to me and said, 'Mr. Wright, I have voted for you to-day, not on the ground of politics, for I am a

* He said, at a later date: "I barked a tree in driving into Congressman Blow's yard, and Mrs. Blow came out and gave me a valuable rating."

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Democrat, but because I think you are the best man for the place.' He never talked politics with me afterward. We were all slaveholding farmers in that day, and Grant's wife had a couple of slaves, and yet we felt that he was not exactly one of us." *

Grant toiled hard, but gained little. This can hardly be counted against him, for the West was passing through a money panic, and the impending struggle between North and South was affecting everything bought and sold. The whole nation was in an uneasy condition. In spite of all drawbacks, however, up to a time when he fell ill of fever and ague, Grant steadily though slowly pulled ahead, so that when, in 1858, he determined to leave the farm, he had some little property to sell at public sale.

In the midst of his own trouble and poverty he still never forgot others. "I was appointed one of three road commissioners to lay off a road," Captain Wright relates, "and we met over near Grant's farm, at a blacksmith shop kept by a man named Wise. When I got there Wise was telling Fent Long about the burning down of a widow's house the night before. He said he was going to get up a subscription for her. Some of us offered to contribute what we could spare, and while we were talking about it, Grant came up and wanted to know what it was all about. Wise told him. 'Well,' said Grant, 'it certainly is a sad story; here are five dollars for her.' We all knew it was the pay for a load of props, and probably it was all the money he had; but that's the kind of a man he was."

### REMOVAL TO ST. LOUIS.—MRS. BOGGS'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Of the next phase of Grant's life, we derive an intimate and very interesting view from the reminiscences of Mrs. Louisa Boggs, now living, a widow, in St. Louis. With her husband, Harry Boggs, Grant formed a partnership in the real estate business on giving up his farm and removing into the town of St. Louis.

"The proposition [for the partnership] came through the Dents, who were related to Mr. Boggs," says Mrs. Boggs.* "Mrs. Grant was always ambitious for her husband, and it seemed a rise in affairs to come into town. Captain Grant had not done very well on the farm, partly because he was no hand to manage negroes. He couldn't drive them to work, and so took the brunt of it himself. I know he worked hard and faithfully; but he gave it up at last, and tried to get something to do in town. He walked the streets for some time, trying to get work, and at last Colonel Dent asked Mr. Boggs if he could not employ him. It never was in Ulysses Grant to push himself forward. Mr. Boggs was doing a good business then, and really needed somebody; so Captain Grant came into the firm, practically as a clerk, for he had no money to invest. He was to pay a bonus for the privilege, and afterwards did pay it, I believe. He did clerical work, and wrote a good clear hand, but wasn't of much use. He hadn't the push of a business man.

"He couldn't bring his family into town that winter, so he lived with us. We gave him an unfurnished, back room, and told him to fit it up as he pleased. It contained very little during the winter he lived there. He had a bed, and a bowl and a pitcher on a chair; and, as he had no stove, he used to sit at our fire almost every evening. On Saturdays he went home. He lived in this way all winter, for it was spring before he got his Lynch Street house and moved his little family into it. I can see him now as he used to sit so humbly at our fireside. He had no exalted opinion of himself at any time, but in those days he seemed almost in despair. He was not fitted for civilian life. We thought him a man of ability, but in the wrong place. His mind was not on business matters. His intentions were good, but he hadn't the faculty to solicit, or to keep small affairs in order.

"I don't recall that he was ill when he lived with us, but he seemed to me much depressed. He would smile at times, but I never heard him laugh aloud. He was a sad man. He was always a gentleman, and everybody loved him, for he was so gentle and considerate; but we didn't see what he could do in the world. He had resigned from the army, and had failed at farming, and so, after trying him in busi-

* A curious incident of this time was the appointment of U. S. Grant as an appraiser of the negroes of the estate of Richard Wells. The report to the Honorable Probate Court is signed by U. S. Grant, Thaddeus Lovejoy, and James L. Kennerly. "It was simply a neighborly act," says Captain Wright, "such as any man would do for a friend."

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine. Mrs. Boggs was for many years a teacher in the public schools of St. Louis. The author of the present paper, in his conversations with her, found her a thoughtful and cultivated woman, with a very clear memory of those ante-bellum days to which her reminiscences relate.

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ness, what could we think but that he was a man without a vocation? He did not blame us for thinking poorly of his powers; he thought poorly of himself. I don't think he saw any light ahead at that time, not a particle. I don't believe he had any ambition other than to educate his children and take care of his family.

"His mind was always somewhere else. He said very little unless some war topic came up. If you mentioned Napoleon's battles or the Mexican War or the question of secession, he was fluent enough. He used to talk politics with us very well, but at that time it was not generally known where he stood, though we never doubted his position. He was Northern, while Mr. Boggs and I were both Southern in sentiment.

"He was always a very domestic man, and extremely homelike in his ways. His wife had very great influence over him, and he had the highest regard for her. Mrs. Dent was always friendly. She believed in him. She was a very imaginative woman, and used to have wonderful dreams. She had a dream once of Ulysses wherein she saw everybody bowing down to him, and she persisted in thinking her dream a prophecy of future greatness for Ulysses, though the rest of us gave it little thought.

"The partnership with Mr. Boggs continued nearly a year, but at last hard times came on, and all business grew 'panicky,' and there was not enough in the venture for two families to live on. So Grant drew out, and tried, without success, to get into something else."

J. G. McClelland, of the firm of McClelland, Hilyer, and Moody, St. Louis, supplies some additional information with regard to the partnership of Boggs and Grant. "Our firm," says he, "had the parlors of an old French mansion on Pine Street between Second and Third. Moody had the back room, and Hilyer and I the front. We allowed Harry Boggs to have a desk there, and Grant and Boggs had some kind of a partnership in the real estate business. Grant didn't seem to be just calculated for business, but a more honest, more generous man never lived. I don't believe he knew what dishonor was."

### AN APPLICANT FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY ENGINEER.

The firm announced itself by a card as prepared to buy and sell real estate, collect loans and rents, and also to buy and sell negotiable paper. This business demands a persuasive and tireless talker, and again Ulysses Grant found himself at a disadvantage. "He had no power to banter or beguile or persuade," says his old friend George W. Fishback. In August, 1859, the discouraged but still struggling man tried for a new position. The office of county engineer was about to be vacant, and immediately upon hearing of this, Grant wrote the following letter to the Board of County Commissioners, which had the power of appointing to this office:

ST. LOUIS, *August* 15, 1859.

HON. COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
ST. LOUIS CO., MO.

*Gentlemen:* I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for County Engineer should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I enclose herewith, also, a statement from Professor Reynolds, who was a classmate of mine at West Point, as to qualifications.

Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment, I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention, and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very respectfully,
Your Ob't Sv't,
U. S. GRANT.

Appended to the application was the following endorsement from J. J. Reynolds, then Professor of Mechanics and Engineering in Washington University, St. Louis, and afterwards a Union general in the Civil War:

"Captain U. S. Grant was a member of the class at the Military Academy at West Point which graduated in 1843. He always maintained a high standing, and graduated with great credit, especially in mathematics and engineering. From my personal knowledge of his capacity and acquirement, as well as of his strict integrity and unremitting industry, I consider him in an eminent degree qualified for the office of County Engineer."

To this a hearty endorsement was added by D. M. Frost, afterwards the well-known Confederate general, who begins his endorsement by saying: "I was for three years in the corps of cadets at West Point with Captain Grant, and afterwards served with him for some eight or nine years in the army."

In addition to these testimonials, the names of nearly forty very well-known citizens were appended to the letter; so that Grant must have been at this time a man of fair standing and influence in the

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city. He did not get the appointment, for two reasons: the rival applicant was well known in his capacity as an engineer; and Grant was a Democrat, while three of the five commissioners were Republicans.

A little later Grant secured a position in the custom house, but within a month the collector died, and Grant was again out of a place. It seemed as if there was nothing in the world for him to do. He again walked the streets in search of employment, but nothing offered. He had now been a year or more in St. Louis without earning anything considerable, and his small store of savings was gone. He had been forced to leave the house in Lynch Street where he had first established his family on bringing them into town, and take a humbler one in Barton Street, though the first seemed humble enough. He was obliged also to borrow money, and by the following spring his affairs were in a deplorable state.

The most vivid account of Grant's condition in these trying, hopeless days is given by Mr. George W. Fishback, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, and at that time editor of the "Missouri Democrat." Mr. Fishback had known Grant and his family previously in Ohio. He himself removed to St. Louis the same year in which Grant resigned from the army and rejoined his family at the Dent farm. "All of Captain Grant's associations and (apparent) sympathies at that time," says Mr. Fishback,* "were pro-slavery in character. He said he was a Democrat, and had voted for Buchanan for President, but his father-in-law was a slave-owner, and his wife and her whole family were intensely Southern. It is quite probable that in the midst of all his discouragements he came to a clear comprehension of the condition of things in all the border States, and held the fiery and sectional sentiments of the Southern people at their proper valuation. He no doubt foresaw the threatened civil war, and felt that as an old defender of the flag he had better take his chances among his own people of the Northern States. In the winter of 1859 and 1860 he resumed his calls at the office of the 'Democrat' and spoke freely of the folly and dangers of secession, but at the same time declared his opposition to the principles and tendencies of the Republican party.

"After his decision to remove to Galena I met him on Main Street one day, in the spring of 1860. He greeted me kindly, but seemed to be in a very distressed and disconsolate frame of mind. I had never before seen him so depressed. He was shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, his face anxious, the whole exterior of the man denoting a profound discouragement at the result of his experiment to maintain himself in St. Louis. He said: 'I know something of the leather business, and I think I can do better up in Galena with my brothers.' He then asked me if I would buy or hire one of his house servants. She was an excellent woman, he said, and had been in the family some time, but as she was a slave he could not take her North. 'I must leave,' he said; 'I can't make a go of it here.' I declined to buy the slave woman, and I did not see him again until he entered the State as colonel of an Illinois regiment."

It will thus be seen that life in St. Louis had become very difficult for Captain Grant. He had made a brave fight, but it was against too great odds. As the heat of political discussion waxed, it became more difficult to maintain friendly relations with his neighbors, for he was at heart a lover of liberty. He was in a false position, an intolerable position. He had in his household at this time two servants given to his wife by Colonel Dent, and what to do with them became a problem. He at last turned them over to John F. Long in security for a small indebtedness, and the slaves finally fell back into the possession of Colonel Dent. It was a time of being despised of men and of lesser men. His father-in-law was a grievance with his invectives against the "Yankees." Even his friends Mr. and Mrs. Boggs shared in the growing bitterness of sectional hate, and his surroundings grew each day more intolerable. Undoubtedly, regard for the wishes of his wife had led him to remain near her parents longer than he otherwise might have done. Now he told her that he must leave St. Louis, and, with a brave resolution to share his fortunes to the end, Mrs. Grant consented.

Perhaps it was the quiet mother who softened the disappointed father's heart; at any rate, Jesse Grant "took hold of Ulysses's affairs" once more, and offered him a place in his leather store at Galena, Illinois, the Western branch of his business, which was then in charge of his two sons, Orville and Simpson.

* From a paper written by Mr. Fishback expressly for the use of McClure's Magazine. Mr. Fishback's testimony is of the highest value.

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# "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

## A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

### CHAPTER IX.—*Concluded.*

AFTER violent emotion most people and all boys demand food. They feasted the returned prodigal behind drawn curtains, cut off in their great happiness, while the trains roared in and out around them. Harvey ate, drank, and enlarged on his adventures all in one breath, and when he had a hand free his mother fondled it. His voice was thickened with living in the open, salt air; his palms were rough and hard; his wrists dotted with the marks of gurry-sores; and a fine full flavor of cod-fish hung round rubber boots and blue jersey.

The father, well used to judging men, looked at him keenly. He did not know what enduring harm the boy might have taken. Indeed, he caught himself thinking that he knew very little whatever of his son; but he distinctly remembered an unsatisfied, dough-faced youth who took delight in "calling down the old man" and reducing his mother to tears—such a person as adds to the gaiety of public rooms and hotel piazzas, where the ingenious young of the wealthy play with or revile the bell-boys. But this well set-up fisher youth did not wriggle, looked at him with eyes steady, clear, and unflinching, and spoke in a tone distinctly, even startlingly, respectful. There was that in his voice which seemed to promise that the change might be permanent, and that the new Harvey had come to stay.

"Some one's been coercing him," thought Cheyne. "Now Constance would never have allowed that. Don't see as Europe could have done it any better."

"But why didn't you tell this man, Troop, who you were?" the mother repeated, when Harvey had expanded his story at least twice.

"Disko Troop, dear. The best man that ever walked a deck. I don't care who the next is."

"Why didn't you tell him to put you ashore? You know father would have made it up to him ten times over."

"I know it; but he thought I was crazy. I'm afraid I called him a thief because I couldn't find the bills in my pocket."

"A quartermaster found them by the flagstaff that—that night," sobbed Mrs. Cheyne.

"That explains it, then. I don't blame Troop any. I just said I wouldn't work—on a Banker, too—and of course he hit me on the nose, and oh! I bled like a stuck hog."

"My poor darling! They must have abused you horribly."

"Dunno quite. Well, after that, I saw a light."

Cheyne slapped his leg and chuckled. This was going to be a boy after his own hungry heart. He had never seen precisely that twinkle in Harvey's eye before.

"And the old man gave me ten and a half a month; he's paid me half now; and I took hold with Dan and pitched right in. I can't do a man's work yet. But I can handle a dory 'most as well as Dan, and I don't get rattled in a fog, much; and I can take my trick in light winds—that's steering, dear—and I can 'most bait up a trawl, and I know my ropes, of course; and I can pitch fish till the cows come home, and I'm great on old Josephus, and I'll show you how I can clear coffee with a piece of fish-skin, and—I think I'll have another cup, please. Say, you've no notion what a heap of work there is in ten and a half a month!"

"I began with eight and a half, my son," said Cheyne.

"That so? You never told me, sir."

"You never asked, Harve. I'll tell you about it some day, if you care to listen. Try a stuffed olive."

"Troop says *the* most interesting thing in the world is to find out how the next man gets his vittles. It's great to have a trimmed-

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MRS. CHEYNE INTRODUCES THE CREW OF THE "WE'RE HERE" TO THE "CONSTANCE."

up meal again. We were well fed, though. Best mug on the Banks. Disko fed us first-class. He's a great man. And Dan—that's his son—Dan's *my* partner. And there's Uncle Salters and his manures, an' he reads Josephus. He's sure I'm crazy yet. And there's poor little Penn, and he *is* crazy. You mustn't talk to him about Johnstown, because— And, oh, you *must* know Tom Platt and Long Jack and Manuel. Manuel saved my life. I'm sorry he's a Portugee. He can't talk much, but he's an everlasting musician. He found me struck adrift and drifting, and hauled me in."

"I wonder your nervous system isn't completely wrecked," said Mrs. Cheyne.

"What for, mamma? I worked like a horse and I ate like a hog and I slept like a dead man."

That was too much for Mrs. Cheyne, who began to think of her visions of a corpse rocking on the salty seas. She went to her stateroom, and Harvey curled up beside his father, explaining his indebtedness.

"You can depend upon me to do everything I can for the crowd, Harve. They seem to be good men on your showing."

"Best in the fleet, sir. Ask at Gloucester," said Harvey. "But Disko believes still he's cured me of being crazy. Dan's the only one I've let on to about you, and our private cars and all the rest of it, and I'm not *quite* sure Dan believes. I want to paralyze 'em to-morrow. Say, can't they run the 'Constance' over to Gloucester? Mama don't look fit to be moved, anyway, and we're bound to finish cleaning out by to-morrow. Wouverman takes our fish. You see we're first off the Banks this season, and it's four twenty-five a quintal. We held out till he paid it. They want it quick."

"You mean you'll have to work to-morrow, then?"

"I told Troop I would. I'm on the scales. I've got the tallies with me." He looked at the greasy notebook with an air of importance that made his father choke. "There isn't but three—no—two ninety-four or five quintal more by my reckoning."

"Hire a substitute," suggested Cheyne, to see what Harvey would say.

"Can't, sir. I'm tally-man for the schooner. Troop says I've a better head for figures than Dan. Troop's a mighty just man."

"Well, suppose I don't move the 'Constance' to-night, how'll you fix it?"

Harvey looked at the clock, which marked twenty past eleven.

"Then I'll sleep here till three and catch the four o'clock freight. They let us men from the Fleet ride free as a rule."

"That's a notion. But I think we can get the 'Constance' around about as soon as your men's freight. Better go to bed now."

Harvey spread himself on the sofa, kicked off his boots, and was asleep before his father could shade the electrics. Cheyne sat watching the young face under the

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shadow of the arm thrown over the forehead, and among many things that occurred to him was the notion that he might perhaps have been neglectful as a father.

"One never knows when one's taking one's biggest risks," he said. "It might have been worse than drowning; but I don't think it has—I don't think it has. If it hasn't, I haven't enough to pay Troop, that's all; and I don't think it has."

When morning brought the fresh sea breeze through the windows, the "Constance" was side-tracked among freight cars at Gloucester, and Harvey had gone to his business.

"Then he'll fall overboard again and be drowned," the mother said, bitterly.

"We'll go and look, ready to throw him a rope in case. You've never seen him working for his bread," said the father.

"What nonsense! As if any one expected—"

"Well, the man that hired him did. I think he's about right, too."

They went down between the stores full of fishermen's oilskins to Wouverman's wharf, where the "We're Here" rode high, her Bank flag still flying, all hands busy as beavers in the glorious morning light. Disko stood by the main hatch superintending Manuel, Penn, and Uncle Salters at the tackle. Dan was swinging the loaded baskets inboard as Long Jack and Tom Platt filled them, and Harvey, with a notebook, represented the skipper's interests before the clerk of the scales on the salt-sprinkled wharf edge.

"Ready!" cried the voices below. "Haul!" cried Disko. "Hi!" said Manuel. "Here!" said Dan, swinging the basket. Then they heard Harvey's voice, clear and fresh, checking the weights.

The last of the fish had been whipped out, and Harvey leaped from the wharf edge six feet to a ratline, as the shortest way to hand Disko the tally, shouting, "Two ninety-seven, and an empty hold!"

"What's total, Harve?" said Disko.

"Eight sixty-five. Three thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars and a quarter. Wish I'd share as well as wage."

"Well, I won't go so far as to say you hevn't deserved it, Harve. Don't you want to slip up to Wouverman's office and take him our tallies?"

"Who's that boy?" said Cheyne to Dan, well used to all manner of questions from those idle imbeciles called summer boarders.

"Well, he's a kind of super-cargo," was the answer. "We picked him up struck adrift on the Banks. Fell overboard from a liner, he sez. He wuz a passenger. He's by way o' bein' a fisherman now."

HIS FATHER TURNED WHERE HE SAT AND THRUST OUT A LONG HAND. "*YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT I CAN'T MAKE ANYTHING OF YOU IF YOU DON'T ACT STRAIGHT BY ME.*"

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"Is he worth his keep?"

"Ye-ep, an' a little over. Dad, this man wants to know ef Harvey Cheyne's worth his keep. Say, would you like to go aboard? We'll fix a ladder for her."

"I should very much, indeed. 'Twon't hurt you, mother, and you'll be able to see for yourself."

The woman who could not lift her head a week ago scrambled down the ladder, and stood aghast amid the mess and tangle aft.

"Be you anyways interested in Harve?" said Disko.

"Well, ye-es."

"He's a good boy, an' ketches right hold jest as he's bid. You've heard haow we found him? He was suffering from nervous prostration, I guess, or else his head had hit somethin', when we hauled him aboard. He's all over that naow. Yes, this is the cabin. 'Tain't anyways in order, but you're quite welcome to look around. Those are his figures on the stove-pipe, where we keep the reckonin' mostly. He's a head to him."

"Did he sleep here?" said Mrs. Cheyne, sitting on a yellow locker and surveying the disorderly bunks.

"No. He berthed forward, madam, an' only fer him an' my boy hookin' fried pies an' muggin' up when they ought to ha' been asleep, I dunno as I've any special fault to find with him."

"There weren't nothin' wrong with Harve," said Uncle Salters, descending the steps. "He hung my boots on the main truck, an' he hain't over an' above respectful to such as knows more'n he do, 'specially about farmin', but he was mostly misled by Dan."

Dan in the meantime, profiting by dark hints from Harvey early that morning, was executing a war-dance on deck. "Tom, Tom," he whispered down the hatch, "his folks has come, an' Dad hain't caught on yet, an' they're pow-wowin' in the cabin. She's a daisy, an' he's all Harve claimed he was by the looks of him."

"Howly smoke!" said Long Jack, climbing out covered with salt and fish-skin. "D'ye belave his tale av the kid an' the little four-horse rig was thrue?"

"I knew it all along," said Dan. "Come an' see Dad mistook in his judgments."

They came delightedly, just in time to hear Cheyne say: "I'm glad he has a good character, because—he's my son."

Disko's jaw fell—Long Jack always vowed that he heard the click of it—and he stared alternately at the man and the woman.

"I got his telegram in San Diego four days ago, and we came over."

"In a private car?" said Dan. "He said ye might."

"In a private car, of course."

Dan locked at his father with a hurricane of irreverent winks.

"There was a tale he tould us av drivin' four little ponies in a rig av his own," said Long Jack. "Was that thrue now?"

"Very likely," said Cheyne. "Was it, mother?"

"He had a little drag when we were in Toledo, I think," said the mother.

Long Jack whistled. "Oh, Disko!" said he, and that was all.

"I wuz—I am mistook in my jedgments—worse'n the men o' Marblehead," said Disko, as though the words were being windlassed out of him. "I don't mind admittin' to you, Mister Cheyne, as I mistrusted the boy to be crazy. He talked kinder odd about money."

"So he told me."

"Did he tell ye anything else? 'Cause I pounded him once." This with a somewhat anxious glance at Mrs. Cheyne.

"Oh, yes," said Cheyne. "I should say it probably did him more good than anything else in the world."

"I jedged 'twuz necessary er I wouldn't ha' done it. I don't want you to think we abuse our boys any on this packet."

"I don't think you do, Mr. Troop."

Mrs. Cheyne had been looking at the faces—Disko's ivory-yellow, hairless, iron countenance; Uncle Salters's, with its rim of agricultural hair; Penn's bewildered simplicity; Manuel's quiet smile; Long Jack's grin of delight, and Tom Platt's scar. Rough, by her standards, they certainly were; but she had a mother's wits in her eyes, and she rose with outstretched hands. "Oh, tell me, which is who?" said she, half sobbing. "I want to thank you and bless you—all of you."

"Faith, that pays me a hunder time," said Long Jack.

Disko introduced them all in due form. The captain of an old-time Chinaman could have done no better, and Mrs. Cheyne babbled incoherently. She nearly threw herself into Manuel's arms when she understood that he had first found Harvey.

"But how *shall* I leave him dreeft?" said poor Manuel. "What do you yourself if you find him so? Eh, wha-at? We are in one good boy, and I am *ever* so pleased he come to be your son."

"And he told me Dan was his partner!" she cried. Dan was already sufficiently

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pink, but he turned a rich crimson when Mrs. Cheyne kissed him on both cheeks before the assembly. Then they led her forward to show her the foc'sle, at which she wept again, and must needs go down to see Harvey's identical bunk, and there she found the cook cleaning up the stove, and he nodded as though she were some one he had expected to meet for years. They tried, two at a time, to explain the daily life to her, and she sat by the pawl-post, her ringed hands on the greasy table, laughing with trembling lips and crying with dancing eyes.

"And who's ever to use the 'We're Here' after this?" said Long Jack to Tom Platt. "I feel it as if she'd made a cathedral av us all."

"Cathedral!" sneered Tom Platt. "Oh, ef it had bin even the Fish Commission boat instid o' this dirt. Ef we only had some decency an' order an' side-boys as she goes over. She'll have to climb that ladder like a hen, an' we—we ought to be mannin' the yards."

"Then Harvey was *not* mad," said Penn slowly to Cheyne.

"No, indeed—thank God," the big millionaire replied, stooping down tenderly.

"It must be terrible to be mad. Except to lose your child, I do not know anything more terrible. But your child has come back. Let us thank God for that."

"Hello!" said Harvey, looking down upon them from the wharf.

"I wuz mistook, Harve. I was mistook," said Disko, swiftly, holding up a hand. "I wuz mistook in my jedgments. Ye needn't rub it in any more."

"Guess I'll take care o' that," said Dan, under his breath.

"You'll be goin' off naow, won't ye?"

"Well, not without the balance of my wages, 'less you want to have the 'We're Here' attached."

"Thet's so; I'd clean forgot;" and he counted out the remaining dollars. "You done all you contracted to do, Harve; and ye done it baout's well as ef you'd been brought up—" Here Disko brought himself up. He did not quite see where the sentence was going to end.

"Outside of a private car," said Dan, wickedly.

"Come on, and I'll show her to you," said Harvey.

Cheyne stayed to talk to Disko, but the others made a procession to the depot, with Mrs. Cheyne at the head. The French maid shrieked at the invasion; and Harvey laid the glories of the "Constance" before them without a word. They took them in in equal silence—stamped leather, silver door-handles and rails, cut velvet, plate glass, nickel, bronze, hammered iron, and the rare woods of the continent inlaid.

"I told you," said Harvey; "I told you." This was his crowning revenge, and a most ample one.

Mrs. Cheyne decreed a meal; and that nothing might be lacking to the tale Long Jack told afterwards in his boarding-house, she waited on them herself. Men who are accustomed to eat at tiny tables in howling gales have curiously neat and finished table-manners; but Mrs. Cheyne, who did not know, was surprised. She longed to have Manuel for a butler; so silently and easily did he comport himself among the frail glassware and dainty silver. Tom Platt remembered great days on the "Ohio" and the manners of foreign potentates who dined with the officers; and Long Jack, being Irish, supplied the small talk till all were at their ease.

In the "We're Here's" cabin the two fathers took stock of each other behind their cigars. Cheyne knew well enough when he dealt with a man to whom he could not offer money; equally well he knew that no money could pay for what Disko had done. He kept his own counsel and waited for an opening.

"I hevn't done anything *to* your boy or *fer* your boy excep' make him work a piece an' learn him how to handle the hog-yoke," said Disko. "He has twice my boy's head for figgers."

"By the way," Cheyne answered casually, "what d'you calculate to make of your boy?"

Disko removed his cigar and waved it comprehensively round the cabin. "Dan's jest plain boy, an' he don't allow me to do any of his thinkin'. He'll hev this able little packet when I'm laid by. He ain't noways anxious to quit the business. I know that."

"Mmm! Ever been West, Mr. Troop?"

"Bin's fer ez Noo York once in a boat. I've no use for railroads. No more hez Dan. Salt water's good enough fer the Troops. I've bin most everywhere—in the nat'ral way, o' course."

"I can give him all the salt water he's likely to need—till he's a skipper."

"Haow's that? I thought you wuz a kinder railroad king. Harve told me so when—I was mistook in my jedgments."

"We're all apt to be mistaken. I fancied perhaps you might know I own a line of tea-clippers—San Francisco to Yoko-

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hama—six of 'em—iron-built, about seventeen hundred and eighty tons apiece."

"Blame that boy! He never told. I'd ha' listened to *that*, instid o' his truck abaout railroads an' pony-carriages."

"He didn't know."

"Little thing like that slipped his mind, I guess."

"No, I only captured—took hold of the 'Black Ox' freighters this summer."

Disko collapsed where he sat, beside the stove.

"Great Cæsar Almighty! I mistrust I've bin fooled from one end to the other. Why, Phil Airheart, he went from this very town six year back—no, seven—an' he's mate on the 'San José' now—twenty-six days was her time from San Francisco. His sister, she's livin' here yet, an' she reads his letters to my woman. An' *you* own the 'Black Ox' freighters?"

Cheyne nodded.

"If I'd known that I'd ha' jerked the 'We're Here' back to port all standin', on the word."

"Perhaps that wouldn't have been so good for Harvey."

"Ef I'd only known! Ef he'd only *said* about the cussed Line, I'd ha' understood! I'll never stand on my own jedgments again—never. They're well-found packets. Phil Airheart, he says so."

"I'm glad to have a recommend from that quarter. Airheart's skipper of the 'San José' now. What I was getting at is to know whether you'd lend me Dan for a year or two, and we'll see if we can't make a mate of him. Would you trust him to Airheart?"

"It's a resk taking a raw boy—"

"I know a man who did more for me."

"That's diff'runt. Look at here naow, I ain't recommendin' Dan special because he's my own flesh an' blood. *I* know Bank ways ain't clipper ways, but he hain't much to learn. Steer he can—no boy better, ef *I* say it—an' the rest's in our blood an' get; but I could wish he warn't so cussed weak on navigation."

"Airheart will attend to that. He'll ship as a boy for a voyage or two, and then we can put him in the way of doing better. Suppose you take him in hand this winter, and I'll send for him early in the spring. I know the Pacific's a long ways off—"

"Pshaw! We Troops, livin' an' dead, are all around the earth an' the seas thereof."

"But I want you to understand—and I mean this—any time you think you'd like to see him, tell me, and I'll attend to the transportation. 'Twon't cost you a cent."

"Ef you'll walk a piece with me, we'll go to my house an' talk this to my woman. I've bin so crazy mistook in all my jedgments, it don't seem to me this was like to be real."

They went over to Troop's eighteen hundred dollar, blue-trimmed white house, with a retired dory full of nasturtiums in the front yard and a shuttered parlor which was a museum of oversea plunder. There sat a large woman, silent and grave, with the dim eyes of those who look long to sea for the return of their beloved. Cheyne addressed himself to her, and she gave consent wearily.

"We lose one hundred a year from Gloucester only, Mr. Cheyne," she said, "one hundred boys an' men; an' I've come so's to hate the sea as if 'twuz alive an' listenin'. God never made it fer humans to anchor on. These packets o' yours, they go straight out, I take it, and straight home again."

"As straight as the winds let 'em, and I give a bonus for record passages. Tea doesn't improve by being at sea."

"When he wuz little he used to play at keepin' store, an' I had hopes he might follow that up. But soon's he could paddle a dory, I knew that were goin' to be denied me."

"They're square-riggers, mother; iron built an' well found. Remember what Phil's sister reads you when she gits his letters."

"I've never known as Phil told lies, but he's too venturesome (like most of 'em that use the sea). Ef Dan sees fit, Mr. Cheyne, he can go fer all o' me."

"She jest despises the ocean," Disko explained, "an I—I dunno haow to act polite, I guess, er I'd thank you better."

"My father—my own eldest brother—two nephews—an' my second sister's man," she said, dropping her head on her hand. "Would *you* care fer any one that took all those?"

Cheyne was relieved when Dan turned up and accepted with more delight than he was able to put into words. Indeed, the offer meant a plain and sure road to all desirable things; but Dan thought most of commanding watch on deck and looking into far-away harbors.

Mrs. Cheyne had spoken privately to the unaccountable Manuel in the matter of Harvey's rescue. He seemed to have no desire for money. Pressed hard, he said that he would take five dollars, because he wanted to buy something for a girl. Other-

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wise—"How shall I take money when I make so easy my eats and smokes? You *will* giva some if I like or no? Eh, wha-at? Then you shall giva me money, but not that way. You shall giva all you can think." He introduced her to a snuffy Portuguese priest, with a list of semi-destitute widows as long as his cassock. As a strict Unitarian, Mrs. Cheyne could not sympathize with the creed, but she ended by respecting the brown, voluble little man.

Manuel, faithful son of the church, appropriated all the blessings showered on her for her charity. "That letta me out," said he. "I have now ver' good absolutions for six months," and he strolled forth to get a handkerchief for the girl of the hour and to break the hearts of all the others.

Salters went away with Penn, and left no address behind. He had a dread that these millionary people, with wasteful private cars, might take undue interest in his companion. It was better to visit inland relatives till the coast was clear. "Never you be adopted by rich folk, Penn," he said in the cars, "or I'll take 'n' break this checker-board over your head. Ef ever you forgit your name agin—which is Pratt—you remember you belong with Salters Troop, an' set down right where you are till I come fer you. Don't go taggin' around after them whose eyes bung out with fatness, accordin' to Scripcher."

## CHAPTER X.

BUT it was otherwise with the "We're Here's" silent cook, for he came up, his kit in a handkerchief, and boarded the "Constance." Pay was no particular object, and he did not in the least care where he slept. His business, as revealed to him in dreams, was to follow Harvey. They tried argument and, at last, persuasion; but there is a difference between one Cape Breton and two Alabama negroes, and the matter was referred to Cheyne by the cook and porter. The millionaire only laughed. He presumed Harvey might need a body-servant some day or other, and was sure one volunteer was worth five hirelings. Let the man stay, therefore; even though he called himself MacDonald and swore in Gaelic. The car could go back to Boston, where, if he were still of the same mind, they would take him West.

With the "Constance," which in his heart of hearts he loathed, departed the last remnant of Cheyne's millionairedom, and he gave himself up to an energetic idleness. This Gloucester was a new town in a new land, and he purposed to "take it in," as of old he had taken in all the cities from Snohomish to San Diego of that world whence he hailed. They made money along the crooked street which was half wharf and half ship's store: as a leading professional he wished to learn how the noble game was played. Men said that four out of every five fish-balls served at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Gloucester, and overwhelmed him with figures in proof—statistics of boats, gear, wharf-frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profits. He talked with the owners of the large fleets whose skippers were little more than hired men, and whose crews were almost all Swedes or Portuguese. Then he conferred with Disko, one of the few who owned their craft, and compared notes in his vast head. He coiled himself away on chain-cables in marine junk-shops, asking questions with cheerful, unslaked Western curiosity, till all the waterfront wanted to know "what in thunder that man was after, anyhow." He took a chair at the Mutual Insurance rooms, and demanded explanations of the mysterious remarks chalked up on the blackboard day by day; and that brought down upon him secretaries of every Fisherman's Widow and Orphan Aid Society within the city limits. They begged shamelessly, each man anxious to beat the other institution's record, and Cheyne tugged at his beard and handed them all over to Mrs. Cheyne.

She was resting in a boarding-house near Eastern Point—a strange establishment, managed, apparently, by the boarders themselves, where the tablecloths were red and white checkered, and the population, who seemed to have known one another intimately for years, rose up at midnight to make Welsh rarebits if it felt hungry. On the second morning of her stay Mrs. Cheyne put away her big diamond earrings before she came down to breakfast.

"They're most delightful people," she confided to her husband; "so friendly and simple, too, though they are all Boston, nearly."

"That isn't simpleness, mother," he said, looking across the boulders behind the apple trees where the hammocks were slung. "It's the other thing, that we—that I haven't got."

"There can't be," said Mrs. Cheyne, quietly. "Why we—"

"I know it, dear. We have—of course,

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we have. I guess it's only the style they wear East. Are you having a good time?"

"I don't see very much of Harvey; he's always with you; but I ain't near as nervous as I was."

"*I* haven't had such a good time since Willie died. I never rightly understood that I had a son before this. Harve's got to be a great boy. Anything I can fetch you, dear? Cushion under your head? Well, we'll go down to the wharf again and look around."

Harvey was his father's shadow in those days, and the two strolled along side by side, Cheyne using the grades as an excuse for laying his hand on the boy's square shoulder. It was then that Harvey noticed and admired what had never struck him before—his father's curious power of getting at the heart of new matters as learned from men in the street.

"How d'you make 'em tell you everything without opening your head?" demanded the son, as they came out of a rigger's loft.

"I've dealt with quite a few men in my time, Harve, and one sizes 'em up somehow, I guess. I know something about myself, too." Then, after a pause. as they sat down on a wharf-edge: "Men can most always tell when a man has handled things for himself, and then they treat him as one of themselves."

"Same as they treat me down at Wouverman's wharf. I'm one of the crowd now. Disko has told every one I've earned my pay." Harvey spread out his hands and rubbed the palms together. "They're all soft again," he said, dolefully.

"Keep 'em that way for the next few years, while you're getting your education. You can harden 'em up after."

"Ye-es, I suppose so," was the reply, in no delighted voice.

"It rests with you, Harve. You can take cover behind your mama, of course, and put her on to fussing about your nerves and your high-strungness and all that kind of poppycock."

"Have I ever done that?" said Harvey, uneasily.

His father turned where he sat and thrust out a long hand. "*You* know as well as I do that I can't make anything of you if you don't act straight by me. I can handle you alone if you'll stay alone, but I don't pretend to manage both you and your mama. Life's too short, anyway."

"Don't make me out much of a fellow, does it?"

"I guess it's been my fault a good deal; but if you want the truth, you haven't been much of anything up to date. Now, have you?"

"Umm! Disko thinks. . . . Say, what d'you reckon it's cost you to raise me from the start—first and last and all over?"

Cheyne smiled. "I've never kept track, but I should estimate, in dollars and cents, nearer fifty than forty thousand. The young generation comes high. It has to have things, and it tires of 'em, and—the old man foots the bill."

Harvey whistled, but at heart he was rather pleased to think that his upbringing had cost so much. "And all that's sunk capital, isn't it?"

"Invested, Harve. Invested, I hope."

"Making it only thirty thousand, the thirty I've earned is about ten cents on the hundred. That's a mighty poor catch." Harvey wagged his head solemnly.

Cheyne laughed till he nearly fell off the pile into the water.

"Disko has got a heap more than that out of Dan, since he was ten; and Dan's at school half the year, too."

"Oh, that's what you're after, is it?"

"No. I'm not after anything. I'm not stuck on myself any just now — that's all. . . . I ought to be kicked."

"I can't do it, old man; or I would, I presume, if I'd been made that way."

"Then I'd have remembered it to the last day I lived—and *never* forgiven you," said Harvey, his chin on his doubled fists.

"Exactly. That's about what *I'd* do. You see?"

"I see. The fault's with me and no one else. All the samey, something's got to be done about it."

Cheyne drew a cigar from his vest-pocket, bit off the end, and fell to smoking. Father and son were very much alike; for the beard hid Cheyne's mouth, and Harvey had his father's slightly aquiline nose, close-set black eyes, and narrow, high cheek-bones. With a touch of brown paint he would have made up very picturesquely as a Red Indian in the story-books.

"Now you can go on from here," said Cheyne, slowly, "costing me between six and eight thousand a year till you're a voter. Well, we'll call you a man then. You can go right on from *that*, living on me to the tune of forty or fifty thousand, besides what your mother will give you, with a valet and a yacht or a fancy ranch where you can pretend to raise trotting-stock and play cards with your own crowd."

"Like Lorry Tuck?" Harvey put in.

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"Yep; or the two De Vitré boys or old man McQuade's son. California's full of 'em, and here's an Eastern sample while we're talking."

A shiny black steam yacht, with mahogany deck-house, nickel-plated binnacles, and pink-and-white striped awnings, puffed up the harbor, flying the burgee of some New York club. Two young men in what they conceived to be sea costumes were playing cards by the saloon skylight; and a couple of women with red and blue parasols looked on and laughed noisily.

"Shouldn't care to be caught out in her in any sort of a breeze. No beam," said Harvey, critically, as the yacht slowed to pick up her mooring-buoy.

"They're having what stands them for a good time. I can give you that and twice as much as that, Harve. How'd you like it?"

"Cæsar! That's no way to get a dinghy overside," said Harvey, still intent on the yacht. "If I couldn't slip a tackle better than that I'd stay ashore. . . . What if I don't?"

"Stay ashore—or what?"

"Yacht and ranch and live on 'the old man'; and get behind mama when there is trouble?" said Harvey, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, in that case, you come right in with me, my son."

"Ten dollars a month?" Another twinkle.

"Not a cent more until you're worth it, and you won't begin to touch that for a few years."

"I'd sooner begin sweeping out the office—isn't that how the big bugs start?—and touch something now than—"

"I know it; we all feel that way. But I guess we can hire any sweeping we need. I made the same mistake myself of starting in too soon."

"Thirty million dollars' worth o' mistake, wasn't it? I'd risk it for that."

"I lost some; and I gained some. I'll tell you."

*(To be concluded next month.)*

# THE SPELLBINDER.

By Octave Thanet,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "The Ladder of Grief," etc.

THE frozen Nebraska soil rattled under the horses' hoofs; the wagon wheels rattled on their own account. A December wind was keen enough to make the driver wrap his patched quilt closer and pull his battered straw hat lower over his ears. He was a man of thirty, with high, tanned features, and eyes that would have been handsome but for their sullen frown.

"I should call it getting a good ready for a blizzard," observed the other man on the board (seat the wagon had none); "maybe he won't come."

"He'll come fast enough," returned the driver; "you don't catch buzzards staying in for weather!"

"I don't know. He's a pretty luxurious young scoundrel. Bixby says he had a letter from him—very particular about a fire in his room, and plenty of hot water and towels. Bixby is worried lest the boys make a fuss with him in his hotel."

"Bixby is a coward from Wayback," was the driver's single comment or reply. The other man eyed the dark profile at his shoulder, out of the tail of his eye, rubbing his hands up and down his wrists under his frayed sleeves. He was a young man, shorter of stature than the driver. He had a round, genial, tanned face, and a bad cold on him. His hands were bare because he had lent his mittens to the driver; but he wore a warm if shabby greatcoat and worn fur cap.

"I don't suppose," he went on in a careless tone, "that you fellows mean to do more than scare the lad well."

"We scared the last man. Doc Russell got him fairly paralyzed; told him 'bout the Shylock that turned out the Kinneys, and Miss Kinney's dying in the wagon, she was so weak; and Kin—somebody ('course he didn't mention names) shooting that man; and their arresting Kinney, and the jury acquitting him without leaving the box. Oh, he told a lot of stories. Some of 'em, I guess, he made up out of his own head; but that Iowa lawyer swallered the whole batch, hide and hoofs and all. And he couldn't git out of town

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quick enough! But what's the good? Here's this young dude come again. Say, did you know it's his pa 'that owns most of the stock in the trust?"

"No?"

"Yes, sir. He's got the upper hand of 'em all. They've bought up every last bit of foreclosed land 'round here. Yes, we was so mighty smart, we fixed it that nobody 'd dare to buy; and nobody round here *would* dare, even s'posing they got the money, which they ain't—"

"There certainly ain't much loose money round here, Wesley. At least, when I ran the paper I didn't find it; I was glad to rent an abandoned farm and trade my subscription list for enough corn to pay the first instalment on some stock and a cultivator."

"Did you pay any more?"

"No; times got worse instead of better. I'd have lost the stock and the cultivator and every blamed thing in the way of implement I've got if it hadn't been for you fellows running the implement man out of the country; he'd a chattel mortgage that was a terror. But what were you saying about the land? Nobody would buy?"

"Of course nobody would buy, and we hugged ourselves we was so durned slick. Oh, my! Now, here comes along one of them bloody trusts that's eating this country up, and goes to the land company and buys the foreclosed land for a song. It goes all the cheaper because it's known far and wide that we elected the sheriff not to enforce writs, but to resist 'em; and same with all the officers; and we're ready to shoot down any man that tries to push us off the earth. That scared folks, and the investment company sold cheap as dirt. They knew they couldn't git anybody to take up a farm 'round here. Look a' there!" He jerked the point of the switch that served for whip in the direction of a dark bulk looming against the glowing belt of red in the west. The outlines of a ruined chimney toppled over the misshapen roof. The door and window openings gaped forlornly; doors and windows were gone long since, wrenched off for other needs. Bit by bit the house had been nibbled at—here a porch platform taken, there a patch of weatherboarding, shingles pulled from the roof, the corn crib a wreck, the outbuildings carried away piecemeal—until, a sadder ruin than fire leaves, it faced the sunset and the prairie.

"That farm belonged to as hard-working, smart a feller as ever handled a plow. Look at them fields, gone to desolation like everything else, but the furrows used to be as straight's a line with a ruler. He fought the hard times and the drought till his wife died, and then he said to me, 'I'm beat; I'm going to take the baby back to Winnie's folks. If I'd only gone last year I could have took Winnie, too. The company kin have my farm, and I hope to God it'll be the curse to them it's been to me!' There the farm is. And look further down"—shifting the switch to another direction—"there's another dropping to pieces. Lord, when I think of the stories they told me about the crops when I fust came and I put in four hunderd dollars that I'd worked hard for in a saw-mill, and I think how we used to set round the fire evenings, my wife and I, talking about how the town was a-growing and what it would be when the trees was growed and our children was going to school, and how we'd have a cabinet organ and we'd have a top buggy, and we'd send for her mother, who didn't jest like it with Bill's wife—we was jest like children, making believe! But that ain't what I was driving at. Here it is. We calculated that we'd be let alone, because the poor, miserable remnants of stock and machines and farms we got simply wasn't worth outside folks' taking, and inside folks wouldn't risk their lives by dispossessing us. That's how we sized it up, ain't it?"

"I don't see yet what you're after, Wesley."

"You will. We reasoned that way. But along comes this company, this—trust, that's clean against the laws and don't give a curse for that, and it buys up the whole outfit. I tell you, Mr. Robbins, there ain't five men in this community that that trust ain't got the legal right to turn out on the prairies to-morrow. They've all been foreclosed, and the year of grace is up. Most of us here ain't got no show at all—legally. And so they send a man down here to see about gitting out writs and finishing us up."

"But who'll they get to buy, Wesley Orr?"

"They're not needing much buying. They're on to a new scheme—going to turn all these farms into big pastures and fatten cattle with alfalfa, raise it and ship it; then the lower part of the county, down below town, they intend to run a ditch through from the river and irrigate it. They will fetch in a colony who'll pay them about ten times what they paid, I expect, and—"

"But we won't let them—"

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"Depends on how many guns the colony's got and how much fight there's in it. They'll try it, anyhow, unless—"

"Unless—" repeated Robbins uneasily.

"Unless they are scared off, *unless they think it's death for a man to tackle us.*"

Robbins rubbed his hands harder; he bit his lip. A little space of silence fell between them. Off to the south, where the little town was set like an island in the darkening prairie, the lights began to twinkle; they were yellow and scattered. Even at that distance one could tell that they burned few to the house.

"I kinder wish," said Robbins, "that he came from another town."

"What's the difference about the town?"

"Oh, none, I guess. But that town, it's in Iowa, and it sent the best things we've ever had. One woman put in a lot of jams and jellies and tea—such tea! My wife was sick then, and I didn't know but I'd lose her. I gave her some of that tea and some jam, and she began to pick up from that day. It was a quince jam, and made her think of home, she said. Her father was a Connetticut man, and they had an orchard with quince trees in it—I remember—" He did not finish the sentence, but he sighed as he absently ran his eye over the gaps in the harness mended with rope.

"I bet *he* didn't have nothing to do with that box," said Orr; "most like, the people sent us that were poor folks themselves, and had to pinch to make up for the things they sent us. 'Tain't the rich people are sorriest for poor folks. This young Wallace—his father's the owner of a big paper and rich besides, and he's got this boy in training for editor; and when that first duck couldn't do nothing out here, the old man said he'd buy in, and the young one thought it a mighty smart thing to do to come over here and turn a lot of half-starved women and children out in winter. What's *he* care? What do any of these rich folks care?"

"I don't think you're fair, Wesley," said Robbins. "All the rich folks aren't mean. I know more about them than you." He spoke with a dawning of pride in his tone, which deepened a little.

"Yes, I know you used to belong to them," said Orr, "and I guess you were decent to the poor. But you'll admit you didn't have no notion how it cuts to work every muscle in you and to lay awake thinking yourself half crazy to puzzle out better ways to make money and yet to feel every year you're a-sinking deeper in the slough! I've worked five years here, and 'cepting the first year, every single year has piled interest on mortgage. Every year we've had less clothes to wear and poorer stuff to eat, and it's been mend instead of buy, and we've had more debts and more worries every year. I tell you, Mr. Robbins, I thought it would *kill* me, once, to come on the county. I'd 'a' said I'd starve first; but you can't see your wife and children starve. I went in last winter, and asked for relief. I'd that old hound dog of mine with me; you knowed him. He'd been a good dog. He come with us when we come here, running under the wagon. All the children had played with him. I took him into town, and I asked every one I knowed would he have that dog for a gift; I showed off all his tricks, feeling like I was dirty mean deceiving him, for I done it so somebody would be willing to take him home and feed him and take care of him, for it's God's truth I hadn't enough for him and the children too. But nobody wanted him; he was pretty old, and he wasn't never handsome. And one store I was in, as I went out I heard a bummer that was trying to sell goods say, 'I saw that feller at the Relief, but I notice he's able to keep a dog. Let's the children go hungry ruther'n the dog, I guess.' I kinder turned on him, then I turned back again, and I whistled to Sport, and I looked at him and saw how his ribs showed and his eyes was kinder sunk. He wagged his tail and yelped like he used to, seeing me look at him; and then I went straight to that drug-store Billy used to keep—Billy Harvey. He moved away last year; he was a good friend of mine. I said to him, 'Billy, you got something that would kill a dog in a flash, so he'd never suffer or know what hurt him?' And Billy—he understood, and he said he had. 'You jest put it on his tongue and he'd never know what killed him.' Billy was sorry for me. He gave it to me for nothing, and he gave me some bones and corn-bread and milk; so Sport had a good dinner. And he come right up to me and looked me in the eyes, wagging his tail. His eyes was kinder dim, but they was just as loving as ever. And he was wagging his tail when he dropped. Then I went home, and the children asked me where was Sport, and little Peggy cried—oh, Lord!"

"It was awful hard on you, Wesley," said Robbins, gently.

"I suppose it wasn't nothing to what

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some men have suffered. There was poor Tommy Walker, give up his farm when it was foreclosed—thought he had to—and went off tramping to Kansas City, and after he'd tramped a week there, looking for a job, give it up and jumped into the river. And you know how old man Osgood killed himself, honest a old man as ever lived; always kept his machines under cover, too; *he* couldn't stand it. They found it harder—and lots more, too; but I've found it hard enough. And I know I'd shoot that sneaking, sneering young Shylock, and not mind it near so much as I minded killing poor Sport."

"I don't know but we'd all better quit," said the younger man, with a sigh. "This isn't a living country. Three years of drought would break any country up. It's not meant to live in. We had a fair crop this year, but it's so low; and freights, though they're lower, are pretty high. I don't see any way out of it. And I declare I think if we run this young fellow off we'll only get a bad name for the place."

"I don't care for bad names," said the other sullenly. "I got a wife and three children; I was foreclosed a year ago—so's you, so's a lot of the boys; we're at the end of our string now—legally. So what did we say? We said we didn't care, was it legal or illegal; that laws was made to skin the poor man; and we elected a sheriff we could depend on not to enforce the laws, and we druv off the bloodsuckers they sent out here. They say one feller was killed. I don't know. Guess that's one of Doc Russell's stories. The boys talk a lot about the cause of all this here trouble, and how we're going to have a revolution, and how refferendum and initiendum will help, and how free silver will help—I guess, myself, a little more rain three years ago when corn was up would have helped more'n anything—and they talk how they're fighting the battles of the poor man, and the Eastern bloodsuckers has ruined us, and the Shylocks are devouring us, and they holler the roof off. I listen to 'em, but I don't believe 'em any more than you do."

"But," interrupted the other man eagerly, "I voted with the people's party—"

"Of course you did. We was going to be unanimous, and you dass'n't stand out; but you didn't believe in it. Me neither. I ain't making any pretense, but I'll tell you it's jest here—I'm down to bedrock. If I let my farm be took away and my stock, what's going to become of my wife and children? You can call it stealing, or resisting the law, or anything you please, but I'll kill that feller before I'll let him turn me out."

"Don't you think we can scare him off? Killing's a nasty word."

"My father was with John Brown; he helped kill a man. He never lost no sleep about it; I sha'n't neither. Look here, Mr. Robbins, I got lots of time to think winters—lots. Remorse and all them fine feelings you read of, they don't belong to folks that are way down in the dirt. You got to have something to eat and to wear, and not have your stomach sassing you, and you half froze most of the time; when your body is in sech a fix it's keeping your mind so full there ain't any show for any other feelings. And look a' here, there's worse"—his voice sank. "Why, you git to that pass you ain't able to feel for your own wife and babies. When this morning Peggy kept hushing the baby, and she was fretting and moaning, and Peggy says to me, couldn't I git a little crackers in town; maybe the baby could eat them? I didn't feel nothing 'cept a numb aching. I kept saying, 'I'd 'a' felt that, once!' But I didn't feel it now. And, all of a sudden, it come to me 'twas because I was gitting *past* feeling—like you do when you're froze, jest before you die. I read a story once, when I was a little shaver, that kept me awake nights many a time. It was about a Russian nobleman out sleigh-riding with his children, three of 'em, on one of them steppies; and the wolves chased them. The father had a pistol, and he would shoot one of the wolves, and then the cowardly cusses would stop to tear the wounded critter to pieces and eat him, giving the folks in the sleigh a little more time; but every time the distance between the wolves and them when they stopped was a little smaller; but they were getting closer to the town, and they could see the lights. So the father, he kept on shooting, until the wolves were jumping up and grabbing at the sleigh, and the last time he shot a wolf he used up his last cartridge; then, when they come after him again and the lights were nearer, and he knew if he could stop 'em once more he could escape, he—he throwed out one of the children; because it was this way: if he jumped out himself the children were so little they couldn't drive, and they'd be tipped up, and all three of them lost, so he throwed out the child he loved the best, and they got to town safely; but he went raving crazy. Well, I thought of him,

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and I said, if baby died there'd be the more chance for the others—"

"Look here, Wesley," his companion interrupted, "*quit it!* You're getting light-headed. Get rid of such fool thoughts as those or you'll be going off to the insane asylum; and mighty little use your family will have of you *there!*"

Orr gave him no answer. Robbins watched his impassive face and frowned.

"He's not bad-hearted, but he's desperate. You can't appeal to a desperate man," he thought, "and the other boys are the same way. There'll be wild work there to-night, unless that young fool has the papers with him and will give them up. You're a fool, George Robbins, to mix yourself up in it on the chance of getting a few dollars from a Kansas City paper for a telegram!"

Silently the two men looked at the nearing lights, while the wagon creaked and swayed and rattled over the road.

"We got to save the lantern to go home by," Orr remarked at last, "else I'd light up; they ain't got any more lights on the streets. But I guess we can see."

There were enough lights in the windows to reveal the wide untidiness of the street, the black, boarded windows of the empty shops, the gaps in the sidewalk, the haggard gardens, where savage winds had blown the heart out of deserted rose-trees and geraniums. In general the sky-line was low and the roofs the simplest peaks; but it was broken in a few places by three and four storied brick buildings of the florid pomp on which a raw Western town loves to lavish its money. Now they loomed, dark and silent, landmarks of vanished ambition. Robbins, who was a man of parts and education, with a fanciful turn, felt the air of defeat and desolation hanging over the town choke him like miasma. To him the dreariness was the more poignant for the half a dozen little shops that still flickered their challenge to fate in the guise of a dim coal-oil lamp in the window. There appeared to be no customers at these dismal marts; in some cases not even the shopkeeper was visible, and only the stove in the rear of the room kept a lonesome red eye on the shelves. The sole sparks of life in the place were at the hotel. It had been built "during the boom"—a large rectangle of wood with a cheap and gaudy piazza, all painted four shades of green, which the climate had burned and blistered and bleached into one sickly, mottled brown. Long ago the stables of the hostelry had been abandoned, but this night the stable yard was full of wagons.

The upper story of the hotel was dark, and the greater part of the lower story; but the kitchen was bright, and yellow light leaked through every chink and crack of the office blinds.

"Boys have turned out well, I guess," said Robbins.

"They *better* turn out!" said Orr.

No word was spoken by either while they unhitched the horses, led them within the sheds, and tied them among the sorry company already housed. Robbins noted that after Orr had laid the blanket which had served them for robe on one thin back, he flung his own quilt over the other. Then they stumbled (for they were unwieldy with cold) through the yard to the hotel.

The office was full of men, gathered about the stove, talking to each other. The innkeeper sat behind his counter, affecting to busy himself with a blotted ledger. Originally he had been a stout man, but he had lost flesh of late years. He was wrinkled and flabby, and the furtive eyeshots that he cast towards the stove were anxious beyond his concealing. Any one, however, could perceive that matters of heavy import were discussed. The miserably clad men about the stove all looked sullen. There was none of the easy-going badinage so habitual with Westerners. They exchanged glances rather than words; what words were spoken were uttered in low tones.

"Where is he?" said Orr, in the same undertone, to a large man in a buffalo coat. The large man was the sheriff of the county. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the dining-room.

"What's he like?"

"Little feller with a game leg."

Orr frowned. Robbins felt uncomfortable. A gaunt man on the outskirts of the circle added: "He's powerful slick, though; you can bet your life. That girl Susy is all won over already; and she's suspecting something, sure's shooting. I guess she's warned him there's something in the air."

"Well, if there is, I don't know it," said the sheriff.

"You never *will* know anything about it, either," a gray-haired man added.

"That's right, Kinney," two or three spoke at once. But immediately a silence fell on them. Robbins, who felt himself an outsider, could see that the others drew closer together. Once or twice he caught sinister murmurs. He began to wish that he had not come.

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"It would be no earthly use for me to chip in and try to soften them," he thought. "They're crazy with defeat and misery and the fool stuff campaign orators have crammed down their throats."

Just then the dining-room door opened, and Robbins was the only one of the group to turn his head. The other men gazed at the fire, and the heavy silence grew heavier.

The man who came out of the room was young, slight of figure, and he limped a little. Nevertheless, there was nothing of dejection in his bearing or his face. He was freckled to a degree, smooth-shaven, and his teeth were beautiful. He had fine eyes also, a deep blue, flashing like steel as they moved from one object to another. The eyes were keen, alert, and determined; but being set rather wide apart under his light brows, they gave the face a candid, almost artless, look, and when he smiled the deep dimple in his cheek made it as merry as a child's.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he cheerfully.

No one responded. Robbins made a gurgle in his throat, which the newcomer accepted for salutation, promptly approaching the fire at Robbins's elbow.

"Cold weather," said he. Two or three of the company lifted their heads and eyed the speaker. Robbins wondered were they as keenly conscious as he of the young fellow's trimly fitted clothes, what good quality that rough plaided brown stuff was, how dainty was his linen. He looked at the home people's ragged coats, he thought of the poverty that he knew, and the reflection of their sneer was on his own lips, and, somehow, a lump in his throat.

"Too cold weather for folks to travel unless they're wanted bad!" said the gray-haired man on the edge of the company. There was a thrill of some strong feeling in his deep voice.

"It does seem that way," agreed the young man with undiminished vivacity. "I am glad to get to a shelter. By the way, I hear this is a dry town. Will some of you gentlemen have something with me?" He had pulled out a flask and was flashing his brilliant smile at Robbins.

"No, thank you, I don't drink," said Robbins; but he felt his throat itching at the sight.

"We'll drink your liker after we've finished our business with you," the gray man struck in. He was old Captain Sparks, who had been very bitter since his eldest son went crazy with overwork and sunstroke and killed himself. The other men laughed. They looked at each other; they looked with goading hate in their dull eyes at the stranger; and they laughed.

"Here, Johnny," said the young man, taking no notice, "run up to twenty-five and fetch me the bag there, the black one. If we are to drink to our business, I want you all to join. You are all interested, I take it. Get some glasses while you are about it."

The boy whom he addressed, the landlord's son, a lad of twelve, had been busy staring at the stranger ever since he entered the room. He ran away, but as he ran could not restrain himself from flinging one or two glances back over his shoulder.

"Don't you smoke, either?" said the stranger to Robbins, his hand at his breast pocket.

"Only a pipe," answered Robbins. He wished that he didn't feel an absurd, morbid sympathy for the poor fool's pluck sneaking into his consciousness.

"What are we waiting for?" The captain whispered it to a mild-eyed, short-bearded man next him; but the captain's whisper carried far. "Aw, give him rope!" suggested the mild-eyed man; "maybe he ain't so sandy's he seems."

Not seeming to recognize any chill in his reception, the young stranger approached the stove. No one moved to admit him to the inner circle; this, also, he did not seem to observe. "This whole country looks as if you had been having hard times," he continued. His voice had full, rich, magnetic notes, but its unfamiliar intonations jarred on his hearers; they knew them to belong to the East, and they hated the East. "It's pretty sad to ride through miles and miles of farming country and see the burned fence-posts that caught fire from the cinders, just lying where they fell, and the smoke not coming out of one farm-house chimney in six. It looks as if the farmers out this way had simply given up the fight."

"You've hit it," said the mild-eyed man; "they have. Some of them have moved away, and some of them have killed themselves, after they've lost their stock on chattel mortgages and lost their land to the improvement company. There ought to be lots of ghosts on those abandoned farms and in those houses where the fences are down. This country is full of ghosts. We ain't much better than ghosts ourselves."

"It was the three dry years, I suppose."

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"That and the mortgage sharks and the Shylocks from the East," old Captain Sparks interrupted in a venomous tone; "what pickings the drought left they got."

"Pretty rough!" said the stranger, declining the combat again. "There's one man I want to meet here; his name is Russell—Dr. Russell."

The mild-eyed man explained that his name was Russell; the other men looked puzzled and suspicious. "What's his little game?" whispered the captain. "It won't go, whatever it is," said the man next him. Robbins heard question and answer distinctly; but the young fellow near him did not wince. "Are you the one that wrote to Fairport, Dr. Russell? I guess you must be."

"Yes, I wrote to Fairport," said Russell.

"Well, I hope you liked the barrel we sent and the boxes. They were going to send them to another place, but your letter decided us. That's my church, you know, which sent them. And, for that matter, it was your letter first turned my father's attention to investing in your part of the country. Oh, tell me, where did that tea go? My mother *would* send her best London mixture—"

"Was it your mother?" Robbins spoke. With a red face and a flash of his eyes at the sullen group about him, he withdrew his chair, making a clear passage to the stove. "I'd like to thank her, then, and her son for her; that tea and the quince jam—whose was the quince jam?"

"I rather think my mother put that in, too."

"Well, it almost cured my wife; it was better than medicine, that and the tea, for, not to mention that we couldn't get any medicine, it put heart into her as medicine couldn't. I wonder was it your mother, or who was it put in that volume of college songs? *I* got that. You wouldn't think it, but I'm a university man—Harvard—"

The young fellow caught his hand and gripped it hard. "Harvard? So am I—Martin Wallace, '92."

"My name is George Robbins, and I'm a good deal farther back; and, as you can see, I'm down on my luck. But there's no need going into my hard-luck story; it's like a lot of our stories here. You see where we are—hardly shoes to our feet; not because we have been shiftless or idle, or have wronged anybody; yet the cutthroats and thieves in the penitentiary have had better fare and suffered less with cold and hunger than we have. And it's not that we are fools, either; we're not uneducated. There are at least three other college men in our community; there's Doc Russell—"

"I *am*," drawled Russell; "much good it's done me; but I won honors at the University of Iowa."

"I didn't win any honors, but I went to the State University—was graduated there before I went to Harvard. But—you aren't Teddy Russell, Teddy Russell of the Glee Club and the football eleven?"

"Yes, I am Teddy Russell."

"E. D. Russell, of course; why didn't I guess? You were there two years before me, but I daresay they are talking of you still; and the way you won a touchdown with a broken rib on you, and the time all the rest of the Glee Club missed the train at Fairport, going to Lone Tree, and you went on with the banjoes and were the whole thing for three-quarters of an hour! Well, I'm glad to meet you, Doctor. Let us have a good song or two together after business."

Russell unconsciously felt for the cravat which was not round his soiled and frayed collar; he buttoned his wreck of a frock coat. "Yes, we will," he began, but his voice stuck in his throat as the captain's rough grasp gripped his arm.

"I guess not," said the captain; "business first, young feller!"

Russell shook off the hand, muttering something too low for Robbins's ear; but Robbins sidled nearer to him, so near that he was able to exchange a single glance and to see Russell's lips form the words, "Watch Orr!" They understood each other.

"Weren't you from Ann Arbor yourself, Captain?" said Robbins, grabbing at any straw of peace.

"I've been too poor ever since the war to remember whether I ever had a college education or not," retorted the captain with a sneer. "I belong to the people now; their cause is my cause. Where do *you* belong? We've tended your folks when you were sick, and helped you lay by your crops, and driven the mortgage sharks off your stuff. Say, what are you doing now? Are you monkeying round to turn traitor or coward, or what's the matter?"

"We're all right, Captain," answered Russell, the Western burr on his tongue as soft and leisurely as ever, and no hint of excitement in his manner; "but I see no

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harm in letting Mr. Wallace answer our questions before we fly off the handle." So saying, before the captain realized his purpose he edged through the crowd to Wallace's side. Robbins followed him; and the eyes of all the others turned to the three, menacing and eager.

"All I ask is to answer questions and to make my proposition to you," said Wallace, his fearless young eyes running round the circle. "If you don't like it you can refuse and send me home—to make other arrangements."

"No, we ain't going to send you home," said Orr. It was the first time that he had spoken. Wallace flashed a keen glance at him and spoke his next words directly to him. "But I'm sure you won't want to do it. You see, I'm your last chance, and you *have* to examine it!"

They had not expected such an answer. A little vibration ran like a wave over the gaunt, ferociously attentive faces. Wallace's eyes were fixed on Orr's face, which did not change. Orr's hand was in the breast of his ragged waistcoat.

"You people have certainly had the devil's own time, and through no fault of yours, unless it's a fault that you aren't quitters!"

"That's right," said Robbins. Orr's eyes narrowed a little. Wallace continued, not taking his own eyes off the farmer's:

"This country is all right when there's a good year, but the good years come so seldom! What you fellows need down here is not free silver, but free water. With plenty of water you can raise big crops; and down in this valley there is not the danger, if we dig ditches, of the river running dry; we can get—"

"And who'll pay for irrigation?" a voice demanded. Wallace did not shift his gaze to the speaker; he talked to Orr as if Orr were the only man in the room: "We expect to furnish the money."

"And what will happen till the ditches are digged?"

"There's alfalfa to be raised on all these abandoned fields."

"And what's to become of *us?*" said Orr. "I can see where you folks can git a holt and come out even; but what's going to become of us? Are we to move off the earth and let you stay here?"

Every one listened for Wallace's answer. Even the boy in the doorway, returning with Wallace's bag, stood half scared at the foot of the stairs, not daring to go forward.

"Why not stay and take pot luck with us?" said Wallace, coolly. "We bought the mortgages cheap, and we'll sell them cheap. We'll sell water rights cheap also. And you will make better colonists than any we could import—cheaper, too. It's for our interests as well as yours to make a deal with you, and to make one that will be satisfactory. Isn't it?"

Orr's hand dropped to his side, he shuffled his feet, his eyes turned from Wallace to seek the captain. "I hadn't figured it out you was going to make any such proposition," said the captain.

"Perhaps you thought we intended to chuck you all out in the cold and hog everything. We are neither such pigs nor such fools. You fellows can help us more than anybody else. Here is Johnny. Now, let's come to business; but first, Johnny, get some glasses. We'll all drink to the new deal."

And afterwards they told with chuckles how even the captain, who was an original Prohibitionist before he became a Populist, touched his lips to the glass that was passed over the big map.

"All you folks here need is *hope*," said the cheerful young Iowan; "you have plenty of pluck and plenty of sense, and oodles of experience; and we stand ready to put in the capital. Now, what do you say; does it go?"

After an hour of talk over the maps, he repeated the question, and the captain himself led the chorus, "It goes. We'll all stand by you!"

The blizzard had not come, and the moon was shining when George Robbins and Wesley Orr drove home from town. A basket was carefully held on Orr's knees. Robbins was caroling the chorus to "Johnny Harvard" and wishing a health to him and his true love at the top of a hoarse and husky voice. Orr looked solemnly ahead into the little wavering disk of radiance that their lantern cast. Once he shivered violently, but he was not cold. Suddenly he spoke. There was a quiver in his face and his voice, but all he said was: "Say, he was dead right. We was so desperate we was crazy. Hope, that was what we needed, and he give it to us; but how some fellers would have messed that job, getting round to that same proposal we all wanted to hug him for! And—I'm glad he didn't. I'm almighty glad we didn't git a chance to do what we set out to do. He was slick. Say, what is it they call them newspaper boys? Spellbinders? That's him—a first-class, A-number-one spellbinder!"

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# THE MEN IN THE RANKS.

## FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

By Major Philip Douglas.

WHAT sort of chaps enlisted? Well, I can speak only of the West. There a very large part were farmers' sons, boys of from twenty to twenty-five years of age; sound, healthy, docile, used to outdoor life and plain fare, and lacking only a quick understanding of distinctions of rank, and, in their earlier service, the power of dispensing with regular sleep.

The city-bred boy, used to theatres and other sleep-robbing amusements, could keep awake on guard or on picket duty without trouble. The country boy had to acquire this power painfully. As to rank, the farmer's son put on no airs and allowed none. So at first his officers, his own playmates perhaps, elected by the recruits themselves, appeared to his view as differing from himself chiefly in the matter of shoulder-straps and chevrons, and in getting more pay. Why he should salute and call by a title a friend who had hitherto been "Jim" or "Bill" to him, did not at first discover itself. The officers were at first quite as awkward in these matters as the men, disliking "to put on airs" with their boyhood friends, and hating caste as much as did the soldiers they commanded.

I remember the startled, disgusted look of a young regular officer riding with the new colonel of a new infantry regiment, on hearing a voice from the ranks call out to the colonel, "Say, John, what's the news from home?" These things were not intentional disrespect; they were natural, and hardly blamable. Of course campaigning soon corrected the more glaring of such faults, for the men required no course of lectures, after actual work began, to teach them the value and the necessity of organization.

In this I claim the volunteer from our Western States as peerless: his wonderful adaptability, his straightforward, practical sense. These made him a trustworthy and efficient soldier while a foreigner would be learning his facings. Young fellows who had never seen even a militia company became, with a few months of field service, efficient company commanders, sure to do the proper thing even under the most adverse circumstances. Clerks from country stores were in the same time developed into active, skilful quartermasters and commissaries, while young family physicians became surgeons of marked capacity. They were very patriotic; but hatred of the foe seemed to come in only later, after this comrade had been killed and the other one crippled, or, harder still, captured.

Many lads enlisted younger than the ages prescribed. General Rosecrans had a boy of thirteen made a sergeant on the battlefield of Chickamauga for conspicuous bravery, and the first Kentucky (Union) had a scarred veteran of a captain promoted at seventeen for good soldiership. But as a general thing the immature recruit broke down and went home invalided. When he escaped this, he became a thing of whipcord and tempered steel.

Likewise men came into the ranks who were past the age of useful service. A man of fifty, or even of forty, however strong and healthy, was very apt to find lacking a certain resiliency, without which full value as a private soldier is not to be had.

The Mexican War veterans were at first in great demand; but apart from their methods being largely obsolete, they were generally past the military prime. The Mexican War had ended fourteen years before the Civil War broke out, and its veterans were nearly middle-aged men at least. These Mexican veterans were great terrors to us youngsters. Aggravating airs of experience were added to an unconcealed contempt for men who had never seen Taylor and Scott, and who didn't even know such names as "Paller Alter" and "Bewner Vister," to say nothing of "Cherrybusker" and "Chipulterpeck."

The West Pointers we did not so much mind. We felt that we needed them as generals, and we had the deepest respect for their fighting qualities; but we secretly sneered at them for being so finikin over

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what we saw as trifles, and we were right in believing early in the struggle that they had a good deal to learn as well as ourselves. Most of them had been fighting Indians, and instinct told us that fighting Confederates was another contract.

The ideal soldier was perhaps a twenty-two or twenty-three year old Ohio or Indiana boy, fresh from the farm, and with a good cross-roads school education. Some latitude may be given as to years and States—say two or three preferably added, and to the Northwest. Such boys had no vices, and very rarely had bad habits. They loved their mothers, and were a little afraid of the "old man." As for physical courage, no class of men, in our country, at least, can be labelled one way or the other. Most men fight if incited by their passions or ordered by proper authority. A few, very few, love it, and a good many hate it; but if it has to be done, a man's preferences don't cut much of a figure. My own observation, when serving with a small, semi-independent command, made me select for exceptionally dangerous work those men who paled a little at first and then steadied themselves. Such men had sense enough to measure the danger and to avoid adding unnecessary risks, and yet had force enough to do their duty. The reckless dare-devil compelled admiration, but the steady fellow, who kept duty before him in spite of realizing the danger, commanded confidence.

An example of the former, one of many every old volunteer can cite, was the private soldier in the trenches at Vicksburg, ragged and dirty, and in no sense looking like a hero, who, rising up from a pitiful little fire on which his blackened tin cup of coffee was heating, found himself face to face with a party of officers of high rank, who had just come around an angle of the works, as a hissing grenade fell at their and his feet. Among these officers were men whose names are synonyms for bravery, but they stood transfixed when that ragged hero picked up the shell, and blowing on the fuse to make sure of its being in working order, threw it back over the breastworks, yelling to the Confederates, "Keep it yerselves; we don't want it," and turned to his coffee as the thing exploded, just out of reach, with a force that a moment sooner would have blown them all to atoms.

Another case will illustrate the valor of a man through a sense of duty. He was a lieutenant in an Ohio regiment in its first battle. The command was lying down, sheltered by a depression in front of which was an open field with a Confederate earthwork a couple of hundred yards ahead. Over this open place rifle-balls were singing and fine stuff from the field-pieces was whistling. The colonel of the regiment, returning from his brigadier in the rear, was on the point of going out to view the ground over which the regiment was to charge presently. In answer to a lieutenant's question, he said he had to know whether a ravine on the left extended up into the ground in front. The lieutenant pulled him down gently to where all were crouching, and said calmly, "Let me go. There's only one colonel to the regiment, but there's a lot of us lieutenants." Five minutes later, as he bandaged a badly shattered leg he had dragged back, he described the ground accurately to the colonel. This done, without a word of comment he started back to the rear to get his leg "fixed by the doctor."

Occasionally a regiment got an exceptionally good name, but rarely did one get a bad reputation for want of steadiness under fire. At one of the earlier engagements of the war, in western Virginia, a green Indiana regiment was taunted by the Confederates from their breastworks with the cry of "Buena Vista!" There was a story current that a regiment from Indiana had flinched at the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico. The taunt cost the Confederates dearly, for within a few minutes the Indianians proved beyond doubt that any question as to their willingness to fight at close quarters was a matter of past history.

In the long run the higher principled men made the higher mark. One thing which raised the tone of the whole army was the chance for promotion. Death, resignations, and promotions out of the regiment made plenty of vacancies, and every ambitious young fellow knew that his promotion depended more on himself than on any one else. One gallant young fellow of twenty-six years fell in North Georgia in 1863 as colonel of his regiment, having filled every grade from private soldier upwards, not omitting those of sergeant-major and adjutant. He had been a minor clerk in a provision store in his native town when the war broke out. Until after the first year of the war brigadier-generals were the least qualified for their posts of all who wore buttons. But later on, when they were made by promotion instead of political preferment, all this was changed for the better.

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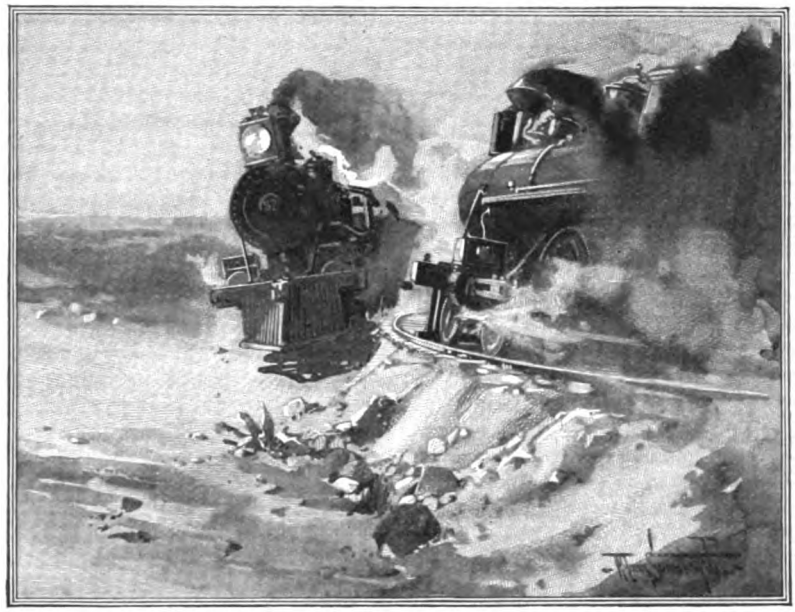

"OFF THE TRACK AND NEARLY OFF THE RIGHT OF WAY."

# TRUE RAILROAD STORIES.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

## THE GENERAL MANAGER AND THE GHOST TRAIN.

WHEN the Rio Grande Western was a narrow-gauge road, it was very crooked. Even in the Utah desert there were many curves among the sand hills that have been piled up during the past few thousand years. A locomotive—one of a type known as "sewing-machines," because all their machinery was in sight—was trying to make a spur for the general manager's special, against which she had a time order. The time was growing alarmingly short, and the driver of the light engine knew that the man on the special, with the G. M. behind him, would be crowding the limit. As the little machine rocked round the corners, screaming at every curve, the engineer and fireman kept a sharp lookout ahead, at the same time counting the minutes and reckoning the miles that still lay between them and the spur.

Down the desert one of the swiftest engines on the road was trembling away toward the "sewing-machine," and at the end of each minute the two locomotives were a mile and a half nearer each other.

To be allowed to "pull" the general manager is an honor earnestly striven for by engineers, and when once obtained it is carefully guarded. Whatever record a man makes at the head of such a train is sure to count for or against him, since he is then directly under the eye of the management. The chances are always in favor of a good run, for the train despatcher, with his own reputation at stake, can be depended upon to keep the track clear. He will hold a passenger train ten minutes rather than hold the special five. Another point in favor of the special engineer is the fact that he is due at no particular point at any specified time, and having no time-card to hold him down he may regulate the speed of the train to suit himself. He is always an experienced runner who knows the road—knows every low joint and high centre, every curve and sag, on his division—consequently the officers put no limit upon the speed of the train, but

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leave it all to the good judgment of the engineer. It was a clear, dry day in the early autumn, the very best time of year for a fast run, and "Old Sam" had been gaging his speed for fifty miles back so as to hit Coyote spur on the dot and break the record for fast running on the Alkali division.

By the rules of the road five minutes are allowed for the variation of watches, but the rule is not always wholly respected; and as the man on the special was known to be a daring driver, the "sewing-machine" crew saw that they were in a close place long before the smoke of the approaching locomotive was seen. Now they had barely five minutes left, and nothing for the variation, and the coveted siding four miles away. If the opposing train failed to respect the five-minute rule she might, at that moment, be passing the spur. At last there remained but a single mile, and only a minute to do it in. The throttle was wide open, and the little engine was rolling so that the bell rang continually. The fireman had put in his last fire, and was now straining his eyes to catch the smoke of the special. The engineer, with his left hand on the whistle rope, clung to the side of the cab to keep from being thrown out on the right of way.

The wheels under the "sewing-machine" were so small that the best she could do was forty-five miles, and now when she came down to the very last second there was still a quarter of a mile between her and the meeting-point. But at that moment the flying wheels of the special engine crashed over the switch and shut her out. The little "sewing-machine," hid among the sand hills, was straining every nerve to reach the passing-point, at which she was already overdue. The man on the special was just beginning to feel sure of his position when he rounded a curve and saw the light engine emerging from a shallow cut. Of course he shut off, and tried to lessen the force of the collision; but to stop was out of the question.

The fireman on the light engine saw the special and warned his companion, for they were curving to the left and the driver could not see. Thus the four men knew that nothing short of a miracle could prevent a dreadful collision and that in a few seconds' time they would all be piled up in a heap. Both drivers had called to their firemen to jump, and the firemen had turned to their windows. The special engineer was in the act of reversing, that he might take the good opinion of the manager with him. The other engineer only shoved the throttle lever in, braced himself, and awaited the shock.

A man who has never lived up his last moment on earth and survived to tell about it afterwards, can never know how much business one can transact, in his mind, during that moment in which he waits and listens for the swish of the scythe. But one does not always review his past life at such a moment; often he wastes time thinking upon a mere trifle. Ex-Representative in Congress Lafe Pence was in a wreck the next day after his election, and, although he had been a Democrat and had become a Populist, he gave no thought to the past nor the future, but said to himself, as the sleeper plunged down an embankment, "Now what in the world was I elected for?"

The driver of the special engine had a boy, and this boy had climbed up on a picket fence to kiss his father good-by that morning at their home in Salt Lake, but he slipped, fell, and hung there, with a fence picket through the seat of his first pair of trousers; and it was all so funny that now, as the engineer recalled the circumstance, he threw back his head and laughed as heartily as he had ever laughed in his life. The fireman, casting a farewell glance at his companion, saw him laughing and concluded that the driver, in his last moment, had suddenly become insane; but as he glanced ahead where death was waiting he was not sure that he was sane himself.

The driver, having finished his laugh and still feeling no shock, looked ahead. The track was clear! He unlatched the reverse lever and threw the engine in the forward motion; and the speed of the train, which had been but little checked, carried them away down among the sand hills. The driver looked over at the fireman and asked: "Did you see anything?"

"No," said the fireman. "Did you?" And the driver said no, tried his water and opened the throttle, and the engine whirled away, while the fireman returned to his place at the furnace door.

The two men scarcely glanced at each other again until they stopped for water at Green River, but each in his own mind was recalling all the wild tales of "ghost" trains he had ever heard. Each was firm in the belief that he had seen a "ghost," but he would never tell it—not for his job.

The officers in the special train felt the resistance of the engine when the engineer shut off and reversed, and the general

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manager, turning to the superintendent, asked, with a show of surprise: "When did you put in that siding?"

"What? Back there? That's Coyote spur, and it has been there for six months," was the reply.

"I know very well," said the manager, "where Coyote spur is, for we waited there for fifteen minutes for No. 8 going down the other day; but we just passed a siding on the north."

The superintendent was inclined to be funny; but the colonel, stroking his long gray Peffers, remarked that he had seen a locomotive standing at the point mentioned, and "as trains are not in the habit of meeting and passing between stations, I take it that there must be a siding there." There was just a twinkle of mirth in the colonel's eyes, which, despite the finger marks left about them by the touch of time, are still bright with the sparkle of youth; but the superintendent was utterly unable to understand the general manager.

There was silence for a little while, but the general manager was by no means satisfied. He pressed the button, and when the black porter came in he asked: "Did you see an engine on a siding back a ways, George?"

"No, sah, I haven't saw no engine; d'ain't no sidin' 'cept Ci-ote spur, an' dat wus clear."

"Send the conductor to me," said the officer, and when the conductor came in the manager asked to be allowed to look at the running orders.

"Run special to Grand Junction, avoiding all regular trains. Extra engine 57 has until five fifty-five (5.55) to make Coyote spur against you."

"What time did you pass the spur?" demanded the colonel.

"Precisely at 5.55," said the conductor, now somewhat alarmed at the manager's air.

"Is there a siding between here and Coyote?" asked the colonel, and the superintendent, being at a loss to make out what the manager was driving at, started to leave the car, but his superior officer called him back.

"There is not," was the conductor's reply.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "there was not when we went down; but there is now, for I saw a locomotive standing there."

The conductor laughed as the superintendent had done, but the colonel offered to risk a case of champagne that he had seen no "ghost" train, and the superintendent took the bet as the easiest way of settling an argument which was about to become embarrassing.

When the special reached Green River the party went into the eating-house, where supper had been ordered, and, as was his habit, the colonel sat at the same table with the train and engine crew.

"What did you shut off for just this side of Coyote spur, Sam?" asked the colonel, looking the engineer in the eye, and instantly the eyes of the whole party were upon the driver's dusky face. He was speechless. Not that the circumstance had escaped his mind, for, as a matter of fact, he had thought of little else; but he knew not how to answer.

"Did you think that engine was on the main line?" asked the general manager, noticing the embarrassment of the engine crew.

"What engine?" asked the engineer, trying to look and speak natural.

"There was only one engine there besides your own," was the colonel's response. "Will you be good enough to answer my question?"

"Well," thought the driver, "if I've got 'em the G. M.'s got 'em," and he answered: "I did think she was on the main stem."

"What did you think, Harry?" asked the superintendent of the fireman, who was staring at the engineer. The fireman only closed his eyes and shook his head slowly as though he considered them all crazy, and his long lashes, dark with coal dust, lay upon his newly washed face like the lashes of a chorus girl.

"Did you see anything on your side?" asked the colonel, who was determined to unlock the lips of the fireman.

"Not a thing," said Harry. "I don't believe in ghosts."

"It will not be necessary for you to make out a 63 [an accident report], but I wish you would tell me what you saw and how it affected you," said the general manager, addressing the engineer.

"May I ask you first if you saw anything, Colonel?" said the driver.

"I saw a locomotive standing on a spur or siding just east of Coyote."

"When I see her first," said Sam, taking courage from the colonel's confession, "she was bang in front of us coming out of a cut like a ball out of a cannon. I saw it was all up with us, but I naturally shut off—mechanically, so to speak. I

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think I hooked her over, but I didn't whistle, open the sand valve, nor set the air—they wa'n't no use—no time—but just then I thought of little Sammie as I saw him last, hangin' on the fence by the seat uv his pants, an' it seemed to me that I never see anything quite so funny, and I laughed that hard that the tears came in my eyes and blinded me. Then the thought came to me that we were a long time coming together; so I looks ahead, an' there wa'n't a thing in sight. I asked Harry if he see anything, an' he lied an' asked if I see anything, an' I lied too, an' opened up the throttle again. That's all I know about it."

There was a noticeable increase in the attention of the company, and Tim Flarrity, the flagman, leaning low toward the table, crossed himself, and ventured the prediction that they would have a head-end collision before they reached the junction. "I never see a ghost train show up yet that didn't mean something," he added, but the burst of laughter that followed closed his circuit, and he said no more.

Now the agent came in with a number of messages for the superintendent, and as the officer read the first of the lot he began to smile.

"Read it out," said the colonel. "Perhaps it will tell us something about the 'ghost.'" The superintendent read:

"Engine 57 is off the track and nearly off the right of way 1,000 yards east of Coyote spur, but still on her feet."

That explained the "ghost" engine. At the instant her engineer shut off steam, the "sewing-machine," just then rounding a sharp curve, jumped the track, lit square on her wheels, and went plowing out over the hard adobe of the desert. She rolled and rocked for a few seconds, and then came to a stop, with the engine-men still standing in the cab. The engine had been working hard, and if the throttle had remained open she might have made the curve all right, but the sudden relaxation of all her tension caused a jar that threw her off her feet. But it was a lucky jar for her crew.

## A RAILROAD DOG.

DOGS know a great many things, and appear to know a great many things which they do not know. The most intelligent dogs I have seen have been railroad dogs, and the best railroad dogs are water spaniels, or shepherd dogs with a dash of bird-dog blood of some sort in their veins. Engineer Yates used to have a big, bony bird dog called "Napoleon," who came, in time, to know the whistle or the bell of the "86" better than did the engineer's best girl.

This locomotive was used only to haul Superintendent Ridgeway's private car, and when the bell sounded as the little engine drew her toy-train up to the telegraph office, Napoleon would go galloping down the hill, over the bridge, and leap into the cab. Taking his place on the fireman's side, he would lean, or rather hang, out of the window, watching for the conductor to come forward with the running orders. The special, although it had its regular engine and engineer, might not have the same conductor twice in six months; so Napoleon could only watch and wait until one of the many employees about the station came to the cab and gave a copy of the train order to the engineer. There might be three or four trains preparing to pull out, but when he had once seen the special conductor the watchful dog never lost sight of him. Any number of men might come from the telegraph office and throw up their hands with a signal to go, and Napoleon would remain motionless. The men used to put up jobs on him. If it was Jack Brown's run, Gurin or Patterson would rush out, cry "All right," and give a signal. Then Dufur would put on Jack Brown's coat and cap, and try to "rush" the dog; but it never did go. By and by the "old man," as the superintendent is always called, would come forth and shout: "What you fellows doing? Get out o' town!"

Then the real conductor would give a signal, and Napoleon would pull in his head, shoot a quick glance at the engineer, take his place close up in the left-hand corner of the cab, and begin to thump the top of the waste box, upon which he was seated, with his front feet. Here he would dance and whine impatiently until the bell sounded and the engineer gave the engine steam.

One evening Yates went out to help a passenger train to the top of the hill and

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return at midnight. He took another locomotive; so Napoleon didn't miss him until he was far away up the mountain. They used to meet at the Monte Cristo every evening for supper—Yates, the dog, and Yates's room-mate; but for some unaccountable reason Napoleon was late upon this occasion, and when he finally came and failed to find his master he cut some of the wildest capers of his life. The room-mate, who, to tell the truth, had no love for dogs nor patience with them, turned Napoleon out. Down to the round-house went the dog as though he had been shot at. He soon found the "86"; but that failed to quiet him. Everywhere through the house and shops he went charging in search of his lost master. About the time the engineer at the room fell asleep Napoleon fell against the door with the force of a head-end collision. The man got up and let him in, swore, and went to sleep again. After beating about the room for a while, the troubled dog crawled under the bed, and fell asleep also.

But he was troubled even in his sleep. At times he would cry out and waken himself, and then he would come forth and nose round the bed to see if Yates had returned. About midnight a locomotive whistle broke the stillness of the valley so suddenly that it awakened both the man and the dog. At the conclusion of the long blast there came two short "toot-toots," and Napoleon made a rush for the door, striking the top of his head a cruel blow against the bed railing. Of course it was not the whistle of the "86," nor one at all like it. But Yates had a touch, an accent, that the dog knew, and which a man or woman could scarcely detect; and now he stood up and beat the door until

"AS YATES PULLED INTO THE YARDS, NAPOLEON WAS BOUNDING ALONG IN THE LIGHT OF THE HEAD-LAMP."

the man got up and let him out; and as Yates pulled into the yards, Napoleon was bounding along in the light of his head-lamp.

When Yates reached his room he was enthusiastic in his praise of the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon; but his room-mate refused to "enthuse." "It may be very funny for you, but I don't care to be kept awake all night. To-morrow," he added, "you'll have to choose between me an' that fool dog."

Yates was silent now, for it was a serious matter. He was fond of his room-mate; but on the following day he chose—he kept the dog.

## A WILD NIGHT AT WOODRIVER.

"KEEP that kid quiet," said Bankers in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," said his wife, trying to hush the little one who was sobbing and moaning in her lap. In the baby's milk-wagon a bitter fight was going on between paregoric and pain, and the latter was dying hard. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car, and made it rock to and fro. "Emma," said Mrs. Bankers to her friend, "take that bottle and hold it between you and a crack in the car, and when it lightens, drop ten drops into the spoon—I suppose we must not strike a light."

"You bet you don't strike any light here unless you are ready to give up your chignon," said Bankers, without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peeping. Emma took the bottle, and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of hush medicine into the spoon, and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That made twenty drops: it was dangerous—but it was sure death to all of them if the baby cried aloud.

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The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed that the car could hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pullman car; just a common red stock car, standing on a siding, with a few armfuls of straw upon the floor. Occasionally Bankers turned to glance at the two women, who were crouching in one end of the car, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car, and stung the faces of those within. Mrs. Bankers had seen three winters at Woodriver, but her friend, a young woman who had come out to western Nebraska to teach school, was in every sense a "tenderfoot," and the experience of this wild night had almost driven her mad.

"There they are," whispered Bankers.

The women put their eyes to a crack, and when a flash came they could see a reef of feathered heads that formed a half-circle around a house, like a feather boa about a woman's neck. Half the band dismounted, and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken, and the red devils swarmed in. One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace to make a torch, and by the light of it the little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room, in search of the occupants. Finding the place deserted, and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians now set fire to the house, and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station, which stood less than a hundred yards away.

The station agent had been warned, as the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, but had bravely refused to leave his post. He had made no light, but sat in one end of the dark little room which served as ticket office, telegraph office, and sleeping-room, and, as the Indians approached, opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous band leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again, and again, and finally fell in a heap to rise no more. With a deafening yell the angry band made a rush for the door, and began to beat against it with tomahawks, clubs, and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of forty-five caliber revolvers, and the lead fairly rattled against the door, and no less than a half-dozen hair-lifters sank to the platform, causing the besiegers to fall back a space. From a distance they began to pour the lead into the building, but the agent, crouching behind the little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fire the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire. Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock or eatable freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck, as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars, and Bankers felt a pain in his short ribs. Laying hold of the side of the car, the Indian began to pull and strain. By the merest chance he had taken hold of the car door, and now, as it opened, he thrust his hideous head inside. Bankers could have blown the top of the head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had already entered upon its final rest. The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station, where the agent, having reloaded all his weapons, kept the gang hopping and dancing about the station platform. The old Sioux at the car door cocked his head and listened. He must have fancied he heard something breathe, for now he put his hands upon the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Bankers's rifle barrel fell across his feathered head, and he dropped like a beef. The young woman uttered a faint scream, and that was the last sound that came from her corner for some time. The Sioux never moved a finger, and Bankers, having removed the warrior's gun and ammunition, gave the gun over to his wife, and then covered the dead Sioux with straw. Already the little frame cottage had burned to the ground, and the rain had nearly quenched the fire. Every attempt made by the band to fire the station had ended in failure, and the Sioux were now preparing to storm the fort. It was hard for Bankers to keep quiet in the car while the agent sold his life so bravely and so dearly to the Sioux; but there were his wife and baby and the helpless schoolmistress, who had been persuaded by the Bankers to come to this wild region, and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Presently he felt the car vibrate perceptibly, as though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station, and that they would set fire to the

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"IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE DRAWING A DOZEN BOX CARS AND RUNNING WITHOUT A HEADLIGHT."

straw, and then there would be no possible escape. Now there was a roar as of an approaching train, and an instant later a great dark object hove in sight and rolled past the car. It was a locomotive drawing a dozen box cars and running without a headlight. The shouts of the besiegers, the rattle of rifles, and the wild cry of the night prevented the Sioux from feeling the vibration, or hearing the sound, of the approaching train.

The agent, who had been severely wounded, now crawled to the key and called Ogallala. At the first attack he had wired for help, and now he told the operator there that he could only hold the place for a little while longer. He was still at the key when the engine, rolling up to the station, shook the building, and he knew the moment he felt the quiver of it that help was at hand. Instantly the doors of the box cars came open, and a company of government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers, leaped to the platform just as the band of Sioux were making their last desperate charge upon the station. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sioux fled they left more than half their number upon the field.

The conductor of the train had ridden all the way on the locomotive, and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage which had been the home of the Bankers had stood. The sight of the house in ashes made him sick at heart; but there was still hope—they might have taken refuge in the station. And facing about, he fought his way to and through the shot-riddled door. The agent lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but he was still alive. "Where are they?" asked the conductor.

"Among the stock cars, if they are still alive," was the reply which came in a faint whisper. "I saw them leaving the house at dusk—go to them—I'm—I'm all right;" and the conductor, having placed the wounded man upon his bed, made for the stock cars.

"Bankers, where are you?" he called; and Bankers answered, only two cars away. Now the conductor lighted his white light and climbed into the car. The brave Mrs. Bankers greeted him with a smile that soon changed to tears, for in the light of the hand-lamp she saw her baby's face, and it looked like the face of a dead child. "Emma," she called excitedly, but there was no answer.

"Is she dead?" cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and holding the light close to his sweetheart's face.

"No," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux;" and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of the car.

"But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers.

"She's all right," said the husband. "Only a little too much paregoric." And so it proved.

And all this is not a dream. It is only a scrap of the history of the early days of the Union Pacific. The brave station

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agent is an old man now, and one of his legs is shorter than the other—the one that was shot that night. The baby, having recovered from her severe tussle with colic and paregoric, is now one of the most charming women in one of our charming Western cities. The conductor of the soldier train is at this writing a general superintendent of a well-known railway. The snows of forty winters have fallen upon his wife's hair; it is almost white; but her face is still young and handsome, and I remember that she blushed, when telling this story to me and recalling the fact that she had fainted in a stock car on that wild night at Woodriver.

# STRANGER THAN FICTION.

## A TRUE SHORT STORY TOLD MAINLY IN A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY GENERAL SHERMAN.

By Ella Fraser Weller.

NO man of high position and a multitude of affairs, it is well known, was ever more approachable than General Sherman. He had a sympathetic ear for almost any appeal that might be made to him. Especially ready was his attention and kindness if the applicant chanced to be a young person, for of young people, young men as well as young women, he was especially fond. He was endowed himself with an ever-youthful heart. "He had to the last," says one of his closest friends, "a buoyancy of spirits that usually belongs only to youth. I never saw him speak to a young person without smiling; and as to his ways toward women, he was a Bayard of the Bayards." Besides sympathy and kindliness, there was in his relations with young people not a little imagination. He entered romantically into their affairs, and strove to promote for them their own kind of pleasure. It pleased him above all things to have them happy, and in order to forward what he divined to be their happiness he would give himself no end of pains. In return, they instinctively recognized him for their friend. To a very unusual degree they confided their troubles to him and sought his counsel and aid. Those, even, who did not personally know him appealed to him as to a benevolent and sympathetic relative.

The instances in illustration of this most charming side of Sherman's character must be very numerous; but they are, naturally, not easy to come at. We have a most interesting and attractive one, however, in the following series of letters, written to a young lady who, while yet a school-girl, scarcely sixteen, through circumstances that need not be recited here, had been led into correspondence with an officer in the regular army whom she had never seen. It was merely a friendly correspondence, not a lover's correspondence; but still it was sufficiently intimate and interesting to make the end which was soon put to it by the young girl's father something of a grief to both parties. The officer wrote to the father, soliciting that approval of the correspondence which he had better have asked earlier; but the father was immovable, and all communication between the young people ceased. A year passed without either having any further word or knowledge of the other. Then, in 1876, occurred the battle with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn River, in Montana, wherein General Custer lost his life; and the officer's gentle-hearted correspondent was filled with anxiety lest he might have been one of the victims of that fatal engagement. Finally her anxiety became so great that, in order if possible to learn the officer's fate, she addressed a letter of inquiry to the Commander of the Army, General Sherman. She signed her letter only with her initials, thinking General Sherman might mistake her for a man, and, in consequence, accord her a prompter answer. He was not deceived; but his answer came promptly enough, and was as follows:

Headquarters Army of the United States.
Washington, D. C., *May* 2, 1879.

Miss ——.

*My dear young lady:* There are *two* "Captains" J.W. —— in the army. First, Captain —— of the Sixth Infantry, stationed at ——, on the upper Missouri River, was on the sixteenth of April ordered before the Retiring Board at Fort

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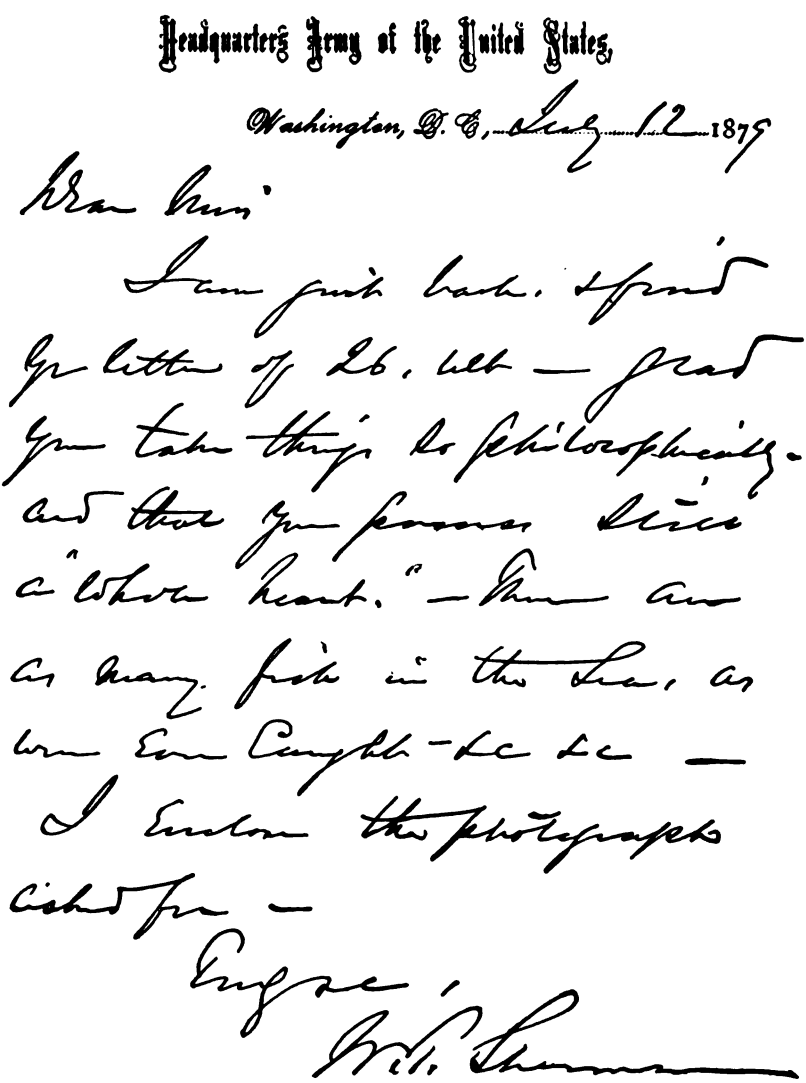

Headquarters Army of the United States,

Washington, D. C., July 12 1875

Dear Sir:

I am just back. Have your letter of 26. ult — glad you take things so philosophically. And that your former love is "elsewhere bent." — There are as many fish in the sea, as ever Ever Caught — &c &c —

I enclose the photographs asked for —

Yours,

W. T. Sherman

FACSIMILE OF ONE OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTERS.

Leavenworth, from which I infer he is in poor health, or made infirm from service. This Captain —— was born in New York, and served in a New York regiment from 1861 to '65, when he was appointed in the regular army.

Second, J. W. ——, First Lieutenant —— Infantry, stationed at Fort ——, California. This Lieutenant —— was born in Ohio, also served in an Ohio regiment during the Civil War, and was appointed to the regular army in 1866.

If you have a special interest, you can probably tell from the above where the officer enquired after is to be found. I have no personal acquaintance with either; but if you tell me honestly *why* you want to know, what is your interest in the officer, I can always find out all about him. From the style of your letter, I infer you to be a young miss, and my mind grasps, probably erroneously, that Captain —— is your sweetheart.

Truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

Availing herself of this cordial invitation, and in order to set the general right a little in his inference regarding her relations with her early correspondent, the young lady wrote him again, sending the following letter:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

*Dear Sir:* Your kindness in replying was really unexpected, but I assure you appreciated; the contents of your letter was what I long wished for, but never hoped to attain. The Lieutenant of the —— Infantry is he whom I desired information concerning. Your reply was all I could desire, and I do not know how to thank you. You have been so kind I will tell you "honestly" (did you infer I would fabricate?) my motive in writing to you. How did you know I was a school-girl? I flattered myself you would think me a man, or at least an old aunt; but I am a girl, an unsophisticated little country girl, if you will; but an American girl, with a warm and true interest in the welfare of the whole United States army, whether at peace or in war. No, General Sherman, Lieutenant —— is not my lover; my interest in him is purely friendly; but

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that friendship is deeper than friendships commonly are.

I corresponded with him about a year ago, and the care and interest an elder brother would give a little sister he gave me. His letters were always filled with interest in my school life and studies. He advised, nay even urged, me to give close attention to my lessons, curbed my desire for fun and admiration, until looking through the glass he held up for me, I saw the folly and danger of it. But I was only a child, and my father thought I had better give up the correspondence. It was very hard, but I knew he was doing it for my good. Still we tried together to overcome his objections; but in vain. Then Lieutenant —— wrote, "Gipsy, we are both wrong; your father is right; keep on at school, and never let anything in the future tempt you to do contrary to your parents' wishes." I followed his advice, his influence has always been for good, and now, General Sherman, do you wonder at my interest in his welfare? You see I cannot write to him, for my father has never mentioned his name, and I fear to ask him if I may write, for he may think as you did, that my interest is deeper than friendship; and if my whole future happiness depended upon it, I would not cause my dear father one moment's anxiety. Much as I would like to hear from Lieutenant ——, I must be content to know that he is well; that is the best I could know, and I have you to thank for that.

And now, General Sherman, I will trouble you no further. I fear I have already taken too much of your time. But you asked me to tell you honestly, and I have done so. You have done me a kindness I can never forget, and may you ever be as happy as your kind letter rendered me. I only hope, improbable as it may seem, that I shall one day be enabled to do something for you, that I may show you how truly I appreciate your generosity.

Yours,

———.

In a few days General Sherman answered as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 17, 1879.

MISS ———.

*My dear young lady:* Your letter of the 11th convinces me that you are a good girl, with a pure heart and soul—one of the most precious beings on earth—and that you should nurse a tender passion, unseen, unknown to its object, is not right. You may confide in me, because I am not only a father and grandfather, but stand in the relation of Father to the whole Army.

Lieutenant —— is unmarried, of a good military record, excellent habits, and respected by his army associates. I do not recall him personally to memory, but one of his brother officers was here this morning, of whom I inquired, without his dreaming of my reason. He is at Fort ——, California, a lonely place, where he must dream of just such a girl as I suppose you to be. He must be about —— years old—a little too old for you—but still with a good long life yet before him; and if in your dreams you think of him, and are willing to renew your old acquaintance, tell me so in the purest confidence of a child, and I can let him know, without in the least compromising your maiden delicacy, that he ought—now that you are no longer a girl, but a woman, capable and qualified to judge of her own heart and interests, and that he is at liberty—to seek of your father the right to renew a correspondence which was broken off most properly by him. In my judgment this may be done, and it may release two worthy souls from a thraldom which neither can break without the mediation of a prudent friend.

To me you can write with absolute confidence.

Truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

To this the young lady replied five days later, namely, on May 22d, in a letter which is no longer preserved; and thereupon General Sherman wrote her again, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 26, 1879.

MISS ———.

*My dear young laay:* Yours of the 22d is received, and I will write to ——, without in the remotest degree compromising your dignity or maiden modesty. Your feelings are pure and natural, and you need have no uneasiness at all. Let me know all the facts, and I will be the friend of all. Tell me your age, and if possible send me photograph; so that on hearing from —— I may advise you.

It is not fair that he should be alone away out in the mountains of California, when a pure young girl is treasuring the memory of his former kindness, if not

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sighing for some response to the appeal of a loving heart. It is not right—there should be some conclusion. "That sweet hope that lies buried to human eyes" must have some realization, or be suppressed. With you it may be the love of a vision, and who knows but he too is sighing for the object of his youthful dream? I cannot bear the thought of such a girl adoring at the shrine of a photograph when the living man is within easy reach. Should his answer to my letter be what I expect, I shall insist on his applying by letter to your father for the privilege of coming to you, when you must do the rest. Of course you are passionately in love with him now. I think your father knows as much, only he cannot reveal the secret to the object. I can—and will: not as strong as I state it here, but enough to learn his feelings; and will then write you again. Remember this is all I promise, all that would be wise for you to know and realize. If he loves you, you should meet, and each be the judge of the other. If indifferent or offish, banish the thought as a school-girl's dream, and choose your partner out of the many clever fellows that must be within the reach of your acquaintance. I sometimes laugh at the *many* confidences of this sort which reach me officially.

Truly, etc.,
W. T. SHERMAN.

To this General Sherman's correspondent returned the following:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 26th received. I scarcely know how to answer. I cannot conceive how you can write to Lieutenant —— without his knowledge of my inquiries in regard to him. Another thing: I can tell you what he will answer—"Yes, somewhere in my mind I have a faint recollection of her, but that memory is, she was a silly little thing." A man like him may have dozens of such correspondents to-day, and to-morrow forget them. And do you believe I could be so devoid of practical common sense as to cherish and idolize the memory of a man who never asked my interest and whom I have never met? No, sir, my heart is my own. I beg of you not to call Lieutenant —— my lover; and do not imagine I was worshipping at the shrine of a photograph, for I assure you I was only looking at it. I am sorry that my last letter should have savored so strongly of the schoolroom; but friendship with me is one of the strongest bonds of life; so you will please pardon me, at least since it gave you cause for merriment.

I did not intend, when our correspondence began, that it should at all verge on the confidential; nor did I think that I should be classed as one of the common herd of confidential enthusiasts. I am not passionately in love with Lieutenant ——. I am not holding my heart out for him to accept or refuse as he may see fit. All the respect and reverence I have expressed I feel; but did I give you cause for believing that I was wasting my life dreaming of impossibilities? And not on any account must Lieutenant —— write to my father. Our city has passed no law prohibiting strangers from entering her gates; therefore Lieutenant —— is privileged to visit M. at any time. It is not right, however, that Lieutenant —— and I should meet or correspond now, without a proper and formal introduction. You are kind, so kind, to trouble yourself in this way. You may see things more clearly than I in regard to this, but should he ever visit M. it must be through no effort of mine. You now know all the facts, all that I have to tell you. You must not let Lieutenant —— write to my father. I would have nothing done that might annoy him, nor will I do anything without his sanction. I am but a child to him. I should like to see Lieutenant ——, but it will come right some time. Your letter frightened me. I will send the photograph asked for as soon as possible; but perhaps you had better never mind us any more.

Truly yours,
———

General Sherman's next letter was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 17, 1879.

DEAR MISS———:

I received in due time the photograph, and now am able to put your soul at rest—somewhat rudely but effectually.

Lieutenant —— will soon marry a lady of long acquaintance and more suitable in years to his somewhat advanced age. Therefore think of him as an old friend who watched with interest the most captivating object possible, a young school-girl just budding into womanhood, probably not dreaming that that girl had her own secret thoughts. I am glad that your last confirms this same fact, and that Lieutenant —— never by word or look gave you

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to believe that he might become a lover. He will soon marry, and you will do the same, and then laugh at me, the old fool who thought he might bring together two happy souls. I don't regret the effort, however, as it gives you a positive knowledge which you could not have obtained otherwise. Wishing you a long and happy life, I am,

Truly, etc.,
W. T. SHERMAN.

Again the young lady's answering letter has disappeared; but she wrote one, and it drew from General Sherman the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 12, 1879.

DEAR MISS ——:

I am just back. I find your letter of the 26th *ult.* Glad you take things so philosophically, and that you possess still a "whole heart." There are as many fish in the sea as were ever caught, etc. I enclose the photographs asked for.

Truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

This closed the correspondence until the marriage of the young lady, when General Sherman sent a letter full of good wishes and bright hopes for her, but through which there whispered a minor note, a pathos felt rather than expressed, due to a change then impending in his own life. "I am retiring from active life just as you are entering it," the letter ran. "It is morning with you, evening with me; my footsteps are nearing the last slope, where the sun of life goes down, yours are buoyantly bounding up towards the first hilltops, with the dawn of a glorious morning for your background. May the sun shine on your young head through a long, bright life."

# THE RETIRING OF DOMSIE.

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

IT was an ancient custom that Domsie and Drumsheugh should dine with Dr. Davidson in the manse after the distribution of prizes at the school, and his companions both agreed afterwards that the dominie was never more cheerful than on those days. There was always a review of stories when the doctor and Domsie brought out their favorites, with Drumsheugh for an impartial and appreciative audience, and every little addition or improvement was noted in a spirit of appreciative criticism.

During the active operations of dinner, talk was disjointed and educational, hinging on the prospects of the calf crop in the school, and the golden glories of the past, ever better than the present, when the end of each university session showered medals on Drumtochty. When the doctor had smacked his first glass of port, having examined it against the light, and the others had prepared their toddy in a careful silence, broken only by wise suggestions from the host, it was understood that genuine conversation might begin.

"Aye, aye," Domsie would remark, by way of intimating that they, being now in an open and genial mind, were ready to welcome one of the doctor's best stories, and Drumsheugh became insistent.

"A'm no wantin' tae tribble ye, Docter, but a've never got ower that sermon on the turtle, Docter. Ye micht let's hear it again. A'm no sure gin the dominie ever herd it." May Drumsheugh be forgiven!

Whereupon Domsie went on the back trail, and affected to search his memory for the traces of the turtle, with no satisfaction. May he also be forgiven!

"Toots, Drumsheugh, you are trying to draw my leg. I know you well, eh? As for you, Dominie, you've heard the story twenty times. Well, well, just to please you; but mind you, this is the last time.

"It was the beginning of a sermon that old MacFee, of Glenogie, used to preach on the Monday after the sacrament, from the text, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,' and this was the introduction:

"'There will be many wonders in the latter day, but this is the greatest of them all—the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. This marvel falls into two parts, which we shall consider briefly and in order.

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"WHAT AILS YOU, DOMINIE? ARE ANY OF YOUR LADDIES GOING BACK ON YOU?"

"'I. A new posture evidently implied, when an animal that has gone upon its belly for ages shall arise on its hind legs and walk majestically through the land; and,

"'II. A new voice distinctly promised, when a creature that has kept silence from generation to generation will at last open its mouth and sing melodiously among the people.'"

"It's michty," summed up Drumsheugh, after the exposition had been fully relished. "Ye'll no hear the like o' that noo-a-days in a cooty. It's weel telt also, for the best story is no worth hearin' frae a puir hand. The corn needs to be cleaned afore ye tak it tae mearket."

"The story is not without merit," and the doctor's modesty was all the more striking as he was supposed to have brought the turtle into its present form out of the slenderest materials, "but the dominie has some far neater things." Anything Domsie had was from Aberdeen, and not to be compared, he explained, with Perthshire work, being very dry and wanting the fruity flavor of the Midland County; but he could still recall the divisions of the action sermon given every year before the winter sacrament in Bourtrie-Lister:

"I. Let us remember that there is a moral law in the universe.

"II. Let us be thankful there is a way of escape from it."

And then Domsie would chuckle with a keen sense of irony at the theology underneath. "For the summer sacrament," he would add after a pause, "we had a discourse on sin wi' twa heads, 'Original Sin' and 'Actual Transgressions'; and after Maister Deuchar finished wi' the first, he aye snuffed, and said with great cheerfulness, 'Now let us proceed to actual transgressions.'"

Although Domsie's tales had never in them the body of the doctor's, yet he told them with such a pawkie humor, that Drumsheugh was fain between the two to cry for mercy, being often reduced to the

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humiliation of open laughter, of which he was afterwards much ashamed.

On the day Domsie made his lamentable announcement, it was evident to his friends that he was cast down and ill at ease. He only glanced at a Horace which the doctor had been fool enough to buy in Edinburgh and had treasured up for Domsie's delectation at the close of the school year—the kind of book he loved to handle, linger over, "return to gaze at," for all the world like a Catholic with a relic.

"Printed, do you see, by Henry Stephen, of Paris—there's his trademark, a philosopher gathering twigs from the tree of knowledge—and bound by Boyer—old French morocco. There is a coat of arms—I take it of a peer of France;" and the doctor, a born book-collector, showed all its points, as Drumsheugh would have expatiated on a three-year-old bullock.

Domsie could not quite resist the contagious enthusiasm; putting on his spectacles to test the printing, running his hand over the gold tooling as one strokes a horse's glossy skin, and tasting afresh one or two favorite verses from a Horace printed and bound by the master craftsmen of their day. But it was only a brief rally, and Domsie sank again into silence, from which neither kindly jest nor shrewd country talk could draw him, till at last the doctor asked him, which was going far with us, who thought it the worst of manners to pry into one's secrets:

"What ails you, Dominie? Are any of your laddies going back on you?" and the doctor covered the inquiry by reminding Drumsheugh that his glass was low.

"Na, na, they are fechting hard wi' body and mind, an' daein' their verra best, accordin' tae their pairts. Some o' the Drumtochty scholars lived and some dee'd in the war, but there wasna ane disgraced his pairish."

"They have made it known in every university of Scotland," broke in the doctor, "and also their master's name."

"Ye've aye made ower mickle o' my wark, but a'm grateful this nicht an' content to tak' a' ye say in yir goodness, for a've sent oot ma last scholar;" and Domsie's voice broke.

"Not a bit of it. Man alive, you're fit for ten years yet, and as for laddies, I know four in the school that'll do you credit or I'm not minister of Drumtochty."

"If it's the siller for their fees," began Drumsheugh, inwardly overcome by Domsie's unexpected breakdown.

Domsie waved his hand. "The laddies are there and the twa or three notes 'ill be gotten as afore, but it 'ill no be me that 'ill furnish them."

"What is the meaning of this, Mister Jamieson," demanded the doctor, sternly, for the woful dejection of Domsie was telling on him also.

"It's been on ma mind for years, an' maybe I should hae dune it lang syne; but it was hard on flesh and blude. I hev taught ma last class, and ye will need to get another dominie;" and Domsie, who was determined to play the man, made a show of filling his glass.

"You're an Aberdeenshire mon, a ken, though maist fouk hae forgotten that ye're no ain' o' oorsels; but div ye tell me that ye're gain' tae leave us after a thae years an' the bairns ye've educat?" and Drumsheugh grew indignant.

"Dinna be feared, Drumsheugh, or think me ungrateful. I may gang north tae see ma birthplace aince mair, an' the graves o' ma fouk, an' there's another hoose in Aberdeen I would like tae see, and then I'm comin' back tae Drumtochty to live an' dee here among the friends that hev been kind to me."

"This has come suddenly, Domsie, and is a little upsetting;" and Drumsheugh noticed that the doctor was shaken. "We have worked side by side for a long time, church and school, and I was hoping that there would be no change till—till we both retired altogether; we're about the same age. Can't you—eh, Dominie?"

"God kens, Doctor, a dinna lik' the thot o't, but it's for the gude o' the schule. A'm no hearin' sae weel as aince a did, an' ma hands are shakin' in the writin'. The scholars are gettin' their due, for a'm no failin' in humanity (Latin), but the bairns are losing, and my day's dune.

"Ye 'ill say that a'm retirin' an' thank a-body for their consideration, and, Doctor, a've juist a favor tae ask. Gin a new schule an' maister's house be built, wull ye lat me get the auld ane? It'll no be worth much, an' . . . I wud like tae end ma days there."

"Whate'er you want, Domsie, and ye 'ill come to the manse till it be free, and we 'ill have many a night among the classics. But . . . this is bad news for the Glen, come who may in your place;" and then, though each man did his part, it was a cheerless evening.

Next day Domsie left to make his pious pilgrimage, and on Sabbath there was only one subject in the kirkyard.

"Div ye no think, neebours," said Hillocks, after a tribute had been paid to Domsie's services, "that he oucht tae get

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some bit testimonial? It wudna be wise-like tae let him slip oot o' the schule withoot a word frae the Glen."

Hillocks paused, but the fathers were so much astonished at Hillocks taking the initiative in expenditure that they waited for further speech.

"Noo, Pitscoarie is no a pairish tae pit beside Drumtochty for ae meenut, but when their dominie gied up his post, if the bodies didna gather fifty pund for him; they ca'd it a purse o' sovereigns in the 'Advertiser,' but that was juist a genteel name for't.

"A'm no sayin'," continued Hillocks, "that it wud be safe tae trust Domsie wi' as mickle siller at a time; he wud be off tae Edinburgh an' spend it on auld bukes, or maybe divide it up amang his students. He's careless, is Domsie; but we micht gie him somethin' tae keep."

"What wud ye say," suggested Whinnie, when the kirkyard was revolving the matter, "if we got him a coo 'at wud gie him milk and be a bit troke tae occupy his time? What he didna need cud be made into butter and sent tae Muirtown; it wud be a help."

"Ye have an oreeginal mind," said Jamie, who always on these occasions pitied the woman that was married to Whinnie, "an' a'm sure yir perposal 'ill be remembered. Domsie feedin' his coo on the road-side, wi' a Latin buke in his hand, wud be interestin'."

"It's most aggravatin'," broke in Hillocks, who was much annoyed at the turn things had taken, "that ye winna gie me time tae feenish, an' 'ill set Domsie stravaging the roads at the tail o' a coo for his last days."

"It was Jamie," remonstrated Whinnie.

"Haud yir tongue." Hillocks felt the time was short, and he had an idea that must be ventilated. "A was considerin' that Domsie's snuff-box is gey far thro' wi't. A'm judjin' it has seen thirty years, at ony rate, and it was naethin' tae boast o' at the beginnin'. A've seen fresh hinges pit on it twice masel.

"Now, gin we bocht a snod bit silver boxie an' pit an inscription on't wi'

PRESENTED TO

MR. PATRICK JAMIESON,

Late Schoolmaster of Drumtochty,

BY A FEW FRIENDS.

it wud be usefu' for ae thing, it wud be bonnie for anither, aye, an' something mair," and Hillocks grew mysterious.

"A legacy, div ye mean," inquired Jamie, "or what are ye aifter?"

"Weel, ye see," explained Hillocks with much cunning, "there's a man in Kildrummie got a box frae his customers, an' it's never oot o' his hand. When he taps the lid ye can see him reading the inscription, and he's a way o' passin' it tae ye on the slant that's downricht clever. Ye canna help seein' the words."

"Gin we were thinkin' aboot a present tae a coal agent or a potato dealer," said Jamie, "I wud hae the box wi' the words, but Domsie's a queer body, an' a'm jalousin' that he wud never use yir grand silver box frae the day he got it, an' a'm dootin' it micht be sold fer some laddie to get him better keep at the college.

"Besides," continued Jamie, thoughtfully, "a'm no sure that ony man can tak up wi' a new box after fifty. He's got accustomed tae the grip o' the auld box, and he kens whar tae pit in his thumb and finger. A' coont that it taks aboot fifteen year tae grow into a snuff-box.

"There's juist ae thing Domsie cares aboot, an' it's naither meat nor drink, nor siller snuff-boxes; it's his college laddies, gettin' them forrit and payin' their fees, an' haudin' them in life till they're dune."

By this time the kirkyard was listening as one man and with both ears, for it was plain Jamie had an idea.

"Ca' on, Jamie," encouraged Drumsheugh, who had as yet given no sign.

"He's had his ain time, hes Domsie, gaein' roond Muirtown market collectin' the notes an' seein' the scholars hed their bukes. A'm no denyin' that Domsie was greedy in his ain way, and gin the Glen cud gither eneuch money tae foond a bit bursary for puir scholars o' Drumtochty, a wudna say but that he micht be pleased."

The matter was left in Drumsheugh's hands, with Dr. Davidson as consulting counsel, and he would tell nothing for a fortnight. Then they saw in the Dunleith train that he was charged with tidings, and a meeting was held at the junction, Peter being forbidden to mention time and commanded to take the outcasts of Kildrummie up by themselves if they couldn't wait.

"The first man a mentioned it tae was oor Saunders, an' he said naethin' at the time, but he cam up in the forenicht, and slippit a note in ma hand. 'He didna pit mickle intae me,' says he, 'but he's daein'

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"THEN THEY WENT TO THE KIRK, WHERE DRUMTOCHTY WAS WAITING, AND AS DOMSIE CAME IN . . . THE PEOPLE ROSE."

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mention. Before sitting down he said they all missed George Howe that day, and that Marget, his mother, had sent her greetings to the scholars.

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumtochty was waiting, and as Domsie came in with his family, the people rose, and would have cheered had they been elsewhere and some one had led. The doctor went into the precentor's desk and gave out the hundredth psalm, which is ever sung on great days and can never be sung dry; after which one of the thirty-three thanked the Almighty for all pure knowledge, all good books, all faithful teachers, and besought peace and joy for "our dear master in the evening of his days."

It was the professor who read the address from the scholars, and this was the last paragraph:

"Finally, we assure you that none of us can ever forget the parish school of Drumtochty, or fail to hold in tender remembrance the master who first opened to us the way of knowledge and taught us the love thereof.

"We are, so long as we live,

"Your grateful and affectionate

"SCHOLARS."

Then came the names with all the degrees, and the congregation held their breath to the last M.A.

"Now, Drumsheugh," said the doctor, and that worthy man made the great speech of his life, expressing the respect of the Glen for Domsie, assigning the glory of a great idea to Jamie Soutar, relating its triumphant accomplishment, describing the Jamieson Bursary, and declaring that while the parish lasted there would be a Jamieson scholar to the honor of Domsie's work. For a while Domsie's voice was very shaky when he was speaking about himself, but afterwards it grew strong and began to vibrate as he implored the new generation to claim their birthright of learning and to remember that "the poorest parish, though it have but bare fields and humble homes, can yet turn out scholars to be a strength and credit to the commonwealth."

The professor saw Domsie home, and noticed that he was shaking and did not wish to speak. He said good-by at the old schoolhouse, and Ross caught him repeating to himself:

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni—"

but he seemed very content.

Ross rose at daybreak next morning and wandered down to the schoolhouse, recalling at every step his boyhood and early struggles, the goodness of Domsie, and his life of sacrifice. The clearing looked very peaceful, and the sun touched with beauty the old weather-beaten building which had been the nursery of so many scholars, but which would soon be deserted forever. He pushed the door open, and started to see Domsie seated at the well-known desk and in his right hand firmly clasped the address which the scholars had presented to him. His spectacles were on his forehead, his left elbow was resting on the arm of the chair, and Ross recognized the old look upon his face. It came like a flash when a difficult passage had suddenly yielded up its hidden treasure, and Ross knew that Domsie was at last and completely satisfied.

## A CLEAR MIDNIGHT.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

THIS is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman;
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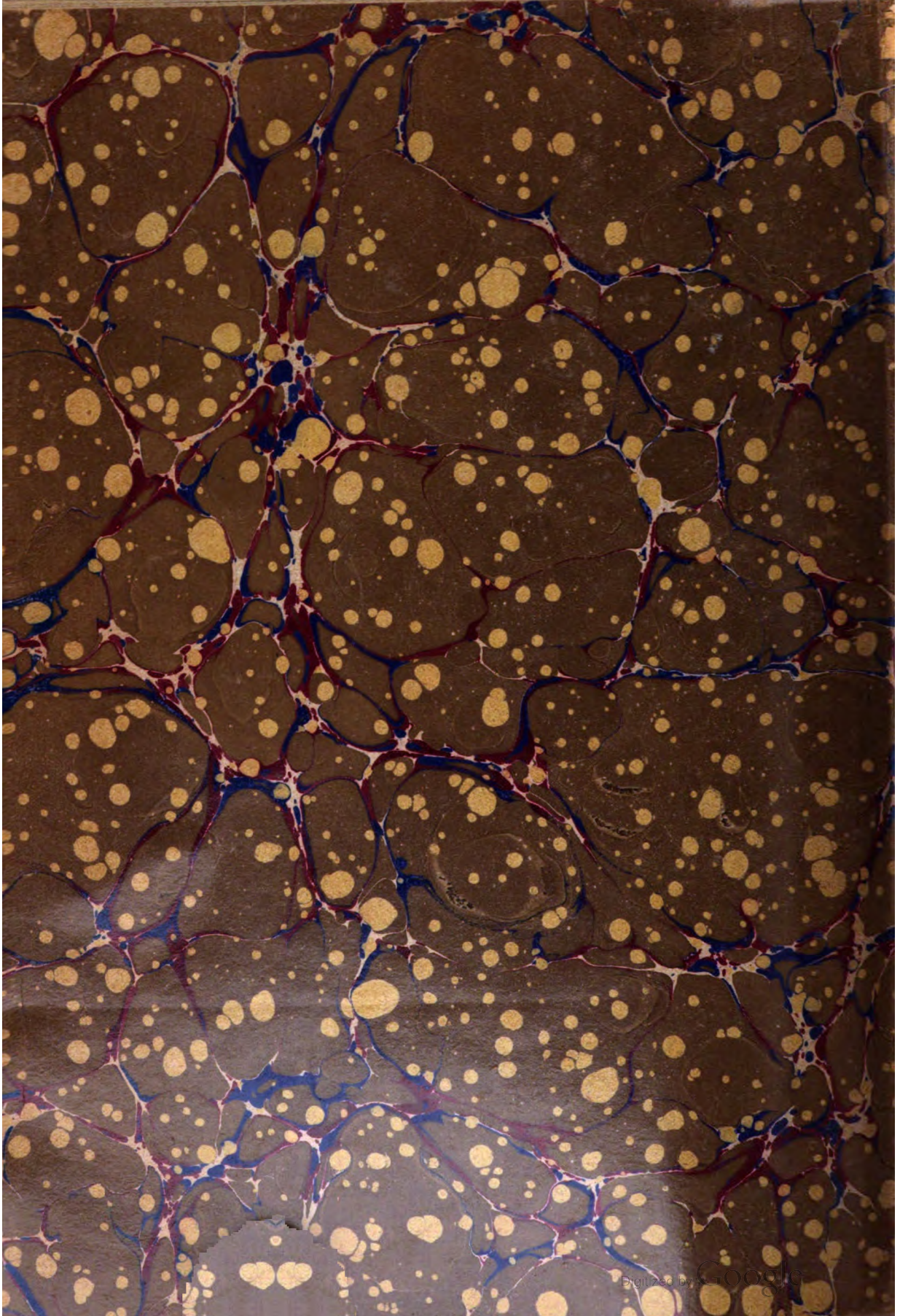
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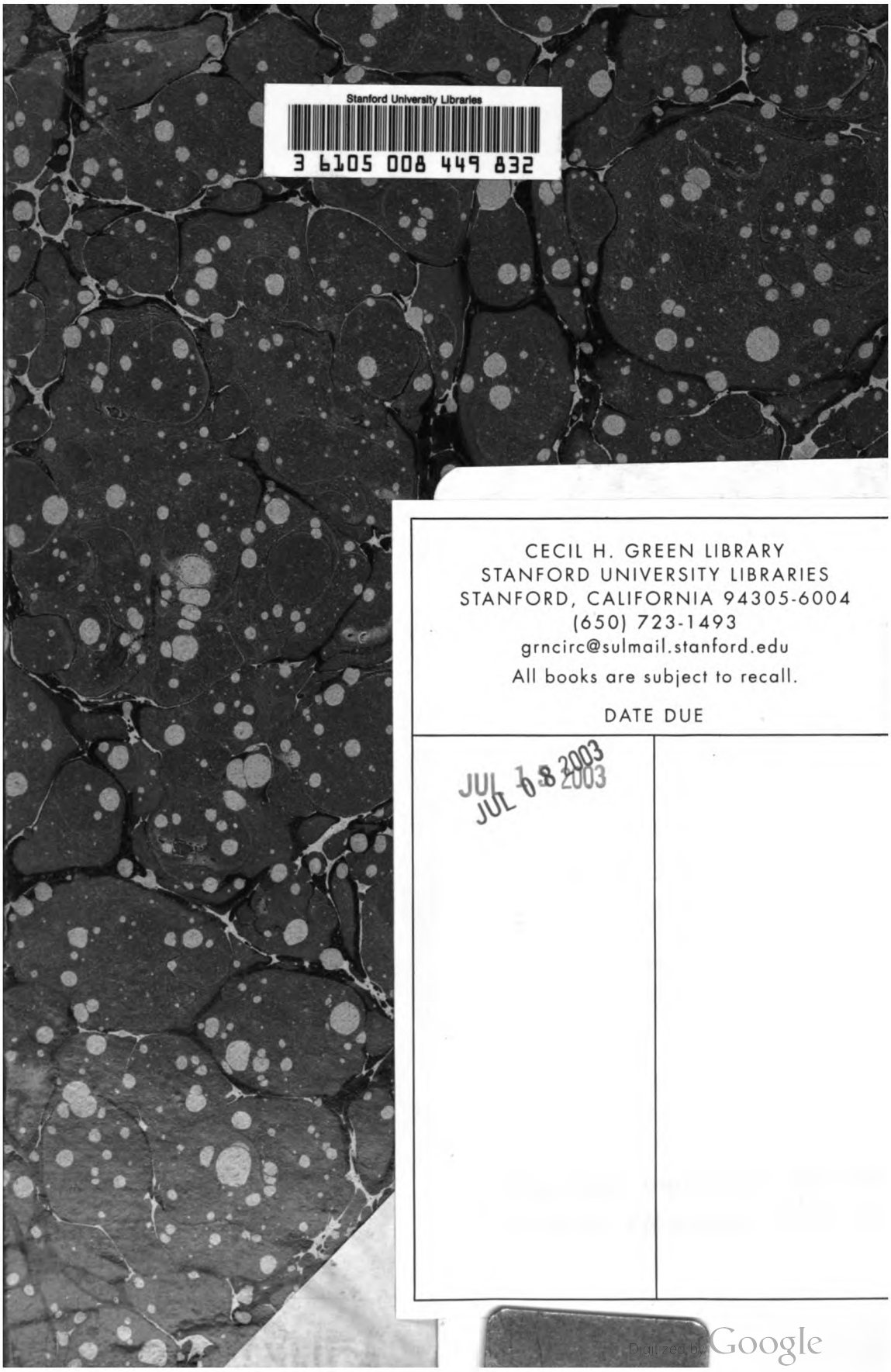
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